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# SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE OF THE WAY.

SIN AND SALVATION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, EAST TWICKENHAM,

HERE is a climate in the life of man.
A dull monotony of joy or of sadness is seldom felt. Life's sky is always shifting, and its seasons always pressing on. What I am to-day I shall

never be again. The circumstances under which I live may be the same in themselves, but me they are making different from what I have been.

Life is the one month of April in its feeling, but it is the whole twelve in its history. It is now merry and now sad—it marches solemnly from its spring to its winter, and thus it gathers up the sunshine, and it counts the shadows—it reposes in its calms and trembles under its storms. Its valleys are swept by desolating winds, and cherished by ripening sunlight, while its mountains stand astounded at its thunders, and instantly smile in the fresh peace of the empyrean.

And no life was ever more crossed and played on by contending interests than Christ's. The short method which temptation suggested, and the long and narrow road which truth displayed; the desolateness of the homes when passion had worked its worst, and the sweetness and attraction of that other home at Bethany; the pangful sympathy with suffering and life-long disease, and the ideal of human health which was realised in Himself; the tumultuous crowds in festive Jerusalem, and the sacred stillness of the hill where Moses and Elijah communed with Him in anticipated Paradise-all these made up a life like that Tiberian Sea which He loved, with its day of calm, and its night of tempest. It was the rose with the thorn unconcealed; the crown transfixed by the cross.

And such is the Christian's life too. Such, it seems, will it always be. There will be days wherein no joy lights upon the holy man, and he questions sorely whether there is any evidence of true devotion to God. Private prayer will become lifeless, and the public means of grace will lose their unction. It is not that his faith has failed, or that his intellect has suggested perilous doubts;

but it is that his heart has lost its hold; his eyes, their vision; and his spirit, its power of perception. He is under the shade, under the fig-tree; thinking of God and earnestly longing for something better than he is, and better than he has; yet the cloud has spread its sable canopy, and like earth's November, it is one cheerless and hopeless gloom

But after a time hopelessness becomes transformed to hope; or hope springs into reality. Some Ananias bears a message from heaven, and the scales drop from Paul's eyes. A Patmos banishment withdraws the curtain and reveals the raptures of the blest. There come bursts of gladness, quick accessions of newborn peace, full floods of fresh enthusiasm and power. The sun is overhead again, and all his beneficent rays are streaming down. Man has become like

Some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

I propose to write about some of the shadows and some of the corresponding lights; and to begin this month with two of the most strongly contrasted, namely, "Sin and Salvation."

For sin is the deepest and coldest shadow that ever fell on man; coming with one fell swoop, not with broken visits nor with special election of individuals, but with a mournful universality. It chooses not Siberian wastes, nor Antarctic loneliness for its baleful influence, but lifts itself over the loveliest vales of Greece and the sweetest shores of England. It tracked the Roman in his conquests, the prophet of Mecca in his new religion, the Apostles of Judea in their preaching of Christ. It pressed its road into the Vestal cells of the convent; it throws its chilly mist around the death-bed of the saint; it alights upon the cherub-head of the darling of the nursery; it baffles the vision of the divine, and weights the spirit of the pastor.

What is Sin? It is not sins—for these are the children, and that the mother. But Milton conceived it aright when he pictured it as keeping one side of the entrance into hell. It—

Seemed a woman to the waist, and fair, But ended foul in many a scaly fold Voluminous and vast; a serpent armed With mortal sting; about her middle round A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung A hideous peal.

Sin is a character, a principle within us—acting always outwards, and begetting acts of sin. It may be described as anything out of harmony with God; one note astray in the music-march of the universe; one thought that will not attune itself with His mind; one word that jars upon His ear; one wish whose pulses will not keep time with His. It is an overwhelming thought that sin touches us so in everything; and then the kindred thought is crushing, that one sin committed, however slight, not only forfeits heaven, but can never be undone. Man's devotion can never expiate. His ultimate achievement is only to obey.

Hence sin is a separating power. It separates us first from God, for it places between us and Him an impassable gulf. Wherewith can we approach Him? Only by purity white as heaven's own light. Wherewith can our past be blotted out? By nothing that we can, nor that all men can ever do. There is a persistent consciousness of this haunting us. We strive to stifle it by "changing the venue"—we shift our responsibility from God to men, and plead that we do right by them; but in silent hours of loneliness, when man leaves the environs of our soul, the thought of God returns, and the past, all black with its thousand blots, clouds the face of heaven's Fatherhood.

Sin, too, works out its own permanence. Any act, indeed, is, in one sense, everlasting. The world will never be the same, as if it had not been. It lives in its own consequence, which is measured only by the Omniscient. But sins tend not only to an eternal consequence, but to a permanent and eternal character. Each individual sin becomes an advocate for some other sin. There is a passing pleasure in the act, and that sense of pleasure exerts a power of association. If we yield, the second act is but another stone in the house we are building, and that house rises rapidly, and our character assumes shape and solidity which no human force can destroy.

Thus also does sin swell into a tempest power. For—to change the image—every additional breath of sin increases the force with which sin impels us. And as in some evening in the end of autumn, the blast of the coming night sweeps through the leafless woods with hollow moan, and then dies down, only with a swifter and louder

rush to rise again, and beat with more cruel force against the shorn branches, and along the echoing hollows, and across the dreary moorland, until, marshalling all its force, it sweeps through the night in furious tumult and passion and rage: so it is with sin. The little sins seem harmless, a child's faults, a man's forgetfulness; but each fault has a multiplying power, and each neglect has associating transgressions, and habit enters into the heart, and the heart bears down the intellect, and man, proud man, becomes the slave, the scourged slave of wicked and ignoble passion, And where then is the sunlight of life, and the bright bravery, and the selfless courage, and the ringing laugh, and the light heart, and the joyaunce of the world?

"I thank God," said a great man when he contemplated such a picture of himself—for he felt that though sin abounds, grace abounds still more. There is such a thing as peace with God, and there is a condition in which nothing can separate us from the love of Christ. It is what the Bible calls the state of salvation. Sometimes the Bible speaks of us as already saved, because we have entered upon that condition; sometimes as being saved, because we are now under its influence; and sometimes as still to be saved, because the grand consummation is in front.

In one place, again, it tells us we are saved by grace, without any purpose or act of ours: while in another we are commanded to work out our own salvation. It is, indeed, of grace—of the kindness and unsolicited goodness of God, because none suggested it, and none could have provided the means; and it is to be worked by us—though in His strength alone—because our minds and hearts must be thrown into the balance with Him.

But it is in itself a condition of perfect and perpetual light. The path of the just, we are told, grows as the day from dawn till noon. The Sun of Righteousness has arisen, and shines upon us till the new heavens come, and the new earth, where there is no night, nor need of candle or of sun.

But is it always so? Does every one within that narrow way experience only light and joy? Are they false who speak of an absent Lord, and a departed glory, and a present gloom and distress? The clouds will gather, the night will often fall, but in salvation itself there is only joy. It is the Spirit Who sows the seed, and His fruit is joy and peace-it is the Lord whose example we follow and whose reward we win, and the blessing of faithfulness is the joy He bore. And so the winter of sin's discontent, with its lingering nights and over-stretching cloud, will gradually grow into a spring where the clouds break, and the nights shorten; and the spring will wax into summer's glory; and the crown will stand above the cross; and the rose will conceal the thorn.

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#### SOWING AND REAPING.

HE crystal waters' overflow
Is lost unto the well;
What matter, if the waters go
To slake the thirsty dell?
Because, replenished from the skies,

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Because, replemshed from the skies, Perennial waters still shall rise, And, gushing from the fount, shall tell, With laughter, of the mountain well.

Unto the tree no fruit is left
When winter chills the air;
What matter, if the fruit be reft
To sweeten want and care?
For leaves and flowers again shall grow,
And fruit in clusters hang below,
The roots shall suck their juices sweet
When summer sun and shower shall meet.

If, scattering precious seed, I weep,
And till the stubborn soil;
What matter, if the hungry reap
The fulness of my toil?
For increase of a richer field
The golden ears of joy shall yield,
And God's own bounteous harvest come,
And I sit at the harvest-home,

If I have watered what is sown
In weariness and pain;
What matter, though not I alone,
But others share the gain?
Because, there shall spring up for me
The crown of all that is to be,
If Christ be in the life I live,
For Christ eternal life shall give.
J. HUIE.

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

# CHAPTER I.



T was a wild and terrible night. The rain was rattling down, the wind was howling. and the waves were tossing high their foaming crests against the rampart of precipitous cliffs, close to whose brow the little village of Coombe-a mere collection of fishers' huts

—was situated. One of these huts occupied a small platform of rock midway on the cliff; the rolling downs were above it, and the rolling waters beneath; so near was it to the sea that now, on this night of storm, salt sea-spray mingled with the rain that swept its tiny diamond paned window. Before the window a woman was kneeling, with her brow pressed against its panes. She had blown out her light that she might have some chance of peering through the inky blackness, into which she would fain have rushed, but that the trembling of her limbs, and her throbbing dizzy head warned her that even to keep her feet outside, in that tumult, would have

been impossible. For her man was out there with the lifeboat. An hour before, old Joe Somers, the coastguard man, had run up to tell her that it was being launched, and her Jan was one of the crew, but him she had not seen since early in the day, when, after the few sharp words which had of late become common in their home, he had left her saying that he would not return till late.

Those words-those sharp and bitter words-how willingly would Sally Geen have recalled them now ! for she was not by nature ill-tempered, and, indeed, until very lately, no one had been more gay-hearted than she. Her husband was steady, her home was comfortable, if poor; she had as much of her own way as it was thought well amongst these fisher-folk that a woman should have, for none of them would have cared to own a husband who could be hen-pecked; and she had one son, a boy about fourteen years of age, straight of limb, golden-haired and clear-skinned, in whom her very soul was wrapped up. But Johnny was brought up to his father's calling, and before fifteen years had passed over his head he slept peacefully under the salt sea-wave. And this eventit was which had so changed poor Sally Geen. She could not bear her trouble, and she would not. During the first few days they thought she would have gone clean out of her mind, and after that, when she settled down again to daily life-daily life without her Johnny-Sally's face took a hard-set look; she went about her tasks mechanically; she spoke bitter words against her husband, whom she blamed for not bringing up their boy to some other calling; she ceased to attend the meeting at the little chapel on the cliff, and took a cynical pleasure in offending her

neighbours by speaking slightingly of the things they most esteemed. The fact is, poor Sally was a child in her grief. She suffered intensely, and she would not suffer alone; others must suffer with her, and chiefly her husband, who, one would have thought, had enough to bear, and deserved sympathy rather than blame.

Six months had passed away since Johnny's death, and it was only now, on this stormy night, that Sally first realised how cruel she had been.

As her watch was prolonged from minutes into hours, her frame became agitated with convulsive trembling

"He left me in anger," she moaned, "and I were to blame, for I aggravated him past all bearing; and not to-day only. And now he 'll never come back—never no more—never no more! He 'll be swallowed up, like mother's three brave lads, and parson's son, and my Johnny—my pretty boy! Oh, dear! what 'll I do?"

And she rocked herself to and fro, weeping bitterly.

"If only I'd bid him a decent good-bye," she took up her plaint again, "'t wouldn't be near so hard to bear; but I said I didn't care what became of him, and God's took me at my word. Oh, God! don't," she cried out, suddenly, "don't take a poor unhappy mother at her word. You've took away my boy—my brave and beautiful lad—leave me my man, Lord, for a little bit, just till I tell him I'm sorry, and try to make it up. It's hard to be took up so quick," she pursued, the tears raining from her eyes; "but if I'm forgiven this once, I'll do as the minister says—I'll watch my words. Jan won't have any call to complain of me again."

And then she broke short, for a peal of thunder rolling overhead seemed to shake the little cottage to its foundations; while a vivid flash, that followed swiftly, rent the veil of darkness, and showed far out from land a black line in the trough of the sea.

Poor Sally screamed, and fell with her face forward, senseless for a moment, on the cold stone floor,

But her feeling was far too intense to be put to sleep. Every nerve of her body quivering, she rose to her knees, and, grasping the window-sill for support, looked out once more. Nothing was to be seen but the waves' white foam—nothing to be heard but the roar of the tempest, with, now and again, the booming of a signal-gun from the distressed vessel, to whose assistance the lifeboat was hastening.

It was well for Sally that she was a woman of a practical mind, otherwise she might have died or gone mad. A sensation of intense cold creeping over her reminded her suddenly of the fact that her fire had gone out, and that her little kitchen was as dark and dismal as the night outside.

"Here's a pretty wife!" she said to herself, as she looked round her. "It's I that's making up my mind Jan won't come back any more—and a nice place it would be for him to come to, poor lad!"

So she lighted the fire, swept the hearth, put on the kettle to boil, and popped the remnants of a fishpic, which Jan had praised on the previous day, into the oven. Then, in view of possible emergencies, she took the blankets from their bed, and hung them up before the fire, filled a stone bottle with boiling water, and set on some tea to stew in a little black pot upon the hob.

This occupied some considerable time. Sally looked at her tall eight-day clock in the corner, which, through all the tunult, had continued to tick tranquilly, and discovered that the night had nearly

She went to the window again, shading her candle with her hand. Yes, the darkness had lifted a little; a long streak of silver, low down on the horizon, faintly illuminated the seething waters beneath, and hurrying masses of blue-black clouds above. Untutored as she was, Sally drew back her breath with a sobbing sigh. She felt the greatness of this dimly-seen world of tempest.

And now, all her senses being keenly on the alert, she put down her candle on the window-sill and rushed to the door, for she believed she had caught the sound of footsteps on the path that led upwards to their cottage from the sea.

"Jan, Jan! be that thou?" she cried out, and her heart almost stood still, as the answer reached her from below:—"It be I wife, sure enough."

Then she stood waiting, far too happy and relieved to be able to speak; and again the strong manly voice came upwards:—" Have'ee t' kettle biling, lass?"

"Ay, ay, there be not water enough," she answered, and rushed inside to relieve her sensation of restlessness, and see that everything was right.

By this time her Jan was close to the gate, and she ran out, candle in hand, to meet him. No sooner had he crossed the threshold than she saw that he was carrying something under his Dreadnought coat. "What be it, lad?" she said in an awed whisper.

The Devon sailor is not a man of many words, Jan answered by transferring the burden from his arms to hers. Then Sally gave a cry of mingled joy and fear. "Thee hev brought me a babe from the sea," she said; "but be it living?"

"It were a while ago. I knows t' look of a dead child, and t'an't dead, Sally. Carry un in and gev un a hot bath."

Sally carried the child in, and laid it on her knees before the fire. It was wrapped up in a large linen sheet, which had been drenched through and through with salt water. When she had unfolded the sheet, she saw a lovely little girl, about two years of age, dressed in a white embroidered frock, with pink shoes, sodden with the wet, on its tiny feet. The eyd were closed, the hair curling in fair rings over its head was damp and shining, and the little delicately-featured face was as white as marble.

But Sally, like her husband, had seen too often the livid looks of death to mistake them; and, without a lintakin sider legs milk to t

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saying another word, she proceeded to draw off the pretty babe's wet clothes, and to rub and warm it into life. Presently she was rewarded. There was a fluttering of colour in the marble lips and cheeks, and the fast closed eyelids quivered; then came child ceased from her piteous cry and sucked the warm milk down. "Her'll do, Sally; and what do'ee say to t' present, lass, that 1 brought thee from t' sea?"

"Oh, Jan!" she whispered, being too much awe-



"Jan . . . put a spoonful to the baby's blue lips."

a little cry of distress, and Jan, who had been taking his part in the good work, never considering that his clothes were drenched, and his legs and arms aching, took from the fire the milk he had been warming, and put a spoonful to the baby's blue lips. "Her'll do now, t' bonny maid!" he said, joyfully, as the famished

struck at the moment to say anything else. But the baby finished the milk, and ate with appetite some bread Sally had broken up into it. Afterwards she nestled down in the lap of her new mother, and murmuring, "Addy tired, manemy," let her soft eyelids droop again over her large plaintive-looking brown eyes,

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"The poor lamb hev took thee for her mammy," said Jan.

"Ay! and I'll be a mother to her, Jan, and so I will, God helping, if it be only to thank Him for His goodness to-night. Oh, Jan! oh, my lad! I thought thee were lost, swallowed up like my Johnny!"

Then, in broken words - interrupted often by tears and sobs-Sally poured out an account of her

sufferings and her remorse that night.

It must not be supposed that she was idle while she told her tale. She had put the baby down, wrapped in blankets, on a settle by the fire, and she was helping her husband out of his wet clothes and into the dry ones, which were hanging up to air. Do what she would, she could not persuade him to lie down and rest in his bed. It was morning, he said, and he must presently be out again. When he was warmed and fed, however, he consented to stretch himself out on the straw mat by the fire; and, the terrible events of that night having loosened his tongue, Sally learned, to her surprise and deep emotion, that he had been thinking of her as she of him that night. He acknowledged that his temper had got the better of him in the morning, and accused himself-unjustly, Sally cried-of not sufficiently considering how her sorrow for her boy had affected her.

"When I thought 't was all over, lass," he said, "thee come looking at me out o' th' darkness, and, says I, What'll poor Sally say, when her knows?"

Sally could not answer, for the thought of this terrible "might have been" made her weep copiously.

Jan comforted her. "'Tain't no call like to fret now," he observed. But he was vastly softened to think that the bare fear of losing him should have so deeply affected his wife. Yet was it strange? Only a few hours before, Sally had been too proud to say good-bye, and had declared repeatedly that she did not care what became of him.

Happily for his own peace of mind, Jan had long since given up all attempts to understand the various contradictions of womankind; that was a study much too deep for him. So he accepted this singularity, as he had accepted many former ones from his wife and others. They made friends, resolved never to fall out again, and fortified their resolution by looking at the baby from the sea, who was now sleeping as peacefully as if its own mother were watching over it. So long as the child remained with them, it would remind them of the day when they parted in anger, and were dangerously near to never meeting again on this side of the grave.

# CHAPTER II.

#### ADELA'S CHILDHOOD.

AFTER that stormy night, days and weeks slipped away quietly in the village on the cliff. They brought changes, of course. The little child grew in

health and beauty; and Sally, though she could never again be so light-hearted as she had been when her fair-haired Johnny was clinging to her skirts, lost her bitterness of spirit. Once more she was seen in her corner at chapel, and her Jan was oftener with her than formerly; and whenever they were both there, their maid, as they fondly called the little Adela, was with them.

Three or four sailors had been saved from the wreek. According to their testimony, carefully recorded by Andrew Sargent, the minister, the baby was the child of foreign parents. This accorded with the fact that the name on her clothes, given, happily, in full, was peculiar to the ears of the fisherfolk. It was Adela Maffeo. This soon degenerated into Addy Maffy; and so she was called, until Lady Mountmorris and her daughter, who lived at the Castle, undertook her education, and they insisted that she should be called by her full name.

Their kindly interest in the little waif from the sea was due, in the first instance, to Mr. Sargent,

the minister.

On paying a pastoral visit one day to Sally Geen, this good and wise man found her in an unusually despondent frame of mind. He tried, as was his habit under such circumstances, to probe her sorrow, and soon discovered that she was fretting about her It was time that Addy's book-education should begin, but how and where was she to learn? The children of Coombe went to the nearest national school, about a mile distant, coming and going in all weathers, and receiving no hurt from the necessary exposure. But Sally's child was of a different metal from the sturdy lads and lasses of the village. Her hands and feet were small: her skin was snowy white, with colour soft as peach-bloom in cheek and lip, and her bright golden hair was softer than silk. "No one could look at her," said Sally Geen, "and not see that she was the child of gentlefolk." Mr. Sargent was of Sally's mind, and, to the good woman's intense relief, he undertook himself to teach the child the rudiments of learning.

Another two or three years passed by, during which the little Adela and her tutor went on happily together, and Sally was satisfied to see her child

grow wise and strong.

Then came another period of anxiety. Addy was not so merry as she once had been: she had dreamy abstracted fits. She sat on the doorstep on starry nights, gazing up at the sky. She had favourite haunts, where she would spend hours upon hours perfectly alone. Then she was peculiar in her way of feeling things. The bloom of purple heather on the downs, a gorgeous sunset of crimson and gold, or the deep blue of a September sky, would sometimes make her tremble with excitement and pleasure.

It was natural that Sally and Jan should fear their child was strange, and that Sally should rush to her friend the minister for advice. Fortunately for Adela he was a man deeply learned in knowledge tl

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of his kind, and what Sally told him did not surprise him. Long before, he had thought to see in the child indications of a rare and beautiful individuality, and he now set himself seriously to think how her gifts might be developed.

He went with Adela's story to the ladies at the Castle.

Lady Mountmorris had lately been left a widow, and she now lived altogether in the country with her only daughter Clare, a young lady, at that time, about nineteen years of age.

Both of them remembered the circumstances of the wreck, and were interested with the account the minister gave of the heroine of the story. Mountmorris said she should go to see the child, and when she had seen Adela she was so pleased with her manner and appearance that she wished her to come and live at the Castle. To this, however, neither Adela nor her foster-parents would consent; it was therefore arranged that the young girl should go and come between the cottage and the Castle, and in this fashion several more happy years passed swiftly When she was fifteen years of age-a tall, straight, and winsome girl-two events happened, which materially altered the course of her life. Clare Mountmorris married, and went with her husband to a distant land, and Adela's foster-father, brave Jan Geen, went the way of the seafaring folk. One stormy night the lifeboat went out with him and returned without him. In reaching forward to save a drowning sailor the rope which lashed him to the boat gave way: he was thrown out violently, struck. as it was supposed, upon the wreck, and never rose to the surface again.

Poor Sally was nearly distraught at first; afterwards the memory of the happy quiet years they had passed together soothed her. They had said good-bye to one another lovingly, she said to the minister; that was a great mercy from the Lord, and she would not repine or rebel.

It was soon arranged that the cottage should be given up, and that the fisherman's widow, with her foster-child, should live altogether at the Castle. Sally was to take the post of housekeeper, and Adela was to be, as she had been since Clare's departure, Lady Mountmorris's companion and assistant. So the young girl's divided duties were reconciled. She spent the morning in study, diversified by thoughtful attentions to Lady Mountmorris, who had been delicate since Clare left her; she took tea in the afternoon with her foster-mother, as the drawingroom was then often occupied with visitors, and the evening she always passed with her lady, relating what she had done during the day, reading aloud, working at her embroideries, in which she was rarely skilful, or playing on the harp or piano.

Thus her days passed away—a pleasant and lovely monotony—when sunrises and sunsets were topics of conversation, and a storm was an event of momentous interest. In after-days, when Adela's life became intensely real and earnest, she was wont to look upon

this part of it as a placid dream. No kind of life, however, could have better fitted such a nature as hers to arrive at a beautiful maturity.

When Adela was nineteen years of age, her perfect health, and almost more than womanly strength, the richness of her colouring, her charming vivacity, and the varying expressions of her face, made her the admiration of all those who saw her.

But, in the mear time, her gentle friend and patroness was slowly but surely losing her hold on life.

The change was so gradual that even Adela was not anxious, and the end, when it came, shocked her immeasurably.

And yet it was the loveliest end that heart could imagine or soul desire, for one who, like this gentle lady, lived always in sight of an unseen world.

One day, about noon, Lady Mountmorris went out into her rose-house to gather some flowers for her vases; she was longer absent from the house than usual, and Adela went out to search for her.

She went straight to the rose-house expecting to find her there, and there at once she saw her. She was seated, and Adela supposed that sleep had overcome her while she was gathering her roses.

That was strange, but not unnatural. She had never been strong since her illness in the autumn, and she was often restless at night and drowsy in the morning.

How placid she looked seated in the garden chair, her head a little drooped, with a half smile upon her lips, a bunch of creamy tea-roses in her lap, and a deep bud of crimson damask just fallen from her nerveless fingers!

Adela looked, then crept in on tip-toe. She would awake her lady with a kiss. In a moment she would be smiling at herself for falling asleep, like a child, amongst her roses in the morning.

A moment—yes! and Adela began to crave for that moment, which would bring her sight of smile and lifted eyelids on the face, so terribly still, where the expression of a moment seemed frozen into everlasting permanence.

And—surely it was the light the place, the glare of summer sun through hot panes that gave to it that whiteness, that awful rigidity.

Adela was very near now to the silent form; but not the faintest quiver stirred it. She knelt down, and murmured, with lips that faltered strangely, her dear lady's name. She kissed her lips. They were cold as marble. Then, and only then, did the terrible truth dawn upon the girl. No smile, no lifting of eyelids, no least response to her loving words or passionate caresses would ever come to her from the friend she had so dearly loved. This that she touched was not her friend. Without word of farewell or voice of warning this gentle lady's spirit had winged its flight from earth; her loving deeds and gracious words were memories only, and Adela, her child and protégée, was left alone to battle with the world.

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#### CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE WORLD.

"WILL you kindly tell me how far I am from Bracklesby Manor House?" asked of the single porter a young lady, dressed in mourning, who had just been put down, with her box and her bag, at a wayside station in Hampshire.

"Bracklesby-Mr. Lacy's?" asked the man,

"Yes; Mr. Lacy's."

"Then you're the young person that's expected?"

"They expect me; yes."

"The dog-cart's here," said the man, "or was a few minutes ago. You wait a minute, and I'll see."

The dog-cart, whose occupants at the moment were a groom and a footman, had been refreshing itself at a neighbouring inn. At the porter's summons it drove up before the little station gate. The young lady's luggage was put in, and she was requested to take a seat.

It was a difficult climb for her, as she had never been in so high a vehicle before; but she succeeded at last in taking her place; and, when she was up, she liked it.

Her spirits rose, in fact, and she felt happier and more courageous than she had done since the occurrence of that sad event which so materially changed her life.

It was a soft bright day in early autumn. The country was exceedingly beautiful, and the rapid pace at which they went exhibitated the young girl. Bright colour came into her pale cheeks, and her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure. The novelty of the scene, her strange position, and that feeling which always accompanies the sudden entry into a new and untried mode of life, contributed to excite her.

After driving for several miles through a forest country, they passed through a village of some pretension. It had a long street, bordered with brick houses, shops, and inns, tastefully decorated with flowering plants.

At the further end of the long street was a handsome steepled church, situated on a little hill, and thus commanding the village,

The young lady asked the name of the place, and was told that it was Lyndhurst, nearest town to Bracklesby.

Here a handsomely-appointed little victoria, driven by a young lady, passed them at a rapid pace.

The groom touched his hat.

"Those are some of our people," he informed the young lady. "Miss Lacy driving Mr. Herbert to the station. He's going to the Continent for acquiring of furren languages—as nice a young gentleman as ever stepped, but he don't get on well with the present missis; and the master, he's altogether on his side in a general way, being the eldest son, as it might be, and Master Douglas the most troublesomest of young gentlemen."

The young lady—she was Adela Maffeo, the Lacys' new governess—was not sure that she was right to listen to gossip about the family, and changed the conversation by asking questions about the lie of the land, and the owners of the pretty country-houses by which they passed.

They stopped at last before handsome iron gates. The footman opened them, and Adela was told that she was now in Bracklesby Park. "And as fine a place as there is in the country," the groom remarked, proudly.

Adela looked about her with curiosity and interest. Nothing could be lovelier than this park as seen in the tranquil light of that autumn afternoon. The carriage-road wound upwards; at one moment it was entirely shut in with lofty woods; at another, wide green pastures, delightfully undulating, and dotted over with clumps of beeches and elms, opened out on either side; then they crossed an ornamental bridge, which spanned a miniature ravine, its sides clothed with a myriad ferns, and a little river, broken into tiny cascades, tinkling at its feet. Shrubberies, stretches of unreclaimed common, and distant blue hills diversified the prospect.

"Surely the park must be very large," said Adela at last, in some little awe, as still they went on, and still the house remained invisible.

"Large, miss! Why, there isn't many noblemen can boast a place like Bracklesby Manor. But there is the house!" and he pointed with his whip to where they could see white stone gleaming between the branches of stately trees.

Another gate was opened, and they were now in the pleasure-grounds, winding their way between smooth-shaven lawns and gay flower-borders. The house was a fine modern mansion, built somewhat in the style of the Renaissance, and its elaborately-decorated porch was blazing with gorgeous autumn flowers—liliums, blue and red salvias, gloxinias, and gladioli. The door was wide open, allowing the large square crimson-carpeted hall to be plainly seen. The stateliness of everything rather alarmed Adela, and she felt almost sorry to bid good-bye to the friendly groom.

A smart young lady's-maid, who had evidently been on the look-out for her, stepped forward when she alighted, and led the way to her room, which was in a distant corner of the house. It was small and plainly, but not uncomfortably furnished.

"When you're rested, will you please ring the bell?" said the girl, "and I'll take you to missis's boudoir. She's there with Miss Ada."

Feeling a little nervous, Adela changed her travelling-dress for one of silk, prettily trimmed with lace. Then she rang for the maid, who led her back to the large hall, and knocked at one of the doors opening on it.

She was answered by a languid, "Come in," and Adela was ushered into the presence of the lady of the house.

Mrs. Lacy was a large and comely lady, high of colour, and richly dressed. She had been reclining on the sofa; at Adela's entrance she half rose, and

extending her hand, asked if she was not Signorina Maffeo, whom they had been expecting.

Adela was a little puzzled by the form of address, "My name is Adela Maffeo," she said, taking Mrs. Lacy's hand, and colouring a little under the scruMrs. Lacy meanwhile was explaining that she addressed her as Signorina on account of her Italian origin.

"It was your name first struck me," she said.
"Afterwards I heard your romantic story. Are you



"Extending her hand, asked if she was not Signorina Maffeo."

tinising glance which was cast on her by a fairhaired girl about fourteen years of age, who had not so much as risen from her seat near the window. Adela thought this very bad manners, and determined that, if this was one of her pupils, she must teach her how to behave in society. aware that Maffeo is the name of one of the old Italian families?"

"Yes, I heard so from Lady Mountmorris," Adela replied. "She made inquiries amongst them, but could find out nothing about me."

Mrs. Lacy now asked her if she was tired after her

journey, and if she had enjoyed her drive. She appeared pleased by Adela's enthusiastic praise of the lovely forest and park-scenery through which she had just passed; but remarked that if she had to live at Bracklesby all the year round, she would become tired enough of it. "Trees and grass are all very well in their way," she observed, "but I like lumnan interests."

Now the fair-haired young lady, who had hitherto kept silence, interposed in a way that Adela thought most unmannerly: "Mother likes scolding the servants and keeping the old women in order," she said; "and when there's not enough of that we go to town."

Large and comely Mrs. Lacy withdrew nervously into herself,

"I thought you were reading, Ada," she said; and Adela was much surprised to hear a tone of apology in her voice. It had never entered into her mind that a mother could possibly be afraid of her fourteenyear-old daughter.

Possibly Mrs. Lacy caught a look of surprise on Adela's face, for she said, with some fretfulness, "And I don't think it is quite polite of you to take

no notice of your new governess."

"The room is far too dark to see any one," said Ada; and she drew up the Venetians, flooding the little room with light. It was an exquisitely furnished room, full of luxurious chairs and couches, pretty nick-nacks, and odds and ends of ladies' work.

Ada now offered her hand to Adela, looking at her as she did so much too fixedly for good manners, and the young governess, who had not certainly been prepossessed by what she had seen of her pupil, was surprised to find that her face was extremely interesting. The colouring was delicate, and in the grey eyes, though they were far too keen for so young a girl, there was yet a frank confiding expression, which won Adela at once. That the girl was naturally clever, generous, and high-spirited, but that a weak mother had done her best to spoil her, she could readily understand.

"Well," she said, smiling in a friendly manner, "I hope your opinion of me is favourable. I hope

you and I are to be friends."

"Yes," said the girl, "I think we shall. I like your face. You are pretty, and nicely dressed, and you look good-natured."

"Oh, Ada," remonstrated her mother, "you know you ought not to be so personal in your remarks."

"Please not to interfere, mother. Miss Maffeo, if you look so shocked, I shall change my opinion of you. I allow no one to preach to me, even by their looks."

"But I do not think education can be carried on without occasional reproof," said Adela.

"How can you say that? You don't know every one in the world. For instance, you don't know me. I might be perfect."

"That I am sure you are not," replied Adela.

"Why are you sure? Because I spoke so to mamma?"

"Will not to-morrow be time enough to begin to speak of your faults?" said Adela.

"Ah, you are afraid of me already," replied Ada,

Mrs. Lacy here intimated, by a series of impressive gestures, that it would be as well to let Ada alone, and said, glancing at her watch, that Emily ought to be at home by this time.

"Go, like a darling, and see if your sister is in her room," she said. "I promised to wait tea for her, and poor Signorina Maffeo must be thirsty after her

journey."

"That means, I suppose, that you want to get rid of me," said Ada; but she left the room, and Mrs, Lacy, recovering her fluency of speech, told Adela what would be required of her.

"Emily, who is eighteen," she said, "has left the school-room, and only requires help with music and languages. Dear little Mab has a nursery-governess, whose business it is to look after her entirely, and Douglas in his holidays. So Ada is really your only pupil. I am told, by-the-by, that you have exquisite taste."

"I am certainly fond of pretty things," said Adela,

"And flowers?"

"Oh, yes! I delight in flowers."

"Then I will give into your hands the arrangement of the vases."

"That will be a very pleasant duty," said Adela, Presently Emily came in. She was a handsome showy girl, who bade fair to resemble her mother.

Mrs. Lacy introduced her to the new governess, and asked if she had enjoyed her drive.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl; "it was a charming afternoon; and Herbert is off. I think, when he saw the dog-cart, he was in two minds about returning. It was such fun. I would not tell him who Miss Maffeo was, and he thinks there is some mystery about her." Turning to Adela, she explained that Herbert was their half-brother. "And I believe we have seen the last of him for some time," she went on; "life here does not suit him."

"Nor life anywhere, I should think," said Mrs. Lacy, flushing angrily. "His head is full of romantic notions. He ought to have lived in the Middle Ages."

"Yes; Herbert would have made a very good knight-errant," said Emily.

But further discussion was put an end to by the entry of the tea-tray and little golden-haired Mab.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### LIFE AT BRACKLESBY.

Thus was Adela Maffeo, the "maid of the sea," ushered into her new life. Strange as was everything about her, she did not therefore feel alarmed. Adventurous of spirit, brave, and inquisitive, she, on the contrary, entered upon her task with the enthusiasm

of a fresh and untried nature, and believing profoundly in the malleability of human beings, she audaciously resolved to be an artist amongst governesses. She would change the lives of those in the midst of whom fate had thrown her—draw out the affections of the cynical Ada; influence, rather than teach, Emily; win the hearts of the younger children; modestly suggest to Mrs. Lacy new modes of moral training for those members of her family concerning whose lawlessness her complaints were most bitter; in the meantime, and by the way, try to which, as Andrew Sargent's and Lady Mountmorris's pupil, it had been her privilege to partake.

A fine programme, we may say, and finely impossible of realisation. But it is well that our aims should be high, there being then the more possibility that we shall accomplish something.

Here is a sample of how the day was spent at Bracklesby.

Breakfast was on the table from nine till twelve. Adela, accustomed to early rising, was generally dressed by eight, and, on these fine autumn mornings, when every day brought her new discoveries, she went for a stroll in the park or pleasure-grounds. Once or twice, guided by wild little Mab, who had taken a great fancy to he dister's governess, she paid a visit to the stables, made acquaintance with the dogs and horses, and exchanged a few remarks with

William Roberts, the groom.

At nine o'clock she breakfasted, often alone; but sometimes with Mr. Lacy.

After breakfast she arranged the flowers for the dining-table, drawing-room, and the boudoir, and this occupied little less than two hours. She had exquisite taste in these matters, and although sometimes, for the sake of her pupils, whose education had been of the most superficial character, she regretted the timeso expended, yet was the task an extremely congenial one. Many of the artistic and fanciful designs that Adela executed later were conceived in her brain during these quiet mornings, when her lissom fingers were at work amongst the orchids, the lilies, the delicate ferns, and rare mosses that she could group so charmingly.

Mrs. Lacy's house soon began to be noticed amongst its neighbours for the taste of its decorations, and Mrs. Lacy, who loved to excel, when she could do so without trouble to herself, spoke of her new governess as "quite a treasure."

It was generally close upon mid-day before Adela's pupils were ready for her, or she for them. Music and singing lessons brought the morning to a close. Then came lunch, after which Mrs. Lacy insisted that "the poor dear children" should have a little exercise, Ada's pony—a creature almost as wild as herself, and loved by her as she loved no human being—was brought round to the door, when the days were fine, and sometimes Emily condescended to offer their governess a seat in her victoria. Then they raced through the park, the pony, and the spirited little

cob, both in a state of almost irrepressible excitement. It was well for Adela, at such times, that she was a young woman of a courageous mind and hard training, for the mischievous Ada never ceased to watch her, and had she shown a sign of fear, the slight influence she had gained over this cynical young lady would have been lost for ever.

But Adela, who rather enjoyed the rapid movement, and slight sense of possible danger, sat back calm and smiling, taking careful note of everything she passed, and answering with indifference Ada's warning cries that she should sit still and hold fast, for Pasha was certainly running away.

One day, when, after such a drive, governess and pupil sat down together over their German in the schoolroom, Ada asked Adela if she was never afraid of anything.

"I don't think I am nearly so much afraid of danger as you are of taking trouble," replied Adela, quickly.

Then Ada threw down the German grammar.

"Oh, I see!" she exclaimed; "you were puttingon to give me a lesson. I hate being taught in that way; there's something so underhand in it."

"And I hate 'putting-on'—hate it so much that I do not believe I am capable of it. But if you had seen what I have seen, Ada, and gone through what I have gone through, you would not be surprised at not being able to frighten me easily."

As she spoke, there came into Adela's face an abstracted look, and her eyes filled with tears. In a moment her mind had travelled far away. She was in Jan's boat, standing at the rudder while he shifted the sails; she was running through the storm-darkness to the cottage on the cliff; she was watching while brave men launched the lifeboat, and brave women bade them bravely farewell.

The expression in her face awoke Ada's interest, and she insisted imperatively that Signorina should relate to her the story of her childhood. But Adela was as determined as her pupil, and would not tell her anything about herself until the day's reading lesson should be over.

Before the lesson was well in train—this was an almost daily occurrence—Mrs. Lacy's maid knocked at the schoolroom door, and said that "the missis wished to see Miss Maffy in the boudoir," and in this little room, remarkable for its Sleepy-Hollow atmosphere, the remainder of the afternoon was frittered away.

Immediately after dinner, Ada insisted upon carrying off her governess to her own room. She was going to bed early, she said. Mrs. Lacy hoped the child was not ill, and begged Adela, privately, to find out if she was suffering in any way. But, as Adela knew, Ada only wished to hear the tale which had been promised to her.

She told it, seated in Ada's best arm-chair, by her bedside, and its romance touched the little rebel's fancy.

"Then, you really don't know who you are?" she said, excitedly.

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"Except that I am the child of Sally and Jan, and my dear Lady Mountmorris' pupil."

"Sally and Jan! What delightful names! How I wish I had been brought up in a fisherman's cottage! and then not to know anything about oneself! Why, you might be a princess, like Perdita,

you know!"

"Scarcely; some inquiry would have been made for so important a person."

"Not if her people believed that the ship in which she sailed had gone to the bottom with every one on board? But, please, you may go now; I want to think."

That thinking of Ada's had more effect than is generally the case when the thinker is a young lady only fourteen years of age. Hers was not only a wilful character; it had also elements of strength. In the heavy, somewhat masculine build of her figure, in the colour of her eyes, in her direct, steady glance and domineering disposition, her paternal grandfather, the founder of the family's fortunes, reappeared. To him strong interests in life had been necessary, and here also his granddaughter inherited from him. Ada's rebellion, her sarcastic observations, and her cynical views of life, resulted from an extremely active nature being driven, for want of some proper vent for its energy, into unwholesome modes of activity.

Now Adela Maffeo had interested this girl. To dislike governesses was Ada's rôle, and it was not without a severe struggle that she stepped out of it. In fact, her disobedience and restlessness in the schoolroom, and her attempts to startle the new governess into showing herself in ignoble lights, were all so many efforts against the fascination which Adela was beginning to exercise over her.

But her teacher continued the same—gentle, courageous, firm, and totally indifferent to the scathing remarks which had sent former governesses weeping to Mrs. Lacy. Besides, there was something new

about her-new and strange.

Gifted with a power of keen observation, Ada watched Adela furtively, and began to wonder, not only at her beauty, but at the various expressions which swept over her face. Surely the thoughts that gave rise to those expressions must be marvellous—yet of those thoughts Adela never spoke. Why was this? Ada began to be curious. She felt as she did when her first doll was given to her, and she went into a corner and thrust in its eyes, to find out what was contained in its head.

Adela's story enhanced Ada's interest in her. The question which now occurred to her was, what use (in her friend's interests, of course) could be made of the story? On this point Ada's imagination ran riot for the greater part of the night, and, being a young lady of a practical turn of mind, she did not go to sleep before she had formed a definite plan.

Two visitors were expected at Bracklesby on the following day. The one, Mr. Gaveston Smith, was a solicitor of small practice, and large expectations,

who counted upon making his fortune some day by a "cause célébre." The other, Mr. Richard Crayford, was a young gentleman of mediocre brains and overweening vanity, which latter quality was fed by the large fortune he had lately inherited, and the hosts of flatterers this wealth drew about him.

Both gentlemen had a sincere admiration for Emily Lacy. Mr. Smith hoped she would not marry until he had made his hit. Mr. Crayford believed he had but to speak in order to make sure of her. It was on this account probably that he did not speak—

yet.

Mr. Smith was Ada's special friend, and this for several reasons. He treated her as a grown-up young lady, and had done so for several years. He talked to her of his hopes and expectations from his profession, and she sympathised with and advised him, often wishing herself in his place. It would be so fine, she thought, to be a man, and carve out one's own career.

The gentlemen arrived in time for lunch. Adela was introduced by Mrs. Lacy as "Signorina, our new governess, you know," and both young men did her the honour of looking at her curiously for a moment or two; but game-pie is, after all, more fascinating at two o'clock in the day than the most charming of women. Adela left the lunch-table early, as her decorative work was not yet completed, and her face faded out of the visitors' memories.

"What do you propose doing this afternoon?"
Mr. Lacy asked of them. "You are a good shot,
I believe, Crayford. We have still a few birds
left. Shall you be too tired to take a turn with
your gun?"

"Charmed, I am sure," replied the young man, "But what are the ladies intending to do?"

"I will take Mr. Smith for a ride," said Ada.
"Yes," addressing him, "you must come. We can
give you Bluebeard; he is as steady as old Time."

"I am at your orders, Miss Ada," said the lawyer, making a polite bow.

Bluebeard answered to the character Ada had given. He paced the grassy paths which intersected the forest with a matter-of-fact sedateness that would have inspired confidence in the breast of the timidest rider.

After she had allowed her pony a canter to calm him a little, Ada insisted upon his walking at Bluebeard's pace.

"I asked you to ride," she said to Mr. Smith, "because I was anxious to consult you."

He smiled, "Oh! indeed, Miss Ada! and is it on your own account?"

"No, and yes—that is, I am very much interested; but the case is not mine."

"Case! then you are making a call on me professionally?"

"Yes; that is it exactly." The young girl looked amusingly important, as she added, "I believe the time has come for you to make your hit."

"Oh! indeed," he said again,

"You don't think me serious; but I am-very serious indeed."

"And so am I, Miss Ada. Please set my anxiety at rest."

Ada now drew in her pony very close to Bluebeard, and spoke in a low mysterious voice.

"Did you notice the lady manina introduced as our new governess?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Smith.

"You did not catch her name?"

"I don't think Mrs. Lacy gave it."

"Her name is Adela Maffeo. She is an orphan, who was saved from shipwreck many years ago when she was an infant. I believe she belongs to great people. You must find out. Mr. Smith, how curious you look! Is it possible that you know anything about her?"

"The name seemed familiar," he stammered.

Shrewd Ada's eyes were fixed upon his face, and she noticed that he changed colour.

"Only seemed?" she cried out. "Are you sure, only seemed?"

"I think I must once have known some Maffeos."
In Ada's excitement she put her pony into a gallop. Bluebeard followed ponderously, and for the moment nothing more was said about Adela Maffeo.

But Ada said to herself, "I believe he knows more than he cares to tell."

#### CHAPTER V.

#### MR. GAVESTON SMITH'S ENIGMA.

ADELA was not prepossessed with either of the visitors, and she took what she believed was her privilege as governess. She did not appear at the dinner-table, and she made up her mind to spend the evening quietly in her schoolroom over a book.

Her intentions, however, were frustrated, for Ada, who wished Mr. Smith to see Miss Maffeo, persuaded her mother to send her up to the schoolroom with a request that the young governess would give them the pleasure of her company in the drawing-room after dinner. Adela, who was aware that it was part of her business to chaperon her pupil, complied at once. In her high black silk, with no ornament but her magnificent golden-brown hair, which was coiled simply round her head, she appeared with Ada in the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Lacy and Emily and several guests from the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Lacy sat on a sofa, and Mrs. Merton, from Sedley Grange, a pretty-looking clderly lady, sat near her.

Mrs. Lacy had been dilating on the merits and accomplishments of the new governess. Mrs. Merton had been reading her a friendly lecture on the folly of over-indulging any sort of dependents.

"They are all the same, unfortunately," she said, with her mildest accent. "So ready to take advantage if they find us good-natured. Ah, Ada!" as the two young girls came in. "At last! Your mother and I thought we were never to see you."

"I do believe Ada prefers the schoolroom to every other place in the world," said Mrs. Lacy,

"I only wish my little girl had such preferences," said Mrs. Merton, looking benevolently at Ada, and with interest at her governess.

There were two things which Ada hated. One was to be classed with little girls; the other was to be looked at benevolently.

Scarcely answering Mrs. Merton's greeting, she asked if she and Miss Maffeo should not play a duet to pass away the stupid time before the gentlemen came in.

Mrs. Lacy was one of those unfortunate people who cannot be satisfied with their own opinions, but are always studying the effect they produce upon their neighbours.

A faint smile curling the lips of her experienced friend caused her much discomfort.

"I am afraid you do not think much of our new governess," she said, in a low voice, under cover of the music,

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Merton, blandly, "I think her charming—perhaps a little too charming for a governess; that is her only fault. Do you think she spoils Ada?"

"She manages her better than any governess I have ever had."

"Well, I must only hope, as a friend, that you will find her everything you imagine and hope."

The entry of the gentlemen put an end to their tête-à-tête, for which Mrs. Lacy was not a little thankful. She liked Adela, and wished to continue to like her, but Mrs. Merton's hints had made her vaguely uncomfortable. Though not very strongminded, she had a strong sense of duty; and the thought occurred to her that she might be sacrificing her children's interests to her own tastes. This disagreeable suspicion made her look at Adela with different eyes.

The young governess was accustomed to large rooms, and what society she had mixed in was of the best. She could therefore talk easily, and move with dignity and grace.

Mr. Crayford, who was addressing a few remarks, languidly, to Emily, followed her with his eyes.

"Your governess has been amongst good people," he observed.

And later, when, at the general request, Emily had seated herself at the piano, the rich young man made his way to where Adela was sitting, and addressed to her a few remarks that were not, certainly, of an important character. That he should seize an opportunity for speaking to her at all increased Mrs. Lacy's discomfort.

Adela's manner, however, was re-assuring. Mrs. Lacy breathed more freely when she saw her rise from her seat, and whisper a few words to Ada. Doubtless she was reminding her that her usual bedtime was past; for shortly after the two young girls left the drawing-room together. The real truth was that the way in which Mr. Gaveston Smith was looking at her had displeased and offended Adela,

On the following morning, however, she was not to escape so easily. She got up early, as usual, and went for a morning walk. When she was standing on the bridge that overhung the stream, looking with delight on moist ferns shining with the morning light, she discovered, to her annoyance, that she was not alone.

"Good morning!" said a high thin voice behind her, which she recognised as that of Mr. Gaveston Smith.

"Good morning," she answered, and began to move on.

He kept by her side.

"What a beautiful morning!" he said, with enthusiasm. "You favoured beings who live in the country can little imagine the effect such scenes as these have upon those who are compelled to live in towns."

Adela made no answer to this little rhapsody.

"You have lived in the country all your life?" he ventured, presently.

There was something in the tone of his voice which offended her taste.

"Yes," she answered, shortly, "I was brought up in the country."

"And by strangers, as I understand?"

If Adela had disliked Mr. Smith's tone of voice, she still more disliked his presumption in venturing to question her respecting her former life. Without answering his inquiry, she begged him to excuse her. She had gone further than she intended, and would have to hurry home.

He said he would walk homewards too.

This, of course, she could not prevent; but she preserved an unbroken silence, until he fairly took her breath away by saying—

"Pardon my curiosity, Miss Maffeo; but the fact is I see an extraordinary likeness in you to a friend of my boyhood. I may be mistaken," he proceeded, for the slackening of her pace, and change of colour, showed that his remark had excited her. "I should have thought I was but for your name."

"You knew some one—of my name?" Adela almost gasped.

"My memory is not of the best," he replied, "and of course, though your name is uncommon, it is not unique. Besides, so many years have gone by; and the friends, naturally, were rather my parents' than mine. I have lost sight of them altogether. Still, with a little trouble—a little expense——"

He paused and glanced at her.

Adela was now quite sure that she did not like this man; dislike and distrust go hand in hand.

"I have reason to believe that I have no very near relatives," she said quietly, "and it is not likely that others would interest themselves in me. I am contented as I am."

"And that proves the charming amiability of your disposition"—she made an impatient gesture, and quickened her pace—"which"—he spoke breathlessly, for he was stout, and unused to rapid walking—"will—always make you friends. Still—"

He could not keep up with her, and talk at the same time. And the irritating part of it was that while he was racing, she appeared to be walking no more rapidly than was comfortable to her; for here Adela's training on the Devon hills stood her in good stead. She had the elastic muscles of the mountaineer.

"Still-" repeated Mr. Smith, and fell behind pantingly.

Adela's uneasiness was changed into extreme amusement. Here was the house, and here was Mr. Crayford standing under its highly decorated portico, with his hands in his pockets, and looking only half awake.

"Is it the fashion in this house to turn night into day?" he asked of Adela, as with a slight inclination of the head she was about to pass him by.

"I think I am the only person who generally errs in that way," replied Adela, mischievously, but she was sorry she had said so when he answered, gazing at her languishingly, that in such case he was surprised that all the world was not guilty of a similar error. And had she really finished her walk? he further asked

"Yes, quite; and I have to be busy now," replied Adela, bluntly.

"Busy? You! What a shame!" lisped the foolish rich young man, but his observation was made to the flowers in the portico, for Adela had escaped.

This is a sample of what the young governess had to undergo during the days that followed. She kept to her schoolroom as much as possible, and of course gave up the morning walk, which had been so keen a delight to her, but she could not entirely avoid the visitors, the manners of both of whom displeased her, though she could not help laughing to herself sometimes, in the safe seclusion of the school-Mr. Smith's flowery phrases and superb courtesy, of which he seemed always to be taking note as a merit in himself, and Mr. Crayford's innate conviction that, in whatever he said or did, he must be fascinating, and specially so to a young girl in her position, filled Adela with amusement. Moreover, she could take her own part well, and this they both soon found out. Her businesslike manner, her perfect indifference to their attentions, her quiet shrewd answers, proving that she was not utterly ignorant of the world and its ways, amazed them, and had the salutary effect of quieting Mrs. Lacy's suspicions. But these things had a further effect, for which neither Adela nor her employers had bargained. Richard Crayford, finding for the first time a young lady wholly indifferent to his attentions, began to look at Adela with attention, as a curiosity amongst women. Then he discovered-we give the exact form of his profound reflection-that she was "the jolliest girl" he had ever seen-far more distinguished, and all that kind of thing, than Emily Lacy-a woman, in fact, who could pass anywhere.

After that (he had by this time left Bracklesby, and was treading the wild Scotch moor that was part

of his inheritance) dreams, more charming than any he had seen before, visited him by day and by night. This beautiful girl had been indignant—rightly indignant—with his airy compliments and false gallantry.

But why? Because she had at once detected their insincerity. If she should think he was in earnest; if one day he should tell her seriously that he admired her so much, as to offer her—poor governess though she might be—his heart, his hand, his wealth—what would Adela Maffeo say then?

But here the dream usually ended. Mr. Crayford was not yet sufficiently experienced to know what a girl of so grand a type would say or do in circumstances so peculiar. The only practical step he took, at the moment, was to write to Mrs. Laey, and ask if he might be allowed to spend Christmas at Bracklesby, a request which was readily granted.

Mr. Gaveston Smith, who was both more obtuse and more determined than his rival, did not take so long to think of what his proceeding should be. He had Ada as an ally, and she, to her young governess's deep annoyance, introduced him one day into the schoolroom.

"Don't be foolish," whispered the child; "he wants to talk to you about your own affairs, I am sure he may be trusted."

Mr. Smith made use of his opportunity by at once begging Miss Maffeo to place herself in his hands professionally. "Your isolation," he said, "must be a source of perpetual grief to you, for what is life without the joys of kindred?"

"I wish you would talk business, Mr. Smith!" grumbled Ada.

"Beautiful faces like yours and Miss Maffeo's put one's business thoughts to flight," he said, gallantly; but this remark was no more fortunate than the last.

"Well, then," said the lawyer, cheerfully, "business it shall be. Am I to understand, Miss Maffeo, that I may undertake your case?"

"I should wish first to know on what conditions you propose to act for me," she said, in a perfectly businesslike manner.

He looked at her fixedly for a few moments. "Might we not speak about that later?" he said, his small eyes seeking hers furtively.

Adela did not avoid his glance, but to indicate that she considered the interview over, she rose from her seat.

"I am contented as I am," she said. "I think I told you so before. Naturally I should be glad to know something about my parents, and if you had really been acquainted with people of my name, any details you could have given me about them would have interested me deeply. But I hope nothing from my unknown relatives, and I fear nothing for myself. I have no need, then, either for your advice or your assistance."

"Oh! Signorina!" cried out Ada.

Adela turned to her. "Dear child, you have meant

well, but you have not acted wisely. Silence, I beg of you. Mr. Smith, I am afraid I must remind you that this is our lesson hour." There was no more to be said. Mr. Gaveston Smith bent his head awkwardly and left the schoolroom.

But he was a man of determination, and he did not yet despair of effecting his purpose. For the moment, indeed, things had come to a dead-lock with him, for his visit to Bracklesby had lasted too long; but time was before him—time in which to think, and plot, and contrive, and make sure of what was already, in his own mind, a settled conviction.

He returned to his dull lodgings in town, which were now singularly illumined. They had housed visions before, but the visions were shifting; now seeming possible of realisation, and again eluding his grasp. All this was changed. He saw a means by which radiant visions might immediately pass into the region of accomplished facts. How strange it was! What a marvellous coincidence, that, just at the moment when he was beginning to despair of effecting his purpose, this instrument to open fortune's door should drop into his hands! As he sat thinking, a sudden elation seized him. Strange? Was it not more than strange? Was it likely that such occurrences would come to any but those whom fortune had specially favoured? But if specially favoured, he was bound to make his way. He had but to wait, to watch, to take advantage of events, and such a game he believed himself capable of playing with consummate ability.

Meanwhile, seeing that it is well to be ready for all contingencies, he worked off the spirit of elation, which made him restless, by putting some of his ideas upon paper.

He had not intended that his ideas should take the form of a letter, since for such a document he had no present use. But, if his fancy would have it so, well and good! There might be a moment; in fact, he believed it would surely come; when the words he now wrote, anticipating events, would fit into the sequence of events.

Mr. Smith was a fluent writer, but he spoiled several sheets before he could compose a letter entirely to his mind. At last, however, he succeeded. Then he smiled, folded up the written sheet with deliberate care, and hid it in a secret compartment of his desk. In pursuance of his example to make ourselves ready for the future, let us venture to glance at what this letter contained:—

My DEAR MISS MAFFEO,—After what has passed between us [here Mr. Smith had imagined several touching scenes] my addressing you, as I venture to do, by letter, will not, I hope, cause you great surprise.

It is partly the fact that what I have to say has a special importance, and requires careful consideration on your part; and partly the knowledge, gained by experience, the your beautiful presence has a paralysing effect upon my speech-organs, that has induced me to speak to you through this cold and uncertain medium of pen, ink, and paper.

There followed several rhetorical flourishes, which

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it is not necessary to reproduce, then, like one warming to his subject, the writer proceeded:—

And now, if I entreat you, as you value everything in life which humanity holds dear—honour, wealth, troops of friends, kindred, a great future, and large opportunities for usefulness—to listen to me patiently, you will, I fear, think me enigmatical. And the worst of the business is that I must for a time rest under that imputation. I may not, on many accounts, explain myself more clearly. Here, however, are the facts, as nearly as I can state them. It is in my power to offer you wealth, a high position, and recognition by society. I am offering, you will say, what I do not myself possess. There is the enigma. They are not mine now; but I can offer them to you now. Only what has so lately passed between us [here mental reference was made to the imagined scenes] could induce me to suppose that you would put such confidence in me as to believe that behind my

enigma a great truth lies hidden. And now—I will not call this a condition; it is a necessity—you and I must understand that our futures are linked together. Long before we met, fate was busy in making our interests one. Another enigma, you will say. I cannot help that; all I can promise is that it shall not remain an enigma for ever. In the meantime, let us strive to complete what fortune has so graciously begun. It is as the woman I love—my wife—that I offer you this position. It is to the man you love that you must trust yourself; believing, without reserve, in his honour, his integrity, his pure affection for yourself, and his power to solve in the future happily, what must for the present remain a riddle.

A few more words of persuasion and endearment were added; but it is scarcely fair to Mr. Gaveston Smith to quote them at length,

(To be continued.)

# CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

# THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST'S CLAIM.

Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth Mc shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—ST. JOHN viii. 12.

HE greatest things said about the character and claims of Jesus Christ were said by Himself. They are not the exaggerated estimates of enthusiastic disciples and admirers—the blind laudations of worshipping love, whose fervours are in excess of its intelligence—they are the calm persistent

claims of the great Teacher Himself. And they are claims of the highest and most daring character. "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one cometh to the Father but by Me." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." "I am the bread of life." "I am the living bread which came down out of heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; yea, and the bread which I will give is My flesh, for the life of the world." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

These are very lofty claims, and they are put forth in the most explicit and absolute way. They assume for the Christ a place in Christianity which is the most remarkable characteristic of it; which is the most remarkable characteristic of it; the place not of a prophet who speaks in the name of God, but of a divinity who claims divine prerogatives for Himself. They have no parallel among the religious teachers of the Bible. Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, John, do not even suggestsuch ideas. Mohammed simply claims to be a prophet of the one God. The founders of pagan religions speak only in the name of their gods. Jesus alone

clothes Himself in divine attributes, and claims to be regarded with religious affections. The effect upon us, who are His disciples, is, that we offer Him divine worship, we depend upon Him for our spiritual life, for every means of nurturing it, and for every hope and issue of it—for all that is meant by salvation here and for immort d life hereafter. It is a claim on His part, it is a religious sentiment on ours perfectly unique—there is nothing like it among the religions of men.

If Jesus Christ really be divine such claims are natural and reasonable. Only He could reveal Himself. He must declare to us these wonderful things concerning Himself. This argument for Christianity is always cogent. Admit Christianity to be true, and every teaching, every supernatural characteristic of it is perfectly congruous and natural; contend that it is false, and a thousand anomalies and contradictions spring up that it is impossible to explain. Make the divine Christ the centre of the scriptural circle, and everything in its circumference falls into natural and orderly relations to Him. Put a mere human prophet there and you utterly confuse and perplex the whole system. Everything needs to be elaborately explained away.

If Jesus of Nazareth be only a human being, a prophet of God, these claims are so exaggerated and audacious that they are absolutely fatal to His character, and it must be the imperative duty of every true man to resist and denounce them.

We naturally ask what kind of man this was. Was He a man likely either to delude Himself, or to practise a deception upon others?

Scarcely could Jesus of Nazareth have deceived

Himself. Not a vestige of the fanatic is to be seen in Him. Of all the prophets of God He is the most simple in character, the most measured in speech. He was very different from the old Hebrew prophets. His teaching has no rhetorical exuberance, no imaginative colouring, no ecstatic moods. His intellect is always clear and cool; His spiritual consciousness is lofty and true. If fervid disciples come to Him, He always bids them "count the cost," throws them back upon clear rational evidence. There is in Him no heat, no exaggeration, no dogmatism. He compels us, therefore, to judge His claims by the exact meaning of His words. No theory of selfdelusion is tenable. It is an intellectual contradiction so violent that it is impossible in thought.

Did He then practise a deception upon others? Was He, in plain language, an impostor, claiming for Himself divine prerogatives to which He knew that He had no right? The entire moral conception of Christ's character rises up in protest. If the former supposition were an intellectual impossibility, this is a moral impossibility. The teacher of the loftiest moral sentiments, the bearer of the holiest character ever known among men, cannot, without unspeakable moral outrage, be imagined a vulgar religious impostor. Every spiritual characteristic of Him is in directest antagonism to such a thought. And yet, if His claims be not true claims, and if He be not self-deceived, this is the absurdity to which the deniers of His divinity come.

Sometimes an attempt is made to evade this harsh alternative. Jesus Christ, it is said, is a special embodiment of the divine holiness and goodness. Just as in the physical creation God has embodied His power and wisdom and natural goodness, so in the human nature of Jesus of Nazareth He has embodied His moral attributes of purity, truthfulness, benevolence, spirituality. In Him, as a unique human personage, these have their highest possible incarnation. All of divine excellency that can be expressed in a human creature God has expressed in Him. This, it is said, accounts for His great sayings about Himself: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father;"

"I and My Father are one."

Coming between the infinite holiness of the spiritual God and the sinfulness of carnal men, He interprets the divine by embodying it in the human. He is, that is, a moral, a spiritual incarnation of God. God "embodies His affections and His will in the person of the Son of Man." Jesus of Nazareth is "a human impersonation of the divine character." Only a man, yet a perfect man, the one perfect man of history, therefore to be regarded with the utmost admiration and affection. It was the substance of the chief accusation made against Him—"Thou, being a man, makest thyself God." Because of it they sought to stone Him. But He never complains

of being misunderstood. He does not withdraw the claim, or extenuate it, or with alarmed sensitiveness shrink from the imputed blasphemy.

Does this theory explain to us Jesus Christ? Does it justify these great claims which He puts forth? I think not.

If for no other reason, yet for this. The more perfect a human creature, the more simple will be his character, the more entire his self-abnegation, his humility before God, his sensitive shrinking from any intrusion of himself between God and If the grace whereby Christ was made humanly perfect was given in order that, above all human creatures, He might manifest God, and lead men to God, could He so have magnified and intruded Himself? He knew the sense in which the disciples understood His claims, and their practical effect upon their religious life. Not only did He assert divine prerogatives in the natural meaning of the words, but He led His disciples to worship Him. From the day that Thomas exclaimed, "My Lord and my God," to the worship that we have just rendered in our prayers, these words of His have constrained men to worship Him as God. We believe in Him as we believe in God, look to Him for religious life-giving and nurture, express to Him our religious love and adoration.

Could a man so perfect have spoken in a way so ambiguous as to turn men's worship from the Father to Himself? Hardly can this be the explanation.

Let us restrict ourselves to this one specific claim, "I am the light of the world;" perhaps the most daring of all His claims, just because it subjects Him to the most severe and far-reaching It means that among all the men who have lived, or ever shall live, He is the greatest teacher of religious ideas, the supreme revealer of God, the infallible guide of the highest religious life. Whatever teaching others may bring, it can never equal His teaching. He does not say, "The firmament of God is studded with lustrous stars, which shed their collective light upon the world of men; I take My place among them, a star of the first magnitude." He claims to be "the light of the world," the illuminating sun of the whole firmament. True, it was an old prophetic notion concerning Him, that He should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles," the "star of Jacob," the "sun of righteousness." The magi had been guided to His cradle by a star. Old Simeon had reiterated the prophetic recognition, "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel." John afterwards said of Him that He was "the true light that lighteneth every man coming into the world." But rhetorical descriptions of admirers are altogether different from the calm words of His own claim. show, however, that it was not an incidental claim—it was a fundamental characteristic. Himself reiterated the claim, adding emphasis to

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it: "Then spake Jesus again to them, saying, I am the light of the world." To a religious impostor, or a mere enthusiast, no claim could be more perilous. So long as he asserts himself in vague terms, or leaves popular enthusiasm to appraise him, he is safe; but once he commits himself to a definite claim of divine prerogative and of human supremacy, such as this, he subjects himself to tests that may at any time cover him with confusion.

Our Lord does not shrink from this. It is a claim that is subject to perpetual tests. It is a challenge to all generations of men, past, present, and to come. Whoever may present himself as a religious philosopher or teacher in the after ages of the world, Jesus Christ claims to be superior to him. It is a test to be perpetually applied, and if His divine transcendency is not demonstrated, His claim must cover Him with ridicule.

One asks, then, how has this daring claim been vindicated through the nineteen Christian centuries? When He, the son of the Nazarene carpenter, stood up in the Jewish Temple and first made the affirmation that He was "the light of the world," wiser than all its philosophers, greater than all its theologians, it was daring enough.

Moses had lived, Socrates had taught, Plato had written. Great Jewish Rabbis—Hillel, Simeon, Gamaliel—had lived. The literature of Greece was not unknown in Palestine. And yet at the moment it was not easy to refute Him. The indignant rejoinder, "Art Thou greater than our Father Abraham? art Thou greater than Moses?" was a protest rather than a refutation, Ideas, truths, theologies, can be tested only gradually and by only competent men. They had "nothing to draw with, and the well was deep;" "the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness apprehended it not." It was only a general word. Only after-thinkers and generations could test it, when His discourses and sayings should be reduced to writing in the four Gospels.

And at any time a greater than He might rise up to test it. Alexander never thought of saying, "I am the military captain of the world. No greater military genius than I shall ever arise among men." Plato did not claim the throne of all possible philosophy. But upon this tremendous claim Jesus does not hesitate to risk His reputation. "Through all the after ages of the world there shall never arise so great a religious teacher as I am." "I am the light of the world."

### ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "WITNESSES FOR CHRIST IN THE WORLD'S WORK," ETC.

HOW JOHN GOSSNER'S PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED.

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HE plan of these articles is not so much to recite a series of unconnected incidents, of which so many have been related, and so many remain untold, but rather to take for each paper the work of some one of God's faithful servants—leaders of Christian work—showing how their varied labours and wonderful achievements were the outcome—the direct fruit—of prayer and faith.

Separate incidents may be introduced, but such will be grouped round the central figures.

Gossner was in every respect a remarkable man, and grew up amid stirring scenes and great political changes. He was ordained a priest of the Church of Rome in 1796, and settled as a village curate the next year. It will be seen that he was a man of independent thought and action, and of all spheres the Church of Rome was the least fitted for him. One day, while at the Jesuit school

at Augsburg, a school-fellow said to him, "I have a book in which the name of Jesus stands on every page." "And I," said Gossner, "have a book in my hand in which the name of Jesus is never mentioned. Shall we exchange?" The offer being accepted, Gossner obtained "Lavater's Letters to a Young Man on his Travels." While he studied Duns Scotus and Aquinas he also pondered the utterances of the Swiss heretic, and the latter greatly influenced his mind. It was not so much the religious sentiments as the spirit and the faith of Lavater that laid hold on him.

When settled in his cure he had a congenial neighbour, who spake to him of Tersteegen. He read Tersteegen as he had perused Lavater, with delight and profit. A book of Martin Boos in manuscript was being handed round in the neighbourhood; the title struck him, "Christ for Us and in Us." He read it with avidity and blessing. But he had commenced, three years before, to study another book, the Bible. He studied it on his knees, and with blessed results. "The Bible," said he, when he spake of his conversion, "opened my eye and heart."

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He had a deep insight into the evil of sin and of his own heart. He complained to a friend of his unfaithfulness, when the other reminded him of the text, "But the Lord is faithful." That is it," said he, "the Lord is faithful." After this we meet in his diary with what became his daily prayer through his long life, "Perish, perish, old Adam! live, live in me, Lord Jesus!"

A visit to Feneberg, at Seeg, who had a fellowpupil of Sailer's as one of his curates, Schmid, the author of books for children, was the means of strength and light to Gossner. Here he witnessed a proof of speedy answer to prayer, which impressed and instructed him in no slight

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"A poor man, with an empty purse, came one day and begged three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying, 'Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them; Lord, I pray Thee, give them back.' The same day a letter was received from the poor man containing two hundred thalers (£30), which he had begged of a rich man for the vicar. When Gossner handed him the letter, and its contents were seen, the old man exclaimed, in child-like amazement and gratitude, 'Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so much ashamed!'

Gossner became an earnest preacher of Protestant truth while still in connection with Rome; but he shared the same hard dealing as Boos, On his removal to Augsburg he was imprisoned in the same dungeon as that good man, and was tended by the jailor who had been converted while Boos was his prisoner. Leaving Augsburg, after three years' labour and suffering, he settled in the village of Dirlewarg for ten years. Here his principles and character became developed, and his religious experience matured. He formed a society of like-minded friends, who met to pray, to confirm their faith in Christ, and intercede for the blessing of God upon themselves and their brethren. There were only five at first, but in less than a month Gossner wrote in his diary, "Truly the Lord has marvellously blessed our prayer meetings. How true it is, as James writes, the effectual fervent prayer availeth much. What I have experienced of prayer at these seasons is beyond all my expectations, even more than I can understand." Gossner was learning that "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." The life of Zinzendorf fell into his hands. made the acquaintance of an excellent friend, and set his heart on a new translation of the New Testament. Through the help of Sailer and Karg on the Continent, and Steinkopf in London, this

was eventually done, and 60,000 copies circulated in a very short time. Bitter persecution followed, and such unrelenting opposition, that he laid down his charge and went to Munich. Here, at first, he devoted himself to literature, writing devotional books, which posterity will not let die. He began to preach, and the effect was marvellous, distinguished men like Jacobi and Schliermacher coming from Berlin to hear him, and being won to admiration, respect, and love. But his prayer meetings were still continued among an inner circle of friends, and they went the unpardonable length of singing German hymns in these services and in the church. This, the issue of a tract in which he described the human heart as "a temple of sin, or a workshop of Satan," and the fact that he had translated the New Testament, brought upon him the terrible forces of the Concordat, and he was compelled to leave. The Prussian Government offered him a pastorate at Dusseldorf. and thither he went. His preaching was more than ever with power from on high. People cried out under his sermons, like the jailor of old; while others said, "If the Jesuits will not be converted now, they must have seven skins." But his enemies would not let him rest here, and an invitation coming from the Emperor Alexander I. to go to St. Petersburgh, he removed thither to the large Maltheser Church. For four years he laboured there, growing in humility, in knowledge of the truth, in faith, and in the power of prayer. He had need of faith and prayer, for though nobles and princes and princesses were in his congregation, intermingling with the poor and members of the Greek, Romish, and Lutheran Churches, the synagogue of Satan was astir. The Gospel was making conquests. The services were interrupted by the prayers of the converted, and the cry of "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The priests could not endure their congregations flocking to the Maltheser, and an anti-evangelical party among the nobles conspired with them to have him banished to Siberia, put in prison, or handed over to the Pope. The Emperor was compelled to yield. Gossner felt as one suddenly bereaved of all his children. "Gossner is gone! was on every one's lips. Bearing the "marks of the Lord Jesus," he went to Berlin, thence to Hamburgh, and afterwards to Leipzig. Through the kindness of Tauchnitz, the head of the great publishing house, he was enabled to employ his pen, sending a weekly sermon to his Maltheser congregation, and issuing books, such as his "Life of Martin Boos," his "Family Pulpit," and his "Spiritual Casket," the last being more popular in Germany than Bogatzky is in England. But he was not fully at rest. His great life-work was not begun, though he was all along being prepared for it. Princes and statesmen offered him protection and support, but he depended on an Arm more mighty and sure. He had sought, not

so much to reform the Church of Rome, but to gather and build up a church of praying believers within it. When counselled to leave her communion by some, others had urged him to stay, saying, "The Lutheran devil is as black as the Romish devil." At Leipzig, however, he nominally left the Church which in spirit he had long been separated from, He went to Berlin, Schliermacher opened his church to him, and Gossner's preaching was blessed to his wife. The Moravians gave him their hall, and the Louisenkirche was crowded to the door when he preached there. He was welcomed, too, within the royal household, where he ministered to one of the princesses in her dying moments. For seventeen years he was pastor at Bethlehem, and became a powerful centre for God's work. Church extension and town missions received their chief impetus from him. The Berlin Mission, established by Neander and others, declining, as he thought, from apostolical simplicity, he was led to commence a mission himself. It had a singular beginning, and a wondrous success, prayer and faith taking the place of earthly patronage and boards of directors.

Three or four artisans who had been refused as unfit at the missionary seminary, came to Gossner for counsel and help. He refused them, but they persisted. He prayed for direction, and at last received them. "What shall I do with you? Where shall I send you?" he asked. "I can do nothing for you." "Only pray with us," they said, "that can do no harm; if we can't go we must stay." They were favoured by their employers, so as to come two or three afternoons a week, and as their numbers increased students came to assist him. But where were they to go? He prayed, and applied to an English Society. Ten were accepted for New Holland; but an ordained missionary must go with them. He prayed again, and in a few days God sent the right man. Next year others were sent to India. Sir Donald M'Leod having for three years urged upon the different missionary societies the claims of the Gonds, an aboriginal tribe inhabiting the hill country of Central India, but without success, he applied to Gossner, and a small colony was sent out. In 1840 and 1841 twelve were sent out to labour among the scattered Germans of the Western States of America, and soon sixteen followed them. Others went to labour among the Kohls in Central India, and still others went to the Cape, to New Guinea, Java, Sumatra, and other places.

The work among the Kohls was very discouraging for some years; the men laboured on. Gossner's instructions were, "Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob. Up, up, my brethren,

the Lord is coming, and to every one He will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen? with the devil?' Oh, swiftly seek their souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord." A few years afterwards a spacious church was built, with seats for near a thousand. The opening day saw it crowded with Christian Kohls, and seventy-five candidates standing up to confess Christ before them all.

But Gossner gave himself to other efforts. There was no hospital in Berlin—he established one; also a society for visiting the sick, and a house for deaconesses. These all flourished under his wise and prayerful direction. He was fifty-six when he commenced his great work, and he died at eighty-five, and during the interval he sent out 141 missionaries, 17 of whom were ordained ministers, chiefly scholars of Tholuck, at Halle. He wrote a great deal, learning English at seventy, and translating some of the tracts of Mr. Ryle, now Bishop of Liverpool, when more than eighty. A separate book and tract society published his works.

We may take a look at him as he sat in a low pulpit at the chapel of the Elizabeth Hospital in Potsdam Street, where he gave a short lecture early on Sunday mornings, his white hair just visible behind his black skull-cap, his features seamed with age, and his eyes keen as ever, while a smile of benevolence played over his face; or we may notice his tall figure as he passes back to his home, or as he sits in his little room surrounded by books and papers and letters from all parts. "I cannot go here and there to arrange and order everything, and if I could, who knows that it would be well done? But the Lord is there, Who knows and can do everything, and I give it all over to Him, and beg Him to direct it all, and order it after His holy will, and then my heart is light and joyful, and I believe and trust Him that He will carry it all nobly out." He was a succourer of many, especially in spiritual things, and for years a rallying point for the scattered and struggling "little flock" of Christ's His mission never cost more than disciples. £1,000 a year, and that and all other needs were supplied in answer to prayer. Truly was it said by one at his open grave: "He prayed up the walls of a hospital and the hearts of the nurses; he prayed mission stations into being, and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands." By prayer his soul was sustained amid crushing difficulties, and the cry of his soul answered, "Perish, old Adam! live, live in me, Lord Jesus!" Yes, and many in many lands have found the true life through his prayers.



WHERE four roads met, an ancient sign-post stood—

Its wizened arms all lichened o'er and grey, Half-fallen from their sockets through decay That daily triumphed o'er the crumbling wood; And though it lingered on in hardihood,

T was but a relic of a by-gone day, For all its guiding words were worn away: With long neglect had vanished former good. So stationed at the cross-roads in our hearts

Is that true signpost Conscience, clear and bright:

Which, cherished, ever points our way aright; From which, neglected, day by day departs All grace and virtue, till at length it stands A dull dead sign with empty nerveless hands.

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# THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

THE CONGREGATION.



IY statutes," says the Psalmist, "have been my song in the House of my pilgrimage." Along the highways of the old Eastern world might be seen here and there a large building, its

four walls enclosing an open and uncovered area with simple and seanty accommodation for travellers and beasts of burden who turned in to tarry for a night. Could we have watched a caravanserai, as it was called, it would have exhibited some changeful scenes. Now one party would crowd within the opening, and be busy in securing the best corner of the unfurnished hostelry; and then another would press in to fill the vacancies left by travellers who had gone forth into the solitude of a neighbouring desert. Amidst loud complaints, and perhaps muttered curses, there would be heard songs from the cheerful, and prayers from the devout.

Such a house of pilgrimage is our world—a place of change in which "one generation passeth away and another generation cometh." An illustrious pilgrim who passed through on his journey to the better land nearly three thousand years ago, celebrated whilst tarrying here on earth the goodness and faithfulness of God as the Shepherd of His people, saying, Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." Centuries later, another sojourner had visions of God. A door was opened in heaven, and he saw the inner courts of the celestial Temple, and heard the songs of blessed ones before the Throne. These he has recorded for the benefit of wayfarers in our own day. as the murmuring of troubled waters, and the sighings of stormy winds are sometimes exchanged for the music of birds; so, meditating on the revelations of another world, we can turn them into songs of praise in "the house of our pilgrimage," songs that rise above previous "mourning, lamentation, and woe."

We propose a short series of meditations on the vision of St. John, which we find in the seventh chapter of the Apocalypse. We begin with the description of the great congregation that fills the courts above. "I heard the number of them that were sealed"—"a hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel." "And after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues."

The congregation is presented under the two aspects of *immensity* and *diversity*.

I. Immensity. We often feel depressed in looking at the state and prospects of mankind with regard to eternity, as appears from the moral and religious history of the world; and we do not wonder that a good man, over-powered with a sense of prevalent sinfulness, once cried out in agony, "O Father, stay, stay Thy creating hand." To us sometimes it seems as if we saw the generations of men, closely packed in the carriages of an enormous railway train, shot off the line, and grinding amidst clouds of dust to the edge of a precipice; then we can only close our eyes and shriek with horror.

In that mood of mind we dwell on what is said of the straitness of Heaven's gate and the narrowness of salvation's way; upon the width of destruction's door, and the breadth of the road which leads thereto. We sigh over the words "little flock," and fancy as if Jesus herein taught that the redeemed will be a minority at the last day. This must be wrong. Our shortsighted vision and narrow conclusions are corrected even by our own hearts, and thought is turned in another direction by an irrepressible impulse assuring us that infinite love will not end the world's history after that fashion. The vision before us sets the question at rest, and decides in favour of the broadest and brightest views of human destiny.

The uplifted curtain discloses two great congregations of the blessed, not one only.

The first is numbered and sealed—sealed first, then numbered. The sealing refers to Divine care and protection in this life over the chosen people. Angels are represented as holding-in the winds, which, as angry steeds, are striving to slip the rein and rush forth in a furious and destructive course. We behold what is spiritual controlling the realms of physical nature in service to the Church; and divine servants are seen preserved from that which overtakes their foes. These stormy winds are mentioned by Daniel in connection with the four great monarchies of old. Are the winds human passions, or the convulsions which these passions create, or the judgments which they bring down? At any rate, injurious influences are controlled and checked by angel hands until the sealed are safe. We should recognise here not only a specific instance of preservation, but the effect of a general and gracious law operating in favour of God's faithful people. It is a narrowminded government which legislates only for particular emergencies. The broad government of the All-wise, and the All-good, and the Almighty,

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lays down at the bottom of a thousand judgments and a thousand deliverances comprehensive laws which adjust themselves to manifold necessities. They are like the granite ribs which encircle the earth's heart, and support the beautifully organised forms on the earth's surface. The Bible and the book of providence which we may daily read, are full of facts touching the moral parable of the winds and of the angels. The preservation of the sealed incidentally calls for notice; but what mainly concerns us now is the number of the sealed-a

hundred and forty-four thousand.

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This number appears to refer to a remnant of Jews, saved at seasons when judgments came upon the earth. The remnant at one time is surely to be distinguished from the entire holy body of the nation, in the sum total of all Are not the tribes here numbered to be regarded as specimens of larger aggregates, sheaves set out in the fore-front of a field, containing in its vast amplitude numerous unreaped stores? Ought we not herewith to ponder Paul's pregnant words?-"Even so then at this present time also, there is a remnant according to the election of grace." "I would not, brethren"-he says to Romans prejudiced against Jews-"that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part has happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved, as it is written, 'There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer that shall turn away ungodliness from And again "They also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in, for God is able to graft them in again."

The second congregation consists of "a multitude which no man can number." Their division comprises many more than a hundred and forty and four thousand, and, distinguished from the sealed tribes, they do not necessarily comprise the whole multitude of ransomed souls. It may be that the vision relates to disembodied spirits at some crisis before the last, at some era in the accomplishment of individual redemption, before the register in the golden book of life is closed, leaving another multitude to be ac-

counted for at the last day.

This passage stands not alone. In Isaiah we read "the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands." "He shall see of the travail of His souland shall be satisfied." "By the knowledge of Him shall my righteous servant justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities." And how can that pleasure prosper, if the outcome of all divine dispensations here below should show, at the final poll of the universe, a majority on the side of the devil? How can Messiah's large and loving heart be satisfied with less than a multitude in heaven, surpassing in magnitude all the prisoners in the nether world? Can the travail of His soul—the sorrows of His life, the agonies of His death, His temptation in the desert, His passion in the garden, and His desertion on the cross, be recompensed with less than this? When we read, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," shall we interpret that "all" according to narrow computations, and not according to the infinite knowledge and love of the Divine speaker? His "all" must mean a prodigious And further, if we follow St. Paul in his argument through the fifth of Romans to the magnificent conclusion in the twentieth verse-"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound"-we shall see that the abounding grace refers as much to the extent to which it is bestowed on the many, as to the depth in which it is experienced by each individual. The comparison seems to include the sweep of the efficacy of Christ's obedience. The many made righteous are placed over against the

many made sinners.

The "all" upon whom the free gift has come justification of life are contrasted with "the all " upon whom judgment came to condemnation. It appears to us as if numbers were marshalled on both sides. If where sin reigned unto death grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord, is it not at least implied that Mercy's golden sceptre shall be swayed over a wider realm than is to be ruled by Wrath's rod of iron; that a larger number will be found at the consummation of all things with the mark of the Lamb on their foreheads, than will appear with the brand of perdition on their brow? Not even a drawn battle shall it be, when the hosts of darkness fire the last gun and leave the No doubt shall remain as to who wins-He who leads captivity captive, or he who has the power of death, which Christ came to abolish. And how can that be, unless the many actually made righteous by the Second Man—the Lord from Heaven-shall be more than these finally found sinners through a persevering imitation of the first man's primary fault?

Some general considerations confirm these conclusions. First, the Lord, as in the days of Elijah, has His hidden ones. Frequently there come to light cases of piety where its existence was not dreamed of. The history of the Church, when studied not for controversial purposes, but with large-hearted Christian sympathies, is found to reveal many a man and woman before unrecognised who never bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed his image. Secondly, what multitudes of children die, here and in heathen lands, before they reach an age of responsibility! They make up almost half, probably, of each generation; and can we doubt their salvation by Him who says of little children, "of such is the Kingdom of heaven"? Thirdly, to crown all, a millennium is

promised when men shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. However dense the dark clouds which roll down into the valleys of our present age, as the eye rests on the bleak regions of ignorance, idolatry, superstition, and unbelief, the mountain tops of future time, touched by prophetic gleams, are flushed and bathed with golden light.

From the immensity of the congregation we

proceed to notice-

II. Its variety-"All nations and kindreds

and people and tongues."

Besides the holy nation—the elect family of Israel marked off throughout the Bible from every other race-we have a distinct notice of all nations. It leads us to think of nations that were pagan when St. John saw this vision, but are not pagan now; and of nations still pagan to an enormous extent, though from amongst them through various efforts and influences, many are being gathered into the heavenly fold. The existence of so many nations of mankind is a deeply interesting study. The subject of nationality arrests the attention of politicians. Under other aspects it claims the thoughtful inquiry of Christians. Though God has made of one blood all the families of men, though the root of humanity be one in Adam, though all branches of the genealogical tree are seen in the Bible as springing from the primal pair, yet manifold and diverse are the constitutions and idiosyncrasies of mankind. Nations differ in character as in features and complexion; and as you mix with foreigners, read their literature, and examine their manners and customs, you feel that there are ineradicable peculiarities amongst them, which render it inconceivable that, whatever may be the effect of civilisation and religion, nations can ever become exactly alike. This is one of the mysteries of providencehow it is that by a necessity of nature men should look at things in themselves unchangeabletruths founded on reason, the architypes of which live in the divine mind-under aspects so strikingly varied, aspects which seem sometimes irreconcilable. Through a lens of its own each division of humanity gazes on things spiritual as well as temporal, and sees accordingly. The eye gives a tint to the object it discerns. Truths get shaped by the moulds of mind into which they are poured. The history of theology, the developments of Christian doctrine amongst Asiatics, Greeks, Latins, Goths, and Anglo-Saxons, abundantly illustrate the fact, and require more consideration than the facts of the case have ever received. the bottom of it there is much that is inexplicable. Yet perhaps as we prolong meditation on such mental phenomena, we are led to apprehend that only by diversified powers and modes of conception could finite beings get at all the aspects and relations of infinite truth. It belongs to no one

order of mind to discover all that God teaches in nature or grace. Thousands of differently constructed eyes, with as many angles and affinities of vision, are wanted in order to travel round and to pry into "the manifold wisdom of God." Specimens of all the nations are included in "the multitude which no man can number." their purified intellects, most likely still diversified. are pondering the lessons of the upper school, and their sanctified hearts, full of love, are paying, at the footstool of the Great King, their tributes of homage and praise. They are firstfruits of the creatures of God-early grapes of redemption's vintage; but what is to follow exceeds what is already gathered in. "They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God."

"Kindreds," or tribes are mentioned, as well as nations, to indicate, perhaps, that not only from the larger masses, but from the minor divisions and families which constitute them, the great Father takes souls to inhabit the house where

there "are many mansions."

The word "people" amongst us has a meaning akin to one signification borne by the original. We speak politically of rulers and people-ecclesiastically of pastors and people. In Scripture, the term sometimes signifies the mass of inhabitants, as distinguished from the magistrates. The term in the original is plural, and whilst it may point to ancient commonwealths, it suggests the thought of Plebeians, separated from Patricians, or of what we call the working classes, including the poor and the obscure. Social fences there will always be here below; but the Gospel sheds sunshine over all. Yet the most cordial sympathies at present are imperfect shadows of the communion hereafter. There will, indeed, be distinctions then, but none will be unjust or artifi-The mantle will not be voted unto majesty-rank will accord with moral worth. The coronet will shape itself out of the life of the wearer.

Finally, reference is made to different "tongues." Thinking of the languages of mankind, we cannot but rejoice that Divine praises are sung in the principal tongues spoken upon earth. One goes into a German church, and hears a melody simple and rich; into a French chapel, where they are singing in a soft sweet measure; into an Italian duomo, echoing with a solemn Ambrosian chant; and into Anglo-Saxon places of worship filled with the music of English hymns; and though these words and tones cannot blend on earth, they melt into harmony when they reach the Throne. Better still is the fact that the worship above is free from all the confusion of speech. They can understand one another, as God now understands as all

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BIRTHPLACE OF HANNAH MORE-SCHOOL-HOUSE AT FISHPONDS,

# CONSECRATED WOMANLY GENIUS: IN STORY, SONG, AND SERVICE.

BY EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN, AUTHOR OF "HEROINES OF THE MISSION FIELD."
HANNAH MORE, PHILANTHROPIST, EDUCATOR, AND AUTHOR.



ANNAH MOREwas eminent as an authoress, original as a philanthropist, and successful as an educator. She commenced a long and remarkable career in somewhat obscure circumstances,

strong and well-timed genius won in course of time the most astonishing recognition from the noble and learned, while philanthropists

welcomed her efforts, and imitated her plans. The good she accomplished in her life, both by tracts and schools, found many admirers, and the seed she thus sowed in those dark days, has since borne noble fruit for the education, enlightenment, and elevation of England's poor and ignorant.

Hannah More was born at Fishponds, near Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, February 2nd, 1745. Her father was the master of a foundation school in that village, and is described by her own pen as "a man of piety and learning." Mr. More had been brought up as the future owner of a large estate in Suffolk, but in a trial at law the decision had gone against him, and he was reduced to the painful position of being obliged to win daily bread for himself and family, by means of this school. The endowment was only £15 per annum, but the house was roomy, and the amount of fees from the scholars only limited by the number of pupils. Mrs. More was a woman of strong good sense, although possessing but a plain education, and exerted a large influence

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for good upon her family. This family consisted of five daughters, of whom Hannah was the It may be imagined that the daily life of this family was not one of luxury; indeed, in after years, one of the daughters, when conversing with Dr. Johnson, in reference to their early history, told him that, "they were born with more desires than guineas; that as years went on their appetites increased so, that the cupboard at home was too small to gratify them: and that with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket they all set out to seek their fortunes." Yet, even in the midst of this penury, it was one of Hannah's favourite amusements to ride upon a chair, announcing to her sisters, who stood laughing around her, that "she was going to London to see booksellers, and bishops." This declaration, made in girlish fun and romance, was really prophetic of her career in after life, being fulfilled in her experience to the very letter.

Mr. Jacob More taught his daughters well, giving them the rudiments of a classical education. This group of young girls attracted attention in the neighbourhood by their remarkable natural talents, and when Hannah was quite young, the three elder sisters opened a boardingschool for young ladies in Bristol. Hannah was removed, at the age of twelve, as a pupil, and after studying various languages, and acquiring different accomplishments, she joined her sisters in the management of the school. Still, her deepest love was for literature. From an early age she had been accustomed to write stories for the amusement of her sisters, and the more severe studies which her acquaintance with Latin and French, Spanish and Italian involved, could not wean her from her early

At the age of seventeen, Hannah wrote her first work-a drama entitled "The Search after Happiness." Mrs. More was then dead, but the father was getting infirm, and to their honour let it be recorded, one of the first uses to which the sisters put their earnings, was to provide for the comfortable maintenance of this father. Hannah commenced at this epoch a connection with literature which was continued steadfastly and conscientously for the long period of sixty-three years. Soon after this she became engaged to a Mr. Turner, a wealthy gentleman of somewhat unstable mind; but the postponement of the date of the marriage once, and again, on Mr. Turner's part, without adequate reason, induced her friends to interfere, with the result that the intended marriage was broken off. This occurrence affected Hannah so painfully, that she formed a determination to remain single. Although opportunities afterwards offered of her entering the married state, she steadfastly adhered to this determination. Soon after this episode, she commenced making periodical visits to London; and having become acquainted with Garrick, was introduced by him to the most distinguished individuals of Her poems and dramas were rethe day. ceived with the most flattering applause, while publishers' opinions became golden. She in forms us that at this time her ambition was to improve the character of the stage; but shortly a change took place in her convictions and opinions, so that she was led to renounce the theatre, both as author and spectator. We are not informed as to the immediate cause of this change in her convictions. but it is very certain that it was deep and abiding. The tone of her letters became more serious; she decided to refuse all Sunday engagements, and the study of the Scriptures occupied a large portion of her daily life. Writing to her sister at this time, from London, she says in reference to her engagements on the preceding Sunday, "Conscience had done its office before, nay, was busy at the time, and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused a tincture of wormwood into it. I thought of the alarming call, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' to-night at the opera," Intimate with, and honoured as she was by Edmund Burke, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, it cost her no little struggle to break off from the engagements which ministered to worldliness of spirit. But having counted the cost, Hannah More resolved to do it. Henceforth, instead of being "of the earth, earthy" in her aims, engagements, and pursuits, she courted the then despised title of "Methodist," and devoted her energy, talent, and time to the spread of the Kingdom of God among men.

In 1785, she withdrew from the brilliant society of the metropolis, and took up her residence at the secluded hamlet of Cowslip Green, near Wrington, in Somersetshire. In this retired abode, she resolved to reform the manners of society generally: reaching the rich by means of the press, and the poor by means of schools. In 1788, she issued "Thoughts on the importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society," and the work went rapidly over the land, influencing all who read it. Queen Charlotte openly adopted some of its suggestions. This work was followed by another, entitled "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which also had an amazing run. Almost simultaneously with this effort to reach the great, she commenced labouring among the poor ignorant country people around her, aided and encouraged by the advice of William Wilberforce. Cheddar was the spot first fixed upon for these benevolent operations. Its natural beauties were then, as now, very remarkable, but its social and moral degradation, alas! deplorable. When Hannah More and her sisters commenced visiting among the people of the village, they could find but one Bible in it, and that was used as a stand for a flower-pot. Accordingly, the ladies proposed to open a school; but the pro-

posal met with vehement opposition, both from landlords and people. At last, she secured the consent of the landlords, by pleading that "the children could not possibly rob orchards and attend school at one and the same time." But the poor people were most obstinate. Writing to Mr. Wilberforce, Hannah says, "A great many refused to send their children unless we would pay for them, and not a few refused, because they were not sure of my intentions, being apprehensive that at the end of ten years, if they attended so long, I should acquire a power over them, and send them beyond the seas. I could not have believed that so much ignorance existed out of Africa." Finally, however, they triumphed at Cheddar, and this Sunday-school was the commencement of other agencies for good-agencies which completely revolutionised the place and its people. But not without opposition was this point reached. Even those godly clergymen who assisted her in these endeavours were made the butt of sarcasm, being distinguished as "Hannah More's nine-In one of the parishes near where Miss More was about to introduce a school, opposition ran so high, that after public service at the church, on one Sunday morning, the parish clerk arose, and made the following announcement: "The parish are desired to meet, next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are going to set up a school.' Nothing daunted, the clergyman, who was one of Miss More's supporters, instantly arose and said, "On Sunday next, the parish are desired to meet the ladies who intend opening the school, at nine o'clock." The school was opened, and conducted successfully; while Miss More and her sisters went on undauntedly until they had ten Sunday-schools, in full operation, in as many scattered parishes—these schools containing sixteen or seventeen hundred scholars. She testifies that the most exhausting part of the work was the directing and training of the thirty teachers who composed her staff. If we consider her precarious health at that time, her personal labours are almost incredible. "While resident at Cowslip Green, or afterwards at Barley Wood, which was the greater part of every year, she visited, in participation with her sisters, three parishes every Sunday, performing a circuit of from ten to thirty miles, usually being out about thirteen hours, and frequently passing the night in some one of the villages. This she continued, with intermissions occasioned by sickness, for upwards of twenty years." For many years an annual festival was held at each of these villages in connection with various societies established for the good of the mothers, while a large annual fête was held for all the school-children within a large given circuit, on the summit of one of the Mendip Hills. At this Sunday-school fête, more than a thousand children were accustomed to assemble.

It is saddening to record that Miss More's charitable and self-denying conduct was attacked by persecution of the most virulent kind. For upwards of three years, her actions, words, aims, methods, teachers, and personal character, were attacked by the vilest abuse. But beyond writing a dignified letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, defending her institutions, and explaining her aims, she took no further public notice of these attacks. Still, in private, she suffered greatly, and during the height of the persecution, was so ill for seven months, that her life was despaired of. Writing to a friend at this date, she says plaintively, "I have learned the true value of human opinion, and I have learned much of the corruption, not of the world only, but of my own heart. I have gotten stronger faith in the truth of Scripture. I feel a general spirit of submission; and there are times, but not often, when I can even rejoice that I have been counted worthy to suffer in this cause."

About this time she commenced another remarkable agency for good, known as the "Cheap Repository Tract" issue. The French Revolution was spreading atheistic and revolutionary doctrines among the uneducated classes of England, and the best friends of the people stood alarmed at the possible consequences. At the urgent request of Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, Miss More wrote a pamphlet, entitled "Village Politics; by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter." It was received most successfully by the class for whom it was intended, and this suggested to the mind of the authoress the idea of a monthly tract issue, designed for the working classes. In this work we may recognise the commencement of the tract enterprise. The Rev. William Jay of Bath, says :- "I remember being present at her own house, at a breakfast party, when she started the proposal. The assembled company were asked to give their opinion of the probable circulation and usefulness of a number of cheap, short, familiar publications, especially as they might become a substitute for the poor, licentious, and injurious trash found on stalls, and vended by hawkers. All approved of the scheme, and doubted not of its success. Miss More, then, as a specimen of the sort and quality of the tracts intended, produced "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," which she had composed for the purpose. I was called upon to read it, which I did, not without difficulty, for I was affected to tears by some of its exquisite touches." The series took wonderfully with the people, and thousands were speedily sold. Her sisters and other friends assisted her, but the most untiring exertions were contributed by Miss More, who worked in this labour of love to the fullest extent of her powers. The monthly issue of the "Cheap Repository"

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was continued, until Miss More's strength began to break down, and increasing illness warned her to desist. In 1799, her great work, "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," was published. It won Royal favour and recommendation, as well as the rare honour of a public episcopal encomium. It was followed by the publication of "Hints for the Education of a Princess," and this book was so favourably regarded by the Royal Family, that it was adopted as a guide for the education of the young Princess Charlotte-then the one who stood nearest to the throne. The Duchess of Gloucester

gave a grand public breakfast, at which she introduced Miss More to the other guests, and the Queen requested a conference with her at Weymouth, upon the subject of the Princess's education. It will thus be seen that she aimed at educating and raising all classes of society, adopting, with rare success, suitable agencies for each undertaking. And as a proof of the fertility of her genius it is recorded that she wrote eleven volumes after attaining the age of sixty; and to her honour, we find that in a correspondence with some members of the Royal Family, as to the "overstrictness" of her principles, she wrote:—"The wisest and best stand in as much need of being redeemed by the blood of

Christ, and of being sanctified and guided by the Holy Spirit, as the most illiterate and most unworthy.

Among her later works were "Coelebs in Search of a Wife" (composed during a two years' illness), "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," and "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul." Her last work was entitled "The Spirit of Prayer." It is calculated that she realised no less a sum than £30,000 by her various productions. Her literary career is very wonderful, when we remember that she was never strong or robust. She usually suffered the penalty of illness after each volume, and indeed composed some works while in the furnace of bodily affliction; but she counted not her life dear unto her, so that she might win souls for Christ.

In 1802, the sisters removed to Barley Wood, where Hannah had a comfortable mansion built, and beautiful grounds laid out. Wilberforce, John Newton, Thornton, Rowland Hill, and William Jay, became chosen friends and frequent visitors, Here the happy family band employed the evening of their lives still in labours for the good of others, while various philanthropists and Christian workers resorted thither for help and sympathy. But the dark shadow of bereavement entered there too, and one by one the sisters of Hannah passed away to their reward. In 1813, Mary More died; three years after, another sister died; another year, and a third sister was summoned away. Only her "beloved Patty" was left now,

to be a comfort and companion, but in 1819, she too was struck down, leaving Hannah alone and desolate. They were all aged, and one by one drew neartothe house appointed for all living, yet they looked forward to a mansion in the "Father's

House."

In 1828, she left Barley Wood, for a home at Clifton, This step cost her much sorrow, but it was necessary; for, in consequence of the misconduct and dishonesty of over-indulged servants, it became imperative that somestronger hand should interpose for the comfort of the aged lady. Here, she saw many visitors of all nationalities, and in her interviews with them, strove to serve the Master. In 1832, however, her strong intellect gave way,

and her physician found it necessary to enforce complete retirement and quiet. A ten-months' illness supervened, during which she experienced much delirium, and on September 7th, 1833, she entered into rest. Hannah More's influence over her generation was marvellous. time she might have been seen, expounding the New Testament to Royal listeners, at Gloucester House; at another, instructing ignorant villagers, and black prejudiced miners. buked the vices of the great, and taught poor labourers how to live Christian lives. Simple and unaffected in dress and manners, blessed with womanly graces, as well as great talent, abounding in charity, self-denial, and Christian fortitude, she accomplished a most remarkable work for her Master. She was faithful in the use of her talents, and now, without doubt, has entered into "the joy of her Lord."



HANNAH MORE.



"The Duchess of Gloucester . . . introduced Miss More to the other guests."



"We looked . . . . and on a beautiful lawn there were half a-dozen splendidly dressed children." -p. 31.

#### FLOEY AND THE ANGELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE JACK," "STUMPY'S MISSION," ETC.



was the annual fair in the little town of Oldenbury, and at seven o'clock on the evening of the last day the fun was at its height. Trumpets were braying, drums beating, organs grinding, showmen shouting, while mingling with all these sounds was

the loud conversation and hearty laughter of the hundreds of pleasure-seekers. It was a scene of great noise and uncultivated enjoyment.

In a caravan belonging to the Cosmopolitan Grand Allied Circus (and which was used as a dressingroom for the male performers), two of the company were waiting until it was time for them to enter the ring—a man and a boy.

The man, who was seated on a large drum, wore the dress of a clown. It consisted in his case of a large bib, a blouse, and pair of pantaloons; all made of white calico, and ornamented with nursery rhymes, printed in large black letters on every part of his garments. The bib gave the "History of the Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin;" one sleeve told of the pig that went to market, the pig that stayed at home, the pig that had roast beef, the pig that had none, and the little pig that cried "wee, wee, wee," all the way home; the other spoke of Little Jack Horner, who sat in his corner, eating his Christmas pie; the right leg of his pantaloons was eloquent of the adventures of Jack and Jill, and the left with the pastoral journey of Little Bo-Peep; his stomach described how little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffet, eating of curds and whey; while his back was not silent as to how Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to fetch her poor dog a bone.

His face was so daubed with paint and flour, that it was difficult to tell his age, or the kind of disposition he possessed. His appearance was certainly comical, and perhaps he was naturally a merry man; but at this moment "the mirth-provoking, sidesplitting Humbolt," as the circus bills called him, was regarding his little companion with a grave deep earnestness, that showed no tendency to mirth in his nature.

The boy, who was about eight years old, was also dressed as a clown. It was impossible to look at him without a smile; for his costume was a perfect copy of the man's, only in miniature—Jack and Jill went up the hill, little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffet,

and Jack Horner sat in his corner, while the pigs went to market and stayed at home, on exactly the same parts of his clothes, only in smaller characters; and his orange eyebrows, blue nose, vermilion cheeks, and green chin, were not out of keeping with his grotesque costume. Yet, in spite of his paint, "Wono, the smallest clown in Christendom," as the advertisements called the little fellow, had one of those wee, innocent, trustful, winsome faces, that gain for their owners easy access into people's hearts; and you had only to look at him to feel sure he was a favourite with everybody.

Humbolt was no exception to the rule. He had only belonged to this circus a month, yet he already loved Tommy—as the little clown was called in private life—very dearly, and as they performed together they were necessarily often in each other's company.

Noticing Humbolt's serious look, Tommy, who was standing with his back against the side of the van, asked him what he was thinking about. The clown first wiped his face upon the sleeve on which was Jack Horner's pie, and replied—

"Isn't this a good chance for you to tell me about your sister, Tommy? We have a few minutes to spare, and you promised you would."

The boy nodded, but his face immediately became very sad as he said—

"Well, yes, I will, though it's a sorrowful story, You see, Hummy, it all happened within a year. Floey was only three years older than me, but she was the beautifullest girl rider as was ever in a circus. She could leap the banners more gracefully than any of the ladies who had been at it a very long time, and she scarcely ever made a slip. Why, I've seen her fly through the burning hoops, and then stand up as straight on a bare-backed horse as you could, Hummy. The people was always very pleased when she came into the ring. But one night she wasn't well; she'd had a bad headache all day, and wasn't fit to ride at all; so she asked father to let her have a rest that evening, as she felt so queer. Generally speaking, he's the kindest man in the world, but when he has the drink in him he's very savage.'

Then, stopping, the boy added musingly, "What a bad thing the drink is! I never mean to touch it, and I wish you wouldn't any more, Hummy."

Humbolt coughed uneasily, but said nothing.

"And he was rather drunk that night," continued Tommy, "so he got dreadful angry when she spoke to him about it, and said as she was skulking, and for asking such a thing, he'd make her jump higher than she ever had before. The circus was very full and hot, and when she came in her cheeks was all flushed with the pain in her head and the heat, and, as she was being lifted on to the horse, she whispered to me she was afraid she

wouldn't be able to do it, for her head felt all swimming round, regular dizzy. However, she got along very well at first, though every time she jumped I heard her give a kind of sob, and catch her breath, as if it was too much for her. But father was still very angry, and he didn't forget what he'd threatened her with, for he ordered the men to hold the widest banner as we had very high. Floey leaped it the first time, but the second she didn't rise high enough, and, catching her foot in the calico, she fell flat to the ground like a lump of lead.

"When they lifted her up, Hummy, her face was all bleeding, and from the way her leg hung down I knew as it was broken. The people screamed, and many of them rushed out, but I just crept into a corner of the caravan where they laid Floey, for I wanted to hear what the doctor would say about her. When he came in he gave one look at her through his gold spectacles, and says, 'This little lady will never ride again; she's broken her thigh,

and has hurt herself bad inside."

"I cried so, Hummy, when I heard it, and so did Floey. And it quite broke father down, for when he was sober he was always very fond of her, and proud of her riding. He knelt down by the side of the bed, and, crying like a baby, begged her to forgive him. She smiled at him very much in her usual way, and says, 'Oh, yes, father, for you didn't mean to do it!' That made me ery worse than before, Hummy, to see her so forgiving. I knew I shouldn't have been able to be so kind myself, and as I thought of her behaving so noble over such a great injury, I felt very mean as I remembered how great a grudge I'd often had against those who hadn't done me much harm. And I think father had very similar feelings.

"Floey was dreadfully ill for some weeks, but at last she got about a little on a crutch. Her leg was all drawed up, and she was dreadful pale and weak, but it was something to have her about anyhow; yet we still knew the doctor's words was true, and she never would mount another horse again. Whenever I could, I used to go out with her, but you know, Hummy, what with rehearsals and the processions, I don't have much time to myself. Being young in the profession, I has to have a deal of practising. Folks as sees us go through our performance so easy know little of the hard work we have to get so perfect, do they, Hummy?"

"The public," Humbolt answered, in a very decided tone, and with another dip into Horner's pie, which appeared to be a favourite trick of his, "is a addle-headed lot as don't know anything! They seem to think as clowning and aerobating is a downright paradise, and comes as naturally to anybody as

the measles."

Tommy nodded his acquiescence in his friend's sentiments, and continued—

"Sundays was our best times, because I had the whole day to myself; so we used to have the loveliest walks together. Of course, Floey couldn't walk fast, nor very far, but with a crutch on one side and me on the other, she got along capital. Well, one Sunday we had gone out after dinner, and was passing a gentleman's ground, when we heard some singing. We looked through the gates, and on a beautiful lawn there was half-a-dozen splendidly-dressed children, gathered round a little harmonium, which a very pretty lady was playing, and a gentleman was sitting by her. They sung a nice song about the angels. The first line was, 'I would be like an angel.' Have you ever heard that song, Kummy?"

The boy's question was so sudden and unexpected that the clown was quite taken off his guard. The story had stirred an almost forgotten memory of the past; so altogether he was much agitated, and he muttered, huskily, as he once more drew Horner's pie

across his eyes-

"Ay! I used to sing it myself once, when I was a deal better than I am now."

Tommy looked interested, but without staying to

ask any further questions, he said-

"The lady saw us, and I suppose it was noticing as Floey was a cripple made her feel kind to her, so she called to us to come in. We was both very shy, but the lady and gentleman were so pleasant, that we soon felt easier with them. But when the boys knew as we came from the circus, they stared at us as if we were wild Indians, or something equally strange; but the lady didn't. She talked so kind to Floey, just like, I think, mothers must talk, though I don't know for certain, for our mother died when I was a baby. The lady spoke about Floey being lame, and about the song of the angels. The next day she came to see her in the caravan. We stayed in that town a week, and she visited her every day, and gave her a Bible. Floey was quite brokenhearted at leaving her, but of course we had to go.

"Soon after that, Floey got worse. She was hurt bad inside, you know, as well as her leg being broke, and she had to keep in bed. But she was never tired of singing that song about the angels, and reading that book as the lady gave her, and saying

her prayers.

"Well, one evening after I had come from the ring I went up to kiss Floey and bid her good night before I went to bed. I always used to do that, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But I was later than usual, and she was tired and had gone to sleep. She was lying with a lovely smile on her lips, and I thought she must be looking just like one of those angels she was always singing about."

Then, going off into one of his musing fits, he

" Have you ever seen an angel, Hummy?"

"No," Humbolt replied; "only the lady as dresses up like 'em in the circus, with wings made of the feathers of birds!"

"Oh! I don't mean them," Tommy exclaimed, hastily. "I've seen them; but I mean the real kind, as lives up in heaven." "No, Tommy, then I haven't."

"No more have I," said the smallest clown in Christendom, "but I should like to.

"My bed was at the other end of the caravan. But I didn't sleep that night a bit, for I couldn't forget the look of her face. It was so beautiful, it frightened me. I was afraid of her slipping away to be an angel, and so I laid awake and I heard all the clocks

they told me I should soon be their little playfellow up in heaven."

"Oh, what a sweet playfellow they had, when Floey did join them," sobbed the little clown, as he dropped his face on poor Cock Robin, and the sparrow with the bow and arrow, on the bib upon his breast.

He cried for a little while, and then continued— "And Floey said that when the angels faded away



"'They're coming back almost directly. Kiss me, Tommy."

strike one after the other. And, do you know, I kept a fancying as every little sound there was must be made by the angels. I'm not sure now but what some of 'em was. And when once or twice there was a faint tap against the little window panes, I made sure it was the flapping of an angel's wing, but I found in the morning as it was only a bit of the canvas of the roof as had got loose. Several times in the night I got out of bed to see as Floey wasn't gone, and each time I found her still lying asleep with the beautiful smile playing round her lips. But about five in the morning, just between the lights, she called me, and when I went to her, she says, 'Tommy, I've been seeing the angels all night, and

she woke up. And then she lifted herself in the bed, and says, 'But I don't think they've faded away for very long. They're coming back almost directly. Kiss me, Tommy.' I kissed her," and poor Cock Robin was again brought into use, "and after that she put her pretty head on the pillow once more. And then she whispered to me, 'My pain will soon be over, and I'm pleased to go, for as that kind lady taught me out of the Good Book, up there, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." She laid quiet for a minute or so after that, and I think the song of the

angels must have been passing through her mind, because I just heard her murmur to herself—

'A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand.'

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And then she turned over, and giving a gentle breath, was quite still. Oh! Floey—Floey!'"

On the whole the boy had mastered his emotion well, but now he broke into bitter sobs, as he wiped his eyes on "Poor Cock Robin."

The clown, on his part, had much occasion for "the pie," and so for a little while he allowed Tommy's grief to remain unchecked, but presently he said—

"Come, come, Tommy, you mustn't cry any more! There, that's brave. And now let me look at your face. Why, it's all streaked with tears, and it looks more like a striped zebra's than a civilised clown's.

You've given Cock Robin nearly all your paint, Let me put it to rights for you. We shall be called almost directly."

Tommy was certainly in need of attention, for the blue on his nose had mixed with the red on his cheeks, and ran into the green on his chin. He submitted very willingly to Humbolt's ministrations, and they were hardly finished before they heard the ring master shouting for "the clowns."

And Tommy, with the tears still wet in his eyes, and Humbolt, with the suspicious huskiness not quite gone from his voice, bounded into the crowded circus, with the clowns' customary greeting, "Here we are again!"

But that story of Floey and the angels was never forgotten by Humbolt,

# "BOLD IN OUR GOD;" OR, MISSION WORK IN BRUSSELS.

'S a hopeless undertaking: you will not get twenty people to listen to you, and your failure will bring dishonour on our Christian cause."

So spoke a French pastor in Brussels to a London City Missionary, who, being able to speak French, and having had some experience of Gospel work in Paris, had obtained leave to spend his holiday-time in similar work at Brussels, then thronged with visi-

tors celebrating the jubilee of the declaration of Belgium's national independence. But this political event had led to no spiritual liberty, no progress of true religion in the land. Three or four almost lifeless churches, whose pastors seemed numbed by the spiritual deadness around them, represented the Reformed faith in the capital; and it was one of these native pastors who made to Mr. B. the discouraging remark above quoted.

But the missionary held that to leave the work untried would be to dishonour his Master's name, and in that name went boldly forward. He hired a good-sized tent, and pitched it in the only available spot, sadly out of sight, behind booths and restaurants which lined every approach to the Brussels Exhibition, the Union Jack hoisted at its summit being alone visible from the highway.

"And now," said a young helper who had accompanied Mr. B. from London, "let us sing 'Praise God."

It seemed a strange proposal, that first Sunday morning, as the Christian workers stood in their empty tent on the verge of that bold venture of faith; rather as the boast of men only as yet girding on their harness. But, strong in faith, the little band sang their song of praise, and then, by an irresistible impulse, grasped each other's hands in joyful confidence.

It had been arranged to hold a service for Flemish at three p.m., for French at five p.m. About noon a violent storm broke over the city; one or two of the pastors who had promised their help in these services, arrived at the tent, saying, "Let us have a prayer together and separate; it would be foolish to expect any hearers in such weather as this." By three o'clock, however, twenty-six Flemings were in the tent, a very attentive little congregation. We had been told there was no hope of getting up any singing at our services, and this we feared would leave a grievous blank. As five o'clock drew near we saw a goodly number of people approaching, who at once accepted our invitation to the tent. They proved to be the members of a French musical society, and formed in themselves a numerous congregation; many passers-by also joined us. Soon the sides of our tent had to be removed to make room for the swelling throng. A French minister arriving a little late could not penetrate the crowd, which listened quietly, reverently to Mr. B.'s first message from God's Word, "He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind."

Not have singing, indeed! The services from that day forward were bright with Christian song. The people learned by degrees to delight in the hymns. The 146-frs. worth of notices prepared for this work were never used. "We only had to open the tent," said Mr. B., "and it filled an hour before the time, night after night. We found it best to alternate the French and Flemish languages. We would have a prayer in the one, then an address in the other. One hundred and thirty-two meetings, in all, were held, and often there were 300 Flemish, or 500 French, present. I never saw more attentive listeners."

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Many and most valuable were the indirect results of this mission. It caused a great overthrow of Roman Catholic prejudice.

One evening, after the meeting, four intelligent young students remained to speak with the missionary concerning the truths of the Gospel till far into the night; and ere the party separated they knelt

together to pray for heavenly light.

There was wide distribution of the Word of God; 9,000 Gospel portions, 240,000 Gospel tracts were given. "As we stood within the exhibition entrance, distributing these, the police, who showed themselves our firm friends throughout, would mount guard over us, saying to the crowd of eager applicants, 'Pass on! pass on! don't press too hard on these good people.' Nor did these kindly policemen miss a personal share in the blessings of that happy season.

"I was standing outside the tent," says Mr. B., "with M. Deyounge, a Flemish pasteur, when a policeman came up. 'Have you any children?' I asked; 'allow me to offer you some picture-papers for them.' I also gave him an illuminated text-

card with the words of John iii. 16."

"That is God's truth," remarked M. Deyounge.
"You are right, sir," the man replied, cordially;
"the more I listen to men's words, the less I know what to believe. Now I have bought a New Testament for myself, and I think I am in the way of the truth. I read it alone, and with my children."

"Thank God, the tent has been left standing another week," the people would say, surprised at

"I should like to give a supper to the waiters at all these restaurants," said Colonel C., an English visitor, deeply interested in the tent services.

the absence of interference with our work.

"That, I fear, is impossible," replied Mr. B.; "they are engaged morning, noon, and night."

But the Colonel dauntlessly ordered a supper for fifty, and invitations to the waiters were sent out. Eighty-five came, and so much were they interested in the good words spoken to them that they pleaded for a meeting for waiters every evening at nine. We had, however, three daily meetings already, so we had to refuse their request.

"What shall we do when you are gone?" said many of our Brussels friends, in despair; but we knew the Lord would provide, and we encouraged them to persevere; and before we left, the following circular was drawn up and signed by every Protestant pastor in Brussels, whose union in the mission-work has been of great value in promoting a brotherly feeling among them.

"The unexpected success of the mission services

in the tent during our national exhibition has led to our regarding as a duty the permanent continuance of this work of evangelisation.

"We purpose to hire any buildings available there, to hold, every evening if possible, evangelistic meetings, in French and Flemish, and to carry on the religious instruction which has been begun amongst the children. In the summer we shall again use the tent, which can be pitched in different spots, as circumstances direct.

"We claim for this work the sympathy and prayers of all God's people."

This purpose has been fulfilled. A letter received soon afterwards from M. Deyounge tells us of crowded and happy meetings in a wooden "baraque," where also the little ones were taught twice in the week, and where many young people took the lead in Gospel hymns and songs of praise, rejoicing "to do anything for the Lord and His precious name."

This "baraque" was allowed, by special favour, to stand till last May, long after all similar buildings in the neighbourhood had been removed by order of Government. M. Deyounge then secured the upper part of a restaurant for the mission services,

Our last intelligence from this field of labour was that the tent of last year was about to be erected for summer meetings, and its site to be, if possible, purchased for the building of an iron room before winter. At the same time came an earnest appeal for support from Christian friends in England, "for," says the writer, "we have hardly any money resources here."

"The work," writes another pasteur, "which has now become almost entirely Flemish, continues to cause us great joy and thankfulness. Lately, M. Deyounge noticed among the communicants of his congregation a man he had often seen listening in the "baraque." After the service the man said to him, "I dare say you are going to blame me for remaining to the communion; and certainly, when I entered your church I had no such intention; but when you said that faith alone was needed, with repentance and confession of sin, I said to myself, 'Faith-I have that; and I do confess my sins to God, and repent of them, and wish to renounce all that is evil; then I may draw near,' and I did, shedding tears of joy as I found myself for the first time for 14 years at the Holy Supper; I felt myself the happiest of men." Well may we bestow our sympathy, for Christ's sake, on a work which thus shows to men and women reared in superstition, surrounded by infidelity, the only way of real happiness: "Access through Christ, by the Spirit, unto the Father." A. J. T.

# EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.-SAINT CECILIA-IN-THE-GARDEN.



ONDON, the bustling and the crowded, has yet retreats and solitudes peculiarly its own.

So thought the Rev. Harold Bentley, as he stood in readiness for weeknight service in the vestry of St. Cecilia - in - the-Garden, in the heart of the great city.

The very name of the church told the story of the remote and far different days in which it had been reared and dedicated to the worship of God. The ground on which it stood had been part of the great pleasure garden belonging to the mansion of Sir Godfrey Turner, Knight. When his young wife Cecilia died, he had detached this plot for a place of family sepulture, hallowing it by the erection of the house of God, and, in his simple old-world piety, leaving no record of his love and grief except the name that he bestowed upon it. At least, so ran the local legend, borne out by many facts. For certainly the church had been built on Sir Godfrey's grounds, and considerably endowed by him, and since many later generations of Turners had been unmistakably buried in the vaults of St. Cecilia, it was no very great stretch of imagination to believe that Sir Godfrey and his spouse themselves rested among the few crumbling and unnamed sarcophagi. Did not the ancient church plate bear the inscription -"Gifted to God and to His Church of Saint Ceciliain-the-Garden, by Godfrey Turner, Knight, in the year of our Lord 1570"? Antiquarians indeed said that there had been an ecclesiastical foundation on that spot many centuries earlier, but that did not necessarily militate against the legend of Sir Godfrey. What more likely than that the church lands had been thrown into his demesne at the Reformation? And what more likely again than that when Sir Godfrey's mind turned to church-building, it should revert to a spot already consecrated, and he should long to devote it anew to a purer devotion? The parishioners of St. Cecilia-in-the-Garden would not give up the story of the good knight and his beloved

Tradition farther said that when the church was built, and for long afterwards, there had stood about its quadrangle sixteen trees, four on each side. An old man, still living, remembered another old man who had seen these in their glory; and certainly, in going about the damp little square, one could detect inequalities in the paving where those trees had once been. But only one remained now, with its poor roots closed in under the stones, and its leaves were more scanty year by year, though Miss Griffin, the old housekeeper of the warehouse at the corner, threw buckets of water round its trunk every day.

The Rev. Harold Bentley was an entire stranger in the place. He did not know the church nor its vicar. He had never been in the neighbourhood before, and did not even know much of London at all. The vicar of St. Cecilia's was now taking his summer holiday. A mutual friend of his and Mr. Bentley's had undertaken the duty, and had fallen ill, and so Mr. Bentley, passing through the metropolis, had taken his place for this one evening.

The Rev. Harold Bentley was not a young man, though there was still a fire in his eye, and a vigour and suppleness about his commanding figure which younger men might have envied. But there were masses of silver in his hair, and many experiences, deep and sad as well as joyful, had written out their history over the beauty of youth, which at its best is but a fair blank page.

His own cure of souls lay in a great northern manufacturing town; there he had laboured for nearly thirty years, and there he was now surrounded by a generation who had learned from their parents' example and words to honour and to love him. His church there was big and bare, guiltless of carved oak, or glowing glass, but filled from aisle to gallery, from the organ loft to the square pew where his own children sat, with throbbing, earnest life. His congregation was not quite an ordinary congregation; he had gone down to the depths, and had brought up strange treasures for his King-rough, wild-looking colliers, infidel mill-hands, and weird haggard women of every age. His hearers were old men, with emphasised histories, who knew the truth of every word he said; middle-aged men, acting out the drama of life, shaping the politics of their country and their town, and coming to him hungering and thirsting for the great principles which must underlie the right conduct of affairs; young men, with hands already stretching out to the future.

A vision of the faces he was accustomed to meet from his pulpit rose before his mind's eye as he opened the door of the vestry of St. Cecilia-in-the-Garden, and peeped into the building.

To him, the church seemed empty in the dusk. A few lamps were burning dimly about the reading desk, but daylight still streamed through the great windows, which for the most part were filled with small clear panes, though all of them were gemmed with borders and shields of exquisite stained glass. The table, with its sumptuous carvings of flower and

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angel, lay in deep shadow, except that some brass ornaments and the crimson velvet cloth caught a single ray of light from one of the pale lamps. Upon the broad desks of each wide high pew, Mr. Bentley could see great Bibles and prayer-books, whose first owners were probably among those whose eulogistic memorial tablets were supported against the walls by plump cherubs in black or white marble. Did nobody use those books now? And would they never be used again?

As Mr. Bentley looked out, the church bell ceased, and the organ—its player entirely hidden from view—rolled forth its deep melodious welcome. He saw the attentive beadle, gorgeous in crimson and black, advancing wand in hand to conduct him to his rostrum.

But where was the congregation?

That was the question the clergyman asked while the attendant needlessly adjusted and stroked his robes,

"They are all here that's coming, sir," said the man. "We're pretty few on Sundays, leave alone week nights. No, the Miss Millers are not here yet; but they're sure to come."

"But I don't see anybody," remonstrated Mr.

Bentley.

"Oh, you will when you're in the pulpit, sir," said the beadle, with perfect satisfaction. "There's nine already, without the Millers, and I've never known more nor twelve for years back—not even when the bishop preached," he added, misunderstanding Mr. Bentley's concern. "They are mostly old folks and children, and sits low. You'll see 'em all, sir, when you're mounted, and they are on their feet."

"Well, well," thought Mr. Bentley, as he followed the man, "this is disheartening work. The parish may have changed from what it used to be, but certainly there are still many more people in it than seem to care for the ministrations of the Church. I scarcely know how I shall conduct a service under circumstances like these. When one thinks of the surging multitudes outside, this seems labour thrown away, and one never works well when one feels that."

But as he knelt in prayer, his mood changed. The very text which he had chosen for that evening's meditation came back upon his own heart as by the whisper of a Divine voice—

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

He rose from his knees, and looked round. There was the same dusky empty church, but he could now see the faces of his scanty auditory—poor old women, ancient alms-men, apple-faced boys, probably sent there to be safely out of the way of over-burdened mothers. The two belated worshippers had arrived now, and they did not add much to the dignity of the congregation, though their fresh faces and bright ribbons gleamed in the sombre old place, like flowers thrown down in a casket of ancient garnishings. They were only two young girls of sixteen or eigh-

teen years old, daughters, probably, of some of the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood—mere children in the eyes of the Rev. Harold Bentley, who had some of his own of about the same age.

But the transient sense of disheartenment had passed from the good man. What was the largest audience but a congregation of units—and here were the units! Some word of his might carry a thought of cheer or consolation to one of these old folks with the patient faces and threadbare garments, who had borne poverty in the midst of wealth, and now

hoped for nothing but the end.

"But we have no right to think what our deeds may effect," said the preacher, disregarding his notes, and speaking straight out of his own heart to himself. "It is our place only to see that we act rightly, and to leave the issue with God. None but He knows which is greatest and which least, what shall fade and what shall flourish. One man may be the adviser of a mighty potentate, whose plans an assassin's hand may cut short to-morrow; another may be the teacher of a little child, whose future life may be a light to all mankind. The broad cornfields which one sows may lie blasted and bare, while the little acorn he dropped unawares may grow into a great sheltering tree. It is far more to be good than to do good-because being good is doing good perpetually, while attempting to do good without being good is like carrying bread to feed the hungry, and dropping poison from our garments as we pass along.

"The poor man thinks that the rich man has a chance of doing greater things than he; the rich man thinks his poorer brother is freer for the service of God. The young think their time will come when they are old; the old that their opportunities have passed away with their youth. But there is no place better for us than the place we are called to fill; no work worthier than the work we are called to do. God made us what we are, and put us in our places, not necessarily to stay there, but to do our duty there, and to go out where it leads us. We have not to think what we might do, but what we can do. We have not to meet to-morrow's trial, but to-day's duty. In discharging it, we do meet to-morrow's trial in the only way in which it can be met-we prepare ourselves and all about us for it. 'Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' are words often blasphemously quoted by those who seek to find in them an excuse for recklessness and indifference. They are really the utterance of a wise Providence, and a noble forecasting. They say simply, 'Do not think of your next step; is your foot sure now?'

"From that spirit all true heroisms spring; in that spirit all good work is done. I once heard an aged woman say to a little child, 'It' you look at the whole length of your seam you will never get it sewn: look only at the little bit between your thumb and finger.' There was a philosophy of life in those humble words. It is not godliness to sit

and dream of the heights and glories of heaven: it is godliness to advance towards them, step by step, day by day. The truly devout mind is the 'present mind,' which knows that God is all about it, sanctifying its homely surroundings, and which seeks to do the lowliest duty as in His sight, with all one's heart, and with all one's mind, and with all one's strength. There is a story told in Scotch history, that on one occasion the king, Robert the Bruce—then a struggling

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his nation from servitude. And it would have made a great difference to us all if Robert the Bruce had not been found faithful on his occasion, for it was through his brave maintenance of his country's freedom that Scotland and England are united to-day—not by conquest, but by peaceful union.

"Brethren, there is one ambition which can be set before all lives, however diverse. It is that each may be equal to his occasion. Then that thread of the



"There passed out a woman who lingered to speak to nobody."-p. 38

patriot—was sorely pressed by English troops, fighting with many men single-handed. If he had paused to think of the future, it must have seemed to him as if what happened then could not matter much, for the fortunes of his country were so low that if a victory was won on its behalf to-day, it seemed there could be only defeat to-morrow. Or, if he had thought about himself, he might have judged, 'I am not of so much consequence; I may as well let myself be slain or taken prisoner; it is no use struggling so desperately.' But he thought only of the present and its duty; and that was, to struggle. And, one by one, his foes went down, and left him triumphant; and his life, passing safely on, was the life of the man who saved

world's history which is spun trom our being will be sound and pure, and ready for any future strain that may come upon it.

"And remember, in being faithful, what it is to which we should be faithful. Not to our own wills and wishes; not to the judgments of others; not to the forms and fashions of the world. We must be faithful to God—faithful to His law, which is the foundation of all right. His law is everywhere—above and below and within every possible action or circumstance. A Christian poet has told us that a room may be swept according to God's law. His law is what we familiarly call 'the right way,' 'the right thing to do.' But some-

times it is not easy to discover what His law in a matter is. It dips out of our sight, as it were, though it is certainly there. But God has not only given us a law; He has also given us a Person—a Life to guide us along the way to the truth. Are you in any doubt as to what you should do? as to how you should be faithful? Pause, and ask yourselves, 'What would Jesus do?' The very thought of Him—the remembrance that He calls you 'brother,' 'sister;' that He did not count it loss even to die for you, will make hard things easy and dark things light; ay, my friends, even though the behest may come at last, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

The clergyman sat down: he sat in the pulpit, and forgot that the congregation would wait for his departure before they stirred. The beadle fidgeted

uneasily at the foot of the pulpit stairs.

Mr. Bentley had not preached the sermon he had meant to preach. He had spoken entirely to himself, from beginning to end—preached at his own faithlessness and discouragement—preached, at last, to a pain and an anxiety which lay rankling in his own heart. It was that anxiety which had brought him up to London at this season. It had cost him many a yearning prayer and many a sleepless night. And, like most of our deep pains, it was closely interwoven with familiar happiness, and with tender love and hope and pride, for it concerned his eldest child, his son and namesake, Harold.

When the people saw that the preacher forgot to come down, they rose silently and went out, one by one, waiting to speak to each other, by the great

carved font in the vestibule.

"That was a fine sermon," said one poor old crone to another. "Many's the time I've heard my good man that's gone say the very same things in his own homely way. It brought it all back to me, and makes me ashamed of the mean repining thoughts I've had lately, since he was took. Faithful unto death he was, if ever man was, and now he's got the crown of life, and I ought to be proud and happy, thinking on it."

"Ay, ay," said another, a grey old maid, Miss Griffin by name, who lived alone with a cat in a wilderness of offices of which she had charge; "and I couldn't help thinking that the old woman who told the girl to look at the bit between her thumb and finger must have been very like my mother. It was just like her good common sense. I'm sfraid there's no such women now-a-days. I'm sorry for the present generation of young people when I think of it."

"You're just such a woman yourself," said an elderly man, with a green shade over his eyes. "I heard the doctor's parlour-maid repeating some of your sayings to her young ladies the other day, and the doctor's mother said they ought to be printed in gold. It's as well for me to tell you so. There's not so much pleasant truth spoken o' people in this world, as will make them vain to hear the

whole of it repeated. And one might as well repeat a good word when one can, for one never knows when a body wants heartening up."

"I say, Jem," said a little charity boy to his comrade, "that was good about the Scotch king, wasn't it? I've heard my uncle say that it's a good breed of men or dogs that holds on—it isn't the grand start, it's the pegging away, that wins any race."

And there passed out a woman, who lingered to speak to nobody—a woman clad in coarse dusty black, with a face dark and heavy. She went straight forward, with a sluggish tread. Last week the little group would have drawn apart at her coming. But to-night, after that sermon, they only moved aside to let her pass, and the grey old maid even ventured on a grave nod.

"Mother used to say it was not for us to judge, and we could afford to pity the sinner after his sins were visited on him," said Miss Griffin to her friends, as if in apology for her courtesy.

And as the lonely woman passed into the twilight street, she repeated softly to herself—

"Jesus calls me sister."

The young Miller girls were the last to leave the building, and they had youth's cheery nod and smile for their fellow-worshippers.

"Fine lasses, both of them," commented the old

man.

"But give me the younger one," said Miss Griffin.

"You never know what young things will be till you see where their hearts turn," observed the widow.

"I don't say what I mightn't have turned out if my old man hadn't been as good as he was."

"A good woman gets a good husband-or none at

all," said the old maid.

"There's no rule," rejoined the widow; "but a good woman will make the best of a bad job if it falls to her. As I say o' my washing, you may make the dirtiest duds a bit wholesomer, but there's some that won't wash quite white."

They were just about to separate, when the youngest Miss Miller stepped back to the group, and

asked-

"Do you happen to know the name of the clergyman who preached to-night?"

"Ay, Miss Chrissy," answered the old man. "The beadle told me he's the Reverend Harold Bentley, and he's got a big parish in the Midland counties."

"Thank you very much," said the girl, and tripped

away.

"Blessings on her pretty face," cried the old widow.
"Something in the sermon has laid hold of her too, I expect."

#### CHAPTER II.-CHRISSY'S FATHER.

THE Millers lived in a street which was almost as much a relic of old times as was the church itself.

The fine old houses of the parish, houses which had once been greatly affected by aged nobles and gentle

dames who had sons or husbands in durance in the grim Tower hard by, had long since fallen to dry business uses, the stately saloons turned into boardrooms, and the dainty china closets devoted to samples of grain or mineral. And the poor mean lanes of the parish, lanes in which the Great Plague had rioted, and in which conspirators and assassins had lurked, had all entirely disappeared before the demands of commerce and the increasing value of land.

But Shield Street was something between these two, and the security which generally attends a modest medium had protected it,

Shield Street and its inhabitants had found place in many parochial records, but none in history. Nobody of particular importance had ever lived there. Its houses had been built for the purposes of trade, and they remained to their original uses. They were not the less interesting for this. Their continuance but the more clearly indicated the changes in times and men, telling-as they did-of days when stalwart apprentices watched their master's wares, exposed in open booths, and customers could be expected to ascend flights of steps to make slight purchases. A picturesque street was Shield Street, with many pointed gables of varied elevation, for some of its houses were very small and lowly; while others had considerable pretensions, even rising to back and front staircases, though for some generations past these latter had been mostly divided into two occupancies.

So Shield Street still remained, but under a perpetual threat of doom. It was a source of lively interest to its inhabitants when that doom would fall—some speculating on it joyfully as giving increased value to their leasehold property, others deprecating it, as if it would destroy all that they had—their last hold on a past which had more brightness for them than any future could have.

Under that impending doom Shield Street had plainly deteriorated. One does not renew what is likely to be soon destroyed. Nor do new beginnings start where continuance is not probable. The old residents might not leave Shield Street, except when they died, but as their sons got married they died not set up housekeeping there. What would be the good of planning fixtures and measuring carpets for such corners and such floors as one was not likely to find anywhere else?

Therefore, every year took something from the life and cheer of Shield Street. Even though the old businesses were in several cases maintained, yet as the old people died out, the upper rooms of the houses were either left in dusty desuetude, or let off as offices of the meaner sort, or more generally as tenements.

The Millers' residence was half of the biggest block in the whole thoroughfare. It consisted apparently of two tall thin old houses, and it was only an intimate acquaintance with their interior economy which revealed that they were really but one, that where the Millers lived, consisting of the old shop, the best rooms, and the front stairway, with a wonder-

ful dearth of special kitchen accommodation; and the other, of a large number of small chambers, and a tortuous stairway. At the back these houses were built around three sides of a small quadrangle. What had once closed in the fourth was not known, being only indicated on old deeds by a thin-drawn line, but it was now shut in by the dead back wall of a comparatively modern edifice. The quadrangle was very small; one, standing on its pavement and looking up, seemed to be at the bottom of a well; but at least it was private, and the little Millers had been able to perch on their back window-sills, and chat and laugh with the Ackroyds, their next-door neighbours.

In whatever relation people stand, there is always somebody who takes the lead and is looked up to. And in Shield Street this was Mr. Alexander Miller, bookseller and stationer.

He was quite an elderly man now, though his daughters were still girls. He had married rather late in life. Most of his neighbours were surrounded by large family connections. He stood alone. Of his history, it was only known that he was the son of a race of Scotch farmers, and that not another of the family had been seen in London. Despite the isolation of his position, it was not without its advantages to a man of high character and strongly marked good qualities. A large family connection must generally contain many elements, some discordant, and the common people often regard a good man with familiarity because his second cousin is worthy of contempt. There are few people, too, so utterly without personal weakness and vanity as to be able to maintain a clear judgment respecting those closely associated with themselves, and while the suspension of such judgment proves partiality, its exercise is currently suspected of private spite or harshness. If a man ignores the faults of his own kindred, his exhortations directed elsewhere are received with a quiet hint to look at home. If he looks at home and acknowledges what he sees there, he is judged to be without natural affection. But Mr. Miller could be criticised only through his own individuality, and it was not very open to criticism.

Further, there loomed out of this unknown history of Mr. Miller's sundry facts apt to arrest the imagina tion of those who are yet at the lowest degree of reverence-reverence for what is above them. His people were farmers, had farmed the same land for generations, and straightway, in his London neighbours' eyes, the bookseller's spare figure found the background of a roomy old mansion, such as they knew in the counties, with rich meadows undulating around. They felt quite willing to accept him as an example; it was no wonder he was superior; and it was certainly far easier for them to acknowledge this than it would have been had they known the facts about his father's unhewn Scotch stone cottage, with its thatch and its peat-blackened rafters. Also, he had had more than one

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brother at the University—he had even narrowly missed going there himself. No wonder he was clever and dignified. Why, only the vicar and the doctor had had such advantages. Popular London fancy was filled with Oxford and Cambridge—with reports of boating races and Commemoration days. It knew nothing of the Scottish student's attic, and the weekly kist of meal and butter brought in by the carrier.

Familiarity breeds contempt in vulgar minds. None but a man's equals are worthy to know all about him. It is doubtful whether Shakespeare himself would enjoy so supreme a fame if we could hear all the homely ways and all the falls and weaknesses by which he learned the facts of life and the secrets of lumanity.

There was nobody now in the world who knew so much of the real man, Alexander Miller, as did his youngest daughter, Christina. Her mother had long been dead, and the father kept alive in his daughters' hearts a faint but sufficiently pleasant memory of her beauty and taste and dutifulness. Chrissy had once asked him whether the dead mother had been at all like her sisters—the aunts whom she knew. He had answered, gravely, "No, not in the least." And Chrissy felt secretly glad of his answer, but also that the question had pained him.

Mrs. Miller's relations had always "kept an eye" on the widower and his girls. They had a great respect for him-a respect somehow a little mingled with fear. Therefore, though they objected to a great many of his ways, they never told him so, and only criticised them among each other. "What was the use of always having cold dinners on Sunday? Was it not ridiculously strict not to allow his girls to remain at any party later than ten o'clock? And was it not absurd to send them to a quiet farmhouse for their yearly country holiday, instead of to some nice lively watering place? It might be all very well for him to know what books they read, and to become acquainted with the friends they made, so long as it could last, but that sort of thing must come to an end, since young people are young people. But after all, it was wonderful what a well-ordered peaceful home that was in Shield Street, and how bright the girls were. Little Chrissy might turn out a real beauty! There could be no doubt that brother Alexander was a wise man, excepting for these eccentricities, and he would be perfect if he would discontinue them!

It was Chrissy who had sat on her father's knee on Sunday afternoons, while her elder sister Helen elected to go to church with the servant. It was from his lips and the pictures of the old family Bible that Chrissy learned all her Scripture history. It was in the gloaming afterwards, with a pleasant smell of toast rising from the kitchen, that she used to hear all about the old Scotch home, and the grandmother spinning among her maids, and the studious uncle who could never be trusted to mind the cattle, and the old woman who lived by herself on the moor

and was not afraid. She heard, too, much of that curious lore, in which untutored fancy stretches itself into the Unseen—of the sands which came in and covered the arable fields that a wicked laird took from his brother's orphan girls, of the subterranean passage to the sea, down which an ungodly piper went in bravado, and came back no more, though his pipes are still to be heard, if you put your ear to the ground when the wind is high enough; of the "standing stones" that the peasants could not count; of the ghost in the abbey ruins which nobody saw save those who would not believe in it!

She heard, too, about his leaving home, and how lonely he felt when he came, an unknown country boy, to "serve his time," in the very house where he now ruled as master. The sensitive little girl almost seemed to see the shadow of the poor young lad in the dim rooms; she stood awed in the tiny gable attic where he had kneeled to pray "for those at home," and then slept to dream of them. She had seen his poor little memorandum-books, sewn by himself, containing his modest expenditures for clothes, and pew-rent, and books-not a single sixpence sliding away under the suspicious heading of "sundries," though many was the respectable amount disposed of under the heading "sent home." Nay, half-thinking aloud, he had confided the sterner struggles of later life to the reverent ears of the little maiden, and she knew that his marriage had come so late into his life because he would not think of becoming husband and father until every penny was paid off on the business he had bought, and it was fully and fairly his own. There were little personal traits of stern independence, too-the individual points of a strong type of character.

"They said I ought to name you Robina, my Chrissy," he had narrated, "because my rich old bachelor master's name was Robin, and he gave it to be generally understood that he would not forget his name-children. But I said no; I'd christened Helen after my wife, your mother, and I must christen you after my own good old mother, who had got her new name in Heaven by that time, and that if my old master thought of remembering us at all, he should set more store by my honest services than by a compliment that might easily be paid from interested motives. And he did not remember us, Chrissy. But neither did he remember those who had named their children after him, and so they have in their families a standing monument of their own cupidity and of a fellow-creature's faithlessness. It's a good rule never to do for the sake of gain what you wouldn't do for love or duty, Chrissy. Then you are sure of your reward in what you do, whether or not any reward comes after."

Was it any marvel that Chrissy loved her father with the deepest, most clinging devotion? Of course, she could not yet, in her dawning womanhood, know all that he was to her. It is only time and experience which can teach us all the worth of the friends and

guides of our youth. But she already knew the comfort of possessing a true ideal, of which she could say, when her heart was stirred by noble precept or story, "That is what father does; that is just like father."

This is what she thought as she walked down Shield Street in the dusk after Mr. Bentley's sermon, and saw her father standing within the gas-lit shop, talking to somebody, whom she could not see for an intervening case.

As the girls entered the shop, Mr. Miller's interlocutor rose from his stooping posture. It was Mr. Ackroyd, the next-door neighbour. Now, it was Mr. Miller's principle to be friendly towards anybody who entered into the remotest relation with him, but it takes two of one mind to be friends, and that Mr. Miller and Mr. Ackroyd were not. Mr. Ackroyd was an architect, and had done some clever work, but he was a restless, shiftless man, ever on the eve



"She half repented of interrupting him. But he welcomed her pleasantly."-p. 42.

"Father is one of those who have been faithful in all things," she said to herself.

But, as she drew nearer, she was struck with something in the expression of her father's face. It was a look she had never seen there before. Somehow it made her recall a picture she had lately seen, where a traveller, rowing down an unknown river, comes suddenly upon rapids whose proximity he did not suspect, and stands up and calmly confronts destruction. Her heart stood still for one moment, and then, with the swift elasticity of youth, bounded on again. What queer fancies she took sometimes. Helen always said so. How Helen would laugh if she knew!

of some great success, never achieved. He had a little plaintive, puling wife, whom everybody vaguely pitied and called "poor Mrs. Ackroyd"—they scarcely knew why—and two children, a boy and a girl, of about the same ages as Helen and Christina Miller.

"Well, young ladies," said Mr. Ackroyd, turning towards them, and speaking in rather a constrained tone; "well, have you been to week-night service? and did you get a good sermon?"

"Much the same as usual," returned Helen Miller, lightly. "All sermons are good, you know, Mr. Ackroyd."

Now Chrissy Miller loved her elder sister dearly, and generally thought her the sweetest and kindest

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of girls. But when Helen came in contact with strangers, there was often something in her tone which jarred Chrissy. Helen did not seem to have a mind of her own, but to give back the mere reflection of what passed before her at the moment. Even now, she had answered Mr. Ackroyd concerning sermons with the same levity with which she knew he regarded them. Chrissy glanced at her father, lest he should be pained, and with her arm twined through Helen's, made gently to draw her on through the shop.

But Mr. Ackroyd, too, was taking his departure.

"Well, Mr. Miller," he remarked, "I'll say good evening. To-morrow will put us out of suspense, so we may live in hopes for one more night. It is no use troubling ourselves: it is out of our power to do anything."

"Except prepare our minds and foresee our paths,"

said Mr. Miller, gravely.

"Oh, well—that, of course. Keep up your spirits, though. Things never turn out as bad as they look. There are a hundred ways of escaping the worst. Good night, young ladies."

"Helen," said Chrissy, when they had reached their little bedroom, and she stood, smoothing out her bonnet ribbons with thrifty neatness, "Helen, something has happened which troubles father. Did you not hear what Mr. Ackroyd was saying?"

"I did not notice," replied Helen, who was still lingering in her walking gear before the looking-glass, trying the effect of sundry bright bows against her black straw hat. "I did not notice. Oh, but it will not be anything very serious. I think I heard something this morning about water having got into that chest of old books that father has got from Germany, through some of Mr. Ackroyd's friends there."

"I wonder if that is really all," mused Chrissy.

"Of course it is," said Helen, with cheerful confidence. "What else could it be? Besides, don't you remember what Mr. Ackroyd said—that things never turn out so bad as they seem. When the books have been spread out and dried, I daresay they will be little the worse. I am sure I hope they will not," she added, with a stronger shade of interest, "for I wanted to coax father into letting us have velveteens for our autumn dresses, and he is always so strict in his rule that the first thing that must be done after any loss, is to spend no money unnecessarily till it is replaced."

"A very good rule," said Chrissy.

"Oh, yes, of course," rejoined Helen, rather impatiently, "but it need not be carried out so promptly; it could wait a little while, if one wants anything very particularly."

Chrissy did not argue that point with her sister. Nor did she feel quite satisfied that Helen was right in her conviction as to the source of anxiety.

She stole down-stairs in search of her father. He was not in the little dining-room behind the shop, where at that hour he generally rested and read the newspapers, or examined the latest ancient treasure which had found its way to the shelves of the second-hand department in the bookshop. Nor was he in the narrow yard, where he kept a few growing plants which he made it his own daily duty to water and tend. She must look for him elsewhere.

The shop was closed by this time, and the gas nearly turned off. Chrissy could but barely see to thread her way among the book-stands and cases, to the little sanctum, called rather imposingly "the counting house." It had a side light upon the shop, and somebody was evidently inside, for there the gas was burning fully. The lower part of the side light was blinded with ground glass, and though the door had two panes of glass in its upper panel, they were above Chrissy's head. She hesitated for a second, for somebody might be speaking with her father on business. But when she knocked, her father's voice bade her "come in."

It was a tiny and bare sanctum indeed; its floor covered with wax cloth; its only ornaments, an old-fashioned barometer, two steel engraved portraits in deep maple frames, and a dignified-looking clock perched on a lean bracket; its furniture was equally scanty, being only two cane-bottomed chairs, a desk, standing on a plain four-legged table, and a fine old bureau, now open, and in front of which Mr. Miller was seated.

That room had stood much as it did now, for fully a hundred years, the furbishing having descended from one family in occupation to another. It certainly had its place in the domestic history of the house. Young wives had there shyly intruded on the business preoccupations of indulgent husbands. There too, wills had been solemnly signed and witnessed. And little children had stolen in to gaze and wonder at the many drawers and pigeon holes of the roomy bureau. Even as Chrissy now entered the room, her eye was caught by a broken toy lying in one of the recesses—a relic of the dead child-brother, whom she scarcely remembered.

Three or four of the bureau drawers were standing open, and its flap-desk was strewn with packets of papers tied up and endorsed, and sundry yellow deeds. Her father had his pen in hand, and seemed totalling up certain figures in a worn leathern-bound book, which Chrissy had only seen before on rare occasions. She half repented of interrupting him. But he welcomed her pleasantly.

"Well, little woman," he said; "do you think that I have forgotten my supper? Run away; I'll be with you in a minute—nay, stop, I'll come with you at once, and come back here again afterwards!"

But Chrissy had her arm about his neck, and her check against his forehead. How pale it was—and cold!

"Father, dear," she whispered, "something is wrong, is it not?"

He turned, and, laying his hands on her shoulders, held her from him, and gazed into her sweet earnest eyes.

"How did my little woman pick that up?" he asked.

"From what Mr. Ackroyd said as he went out," answered Chrissy, simply.

"Well, Chrissy," said Mr. Miller, "something may be wrong; we don't know yet. We shall be quite sure about it in good time."

"But won't you tell me what it may be?" she pleaded, laying her head again on his shoulder.

"I must not, Chrissy," returned Mr. Miller; "I heard the report as a secret. I could trust you with my own secrets, Chrissy, but we must not trust anybody with secrets confided to us by other people. That is to prove ourselves untrustworthy altogether."

"It is so hard not to know what to expect! For then how can one know what to do?" sighed Chrissy, a little plaintively. "And the sermon we heard tonight was about being faithful even in the least things, and equal to every occasion."

Much as that sermon had impressed poor Chrissy, she little thought what was soon to impress it on her heart for ever!

"Chrissy, Chrissy," said her father, kindly, "the present occasion calls for a little patience! And that is the sort of occasion which occurs often enough in life; more often than any other, perhaps."

"Ah—patience—waiting," said Chrissy; " but then we do know what we are waiting for."

"Do we?" asked her father, with a grave smile.

"By sick beds, do we know whether we are waiting for life or death? Do people know, as they rear their children, whether they will bring home pride or humiliation? When they pray for prodigals, do they know whether they will return while the parents stand at the gate, or only after they are in the grave? No, no, my Chrissy, God generally keeps us waiting in the dark."

"With nothing to do?" said Chrissy, whose aroused moral energies were now longing for action, with the usual sore dangers of running to waste, and expending their freshness before the day of real battle.

"No, never, Chrissy," answered Mr. Miller, holding her hand in his with a firm grasp, which she seemed to feel—oh, how often, in after years. "Never. We may be shut up in a dungeon, or tied down to a paralytic's bed, but our loving Father never leaves us without the best work He can give His children, and that is to learn by heart to say 'Father, prepare us for whatever be Thy Holy Will, and help us to fear nothing except displeasing Thee!"

He spoke with devout ferrour. His sympathetic little daughter felt that this was no common occasion. But she was too loyal even to try to guess what might be the shadow hanging over them. Only, nestling close to him, she whispered—

"Nothing can matter to us very much, father, while we have each other."

"God bless my little Chrissy," he said, softly; "nothing can matter to us at all while we all keep

close to God, for then we can never lose each other. But we must not keep Helen waiting for her supper," he said, with a rather forced return to his ordinary tone. "And my Chrissy must not trouble herself too much. I would have spared her suspense if I could, for I know it is not the sudden blow, however sharp, which makes us crouch, so much as the sword hanging over us! But life generally gives us both experiences."

He lowered the gas as they left the countinghouse, but did not well out, as he meant to return, As they grope mear way through the shop he struck his foot against something.

"There," said he, cheerily, "that's the box of German books I was lamenting over this morning—and they are all right after all. Though the bottom of the chest was soaked—seemed, in fact, to have stood in water—no moisture has penetrated it."

Chrissy squeezed the arm to which she was clinging. She knew he mentioned this to re-assure her with the thought how fears could seem well grounded, yet prove groundless. But it showed her, too, that Helen was wrong in her ready conjecture.

The light evening meal stood prepared, with Helen ready to dispense it. The Millers never thought of cultivating table elegances. But thrift and care and neatness had compassed the utmost of art. The little table-cloth, well preserved by Chrissy's delicate darning, was of pure fine damask, a relic of a former century, part of those "household plenishings," which Mr. Miller had bought from his old bachelor master along with the stock-in-trade and the goodwill of the business. The crystal came from the same store, and was of heavy old cut-glass ware, while the waterjug was a veritable "Uncle Toby" beaker, with that worthy character depicted in its upper tier of ornamentation in the enjoyment of his pipe and the contemplation of the parish church and the windmill, while beneath his feet, horseman, hounds, and hare chased each other round the base. The Millers scarcely knew that these things had a money value, but they liked and treasured them for their old associations, and their own honest substantial prettiness. An artist in still life might have been tempted to paint the homely table, with its crisp brown loaf, its freshly- cut cheese, and its dainty celery. And the picture would have told its own story of gentle housewifery, and of lowly-lofty family life.

Helen had been so little impressed by Mr. Ackroyd's words, and the conjectures to which they had given rise, that she had forgotten all about the matter; and if there was an unusual gentle gravity in the demeanour of her father and sister, certainly she did not notice it. She chatted on with her usual bright gaiety, told her father the anecdotes out of the sermon, threw out a hint about the velveteen dresses, and finally informed him, in a tone wherein lay some suppressed mockery, that "Esther Gray was in church to-night!"

At sound of that name Mr. Miller looked up quickly. There had recently been a tragedy in that

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parish, a tragedy common enough in London, but sufficiently rare in that decent business-like parish. A story of riot and dissolute living had ended in a death, about which some mystery hung. There were those who thought there was blood—madly shed, perhaps; but still blood—on the hands of Esther Gray. Small wonder that her decorous fellow-worshippers had shrunk a little from that heavy-faced woman in the dingy black garments!

"People talk of her good looks once," remarked Helen, carelessly, "but she access can have been

pretty."

"She was, in her way," answered Mr. Miller, reflectively. "You might not think a flower was pretty, if you did not see it till it had been trodden under foot in a gutter. When Esther Gray was young she took after her mother, and she was a good woman."

"Aunt Kezia says she was pretty, and that everybody said so," observed Helen, complacently. "But then, as Aunt Kezzy must have been always plain, I fancied she only repeated the favourable verdict to

show she was not spiteful."

"Nellie," said her father, with some severity, "I fancy there is as much malice and envy in girls who think themselves pretty as there can possibly be in any who know they are plain. I think sometimes we have a moment's share of the sight God sees with, and then some pretty faces seem ugly to us, and some ugly faces grow sweet. If there is repentance in Esther Gray's heart to-night, I can well understand that her marred face is fairer in God's sight than it was in her young days, when the evil spirit was springing up within her. I do not mean to be stern to you, Nellie," he said, with a strange softening, "but I cannot bear to hear you speak lightly of fellow creatures' terrible falls and degradations. To scoff at sin & no safeguard from it, it is rather like flouting at plague-stricken garments."

He bade his daughters good night. And as they went off to their room, he returned to the countinghouse, and Chrissy, looking back from the stairs, saw its side light again illumined by the fully-turned on

gas.

It was rather earlier than their usual retiring hour, and Christina, who did not feel quite able to rest, took up some needlework. But Helen said she was tired, and going straight to bed, was soon sound asleep.

Chrissy stitched on, feeling refreshed as the night air, coming through the open window, grew cooler

All was profoundly quiet, Till suddenly there was a sharp sound, which Chrissy knew well enough. It was the closing of a room door in the next house. The building was so solid and substantial, that though the two houses had once been one, sounds did not travel from one to the other. This sound reached her through the Ackroyds' open window and her own.

It was followed up by a sound of voices. Mr.

Ackroyd was speaking gruffly and sternly, and Mrs, Ackroyd retorted in high petulant tones, interrupted by hysterical sobs. Here and there an observation was put in by a quiet voice, which Chrissy readily recognised as that of their son, James Ackroyd.

"We shall know all about it to-morrow. You need not display your selfishness till you are sure it is necessary," said Mr. Ackroyd's harsh tones.

Chrissy sprang up. This had forced itself upon her hearing. But she would hear no more. She closed her window, and went back to her work. She would sit up till all was quiet, and open the casement again before she retired: it was too sultry to sleep with it closed.

She sat so for fully half an hour. Then she felt the irresistible sleep of youth stealing over her, Moving softly, not to waken Helen, she drew aside

the curtain, and unhasped the window.

The girls' bedroom was in the wing of the building, consequently it faced the corresponding wing of the Ackroyds' house. The window directly opposite theirs was that of young James Ackroyd's room. There was a light there now, and, standing between it and the window, the shadow of his figure was thrown on the blind. He was leaning on his toilet table, with his face buried in his hands.

Softly as Chrissy had moved, he heard a sound, looked up, and, pushing aside the blind, thrust his

head from the window.

"Chrissy," he said, in a loud whisper. "Chrissy Miller, is that you?"

"Yes, James," said Chrissy, hurriedly. "It's very late; good night."

James and Chrissy had been friends from their cradles, and she did not usually dismiss him so curtly. But the boy did not wonder at this now.

"You know all about it, don't you?" he asked, with solemn mystery. "Isn't it awful?"

"I don't know anything, Good night," said Chrissy.

"Stop, stop," cried the boy. "Do you mean to say you don't know there—is—something?"

"Yes, I do," Chrissy admitted, reluctantly. "But father said he had heard it as a secret, and would tell me more when I ought to know. I'll wait till I hear it from father," she added, resolutely. "Good night, James," and the curtain dropped inexorably.

It was after she had slept some time, but how long she could not say, that Chrissy woke suddenly, starting up. Despite the open window the room was close and hot, but Chrissy was shivering, and her heart went pit-a-pat.

But all was still as death itself.

"I must have heard father's step going up-stairs," she reflected. "Or perhaps his room door happened to close rather noisily. What can it be that is wrong?" as the thought of last evening came back. "Oh, what can it be? I wish it was to-morrow! How miserable poor Jem's shadow looked before he saw me. I must just say father's prayer again, and try to go to sleep." (To be continued.)

# "COME THOU WITH US."

BY THE LATE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, AND VICAR OF WINKFIELD.

HE invitation of Moses to Hobab derives a peculiar interest, as well from the circumstances under which it was given as from the character and position of him who gave it.

For upwards of a year the Israelites had been encamped at the foot of Mount Sinai. That spot in the Sinaitic desert may aptly be described as the birthplace of the Israelitish

nation, inasmuch as it was there that the foundations of their constitution as a Church and as a nation were laid. During the period of the encampment of the Israelites in this place, the law of the ten commandments and a large portion of the ceremonial law were given to Moses. It was there that the brickmakers of Egypt and the bond-slaves of her king were moulded into a nation which was not only to exercise a momentous influence over those nations of the earth of which the Israelites were destined to behold the successive rise and fall. but to which is promised a resurrection from its own ashes, such as belongs to no other, "when the nations shall come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising," and "the Lord shall be her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning shall be ended" (Isa. lx. 3, 20).

It was whilst the Israelites were still encamped in this spot that Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, having heard of all that God had done for His people, came into the wilderness to "the mount of God," bringing with him the wife and two sons of Moses, who had returned to the land of Midian when Moses, in obedience to the Divine command, undertook the deliverance of the Israelites out of Egypt. Having joined with Moses and Aaron and the elders of Israel in offering sacrifices of whole burnt-offering and of expiation -those two kinds of sacrifice which were known before the giving of the law-and having also rendered important service to Moses in providing for the regular and permanent administration of justice, Jethro took his leave of the Israelites and returned to his own land (Ex. xviii. 27).

It does not appear upon the page of Scripture whether Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses, did or did not accompany his father on the occasion of this visit to the encampment of the Israelites; and it is not until the breaking up of that encampment and the resumption of the march to Kadesh-barnea, which was distant but eleven days' journey from Horeb (Deut. i. 2), that we meet with the first mention of his name. The sacred

Tabernacle, or Tent of Meeting, had already been reared up, and the Ark of the Testimony had been enshrined within the vail (Exod. xl. 17, 21). The first census of the people had also been taken (Num. i. 1, 2). The order both for the encampment and for the journeying of the people, according to their respective tribes, had been duly prescribed. On the twentieth day of the second month in the year which followed that of the Exodus, the cloud which had guided the Israelites on their departure out of Egypt, and which, from the day on which the Tabernacle was erected, had continued to cover it (Num. ix. 15), was "taken up from off the Tabernacle of Testimony" (Num. x. 11), and the appointed signal was thus given for the long-expected resumption of the march of the Israelites towards the land which God had sworn unto Abraham that He would give to him and to his seed (Gen. xvii. 8).

It was under these circumstances that Moses addressed to Hobab, his brother-in-law, \* the urgent invitation which is contained in Num. x. 29. "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath

spoken good concerning Israel."

The reply of Hobab to the first appeal of Moses was like that of the son who, when summoned to go and work in his father's vineyard, said, "I will not" (St. Matt. xxi. 29). But Moses, instead of being discouraged by the refusal, renewed his invitation with yet greater urgency, and, as the son who had at first refused to go afterwards repented and went, so Hobab seems to have yielded to the further persuasion of Moses; for we read in the Book of Judges (v. 16) that the children of the Kenite, Moses' father-in-law, "went up out of the city of palm trees with the children of Judah, into the wilderness of Judah;" and we not only find the Kenites settled in the land of Canaan in the time of Deborah and Barak (Judges iv. 11), but at a much later period we find the Rechabites, their descendants, taking refuge in Jerusalem in the time of the Chaldean invasion, in order to

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<sup>\*</sup> The Hebrew word hothen, which is here rendered "father-in-law," is applied to Jethro in Exod. xviii. 1, 2 It appears to be applied in this place to Hobab. Some have supposed that Hobab, like Reuel or Raguel, was another name which was borne by Jethro. Inasmuch, however, as Jethro must at this time have been greatly advanced in years, and is said to have returned to his own land after his visit to Moses (Exod. xviii. 27), it seems most reasonable to render the word hothen (which denotes a relation by affinity, not consanguinity) in this place brother-in-law, not "father-in-law," as in the Authorised

escape from the violence of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon (Jer. xxxv. 11).

We cannot read the words in which Moses urged Hobab to accompany the Israelites on their journey to the land of Canaan, and fail to perceive that they imply a firm and unshaken faith

in the truth of God's word.

This firm reliance upon the truth of God's word and the faithfulness of His promises, has been the distinctive characteristic of His people in all ages; "In hope," St. Paul writes, "of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" (Titus i. 2); and St. John expresses the same confidence when he writes thus: "And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life" (1 St. John ii. 25).

Again, the invitation which Moses addressed to Hobab implies not only a firm belief in the truth of God's promises, but it implies, further, that that belief had been productive of practical results, and that he and the people whom he led had turned their backs upon the land of their bondage, and had set out upon their journey into the land of

Canaan.

There never was a time at which the inquiry has assumed greater or more general importance, whether Christians may or may not pursue the gains and pleasures of the world with the same eagerness as those who have no hope beyond it, and yet at the same time make progress in their heavenward course, and press onwards towards the mark of the prize of their high calling in Now, the answer to this inquiry is involved in the terms in which Moses invited Hobab to leave his own country and his father's house, and to join the Israelites on their journey to the land of Canaan. It is just as impossible for Christians to live as do the men of this world, as it was for Moses to enjoy the society and to share the pursuits of Hobab whilst the one was journeying to the land which God had promised to His people, and the other was minded to return to his own kindred and to his own country.

Here, then, is a solemn lesson for the young—a lesson, indeed, for all, but especially for those who, like the Israelites when their encampment at Sinai was broken up, are setting out on their journey towards the land of promise. If ever they would reach the rest which remains for the people of God hereafter, they must be content to share their lot as pilgrims and strangers

upon earth.

"Come thou with us" was not only the friendly counsel, but also the urgent entreaty of Moses to Hobab. It is as though he had said, "Come out from thy kindred and from thy country, and

cast in thy lot with those who are strangers in a strange land! Be content to endure with us the trials and the hardships of the way! Think not of the toil, but of the rest! Regard not the perils and privations of the wilderness, but press onward towards the milk and honey of the land

of promise!"

And in like manner we would address those who are now entering on the rugged journey of life, and who are exposed, whilst their passions are strong and their temptations many, to the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We would say to such, "Come out from the world of the ungodly, and be separate from it in heart and in life! Keep aloof from those who make a mock at sin, and who say of any sin, Is it not a little one? It may be hard for you now to bid farewell to those in whose society you have hitherto found most delight, but if the link which unites you to them be not broken now, it must be broken, if you yourselves are saved as by fire, hereafter; or, which is the more probable alternative, the willing companions of fools will share their destruction, and those who have been your cherished associates on earth will become your ruthless tormentors hereafter."

But we learn from the example of Moses that there is one point on which all who would enter into the Kingdom themselves must leave no room for compromise. If those to whom they are united by the bonds of kindred or of friendship will not go with them, they must be content to tread the straight and narrow path alone. The wilderness of this world, like that through which Moses and his people were called to pass, will ever abound in snares, and trials, and temptations; and so long as they continue in it the true Israelites will ofttimes find themselves "in a solitary way," and, "being hungry and thirsty, their souls will faint within them." But it behoves them ever to remember that the crown is worthy of the conflict, and that the rest will requite them for the toil. If only they are content to follow the guidance of that heavenly light which, though unseen by mortal eye, still shines around the path of the faithful, then, though for awhile it may seem to them that their "way is hidden from the Lord, and that their judgment is passed over from their God," nevertheless, in the end it shall be seen that those very depths out of which they have cried unto the Lord have become "a way for the ransomed to pass over;" and, together with all those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they shall "come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads." Yea, "they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and

mourning shall flee away" (Isa. li. 11).

# Captain of Israel's Host.



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## CARLYLE AT HERSTMONCEUX.

BY THE REV. EDMUND VENABLES, M.A., CANON AND PRECENTOR OF LINCOLN.

HIRTY years ago no two names were more constantly coupled together than Thomas Carlyle and Julius Hare. By a kind of pathetic irony, that which linked the names together was also the cause of the complete severance of the two men—

their common friendship for the brilliant and shortlived John Sterling—
"that loose careless-looking, thin figure, in careless dim costume, in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking; restless swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles beating every bush; the physiognomy indicating animation rather than strength"—to quote Carlyle's graphic sketch; and it was to make better acquaintance with Sterling's former rector and friend, and to see his former

home and church, that Carlyle made his visit to

Herstmonceux. It was about two years before Sterling's death-while "like a poor unfledged partridgebird ducking under from nook to nook before the mower" he was making his "flights for existence" to Hastings, Clifton, Falmouth, Italy, Madeira—where not?—in the summer of 1841, that Carlyle's one visit to Herstmonceux was paid, the reminiscences of which-kindly communicated to me by the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, then Hare's curate (a position in which I had the happiness to succeed him)—seem too graphic and characteristic to let die. Where Carlyle came from is now entirely forgotten, so also where he was going to. All that can now be recalled, at the distance of some forty years, is that he came, stayed a day, talked, and went. Means of locomotion were scanty in those days. There was no South-Coast Railway, with a station at a convenient distance of the rectory gate. The single stage coach was of no service to cross-country travellers, so Carlyle came on pony-back, with a little valise strapped on behind. Among "the intricate narrow lanes of a thousand years ago, with their old cottages, peasantry, and old vanishing ways of life," which in after years he found "abundantly touching," not then, in that beautiful summer season, "haggard and parched with their vile whirlwinds" of which he speaks with so much bitterness in his "Reminiscences," Carlyle-no difficult matter-managed to lose his way. The hour of his expected arrival came, but he came not. The dinner prepared for the promised guest, had been long since eaten, and the whole household had retired for the night—with the exception probably

of Hare himself, who was seldom in bed till one or two in the morning-when the rattling of the pony's hoofs was heard in the loose sea-shore shingle of the rectory drive. We can picture to ourselves the effusiveness of Hare's welcome as he rushed out with long dishevelled hair and open cravatless throat to receive Sterling's friend; the haste with which servants were called up and supper provided for the belated wayfarer, while old Collins, Hare's factotum, the most stolid and imperturbable of men, ruling his master with a rod of iron, with grumbling sleepiness led the pony to the stable. Hare and all his household are gone to a longer and deeper rest now. Not one remains to tell the tale of Carlyle's midnight reception. Only one or two incidents and fragments of conversation survive. Hare's sister-in-law, the widow of his brother Augustus, the central figure in her nephew's delightful "Memorials of a Quiet Life," who though not actually residing at the rectory, was, till his marriage, its virtual mistress, and always helped to receive his guests, has told me how struck she was, when something had led the conversation to Scotland, and Carlyle's boyish home, with the deep pathos with which he went "crooning on" about "the silent little kirk-yard at Ecclefechan" with its "green graves, now bright in sunshine, now shrouded in mist," where his rude forefathers slept, and where he then spoke of sleeping himself. Carlyle was perhaps greatest as a word-painter. To judge from Mrs. A. Hare's reminiscences his picture of Ecclefechan must have been one of his most forcible delineations.

The next morning, Carlyle was found lying on the rectory lawn in the sunshine, looking up through spreading branches into the clear blue sky. Hare had been propounding his purpose of sending him over to see Pevensey Castle and "the old Wilhelmus Conquestor localities." But the days had not yet come when the question "whether the Bastard did land at Pevensey, or not rather near Hastings, Bexhill, or so," and "what had really been the marchings and preliminaries to the great battle," of which he speaks in his "Reminiscences," had any interest for him. The "fit person," whose "faithful study for long years and decades, not in the chronicles and romances only, but on the ground," would decide these questions, was probably then an Oxford freshman, little dreaming of becoming the worldfamous historian of the "Norman Conquest." Besides, Carlyle was tired with his yesterday's long ride. He might potter about the garden, and later on stroll over the fields, but "go to Pevenseyno, absolutely no." "What was the Conqueror to

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him that he should get up from that soft sweet grass and climbup into a carriage and take a long dusty drive, by hot treeless roads? For the present he would lie there. Nothing better or half so good."

But though he could not be moved to visit Pevensey, Carlyle felt some natural curiosity to see

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kinson became his companion in the walk. We can follow the pair as they descended through Hare's conservatory, to his much-loved but not over-well-kept garden, passing "the gumcistus bush, shedding its large white petals on the turf," commemorated in one of Sterling's letters to his boy, down the paddock, and through



HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE.

Sterling's former home, and the church where he used to officiate, and the grand old castle round whose ivy-clad walls he used to wander and meditate. Hare, at work at a sermon, was unable to accompany his guest,\* so Mr. Simp-

\* The following passage from a letter of Hare's to Dr. Whewell, given in Mrs. Stair Douglas's recent biography, shows how Hare was engaged at the time of this visit:—
"The Consecration Sermon"—on Bishop Thirlwall's consecration to the see of St. David's—"is hardly worth reading. Carly!e paid me a visit just two days before I came up to London, and thus the very two days which I had assigned to the sermon were spent in listening to him. I enjoyed the visit exceedingly,"

the little coppice blue with wild hyacinths and vocal with nightingales, and along the hedgerow paths, past the old rectory, with its half-dry fish-ponds and flood-gates, till they reached "Warrgrove"—"Peacegrove," as Sterling used to say it should be called when it was the habitation of a minister of the Gospelof peace—the "reasonable house in one of the leafy lanes of quiet Herstmonceux" into which Sterling had "fitted himself and his family," on becoming Hare's curate in 1834. An uglier, less attractive house one could hardly find, with its bald bow-windows patched on to a bare farm-house kind of rear.

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It was at that time, as it long after remained, tenantless and furnitureless, looking as dreary and dismal as houses in that forlorn condition must ever do. We can fancy how grimly Carlyle glared round the modest apartments consecrated by the memory of his friend, while his and his companion's footsteps sounded eerily in the empty carpetless rooms, till he would say, "Come! enough of this; let us be off and see the church."

Herstmonceux Church is a very simple Early-English building, with a low shingled spire and wide sweep of roof coming down almost to the swelling graves in the green churchyard. It stands perched on the crest of the first wave of hill rising out of the wide expanse of the Pevensey level, with the huge round towers of the castle Carlyle would not go and see in the distance, and the bright line of the sea shimmering in the summer sunlight beyond, Apart from its connection with Sterling, Carlyle would find much to interest him in the then unrestored interior, cumbered with the mass of "lidless empty boxes," which Hare was soon to sweep away, to the grievous discontent of his congregation, and exhibit one of the earliest examples of a decently benched church in England. Its brasses and canopied tombs and stately effigies of the Fienes and Dacres, who built and inhabited the castle below, and its memories of the hapless young lord who for a frolic rode out one night to poach on his neighbour's deer, and, an unlucky keeper getting knocked on the head, was hanged as a murderer by the ruthless tyrant, Henry VIII., would touch his historical instincts with deep

Not much is remembered, however, of his visit to the church, beyond his loudly expressed astonishment at hearing that real men and women, labourers in their white smock frocks, and their wives in their red or grey cloaks, with their children about them, did actually climb the hill, Sunday after Sunday, to that old church, and worship there, and hear sermons really written for them, and addressed to them, in words over which no pains had been spared to render them intelligible to the hearers. I am afraid Carlyle went on denouncing "cast-iron parsons" as vehemently as ever. His suspicion of the clergy as a body was too deeply seated to be destroyed. But for a time at least it was shaken. He knew, for he tells us so, that Sterling during his short ministry there had been "flinging his whole soul into the business, with the Apostle Paul as his model," and he could see that Sterling's successor, and his rector, were doing the same. They were true men, doing God's work truly, and he could not but admire and honour them. But the feeling was transient, and the old prejudice soon revived, with all its unreasonableness, and his language became as unmeasured as ever.

It is hard to realise Carlyle wearing—still more

taking a country walk in-a "chimney-pot hat," such, however, was the fact. In truth, forty years ago the "chimney-pot" was the only recognised head-gear. Everybody wore it, everywhere, at all times. The whole race of wideawakes, billi cocks, pot-hats, et hoc genus omne, was as yet unknown, at least "in polite circles." No one with any self-respect would venture out in public with anything so disreputable on his head. I myself was hooted through the purlieus of Billingsgate, in 1844. not without some threats of personal violence, when, having landed at the Custom-house, I dared to offend the susceptibilities of the mob with a grey felt hat bought at Florence. No one would turn his head to look at it now, but it was enough to gather a curious crowd of some hundreds then. Carlyle himself would have been certain to have been baited as I was, if he had dared at that time to walk down Church Street, Chelsea, or appear in Cheyne Walk in the slouching felt hat which the late photographs depict. Strange as it may seem, in a chimney-pot hat Carlyle had ridden on pony-back all through the Sussex lanes, and started in the same head-gear to continue his journey. But while he wore it-not yet quite broken loose from the fetters of conventionalism -he denounced its absurdity, with his customary vehemence. On this walk while getting over a hedge-Mr. Simpkinson half thinks he tried to leap it-his hat fell off, and picking it up, he began to declaim against the hated race of "chimney-pots." "Such an appliance to put on the human head! What perverse method could have created it? When and what was the beginning of it? Was it the Regent that devised it, or who? And how long were much-enduring mankind to suffer from its tyranny? It must go at last. Wonderful—not to be explained—that it could have stood its ground so long. Clean against the fitness of things. But go at last it must, and would." Half fulfilled, Carlyle's prophecy still awaits complete accomplishment. If forty years have done so much to free mankind from the tyranny of chimney-pots, surely half that period will suffice to discard it altogether, and relegate it to the same museum of ludicrous antiques as peaked shoes, quilted breeches, and periwigs.

During this walk something brought up the subject of water supply for London, and this set Carlyle talking about the "New River"—"Myddelton's 'New River,' now above two centuries old for that matter"—with which he had made familiar acquaintance when he used to visit Edward Irving in Myddelton Square, and take early walks with him on the green-turfed banks of the reservoir in front. To him "the fate of that unlucky ill-starred river" was "most pitiable, most pathetical. Starting at first as every streamlet did with the natural hope and expectation of reaching the sea at its end, but hardly set out on its course when "—as he humorously traced its

journey—"it was caught by the hands of men, cribbed between stiff high banks; carried against its will into a big reservoir cased in tight masonry, parcelled out and distributed amongst villainous iron pipes; pumped up into dreary sunless cisterns, some of it poured down human throats, some turned to purposes foul and abominable, and not a drop of it reaching the sea at last except in forms unspeakable."

Mr. Simpkinson tells me that he remembers also with what ghastly power Carlyle spoke of an epidemic of deadly fever-typhus or some such outcome of man's selfish neglect of his fellowman, and of the sufferers' own violation of the common laws of decency and cleanliness-which had then lately been prevailing at Glasgow, beginning in the filthy wynds and yards of the poorest parts of the city and spreading from them to the streets and squares of the wealthier classes. dwelt on the extremes of splendour and misery which were so awfully contrasted in our great towns, and the way in which the higher and lower classes lived side by side in utter ignorance of each other, and with no sympathies to bind them together. How the needy and degraded appealed unheard and unregarded "with their poor dumb cries, till at last they had to claim and prove their human brotherhood after that fatal fashion."

In all this Carlyle would have Hare's full sympathy-not so when he began to talk of Coleridge. There was no English teacher to whom Hare looked up with such thankfulness and reverence as that "Christian philosopher," to whose memory he had dedicated his "Mission of the Comforter," as one who "through dark and winding paths of speculation was led to the light, in order that others by his guidance might reach that light without passing through the darkness." It was therefore not only without agreement, with but strong and unconcealed indignation that he heardhis guest declare—what we have all read since in the "Life of Sterling," and more recently in the "Reminiscences"—how intolerably wearisome he found it to listen-"as a passive bucket to be pumped into "-to Coleridge's interminable disquisitions concerning all conceivable and inconceivable things, while he sat (at Basil Montagu's we may suppose), surrounded with his admiring disciples, snuffling out an endless mumbling drone, about "om-m-jective" and "sum-m-jective"—his face moist and beaming -his voice rising and falling with a kind of solemn quaver-sometimes two hours at a stretch

without imparting a single definite idea to any one of his hearers. "Such talk, profitless surely to any mortal creature; vain phantasmal moonshine which still infests this poor earth."

The day Carlyle left Herstmonceux, to save him from more wanderings "among your green lanes, and blue-green fields" as he called them, Mr. Simpkinson walked some miles by his pony's side to put him in the right track for his now forgotten destination. His companion took the opportunity of speaking to Carlyle about Dr. Arnold, whose pupil he had been at Rugby, of whom, though they had already corresponded on the welfare of the poorer classes, Carlyle knew but little, and whom he seemed to regard with some suspicion as a clergyman. Mr. Simpkinson says, "I spoke to Carlyle not only of Dr. Arnold's masterly insight into history and the true principles of political economy, but also of his earnest efforts to bring the various classes of society into closer sympathy, telling him of The Englishman's Register—a weekly newspaper which he set up ten years before," more "to relieve his own conscience by speaking to the people words of truth and soberness, than with any sanguine hope of doing good," but which died a natural death in a few weeks, after costing him more than two hundred pounds, mainly—sad to think—from its not being identified with any one of the political parties of the day-" and also of his letters to the Sheffield Courant, which succeeded it, of which I happened to have a copy, and which I induced him to accept. I afterwards took these letters in a more complete and corrected form to him when, according to his kindly expressed desire when we parted, I paid him a short visit at Chelsea, but I have no recollection of his talk there. He was busy, and it would not do to stay. I think," he continues, "Carlyle must have read these letters and have been impressed by them, and that they altered his estimate of Arnold." The next year-May, 1842, only six weeks before his sudden death-Carlyle visited Arnold at Rugby, and made an expedition with him, accompanied by Mrs. Arnold and two of his boys, to the historic ground of Naseby field, and, as he writes to his old friend Dr. Hawkins, still happily surviving, "explored the scene of the great battle very satisfactorily." Carlyle left Arnold's house, "expressing his hope that it might long continue to be what was to him one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace." In six weeks all was broken up.



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# THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

# SUNDAY MORNING.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."-ISAIAH lviii. 13 14



IX busy days of work and play, Six restful nights have passed away, And Sunday comes again to call Our thoughts to Him Who made us all,

Where stately cities rise in pride, Where hamlets dot the country-side, From hill and valley, everywhere, The bells are calling us to prayer.

Where grand cathedral towers stand, In rude log hut in distant land, Throughout the whole wide world, to-day God's faithful people meet to pray.

And as the bells ring out again, If we but listen to their strain We seem almost to hear them say, "This is in truth God's holy day."

No day for thoughtless rest and ease, No day to seek ourselves to please, But just a day to work in love For Him Who reigns in heaven above.

II.

#### SUNDAY EVENING.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."-PSALM iv. 8.

The bells have ceased to ring, The stars are in the sky. The birds have ceased to sing. The eventide is nigh; But ere we sleep we kneel and pray, And thank God for His care to-day.

We thank Him for His love; We thank our Father dear, Who deigns in heaven above To guide our footsteps here; Who pitying hears us when we call, And helps us when we fear to fall.

We thank Him for this day Of holy calm and rest; And, ere we sleep, we pray That if He deemeth best, He'll guard us through the coming night, That we may wake with morning light,

THE DRIFTING OF THE LEAVES. "Driven with the wind."-JAMES i. 6. Whistling through the autumn trees Comes the bitter cutting breeze, And the leaves fall rustling down. Golden-vellow, russet-brown!

To and fro The dry leaves go. Whither drifting none may know,

Tossed about, on high, below, Sport of all the winds that blow, Never resting, never still, Drifting as the breezes will,

To and fro The brown leaves go, Whence and whither none may know.

Fiercely through the heart and mind, Blows the bitter stormy wind.

And at once the harsh words fall-Angry words beyond recall! To and fro

The hard words go, Whither drifting none may know.

Many an unkind angry word, Lightly spoken, lightly heard, Bears its fruit in after years-Bitter crop of grief and tears! To and fro

The hard words go, What their ending none may know.

FISHERS OF MEN. "I will make you fishers of men."-St. Matthew iv. 19. Two fishers toiled upon the sea, The fair blue sea of Galilee, And Jesus walked upon the shore, And bade the fishers toil no more.

> "Come follow Me! Come follow Me. Fishers of men henceforth to be!" And Simon and his brother heard. And went, obedient to His word,

"Come, follow Me where'er I go, A little of My suffering know, And this reward shall then be given, You shall bring many souls to heaven!"

Oh, Saviour, grant that it may be We too may hear and follow Thee, And, like the Apostles, give up all, Obedient to Thy loving call

May we too, in a humble way, Be fishers of mankind to-day, And, stumbling on where Thou hast trod, May help some little one to God. GEORGE WEATHERLY.

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

I.-THE STATE OF INNOCENCE.



DEN, I suppose, was the most beautiful part of the earth; and the most beautiful part of Eden was the garden, or Paradise, which the Lord God had planted somewhere in the east of the region. We can hardlyimaginehow lovely the place must have been. Exquisite flowers; graceful and majestictrees; richfruits; sweet aromatic shrubs; birds singing in the boughs; deer with their fawns strolling through the glades; rippling streams and calm rivers; tumbling cascades; hills and downs;

and broad smooth lawns, stretching out like a green carpet beneath the feet—put all these things together, and more than these, and you will hardly be able, even then, to picture to yourselves what this spot on earth's surface must have been like. It was a grand habitation, lying there in its beauty; but it had no inhabitants. The sun arose in the morning and shot his level rays through the tender foliage, and then touching the dewdrops strewed the sward with amethyst and topaz and emerald; and presently he passed overhead, and then at last flushed the evening sky with purple and gold, and a perpetually changing glory. But there was no one to behold, and admire, and speak about it. Yes! It was a magnificent house, but without an occupier.

Was it to continue so? No! God had been preparing this house for a particular purpose, and before long, He proceeded to put the tenant into it. In other words, He created man and placed him in the garden to dress it and to keep it.

Now let us consider. How was man made? Out of the dust of the ground; that is, as far as his body was concerned, but the unseen spirit, the nobler part of him, was breathed into him by the breath of the Almighty God, and man became a living soul. Perfect in form then, without a flaw

about him, strong and comely, pure and innocent, full of the enjoyment of his newly found life; loving God, and finding pleasure in the thought of God, the man Adam stood up in that lovely paradise the last and fairest of the works of the Creator's hand.

But it became necessary to find a companion for Adam. The creatures passed in succession before him, and he gave them their names; but none of them, of course, was fitted to be his associate. He was of a different nature. God then caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and whilst he slept took out of his side a portion of his bodily frame, and fashioned it into a woman and brought her to the man. So at last Adam found one who would be his companion and associate; one whom he could love and cherish; with whom he could interchange ideas; with whose kind and gentle society he would be perfectly satisfied. This was the first marriage, and a very happy one, for both husband and wife were good, and loved each other and loved God.

This youthful pair, however, good as they were, were not to be idle, for God knew that it would not be well for man, even in his innocence, to have nothing to do. Adam and his wife were told to take care of this beautiful garden, to dress it and to keep it. And there was enough occupation, we may be sure, to give them the health which follows upon exercise, but without the weariness of pain and toil.

Now were they at liberty to do everything they chose. God was the real owner of their domain, and they held it under Him: God was the Master and they the servants, and to remind them of this there was one tree in the garden which they were forbidden to touch: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

## II.-THE TEMPTATION.

The bright scene which we contemplated in our last paper, was soon overclouded. How long Adam, with Eve his wife, continued in their state of innocence, we are not informed, but this is certain, that after awhile they were tempted, and yielded to the temptation, and fell. The story is a sad one, but we must tell it, and the more so as the temptation of our first parents exactly corresponds to the temptations to which we, their descendants, are so frequently exposed.

Into the beautiful garden crept the Tempter, the evil spirit, the enemy of God and man, in the form of a snake. How he was able to do such a thing, how he could utter the sounds of human speech, we do not know, nor is it of importance to inquire. It is enough for us to believe, on the

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authority of God's word, that he was able to do these things, and that he did them.

Let us consider his method of procedure.

Addressing the woman, whom he seems to have found alone in the garden, he asks her, as one who asks to be informed, if it be true that God has allowed her and her husband to eat of the fruit of every tree of the garden except one. The question, put in this way, seems an innocent But there is latent mischief in it. means more than meets the ear. Let us attempt to translate it:-"I have been told, but can hardly believe it, that God has prohibited you from eating of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden. Will you put me right about this matter? for it seems to me hardly possible that such a prohibition should have been actually issued. God, you say, is good and kind; but if so, for what reason does He shut you out from the use of this tree? Why, He knows that the fruit of it is especially delicious; there is none like it among the trees of the garden. Surely it is strange that a good and kind being should forbid you the exquisite enjoyment which he knows the eating of the fruit of the tree would confer on you. I cannot understand His reason. But perhaps you can inform me. Or it may be that the Lord God has not imposed such a prohibition upon you after all, and I have been mistaken in the matter. "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

Do you remember what the Bible says, in its wise and loving way:—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not!" That is to say, don't listen to them. Learn to say "no." If you begin to parley, you are lost. Your safety consists in resisting at once, and in turning a deaf ear to all their enticements. The first resistance is the easiest. It may not be possible for you to

resist if you yield a step.

Well, the tempter has now become bolder, because he perceives the advantage he has gained by persuading Eve to listen to his insinuations; and he dares to accuse God of untruth. "Ye shall not surely die," he says. Eve's mind must have imbibed the poison to a very sad extent, before she could tolerate such language. But she does tolerate it, and believes what the tempter says. She thinks that God grudges her the gratification and advantage of eating of the fruit of the tree. She determines to act as she pleases; and she puts forth her hand, and plucks the fruit. More than this, she persuades her husband to join with her in the offence; and then the mischief is done; our first parents have fallen.

#### UL-THE RESULTS.

And now what are the results of the Fall? First of all—a consciousness of sin, which

makes Adam and Eve shrink from the divine presence. Before they transgressed it was a pleasure to them to hear the "voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." and to know that by-and-by they should enter into conversation with Him. Now all this was changed. They felt that they had done wrong, and they tried to get away from God to as great a distance as possible. They hid themselves among the trees of the garden. It is just so with us now. If we are living careless lives, following the devices and desires of our own hearts; or if we are living openly sinful lives, the thought of God is distasteful and distressing to us. It is true that God surrounds us at all times. He is, as the Psalmist says, "about our path and about our bed-and spieth out all our ways." But we do our best to forget this. We shut our eyes to the fact, and if ever we are forced to believe that God is near us, we are terribly alarmed—we hide ourselves—not of course among the trees of the garden, but in our business or our pleasures, or our other pursuits, and think that we have got out of the sight of God, because we have managed to forget Him. When we turn to God in repentance and faith. and are reconciled to Him, by the work of Jesus Christ, then, of course, a different state of feeling comes in. We take pleasure in thinking about God. But even then, if we do wrong, the old shrinking comes back again, and it requires an effort to do what we know we ought to doapproach God at once, and obtain forgiveness of our sins.

In the next place, the sin of our first parents caused them to endeavour to throw the blame upon somebody else-made them, that is, sneaky, ungenerous, and cowardly. Is not that exactly like ourselves? Is not that what children do? and what men and women do? "I did not do it," we say; "he did." Or, "If I did it, it was because he enticed me to do it. But for his example, and his suggestion, I should not have acted so badly. You ought to punish him, and not me." There is something very mean about this; and sin always makes us mean; but how common a thing this meanness is! Now look at our first parents. Adam tells God that Eve is to blame. He will not take the blame upon himself, but lays it upon her instead. And Eve charges the offence upon the serpent-"The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

In the third place—the effect of the fall may be seen in Adam's behaviour to God. He is cowardly, for he runs away; but he is insolent as well; and he dares to charge God, indirectly, with being the cause of what has happened. "The woman that Thou gavest to be with me, she enticed me, and I yielded." What is this but an insult to God? It is as if Adam said, "If I had had a different sort of companion, I should never have fallen. God, then, is really to blame

for the offence with which He charges me: for if He had placed me in different circumstances, the offence would never have been committed"

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See, then, what the Fall has done. It makes a man both insolent and cowardly towards God; it makes him mean and ungenerous towards his fellow creature; it makes him shrink from God, in Whose presence he previously felt the most intense delight.

# IV.-THE TWO ADAMS.

The Bible tells us of two Adams: "the first man Adam," of whom we spoke in our last paper; the last Adam, who is, of course, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have something to say about both of them.

Now, you have all of you, I suppose, seen a cornfield, and you have all of you, of course, seen a tree, and if so you will understand how different the corn is from the tree in its manner of grow-In the cornfield each plant stands upon its own root, apart from the rest, and if one plant withers, or is cut down, or becomes in any way diseased, the other plants in its neighbourhood are not at all affected by the misfortune that has befallen it. With a tree it is very different. All depends upon the root; if the root becomes unsound, that unsoundness spreads up the trunk, through every one of the branches, down to the uttermost twig, and even to the most distant leaf that flutters in the breeze-the whole thing partakes of the general decay. So says our Lord: "Either make the tree and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt." Now, the angels, as far as we know, are like the field of corn; they seem to have been produced by separate and distinct acts of creation, and so to stand alone, and the fall of one does not, of necessity, involve the fall of another. But the human race resembles a tree. Mankind spring all out of one root, even Adam; and so it came to pass that when Adam fell he involved the whole of his descendants in the consequences of his ruin. His sin tainted us. Through his sin

we came into the world with corrupt and evil inclinations, and through his sin it is that we become liable to death.

Perhaps it may seem to you hardly just and fair that we should suffer for an offence committed many thousands of years before we were born; but consider that there is a second Adam-a last Adam-to be taken into the account. The Son of God clothed Himself with our nature, and was made man, and thus became another and better head of the human race; and if we choose to have it so, all the mischief that is done to us by the transgression of our forefather Adam is undone, and more than undone, by the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. If we accept Him, if we avail ourselves of Him, if we join ourselves to Him, we draw from Him, as from a fountain, or perhaps I had better say as from a root, every blessing of which we stand in need.

This is one idea I wish to suggest to you, but there is another I should like to mention before I close

Both Adams were brought into circumstances of temptation. The first gave way and fell; the last stood firm, and could not be overcome. Now, why did the first give way? Because he was persuaded by the Tempter to assert his own will; in other words, to do just what he chose, without considering the duty which he owed to God. He wished to be independent of God, and to act as he liked. And when the last Adam was tempted in the wilderness He was exposed to precisely the same trial. Satan endeavoured to induce Him to act for Himself-to assert independence of His heavenly Father. "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But Jesus could not be moved; He had taken up the position of obedience, and nothing could induce Him to leave it.

And the lesson here taught us, my dear children, is this, that in the time of temptation our safety consists in resolute obedience to the will of our Heavenly Father, and in a perfect and entire dependence upon Him.

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES OF THE KINGS. NEW SERIES.

in this New Series of Lesson Notes to supply the teacher with materials for a lesson, rather than with a full sketch of a lesson itself. With this object the notes will be shorter, and four sets will be given each month. As far as possible each month's sets will form a dissiple of the shorter is set of the set of the

tinct subject. Thus the four this month will treat of Hezekiah—(1) his early days, (2) the revived pass over, (3) his reforms, and (4) his happy reign.

HEZEKIAH. No. 1. EARLY DAYS.

Chapter to be read-2 Chron. xxix.

INTRODUCTION. Last king, Ahaz, a very bad one—sacrificed to false gods—bribed his enemies to go away with gold taken from Temple—people not sorry when he died—did not honour his body in usual way—not buried in sepulchres of kings (ch. xxviii. 27). Who succeeded him? Hezekiah, aged 25, in prime of life. Did what was right—copied David, the man after God's own heart.

1. CLEANSING THE TEMPLE. (Read 1—19.) Sad thing to see church shut up—looks neglected, as if people not care to worship. What was first thing new king did? Now doors opened and repaired. Whose duty was it to attend to Temple? So Levites called, and set to work. King tells them all they must do. Must cleanse the Temple—carry away the dirt—sanctify themselves for the work. What a sad account of the neglected state of the Temple—lamps put out—no sacrifices offered—no incense burned. So Hezekiah encourages the Levites to their duties. How long did it take? (Ver. 17.) Must have worked with hearty good-will. Had cleansed all the Temple, and repaired all the vessels of the sanctuary.

NOTICE. They set to work (1) immediately, without any delay, as soon as their duty was pointed out; (2) willingly, calling to their brethren to come and help them; (3) thoroughly; great work had to be done, and they did it well. Left nothing undone. Did all they could. Thus they set good example of

way all work for God should be done.

II. DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE. (Read 20-36.) (1) Confession. Whose duty was it to serve in the Temple? but priests had sinned, seemed utterly careless (ver. 34). So sin-offerings for their sins must be offered up. Also for the sanctuary and whole king dom. What were they? (Ver. 21.) Picture solemn sight. Goats and sheep led out. King and priests laying hands on them. Confessing sin of nation, priests, themselves; then animals slain, and blood sprinkled on altar. Point out the type of Christ. Our sins must be confessed, laid on Him, and by His blood-shedding we are healed. (2) Praise. Meanwhile, what are the Levites doing? Once more the sounds of praise heard in the Temple. What instruments are played? Cymbals, psalteries, harps, trumpets. Can imagine some of the psalms which would be sung-Ps. cxvi., exvii., exviii. (3) Thanksgiving. What remains for the people to do? Prayer and praise has been offered up by Levites; the people must do their part, They have sinned-must offer burnt-offerings. They are to rejoice at Temple opened once more, must bring thankofferings. So large offerings were made, thousands of animals sacrificed, and service all set out in order.

NOTICE. Three parts of true worship. Confession of Sin. Prayer and Praise. Thanksgiving. Is our worship such?

# Hezekiah. No. 2. A Solemn Passover. Chapter to be read—2 Chron, xxx.

WE saw in last lesson how king began well; purified the Temple, sanctified the priests. Is now anxious to restore national religion. Three great national feasts—Passover the chief. When instituted? Why appointed? Always to look back to national deliverance from Egypt; always to point to Him, the Lamb of God, who should come as the sin-bearer. To restore this feast of first importance.

I. PREPARATIONS. (Read 1—12.) (1) The council. King not acted rashly—consulted his chiefs as

to the time for keeping it. What was right month? (Ex. xii. 18.) But priests not yet sanctified in first month-must be second. Why consult the congregation in Jerusalem? Because all would come to Jerusalem—require great preparations. (2) The post. Contrast difference between post then and now, Then letters written by hand taken out by messenger-moving slowly from place to place-now thousands printed in one day-reach farthest end of country by rail next morning. (3) The letters. Same contents in all. Bidding people turn back to God-the God of their fathers, and urging them not to follow evil example of Israel. (Ver. 7.) Perhaps their coming back to God may be the means of bringing Israel back. (4) The answer. How was message received? Surely a letter from the king would be attended to. Not so; by many with indifference-by some with scorn-by some with ridicule. Still some attended and came. How disappointed king must have been,

NOTICE. How hard it is to turn back. How much casier to keep in the right way. (Matt. vii. 13.) Must pray—" Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

II. THE PASSOVER. (Read 13-27.) At last the day came. Much excitement in Jerusalem. Strangers assembling in companies from all parts of the land, What was their first work? (1) Destruction. City full of altars of strange gods-must be swept away-so all joined in destroying them. What was the next work? (2) Purification. Many of the people not cleansed from personal sin-not allowed to kill passover lamb for themselves. So Levites did it for them. Meanwhile the king prayed for them. What was his prayer? Was it heard? So all the people once more hallowed as one nation to seek the Lord. (3) The feast. Remind of arrangements at the feast. (See Ex. xii.) Not a bone to be broken-no unleavened bread-bitter herbs, etc. How long did the feast last? But seven days proved not enough—arranged to stay seven more. Thus solemn services went on whole fortnight-confession of sin-being taught by Levites-solemn prayers-songs of praise. All went up on high. Joy in Jerusalem, and joy in heaven over a nation repenting (Luke xv. 10).

Notice. (1) Repentance begins with destruction—putting away sin, bad habits—all that leads away from God. Is our repentance such? (2) God's willingness to pardon. Heard Hezekiah's prayer for the people at once and people's prayer for themselves. He is ever the same (Heb. iv. 16).

# Hezeriah. No. 3. Reforms. Chapter to be read—2 Chronicles xxxi.

FEAST of Passover over, people would be going home. But work of destruction not yet done. Idols all over country as well as in Jerusalem. So first all join in breaking down all images, groves, altars, etc., wherever found. Thus temptation to idolatry would be removed. Then all went home.

I. TEMPLE SERVICES. (Read 2-4.) Remind of building of Temple by Solomon; intended to be the

centre of religious life; daily prayers, daily sacrifices, daily worship. To be like a cathedral church in middle of great city, where services should constantly be going on, so that all strangers as well as citizens could go there for worship. But all this had ceased; must be restored. So king arranged all the details of the services. Each priest and Levite his own part to do. What part did the king take? Could not minister as priest, so gave the offerings for the sacrifices; daily, monthly, etc.

II. TEMPLE OFFERINGS. (Read 5—19.) What a strange sight seen in Jerusalem. Offerings of all kinds come pouring in. New interest in religion makes people care for God's ministers. How much does each man give? This tithe of God's own appointment. (Lev. xxvii. 30.) Can picture the offerings poured in—corn, wine, oil, honey—went on accumulating for four months. Like Israelites in wilderness when making offerings for Tabernacle. (Ex. xxv. 31.) So now people gave willingly, cheerfully, readily to the Lord in the person of His ministers.

Who goes in to see the collection? Hezekiah begins to question the priests. What does the chief priest say? Have had plenty and more than enough. All this is over. So king makes arrangements for storing up what is left. Where is it to be placed? Chambers built adjoining the House of the Lord. What is the next step? King appoints regular collectors to distribute the offerings among the Levites in their courses. Thus all arrangements completed.

NOTICE. (1) The duty of giving. Always connected with worship. God gives us all; are to return part to Him; under Gospel dispensation each to give as disposed. (1 Cor. ix. 14; 2 Cor. ix. 7.) (2) The manner of giving. Freely, because freely have received. Willingly, because tool loves cheerful giver.

HEZEKIAH. No. 4. A HAPPY REIGN.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron., xxxi., xxxii. (parts). INTRODUCTION. Have had three lessons on reign of good king Hezekiah. So far has been most prosperous. Next month shall hear of troubles—enemies, wars, sickness. Not good for any one to have life too prosperous. Care sure to come to all, like clouds in summer sky. This is a good place to stop and look at Hezekiah's reign, so far, as a whole.

I. HE HONOURED GOD, (Read xxxi, 20, 21.) Think of the way in which kingdom was left by Idols everywhere. All sorts of wickedness carried on in dark groves, so as not to be seen. Seemed as if whole nation had forgotten God. Even priests and Levites as bad as rest of people. Temple also shut up; no prayers or sacrifice going on, What had king done? Had destroyed all idolsput away wickedness in every form, and stirred up the people to do the same. But destruction not enough-must teach the people what is good. So what did he do at once? Temple doors opened-Holy place cleaned out - altar set right - priests and Levites set to do their work-offerings made for daily sacrifice, and daily worship of God restored.

NOTICE. (1) He did his work well. Well begun is half done. But not a mere passing excitement, Kept on at the work till got it all in order. Arrangement made for permanency of work. Levites appointed in due course, with provision for their maintenance. (2) He stirved up others. Set all sorts of people to work. Set good example, and expected them to follow it. What a good thing to provoke others to good works (Heb. x. 24). Let each child ask "What can I do? What wrong can I stop? What can I do for God? Whom can I influence for God?" Where there's a will there's a way.

H. God honoured him. (Read xxxii. 27, 29.) He might have been doing all for his own honour. But not so; had God's approval in all. How do we know this? (1) God gave him riches. This a way by which God often pleases to bless His servant. Thus Abraham was rich (Genesis xxiv. 35). Job was rich (Job xlii. 12). Solomon had riches given, and many others. (2) God gave him wisdom. Seems to have studied, and perhaps improved upon, Solomon's Proverbs (Prov. xxv. 1). Thus Hezekiah very much resembled Solomon. Was held in high honour by his people and other nations.

NOTICE. What an example of truth of God's words, "Them that honour Me I will honour." Let this be encouragement to children to seek the Lord. Godliness hath the promise of this life, as well as of the next (1 Tim. vi. 6); only seek first Christ's Kingdom (Matt. vi. 34).

# JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises, laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOW.

He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow (Deut. x. 18).

A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation (Ps. lxviii. 5).

widow, is God in His holy habitation (Ps. lxviii. 5). He relieveth the fatherless and widow (Ps. cxlvi. Thou art the helper of the fatherless (Ps. x. 14).

Enter not in the fields of the fatherless: for their Redeemer is mighty; He shall plead their cause with thee (Prov. xxiii. 10, 11).

Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me (Jeremiah xlix. 11).

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# CRITICISMS ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR A, ROBERTS, D.D.

#### THE EPISTLES AND BOOK OF REVELATION.



having had a part, however humble, in the preparation of the Revised Version, I should, of course, rejoice to think that it could be deemed, in all respects, satisfactory. Regret cannot but be felt that the ten years spent in its production should not have resulted in complete suc-

cess; and that, after the expenditure of so vast an amount of labour, the great object aimed at should still remain to be accomplished. facts must be accepted as they present them-The Revised Version, as it appears to me, cannot be regarded as even making a close approach to that ideal English translation of the New Testament which was contemplated. It undoubtedly contains numerous improvements on the Authorised Version, while still, to my mind, it exhibits many blemishes of its own. To use the language of Dr. Johnson on an occasion of which Boswell gives a very graphic account, "I do not say that it may not be made a very good translation.' With this persuasion, I proceed to review the Epistles and the Book of Revelation, under the same headings as those formerly adopted in dealing with the Gospels and Acts, in the humble but earnest hope of contributing, in some small measure, to the perfecting of that work which aspires ultimately to be accepted as the generally-approved English version of the New Testament.

I. Needless changes which have been made upon the Authorised Version.

AUTHORISED VERSION. Rom, i. 15.-I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also.

Rom, i, 27 .- Working that which is unseemly.

Rom. v. 5. - And maketh not ashamed. Rom. v. 6. - Yet without

strength. Rom v.9.-Weshall besaved from wrath through him,

Rom. vi. 4.- Even so we also should walk in newness of

Rom. vi. 9 .- Death hath no more dominion over him. Rom, vii. 1.-I speak to them that know the law.

Rom. viii. 28. - And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Rom. xiv. 5. - Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

1 Cor. i. 17 .- Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.

1 Cor. xv. 33.-Evil communications corrupt good manners.

REVISED VERSION. I am ready to preach the Gospel to you also that are

in Rome. Working unseemliness.

And hope putteth not to

shame Yet weak.

Shall we be saved from the wrath of God through him. So we also might walk in newness of life.

Death no more hath dominion over him.

I speak to men that know the law.

And we know that to them. that love God all things work together for good.

Let each man be fully assured in his own mind.

Lest the cross of Christ should be made roid.

Evil company doth corrupt good manners.

AUTHORISED VERSION. 2. Cor. iv. 8, 9.-We are

troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

Gal. v. 6. - Faith which worketh by love.

Eph. iii. 18 .- May be able to comprehend. Eph. v. 33.-Let the wife see that she reverence her

husband. Eph, vi, 4.-But bring them

Philip. i. 28 .- And in nothing terrified by your adversaries.

Col. ii. 3.-In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

1 Thess. v. 16. - Rejoice evermore. 1 Tim. vi. 8.-Having food

and raiment. 2 Tim. i. 13.-Hold fast the

form of sound words. Tit. iii. 5.-Not by works of righteousness which we have done.

Heb. i. 11. - They shall perish; but thou remainest.

1 Peter i. 25.-And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.

2 Peter i. 12.-Established in the present truth.

Rev. iv. 3.-In sight like unto an emerald. Rev. v. 8.-Golden vials

full of odours.

Rev. xvi. 1.-Pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

REVISED VERSION We are pressed on every

side, yet not straitened: perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed.

Faith working through love.

May be strong to appre. hend.

Let the wife see that she fear her husband.

But nurture them.

And in nothing affrighted by the adversaries.

In whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden. Rejoice alway.

Having food and covering.

Hold the pattern of sound words.

Not by works done in righteousness which we did ourselves.

They shall perish, but thou continuest.

And this is the word of good tidings which was preached unto you.

Established in the truth which is with you.

Like an emerald to look upon. Golden bowls full of in-

cense. Pour out the seven bowls of the wrath of God into the earth.

The one objection in common to all the above changes is that there is no sufficient cause for them. They simply destroy the familiar rhythm and phraseology of the English Bible, without any compensating advantage. A few of them might have been preferable to the rendering of the Authorised Version, had the New Testament now been for the first time presented to English readers. It is even possible that, in such a case, we might have preferred such an expression as "the seventh bowl" to "the seventh vial." But such a change is now felt most disagreeable, and has not, I should think, the smallest chance of being popularly accepted. The argument in its favourthat it is a more correct translation of the Greek, inasmuch as the original word denotes a much larger

<sup>\*</sup> Something, however, may be said for this rendering. See Archbishop Trench "On the Authorised Version,"

vessel than our word "vial"-will have no weight. For though "vial" and "phial" both originally had the same meaning, the former is now generally understood as quite distinct in signification from the latter, and ought unquestionably to have been retained throughout the Book of Revelation. Some of the changes indicated above are due to the desire always, if possible, to translate the same Greek by the same English word. To a certain extent, this is a praiseworthy principle, and unquestionably it has been too much lost sight of in the Authorised Version. But the opposite extreme has been reached in the Revised translation. When we find, at 1 Cor. i. 17, the expression, "Lest the cross of Christ should be made void," a deep conviction must be reached that not a little has been sacrificed to preserve for the Greek verb in this passage the same rendering as at Rom. iv. 14, 2 Cor. ix. 3. The truth is that, in the passages enumerated above, and in many others which might have been quoted, there was no sufficient reason for disturbing the rendering of the Authorised Version.

II. Positive changes for the worse which have been accepted:—

AUTHORISED VERSION. Rom. i. 32.—Not only do

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Rom. i. 32.—Not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

Rom, v. 7.—For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

Rom. x. 14.—How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?

1 Cor. xii. 9.—To another faith by the same spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same entirit

2 Cor. x. 7.—Do ye look on things after the outward

appearance?
Gal. vi. 10.—Let us do good

unto all men.

Eph. v. 13.—Whatsoever doth make manifest is light.

Col. i. 16.-For by Him were all things created.

all things created, 2 Tim. i. 7.—For God hath not given us the Spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

Heb. xii. 3.—For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself.

1 John v. 10.—He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.

1 John v. 18.—He that is begotten of God keepeth himself.

Rev. xiv. 16.—And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth. REVISED VERSION.

Not only do the same, but also consent with them that practise them.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; for, peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die.

How shall they believe in Him whom they have not heard?

To another faith *in* the same spirit; and to another gifts of healing *in* the one spirit.

Ye look at the things that are before your face.

Let us work that which is good toward all men.
Everything that is made

manifest is light.

For in Him were all things

For God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness; but of power, and love, and discipline.

For consider Him that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves,

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in him.

He that was begotten of God keepeth him.

And he that sat on the cloud cast his sickle upon the earth.

AUTHORISED VERSION. Rev. xv. 6.—Clothed in pure and white linen.

Rev. xviii. 22.-The sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee REVISED VERSION.
Arrayed with precious

stone, pure and bright.
The voice of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee.

Some of the above changes are due to an attempt at a literal translation, which, as need hardly be remarked, is often the most unfaithful of all translations. Thus, the beautiful verse, Rom. v. 7, is spoiled by the introduction of the second "for," instead of "yet," as in the Authorised Version. Other changes are owing to the continued effort which is made to render the same Greek word uniformly in English. This has led to the almost grotesque rendering at Rev. xviii. 22, "the voice of a millstone," and has also caused the substitution at 1 Cor. xiv. 8, of the words, if the trumpet give an uncertain voice," for "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound." Still other changes are traceable to the excessive deference which has been paid to one or two of the most ancient authorities. This has given rise to the apparently unintelligible rendering at Heb. xii. 3, "Consider him that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves." It has also led to the strange statement found in the Revised Version at 1 John v. 18, "He that was begotten of God keepeth him." In such a rendering the words, "He that was begotten of God," can only refer to Christ. But, besides other objections to such an application, it should be noticed that the preposition here employed (en) is totally different from that used in such a passage as John 1, 14, "The only begotten of (παρά) the Father." The exaggerated respect, amounting sometimes almost to servility, displayed towards a few of the most ancient manuscripts, has, in my humble judgment, gravely injured the Revised Version. Yet common sense has sometimes compelled a revolt from their authority. Thus, at 1 Thess. ii. 7, we find this note on the margin, "Most of the ancient authorities read babes," instead of "gentle." But it would have been too absurd to make St. Paul say, "We were babes among you;" and therefore the common text has very properly been retained, in spite of the preponderance of ancient authority. It would have been well had this course been more generally followed. We should then have been spared some of those extraordinary renderings exemplified above, and not a few others which are to be found on the pages of the Revised Version.

III. Hurtful or uncalled for changes due to excessive rigidity of rendering.

Some illustrations of this have already been given in the passages quoted above. But many more may be added. Let me only submit the following:—

AUTHORISED VERSION.
Rom. ii. 13.—For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.

REVISED VERSION. For not the hearers of a law are just before God, but the doers of a law shall be justified. AUTHORISED VERSION. Rom. iii, 21.—But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested,

Rom. xv. 32.—And may with you be refreshed. 1 Cor. vi. 11.—And by the

Spirit of our God.
Gal. iv. 13.—Ye know how, through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the Gospel unto you at the first.

Eph. ii. 13.—Are made nigh by the blood of Christ. Col. iv. 13.—I bear him re-

cord that he hath a great zeal for you.

1 Thess. i. 9.—To serve the living and true God.

Rev. 14. 4.—These were redeemed from among men.
Rev. xiv. 14.—Upon the cloud one sat, like unto the Son of Man.

Rev. xxii. 3 -And his servants shall serve him.

REVISED VERSION.

But now apart from the law a righteousness of God hath been manifested.

And together with you find rest.

And in the Spirit of our God.

Ye know that because of an infirmity of the flesh, I preached the Gospel unto you the first time.

Are made nigh in the blood of Christ.

I bear Him witness that He hath much labour for you.

To serve a living and true God.

These were purchased from among men.

On the cloud I saw one sitting like unto a Son of Man.

And his servants shall do him service.

I confess that, for a time, under the influence of Winer, as the great representative of the rigidly grammatical school, I was inclined to insist on interpreting the prepositions and tenses in the New Testament according to the sense which these have in classical authors. But experience has convinced me that this is a mistake. As formerly remarked, it must be borne in mind how great influence Hebrew idiom had on the Greek of the sacred writers. It is perfectly vain, for example, always to attempt to give èv the sense of our English preposition "in." This has been attempted in the Revised Version, but, as the passages quoted are sufficient to indicate, with the very worst effect. And at times the attempt has confessedly broken down. Thus, at 1 Cor. vii. 11, we read, "Through thy knowledge he that is weak perisheth," but are told on the margin that the word translated "through" is in the Greek "in." So again at 1 Peter i. 12, we find the rendering, "By the Holy Ghost sent forth from heaven," but are informed on the margin that the Greek is "in." \* Rigidity of translation, alike as regards the prepositions and the tenses, is, in fact, impossible in the New Testament. A very earnest attempt at it has been made in the Revised Version, but with the sorriest results. And the failure is, from time to time, acknowledged. Thus, to give only one other example, we read at Rev. xx. i., as follows-" And I saw an angel coming down out of heaven, having the key of the abyss and a great chain in his hand," but we find it stated on the margin that the word rendered "in" is in the Greek "upon," it being found impossible to translate the preposition which here occurs (ἐπί) in accordance with the meaning which it has in classical authors, †

I also felt, for long, how seductive was the idea of always, if possible, translating the same Greek word by one expression in English. But I am now convinced that this leads to the worst results, as appears from many passages in the Revised Version. The old translators had right on their side when they remark in their preface-"We have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe that some learned men somewhere have been as exact as they could that way." I have no doubt, indeed, that the Authorised Version has taken far too great liberties in this matter, as in rendering the very same Greek words, "over all the land," at Matt. xxvii. 45, and "over all the earth," at Luke xxiii. 44; but the opposite extreme is exemplified in many passages of the Revised Version.

# IV. Useless or misleading marginal readings.

Here a very wide field is opened up to us, there being by far too many marginal readings; but I shall content myself with noticing the following passages. At Rom. v. 7, instead of "for the good man," we have the alternative rendering suggested, "for that which is good," in total opposition to the context. At Rom. xvi. 22, for "I Tertius, who write the epistle, salute you in the Lord," we have on the margin, "I Tertius, who write the epistle in the Lord, salute you," At 1 Cor. viii, 1, and in several other passages, on the words, "love edifieth," we are told that the Greek is "buildeth up"-not a very profound or necessary piece of information. At Philip. iv. 4, we find it stated that "Rejoice in the Lord alway" may be exchanged for "Farewell in the Lord alway." At 1 Tim. i. 18, for "The prophecies which went before on thee," we find on the margin, "The prophecies which led the way to thee." At 2 Tim. i. 12, we are informed that the rendering in the text, "guard that which I have committed unto him," may be exchanged for "guard that which he hath committed unto me." At 1 Peter iii. 20, we are startled to learn that, instead of "the ark, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved through water," the rendering may be, "the ark, into which few, that is, eight souls, were brought safely through water." And finally, at Rev. xvii. 9, it is stated that, instead of "Here is the mind which hath wisdom," we may read, "Here is the meaning which hath wisdom." Surely, it is to be regretted that those and other useless or misleading alternative readings should have been allowed a place on the margin of the Revised Version.

Before concluding those remarks, I cannot help noticing that some of these "felicities" by which the Authorised Version is distinguished, have, without sufficient reason, as I believe, been discarded from the Revised translation. We still, indeed, retain "the Prince of life (Acts iii. 15) and "the sin which doth so easily beset us" (Heb. xii. 1), but we have lost "the Captain of our salvation" (Heb. ii. 10), and

 $<sup>^{\</sup>rm o}$  See also Rom. i. 4; 2 Cor. ii. 21; 2 Cor. iii. 7; Gal. iii. 5, etc.

<sup>†</sup> Compare Eph. i. 10, where also ἐπί is, of necessity, translated "in," as again at Rev. i. 20, and Rev. v. 1.

"the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 2).

On the other hand, it is to be feared that not many very happy renderings have been introduced into the new version to make up for those which have been lost. The following, however, seems worthy of notice, as both an exact rendering of the Greek and as strikingly beautiful English (Philip. ii. 18), "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure."

As I wrote the above remarks before, though just on the eve of, the publication of the Revised Version, my views must be regarded as wholly unbiassed by what may turn out to be the opinions of others. If, as I scarcely venture to hope, the verdict of the public shall be in favour of the new translation as it stands, I shall most gladly confess that

my strictures were baseless, and thankfully accept the general conclusion. If, on the other hand, it be found that the Revised Version, in its present form, does not commend itself to the community at large. I shall hope that the observations which I have made may tend to indicate some of its weaker points, and thus lead to the required amendments. It is, comparatively speaking, of small consequence what becomes of any particular translation. The grand requirement is, that English-speaking people should be presented in their own tongue with as perfect a transcript as possible of the infinitely precious word of God. If this end cannot be said as yet to have been altogether reached, there can be no question that a considerable step has been made towards it, by the preparation and publication of the present Revised Version of the New Testament.

## SHORT ARROWS.



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## A MOST INTERESTING SCHOOL

E need make no apology for entering with some detail into the description of the working of the Indian Training School, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The locality is historical, but the use to which the barracks are at present put is likely to render the place celebrated not as a spot in which war prepara-

tions have sounded, but wherein the Message of Peace has been heard and welcomed.

For reasons which it would occupy too much space to state here, the American Government have lately stipulated with the Indians-and more particularly with those upon agricultural reservations, that the parents should compel their children between six and sixteen to attend school. Finding that the children of these tribes could be better taught when beyond home influence, the experiment was made. The results we shall now proceed to describe -and a most interesting record we find it. An experienced United States officer was entrusted with the work, and, accompanied by an Indian teacher, he succeeded in bringing in for instruction, with their parents' consent, eighty-four children-mostly girls -as a commencement. In a subsequent expedition he was equally successful, and with over sixty other children from various Indian tribes-some of whom had already been under instruction—the school at Carlisle was begun on the 1st November, 1879.

#### HOW THE WORK PROSPERED.

Let us pass over the intervening period at a leap, and see what success attended the experiment. We glance at the record of attendance, and what do we find? The number of pupils has increased to

nearly three hundred, almost one-third being girls. The tribes represented include the Sioux, Cheyenne, Comanche, Apache, Nez-Percé, and sixteen others whose names we need not quote, many well known for dire deeds of blood. In all there are twenty-one tribes whose children have come in, with their parents' consent and approval, to learn to be good citizens. Can we measure the eventual good such a work as this will most assuredly accomplish? The system of education is a wide one, and designed to complete the moral and worldly welfare of the Indian children. Various trades are taught, with a knowledge of farming, to the boys. To the girls are taught cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, etc.; in fact, all that is necessary that a civilised woman should know. One chief who came to see the school said, "You will go home and have farms;" and another declared he had sent his children to learn "housekeeping." The School is divided into nine sections. English is the language first taught to all, and the "polyglot" pupils are anxious to master this, a common tongue.

#### A BLESSED RESULT.

We have briefly shown the rise and progress of an institution which deserves well of all Christians; we will now as briefly tell our readers what has been accomplished by prayer and hard work amongst the heathen children. The progress in study is very gratifying, and is believed to be quite equal to that of white children under similar circumstances. Here we have a valuable testimony to the capacity of the Indian intelligence, and one which should not be lost sight of. Every member of the school gives some portion of his time to an industrial pursuit. The boys choose their trades, and, under competent and skilled mechanics, are rapidly becoming carpenters.

tailors, blacksmiths, etc. The excellence of the articles made is undoubted, for they are approved by Government inspectors, and many prizes have been bestowed upon the young manufacturers. Nor are the girls idle. The youngest darn stockings, and the sewing-machines are also at work. In what is termed the industrial-room all the mending is done, all the girls' clothing is made, and much of the boys' apparel. But beyond these good results, there is a higher level reached in religious instruction, and this is fully recognised, for it is admitted that no real work of civilisation can be carried on without the vitalising power of Christianity. In the morning of each Sunday a school is held for the girls, and the boys attend the various Sunday-schools in the town, Indians have publicly professed Christianity, and every report that we have seen bears similar testimony to the great good now being performed by this Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

#### FOR DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES.

We have already in these columns mentioned an institution for the education of the daughters of missionaries at Sevenoaks. Some time ago a bazaar was held on behalf of this excellent work, which is rapidly approaching completion, and we feel assured that our readers will fully appreciate the necessity for the buildings. Many years ago the foundation, so to speak, was laid by a few ladies, who, recognising the great trial to which many missionaries were obliged to submit in leaving their children behind them, took half-a-dozen little children under their motherly care while their parents were absent in foreign lands. There is no objection made to the admission of any children, no matter what faith the tenets of the father may be -all Christians are equally welcome. The new building at Sevenoaks, designed for about one hundred children, will be an improvement on the former establishment at Walthamstow, where about fifty were accommodated; and we are sure the necessary funds to carry on such a useful institution will not be wanting.

#### PARIS HOMES FOR GIRLS.

Some notice has been directed to the Home which Miss Leigh superintends in Paris; and it has been truly said that it was not generally realised by visitors to Paris that in that city there are a great number of Englishwomen, many placed in circumstances of great temptation. The good done by the establishment over which Miss Leigh presides cannot well be over-estimated. There are many cases which might be quoted in which English girls have been induced to go to Paris in the hope of obtaining employment, but they did not always estimate the cost of living, and the expense of apartments. What is to be done in such circumstances? We can imagine how the perils of the position would strike

a young girl who was honestly trying to do her best, and work. Under such circumstances as these, Miss Leigh's Home receives the worker, and assists her with advice temperal and spiritual. Shelter is offered; and we can fancy the joyous reaction and the new life instilled into a struggling worker by the feeling of security experienced in the Home. This is the high and worthy object aimed at; and many people who go to Paris this autumn will, we hope, institute inquiries, and do anything in their power to assist the noble and self-denying efforts of Miss Leigh, whose Home is worthy of all commendation.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOME IN BONNER ROAD.

We gladly call attention to the work carried on near Victoria Park at an establishment known as the Children's Home in Bonner Road. In this house there are one hundred and thirty-four boys. and one hundred and fourteen girls. and kind superintendents of this and branch establishments receive and train children who would otherwise have fallen into evil courses, and deeply into crime. Not only does the Institution take care of the boy and girl till they can look about them, but the guardianship is continued in after life, and this is a most important feature of the Home. We know that it is too often the case when discipline is relaxed, and when the kindly but firm hand is removed, the child is apt to relapse into its old ways, So, as with the kindred institution which we have already noticed in THE QUIVER, the lads are, with the consent of their relatives or friends, sent out to Canada, where, according to accounts lately received, they are doing well. Even in their new home they are looked after, and carefully tended. The general success of the children in after life may be seen when we state that, taking all those "put out," only an average of one-and-a-half per cent, have occasioned trouble or disappointment to the kind friends who started them into the world.

#### HOW THE GOOD WORK IS DONE.

We may now glance at the mode of procedurefor while noticing the end, we cannot ignore the means. In the first place, the inmates are instructed in routine household duties. There are also shops in which the boys can learn trades. There are shoemakers at work, and young printers and compositors; while book-folding, with a thorough knowledge fitting for domestic service, are taught to the girls. Glance into the kitchen, and watch the tidy handmaidens preparing numerous dinners in a neat and cleanly way, which is most desirable in servants. The laundry employs others; so domestic economy in all its various branches is taught by theory and practice in the Home, which is really what it professes to be. Dependent upon this well-managed institution are a number of children, each and all of whom have to be taught and fed and lodged. When

we consider the various characters which must of necessity be admitted, varying as human nature varies, we can only pay our tribute of admiration to the kindness, the patience, and the tact, which have accomplished such wonders. There is another part of this institution which we will take another opportunity to mention; but the system is excellent, and cleanliness as well as higher aims are kept fully in The arrangements of the dormitories in the houses are marvels of excellence and good management; and though each house-for this Home includes many houses-is separate, the guiding principle is the same. A Lady Superintendent, or "mother," looks after the house, more from love and charity than in the hope of emolument, and about twenty-five children are allotted to each. and patience requisite to manage such a little family will be readily seen to be no small portion, and while discipline must be kept up, kindness and encourage-Over the "mothers" ment are equally needed. there is a kind of Board of Appeal, to whom all are answerable; and it speaks volumes for those concerned when we say that, in respect of the Lady Superintendents, these functions are seldom if ever exercised in the Home.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

We have heard a great deal during the last year or two concerning South Africa and the warlike tendencies therein. But there is fortunately another side of the question of British occupation, and the testimony of Sir Bartle Frere on this will be wel-He speaks of the school amongst the Kaffirs at Peeltown in terms which give us hope for the future. In a record of one of his visits he tells us of the flourishing condition of the village—the large and commodious church, and, "above all, the girls' school and Shaftesbury Hall." We see that even in South Africa the honoured name of Shaftesbury is associated with good deeds. The writer proceeds to say that a lady there--Miss Surrocks-" is doing more than all the governors and magistrates, by giving the Kaffir girls a Christian education." The arrangements are excellent. The girls are mostly daughters of chiefs, and no doubt will, in after years, have much influence.

#### A PROOF OF THE TEACHING.

We learn in connection with the foregoing that on one occasion Lord Shaftesbury's son accompanied Sir Bartle Frere to the Cape, and he sent him up country to inquire into the condition of the Kaffirs. In the course of the journey the envoy advanced upon a farm that had been sacked by the natives, and seeing what had happened, the men were not unnaturally apprehensive. They were but two men, with several oxen and some valuable stores and guns. Suddenly a native appeared—as the Englishman carefully advanced—and as a challenge shouted out, "Are you

a friend of the missionary?" at the same time naming him. The answer in the affirmative proved quite sufficient guarantee for safety, and no harm was experienced. We think this proves that the influence exerted by the Mission is neither small nor unappreciated by the Kaffirs.

## A WORKING LADS' INSTITUTE.

A short time ago a meeting was held in the vestry of St. Bride's parish. The object of the meeting was to set on foot an institute and reading-room for the boys employed by the various printing establishments, etc., in the neighbourhood. Fleet Street and the adjacent places are crowded with establishments and offices in which a number of youths are daily engaged, and there is a great need of such an establishment as that proposed. In a comfortable reading-room the leisure hours could be spent with profit and pleasure. Too many boys, after a hurried meal in mid-day, go about tossing for money, or stand idle at the street corners listening to what they should not hear, and becoming familiar with sights they ought not to see. All that is wanted is a sum of about £600, and surely when we mention the names of those interested, the guarantee that the money will be well and faithfully applied is self-evident. Bishop Claughton, the Rev. J. Jones (Ordinary of Newgate), the Rev. H. Solly, the Rev. C. Marshall, Mr. T. D. Galpin, Sir R. W. Carden, Mr. Low, and Messrs. Spicer, Mr. Cook, etc. etc., have each and all promised the Institute support, and already a handsome sum has been subscribed. Many who read THE QUIVER will no doubt be anxious to assist, and we are greatly mistaken if the Institute for the lads of St, Bride's will ever languish for want of support, The idea has been well conceived, and will be carried out in an efficient manner.

#### MISS PRYDE'S WORK IN PARIS.

We have already mentioned an institution in Paris (p. 62), and another excellent work, the object of which is to assist our English governesses in Parisis carried on by Miss Pryde. For several years this lady has been devoting her great energies, with success, to relieve the wants and cheer the desponding hearts of our British sisters in Paris. This lady's philanthropy is eminently practical. Not content with good counsel, which in a foreign city goes far, too, Miss Pryde calls the strangers within her gates, and supplies them with food, and with true Christian counsel and sympathy in their need. Temporal and spiritual help are thus afforded, and many a poor and inexperienced English lady has had cause to bless the outstretched hand and the kind heart. "Had it not been for her I should have died," says one poor lady. We who sit at home—it may be at ease—have no idea of the struggle now going on for employment amongst young and well-educated ladies. When this employment fails, what are they to do, when, as

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has happened, a wrong address is purposely given, and distress or poverty stares the girl in the face; when temptation's lures assail her, and the tempter is at hand, is not such help as Miss Pryde gives worth more than riches? Any who have felt what it is to be helped—and have not we all felt need at times?—will, we trust, show their appreciation, and seek Miss Pryde in Paris.

#### THE HELP IT GIVES.

In reply to our inquiries, we are glad to hear that Miss Pryde has returned again to Paris, and now the Governesses' Institute is prospering. Pecuniary assistance is given to destitute governesses; there is a free Registry; and a private Home Restaurant has been added. This last is a novel, and not the least beneficial of the many good features of the institution. We can all understand the objections which attend the presence of young women alone in public restaurants, and by thus providing a private dining-room Miss Pryde has done a most kind and thoughtful act. In connection with the institute are many other benefits. We have only to add that the address is 16, Rue de Tilsitt, Paris; and the treasurer is Lord Kinnaird, care of Messrs. Ransome, Bouverie, and Co., Pall Mall, London, by whom subscriptions will be gladly received.

#### TRIBUTES TO THE TRUTH.

It is unfortunately true that, while professing religious principles, many men are practically indifferent to religion. But it is gratifying to find that men of the world have in many instances testified against their own professed theories, of the confidence they have in true Christians. We have lately met with some well-authenticated instances of this, and we will relate one of them.

Some thirty years or so ago, a young man was

travelling in America, and his fellow-passengers were, as it happened, very worldly-minded men Their conversation was of the profanest kind. and they all ridiculed religion and trust in God's providence. The young man was at last constrained to speak, and he challenged them singlehanded. In a short time his facts achieved the victory. His Christian teaching enabled him to refute all the so-called arguments of his opponents, and he silenced them. At the end of that stage of the journey they went on board a steamer, and before they retired for the night, one of the late opponents of the young man, one who had been the foremost in his ridicule of religion, came and inquired whether he had a cabin to himself. The young man replied that he had, as one or two of his late opponent's friends had, and wished to know the reason of the request, The scoffer replied, "I have a large sum of money with me, and I am afraid to sleep with any of the others, lest I should be murdered for my money. If you will let me occupy one of the berths in your room I shall esteem it a great favour." Of course his request was granted, but what a commentary his words were upon his former conversation ridiculing the Bible and those who professed its truths!

Our words and deeds may seem slight and powerless things, yet, like the rain-drop of a million years ago, whose fossil steps are traced in the sandstone, so will the smallest of our actions leave traces behind, for good or evil, if not visible in time, yet clearly visible in eternity.—Brewster.

A man with only one moral principle of action must be disappointed. It absorbs all others into itself, and becomes darkness; whereas the love of God, the only perfect motive, is framed of the many rainbow hues of heavenly perfection, melting into one and producing light.—Sewell.

#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

- 1. What decree did Ezra make, in order to draw away the Jews from intercourse with the surrounding nations?
- 2. What temperance law was passed by king Ahasuerus?
- 3. What relative of St, Peter did our Blessed Lord recover from sickness?
- 4. In what words does our Lord set forth the great power of faith?
- 5. Of what tribe was Mordecai, the uncle of Queen Esther?
- 6. By what remedy was king Hezekiah restored to health?

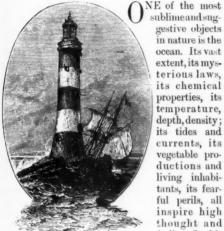
- 7. For what purpose was the "wood offering" instituted by Nehemiah?
- 8. What solemn act of declaration of faith was made by the Jews who returned from captivity?
- 9. For how long did the feast of tabernacles cease to be observed?
- 10. By whom is mention made of the prophetess Noadiah?
- 11. On what occasion did Jesus permit Himself to be worshipped by the people?
- 12. What was it made the widow's two mites so much more acceptable in God's sight than all the gold and silver which was cast into the treasury?

# LESSONS FROM NATURE'S OWN BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS OF THE LEAVES," ETC.

LESSONS OF THE SEA.

"The sea hath spoken."-Isa. xxiii. 4.



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sublimeand suggestive objects in nature is the ocean. Its vast extent, its mysterious laws, its chemical properties, its temperature, depth, density its tides and currents, its vegetable productions and living inhabitants, its fearful perils, all inspire high thought and feeling. In this

age of railways and holidays, there are comparatively few persons who have not spent "a summer day beside the joyous sea," and felt the elevating and expanding influence of a ramble over the rocks, or a walk along the shore. You watch the ebbing tide retire so far that you think it will never flow again. Then it seems to breathe, and its great breast expands, and its rising waters hurry upward, and cover all the beach; and the sight causes a tidal rising of all that is best in your being. You may have known hours in which the poet's words have proved a living experience :-

His choir shall be the moonlight waves, When murmuring homeward to their caves; Or, when the stillness of the sea Even more than music breathes of Thee.

Perhaps one of the first and most abiding impressions we have of the sea is its immensity. To a reader of the Bible the words of the Psalmist at once recur-" This great and wide sea." No plain of earth is so boundless or so beautiful:

The eagle's vision cannot take it in; The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space, Sinks halfway o'er it, like a wearied bird. It is the mirror of the stars, where all Their hosts within the concave firmament, Gay marching to the music of the spheres, Can see themselves at once.

You have some sense of the vast extent of the ocean when you stand on the land, and stretch your vision across to the farthest horizon; but you have a much profounder sense of its vastness when, from the deck of a ship in mid-ocean, as night is coming on, you gaze around on the watery waste. That is the hour in which you exclaim :-

How shall pen picture thee, thou lonely sea, Awful in thine untracked immensity?

Of two things the vast ocean is a fitting emblem-God's eternity and God's love.

Every observer of the sea must be struck with its changefulness and unrest. Every atom of it is constantly moving and changing its place, from the depth to the surface, or from the surface to the depth, from the frozen pole to the burning equator, or from the torrid zone to the Arctic Ocean. Speaking of the movements of the sea, Humboldt says they are of a threefold description-partly irregular and transitory, depending on the winds, and occasionally waves; partly regular and periodical, resulting from the attraction of the sun and the moon, and seen in tidal changes; and partly permanent, though of unequal strength and rapidity at different periods, forming oceanic currents. The changes dependent on the winds are often great and sudden. Sometimes the sea lies calm and motionless. The scene may be such as Coleridge describes in his Ancient Mariner :-

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down, 'T was sad as sad could be: And we did speak, only to break The silence of the sea.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion, As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

Or, it may resemble what John saw in the visions of Patmos, clear as crystal, like unto transparent glass. Its surface, smooth as a mirror, reflects the blue sky, or the golden sunset, or the pale silvery light of moon and stars. Presently a faint breath of air plays over it, waking in numerous dimples on its face, and reminding you by its rippling sheen of the smiles of childhood. Byand-by the freshening breeze increases the motion -the rising waves advance, and bending forward with a graceful curve, first assume a snowy crest, and then break and spread themselves in white foam. At last, comes the storm. The billows swell, and lift themselves mountains high, and rush and toss to and fro in mad confusion, rioting in the fury of the tempest.

No wonder that in Scripture and in the poetry of all nations the sea is the emblem of endless Its waters-those barren wandering fields of foam, going moaning round the world with profitless labour—seem, at first, to speak of nothing so much as unbridled power, tumult and strife, anarchy and rebellion. Who does not see in them the picture of an evil soul—a soul unreconciled to God—a soul across which strong gusts of temptation drive, and which is tossed by its own boiling passions? Truly saith the prophet, "The wicked is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

It is impossible to gaze on the sea without We feel as we look at a sense of mystery. it that it is a secret world of wonders. We are conscious of a desire to ransack its hidingplaces, and make it disgorge its treasures. Its vastness and depth, its restless motion and changeful hues, all suggest the possession of secrets which we may not know. Although, of late years, navigation and science have done much to explore the ocean, and discover its hidden wonders, yet even now our knowledge is but partial. The cruise of the Challenger opened up new realms; we know more of the depth of the sea, of its currents, its temperature, its bottom; more of its curious creatures, more of its beautiful phosphorescent avenues of vegetation; but much remains unknown. Then, what rich cargoes have been swallowed up by the great devourer! Oh, secret and mysterious sea :-

> Thou hast pearls of price untold, To light thy ruby cells; And splendid wrecks, and mines of gold, 'Mid rainbow-coloured shells.

Is it strange that we sometimes yearn to fathom the deep; and that, as it throbs and heaves, it sends a thrilling pulse through our souls? The only response to our yearnings is that of the helmsman to Count Arnaldos:—

"Wouldst thou"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery."

This mystery reminds us of other mysteries. In spite of all the disclosures of revelation, and all the discoveries of science, how much still remains hidden! "Who by searching can find out the Almighty to perfection? His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known."

We cannot fail to recognise the usefulness of the sea. In all ways it is greatly serviceable to man. It has been appropriately called the vital fluid that animates our earth, as the blood animates the body. Under present conditions, if there were no more sea, our fair green planet would become, like the moon, a heap of brown volcanic rocks and deserts, lifeless and worthless as the slag cast out from a furnace.

Human enterprise takes advantage of the sea to promote the intercourse of nations, to create wealth, to spread commerce, to further science and the arts, civilisation and religion. "There go the ships;" and as they go, they convey the products peculiar to the several countries of the world, and the agents of human progress.

Viewed under one aspect, the ocean is the great divider of mankind. It separates families and friends, breaks up homes, perpetuates estrangement. Viewed under another aspect, it assists to establish universal brotherhood, and to perfect on earth the household of God.

In view of the sea, we should think of the power, visdom, and goodness of the Creator. "The s.a is His, and He made it. He sitteth upon the floods, King for ever. "There is no greater visible emblem of omnipotence. Its very rest conveys the sense of a latent force which could sweep all before it. In its rising and subsiding swell, it seems like a mighty living creature. In its seasons of agitation and fury, when its waters roar, and navies are dashed to pieces, and the solid earth is overthrown, then we see the power of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

How many evidences are there of divine wisdom! In one part continents and islands are closely grouped together, while in another the waters spread in one unbroken plain; here there are vast peninsulas, there immense gulfs. At first sight it might appear as if blind chance had presided over this distribution; but a nearer view reveals the existence of wise providential laws. Less water or a greater mass of land in the tropical zone, would have resulted in such different meteorological phenomena from that which now exists, that it is doubtful whether man could have lived; and certain that he could not have reached his present civilisation.

The relative degree of saltness and agitation is another illustration of Divine wisdom. The present degree of saltness is not alone sufficient to preserve purity; but the constant motion helps to secure that end. If the saltness were increased to render agitation impossible and unnecessary, the density would impede navigation; on the other hand, if there were no saltness, and the purity preserved alone by agitation, no vessel could live on the troubled waters. As it is, we have just sufficient of saltness and agitation, to

preserve purity and navigable use.

All the arrangements and provisions of the sea speak also of the goodness of God. The immense extent of the tropical ocean, where the greatest evaporation takes place, furnishes our temperate zone with the needful supply of rain, and by its cooling influence, lessens the heat that otherwise would be unbearable. Another great function of the Atlantic and the Pacific is to remove the heat from the Equator, and carry it to temperate and polar regions. The heat brought by the Gulf Stream into the North Atlantic is dispersed into the overlying air, and carried over large parts of

Europe. The sea has its inconveniences and dangers, and these seem difficult to reconcile with the Divine goodness; yet a full apprehension of its ends and uses must convince us that here, as on the land, "God is love."

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And now, let us turn for a moment from thoughts of God to thoughts of men. Whose sympathies go not out towards our seafaring population? There is no class of the community who are exposed to so many hardships and dangers,who sacrifice, in their pursuits and in the service of society, so much of ease and safety, as "those that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." The element on which they live is treacherous, and may in any moment transform itself into the agent of their destruction. "Every swell of the heaving storm shapes a grave,-a church-yard hillock on the surface of the sea; and could we still the waves and descend into the deep, there might we see loved forms for whom many a fond heart has yearned for years, with the hope which keeps alive despair." In

old time, the ocean in its fury broke in pieces the ships of Tarshish. Our English history tells us how it scattered and destroyed the great Armada. Every year it strews our coasts with wrecks, and swallows up thousands of precious human lives. We cannot forget the dangers of the deep/; and we must not forget the men who brave them. They have a claim on your sympathy.

Then think on the mariner tossed on the billow, Afar from the scenes of his childhood and youth. No mother to watch o'er his sleep-broken pillow, No father to counsel, no sister to soothe.

As we close this paper, we are carried forward in thought to future times—to the period when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea;" to the "sea of glass, mingled with fire," on which shall stand the victors of the beast, having the harps of God; to the day when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it; and to that yet more glorious day, when, in the new heaven and the new earth, there shall be "no more sea."

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC,

CHAPTER VI.
MRS, LACY IS MISTAKEN.



UTUMN passed away rapidly, and with but few breaks in the lives of the young people at Bracklesby. Winter came and with it the return home of Douglas for his holidays. The stay in the house of this "troublesomest of young gentlemen" did not certainly conduce to

Adela's peace; nor was she made happier by the coming and going of Christmas guests. Finding, however, and not a little to her satisfaction, that Mrs. Lacy did not make a point of her presence at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, she kept very much in her own part of the house. This prudent action on her part was most perplexing and annoying to one of the guests—Mr. Richard Crayford, to wit—who had arranged to spend his Christmas at Bracklesby with the express purpose of cultivating his acquaintanceship with Adela. So far from being

allowed to pursue his purpose, two whole days passed during which he scarcely so much as saw either Miss Maffeo or her pupil.

Ada, who never did anything by halves, was very faithful to her governess. When Adela questioned her wisdom in giving so little time to her mother and sister, she would answer lightly, "Mother does not miss me—she thinks of no one but Douglas now—and Emily is in her element with lots of people about her. You have no one, you dear darling, so I mean to stay with you."

These declarations of affection would be followed by very girlish caresses. For Adela, by her gentleness and consistency, her courage and firmness, had won her way to the heart of this wild creature. And this new love was so pleasant to her, so dear a reward for the efforts she had made to fill her responsible post worthily, that she cherished it as a thing precious and holy, and not to be lightly risked. It is probable that in those days, living as she did under the light of her young pupil's piercing eyes, and continually exercising herself in the noblest kinds of self-restraint—restraint of temper, of pride, of impatience—Adela grew, in the true sense of growing, quite as much as Ada.

It was a dull cold winter afternoon, and she sat in her school-room alone, Ada having gone out hunting with her father, when, with the lamp and tea-tray, a letter was brought in. It was addressed in an unknown hand, and so awakened Adela's curiosity, for she had no correspondents but Sally and Clare.

What were her astonishment and indignation to read the letter of Mr. Gaveston Smith's, given in a previous chapter. It should be mentioned that this gentleman had in the interval paid several flying visits to Bracklesby. As he had been quieter and simpler with Adela, she had been more cordial with him; but nothing had passed between them that could give any meaning to the allusions in the letter or any excuse for its being written.

Her brow clouded, and her dark eyes flashed as she read it. It was an insult. Either the man was out of his senses, or it was meant insultingly. Was then her dear lady right? Was it impossible for a woman gently born and bred, who worked for her live ihood, to preserve her ladyhood unblemished?

Without hesitation she sat down and wrote as follows:—

"Miss Maffeo is much surprised by the letter Mr. Gaveston Smith has addressed to her. She looks upon it as extremely offensive, seeing that there has not been any conversation between herself and Mr. Smith, which could justify him in adopting so intimate a tone. She neither understands nor desires to understand his enigma, and begs he will not address her again on the same subject.

She carried this letter to the post herself on the following morning.

A few days later she received another letter; had it been in the same hand as the former one she would have returned it, but the hand was disguised, and it bore the Exeter post-mark. It was from Mr. Smith, full of apology and explanation; he entreated for a personal interview, in the course of which he believed he could make everything clear to her. This letter she returned, with a short note:—

If Miss Maffeo is troubled any further by Mr. Smith's communications, she will be forced to appeal to Mr. Lacy for protection.

Ada was the lawyer's next resource, and to her he wrote, his letter arriving just after Christmas. Everything, he said, was going well. He held in his hand the secret of Signorina Maffeo's birth; such, at least, was his belief. The only difficulty now was that she persisted in refusing him her confidence. Would Miss Ada help him by representing to her friend that his motives were perfectly disinterested?

With this note in her pocket, Ada went to the school-room at about the dinner-hour. Adela, who by her own choice had been alone all day, sat looking sad and desolate by the embers of her dving fire.

She had rung the bell, she explained to Ada, who was justly indignant; but of course every one was busy. It was her own choice to sit apart from the family; she must take the consequences.

Ada's eyes flamed, she ran to the bell and rang it violently. This brought Eliza, the school-room attendant, and she too had flaming eyes, and words of insolence ready as she ran along the passage. She would very much like to know what that young woman in the school-room thought herself, that every one in the house should run at her bell. She was not going to stand such airs, not she; and she would soon let the governess know it.

But flaming eyes met flaming eyes, and impertinent words were checked by indignant rebuke.

"Why was Miss Maffeo's bell not answered?" asked Ada.

Eliza murmured an inarticulate something, and placed on the table the school-room dinner-tray, which she had brought to save herself another journey, never heeding the remark of the goodnatured cook, whom Ada had interested in her governess, that she might as well wait till a little something hot was ready.

"So this is the school-room dinner," said Ada, her anger growing; "a leg of a fowl and a piece of dry bread, and after what I said to cook this morning."

Adela protested.

"My dear child, this is quite sufficient. I know the house is full. I do not wish to give more trouble than necessary."

Eliza, meanwhile, who stood in some awe of the cook, was confessing that she was not to blame.

"I thought as how Miss Maffy were 'ungry, ringing the bell so, and I come along as quick as I could with what there was."

"Servants have no business to think," said Ada; then, catching Adela's reproving glance, "you ought not to think, I mean, after such an absurd fashion; and, for my own part, I don't believe you thought at all. Now, look here, Eliza, your business is to attend to the school-room; if you don't do your business properly, I will complain to Mrs. Simpson, and have you sent away. Go at once, Bring the dinner which cook is preparing, and which I arranged with her, and see that everything is properly served. I intend to dine with Miss Maffeo this evening."

A few months before Ada would not have spoken so temperately. As it was, her cheeks were flushed with the effort she had made to hold herself in cheek.

Her scolding had due effect. Before long a bright little fire was burning on the hearth, and a most dainty dinner waited for the two young ladies. When the first course was removed, Ada sent Eliza away, bidding her, with amusing sternness, take the lesson of the evening to heart,

Eliza looked humble and submissive, and Ada forgave her; but neither of the young girls noticed that, as she left the room, she cast a spiteful glance at the governess. That Miss Ada should scold her was an every-day occurrence that did not call even for resentment. To be scolded on account of the haughty young person, who was as much of a servant as herself, was too much for Eliza's pride.

Adela now reproved her young pupil gently for forsaking the dining-room on a festival evening.

"Mrs. Lacy," she said, "will be vexed, and with good reason."

"I thought you would say so," replied Ada, "and I asked leave. But come to the fire, darling, and let me sit down at your feet. I have been thinking of you so much all day long. And were you very cold and lonely before I came?"

There was so caressing a tenderness in the face and manner of this young girl—who, to the world in general, was savage, cold, and indifferent—that, coming as it did close upon her sad and deserted feelings, Adela was deeply impressed by it. Tears "Why, dear?"

"I should fall in love with you, and marry you, in spite of everybody; yes, and I would make you the loveliest life."

"You can do that as it is, darling; you are doing



"'Am I to understand that you have nothing more to say to me?'"-p. 72.

were in her eyes. To hide her feelings, she bent her head, and kissed her little pupil on the brow.

"Yes," she said, "I was cold and sad and lonely."

"You are not now?"

"No, darling. You have made me feel that it was foolish to be miserable—yes, and wrong! In giving me your love, God has given me a very good gift."

"I wish I were a man," said Ada, suddenly.

it. When I saw you try to restrain yourself just now, my heart was so full of thankfulness that I could have wept."

"But," said Ada, with a trifle of the old impatience in her manner, "you go on thinking of me. I am thinking of you. I can't be with you always, you know; and everybody says it is so hard for a woman — especially a lovely woman like you—to make her

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way in the world. Then I see how people treat you sometimes, and it makes my blood boil. Why don't you take Mr. Smith's advice, and let him find out who you are? It is a pure matter of business."

"It is not a pure matter of business, Ada."

"What! do you mean to say-"

"Ada, darling," interrupted the young governess, "you have been very good to me. I love you, and trust in you, and can talk to you as I could to no other person. But there are some subjects we must not discuss together: this is one. I ask you, as my friend and dear pupil, never to speak of it again, nor mention Mr. Smith's name before me. I should earnestly advise you also to have nothing to say to him yourself. He is not a good man, dear, and, I firmly believe, not to be trusted."

Ada cast a glance on her governess, in which curiosity was mingled with affection.

"He has been making love to you," she cried out, "wanting you to marry him."

Adela did not answer, and let Ada see she was offended by her persistence.

"Silence gives consent," went on Ada. "Say no if you can."

"I say nothing, because I feel that you are doing wrong to continue the subject when I have begged you to drop it."

This offended Ada for a few moments. Presently however, she recovered herself.

"He is acting like an idiot," she said; "but I will be even with him some of these days."

That was the last of the lawyer between Adela and her pupil; but Ada, being, as we have seen, a shrewd young lady, kept Mr. Smith's letter sacredly. She believed it might one day be of use.

In the month of May, just as the country was in its greatest beauty, the family took possession of their house in town.

Adela, of course, lived in close retirement with her pupil, who had not yet come out. But the two young people had many enjoyments. London itself, with its rushing multitudes, its grandeurs and its miseries, was to Adela like a great new thought. Then she was allowed to take her pupil to concerts and lectures, picture-galleries and art-exhibitions, and, stimulated by Adela's enthusiasm, Ada began to take a new interest in all these things.

Pictures and pottery, and new methods of mural decoration especially pleased her. Sometimes they started out with the express purpose of hunting up designs for embroideries, panels, or lace-work, and though Ada had not Adela's wonderful manipulative power, she soon showed that she had a fine and original taste for combinations of form, and a true eye for colour. They practised, as they called it, in the large barely-furnished schoolroom, that had the advantage of being light and very airy, grouping some of the wonderful old draperies bought by Ada, who had always plenty of money, with ancient vases or bronzes which were lying about the house,

"I do think," said Ada one day, when she had been specially successful in her combinations, "that I could make my fortune as an art-furnisher. What a pity I am rich!"

"It is not so easy to make one's fortune," said Adela, who was hastily sketching out Ada's groups,

Once or twice Mrs. Lacy looked in upon these occasions, and reproved Adela for wasting her own time and her pupil's; but the strong-willed Ada declared that they were studying art because she would not study anything else, and Mrs. Lacy went away sighing. She believed this to be perfectly true.

Adela would not interfere, because she saw how much benefit Ada's character was gaining from her strong interest in this new study.

Occasionally, after a large dinner-party, they were asked to the drawing-room, as Emily did not now care to sing except accompanied by Miss Maffeo, whose rare feeling for music and ready sympathy made her a singularly good accompanist. There was nothing particular to mark these evenings, except that Mr. Richard Crayford, who was a frequent guest, never failed to hover about her in an awkward sheepish fashion.

This was distasteful to Adela, chiefly because she saw that it displeased Mrs. Lacy and annoyed Emily. Her manner was always the same—courteous, and even kind, but perfectly indifferent. What she had seen of society did not charm her. A few of her girlish aspirations began to change. She had dreamt of one day loving and being loved, of all life becoming radiant with the loveliness of one heart-quickening emotion. Is there any true woman who has not had such dreams? But in this life there seemed no room for them. They looked unlovely, and vanished away. It was to work, she persuaded herself, and not to the happy folly of shared affections, that she was called. And work, prosecuted nobly and firmly, would bring satisfaction in its train

Those who met Adela in these days remarked that with all her beauty of face and charming dignity of manner she was as cold as ice. And this was the impression, doubtless, which she wished to convey.

There was one of her acquaintances who believed that this crust of cold reserve would soon melt away. He attributed it to her position. "She does not believe people are in earnest," he said to himself: there was generally something vague about Richard Crayford's thoughts. "That is natural, and proves she is a woman of sense. But when she finds people are in earnest.—"

Ah, yes—what then? As we may see, his dream had returned, and, in the neighbourhood of her who had inspired it, proved itself potent over his will.

Now, how was he to let her know that, to use his own phrase, "people were in earnest?" This was the grand question to be considered, and over it Richard spent many a weary hour. He had so few opportunities of seeing or speaking to her, and then he was so distressingly shy in her presence. Never,

in all his life, had he experienced such sensations before. At times they almost choked him. And if he could not even speak to her sensibly, how in the world would he be able to make love to her? For all that he knew himself in the position of a King Cophetua, this young man of property felt very much puzzled indeed.

The season advanced. Considering the way in which he hung about their house, the Lacys were justified, no doubt, in feeling a little surprised that he did not make his intentions clearer. At last, one day about noon, he called, and asked to see Mrs. Lacy. She was not a lady of a highly penetrative mind, and yet she saw at once that this was no ordinary visit. Generally dressed with care, his dress was now faultless; besides, he looked pale, and appeared to be nervous.

Mrs. Lacy was very kind in her manner. She invited him to stay to lunch—tried, to help him by making remarks of a general nature, and, meantime, took careful note of his appearance, for the benefit of some of their mutual friends who had doubted his intentions.

She even went so far as to compose a little description of him, as he looked during those trying moments; the pale face, the fixed eyes, the trembling lips and wandering speech all found a place in her graphic narrative, which was crowned by the observation that she had never seen a young fellow quite so far gone. But, then, it was scarcely to be wondered at; dear Emily was so universally admired.

In fact, she was on the point of helping him by mentioning that Emily had gone out shopping, but would be back in a short time, and certainly before lunch; when, all at once, he found the words for which he had been struggling. And this is what he said—

"You have been very kind to me, Mrs. Lacy, and so has Mr. Lacy, and so has every one in this house. That's why I come to you first about what I have to say."

to say."
"I was, of course, the proper person to come to," replied Mrs. Lacy, surprised at this commencement; but reflecting that, after all, it was not an unsuitable one,

"Yes, of course, as you say. One may look upon you in the light of her guardian."

She thought his mind was wandering, and put down this romantic circumstance as an embellishment to her narrative.

"And I wish to do everything correctly," he proceeded. "Of course, the case is a little peculiar."

"Oh, no; not at all," breathed Mrs. Lacy, who was becoming confused.

"Oh, thank you!" he seized her hand. "That shows you a true-hearted woman. It's not at all peculiar that a man should fall in love with a beautiful girl, just because she is pretty and good, without any thought of worldly advantages."

"But-" began Mrs. Lacy.

"Now that is right of you to interrupt me," cried the enamoured young gentleman, with effusion. "Her prettiness and goodness are her advantages—of course they are."

"You might say the same of a milkmaid," Mrs. Lacy objected, being now a little offended.

"I am afraid I am making a fool of myself," he sighed. "I knew I should, I felt it as I came along. But if you will just let me see her——"

"You shall see her presently with the greatest pleasure. Just now, I am sorry to say, she is out."

He looked at her in a peculiar way, as if he doubted her word. "Have they gone out since I came?" he asked.

"No; she went out some time before."

"Oh! then I think you must be mistaken. Do me the favour of sending up to see. The fact is—"here he turned as red as fire—"I looked up at the school-room window as I came along, and I caught a glimpse of her and Miss Ada."

"Of whom?

"Miss Maffeo, your governess. Of course you must understand by this time that I have come to ask her if she will be my wife. You have said so many nice things about her that I feel sure you are on my side. And—oh! I say—have I said something awfully stupid?"

This last sentence was given under his breath, and in consequence of Mrs. Lacy springing suddenly to her feet, crossing the room, and ringing the bell with violence.

"Tell Miss Maffeo," she said to the servant, "that she is wanted in the drawing-room,"

### CHAPTER VII.

### A REFUSAL.

It is easier to imagine than to depict poor Adela's feelings when she was confronted in the drawing-room by Mrs. Lacy, with a face full of suppressed wrath, and Mr. Richard Crayford, who looked now even more uncomfortable than before.

"Mr. Crayford wishes to speak to you," said the lady, in a high key, "on a matter of importance, I believe. You will, no doubt, wish," and she smiled satirically, "to be left alone together."

"I cannot imagine," Adela replied, with as much composure as she could assume, "that Mr. Crayford can possibly have anything to say to me that may not be said before you."

"Then you ask me to remain?"

"I entreat you to remain."

Richard Crayford turned from red to purple, and looked imploringly at Mrs. Lacy, who had resumed her seat. Adela remained standing, waiting for what he might wish to say to her. She looked as stately as a queen, proud and calm—with no smile on her lips, no sweet coming and going of colour in her face. The young man of wealth and position began to quake. Was he after all a King Cophetua? She, in any case, was no beggar-maiden.

"Oh! but this is not fair," he stammered presently, seeing that speech was expected of him. "Two to one, Mrs. Lacy."

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"You heard what Miss Maffeo said," replied the lady.

"But Miss Maffeo does not understand," he said.

"You see, I have had no opportunity of—of—that is, you know—of letting her see my intentions."

Adela turned her grave eyes full upon him. It was very disconcerting. "I think you had better say no more, Mr. Crayford," she said, quietly.

"But I must," he cried out. "Yes, there is no help for it, Miss Maffeo. I love you. From the first time I saw your face, I made up my mind that it was the only face in the world for me. Here, before Mrs. Lacy, your guardian, as she kindly called herself a few minutes ago, I offer you my hand. Pray don't say no in a hurry. You look so proud and stately that I scarcely like to mention it, and in fact it isn't worth much as an inducement, but still I may as well tell you-and Mrs. Lacy will bear me out-that I'm the richest man of my age in London. Fact, I assure you!" The consciousness of his wealth was slowly giving him back his selfconfidence. "I don't know where my property begins or where it ends. And everything I have will be yours, myself into the bargain, and though you can't be expected to think much of that last item, yet, take my word for it, you will. For I'll be such a husband as there never was. You shall be clothed in diamonds, if you like. Don't you care for diamonds?" he proceeded, impetuously, for he saw only surprise in her face, "Most women do, Mrs, Lacy, help me. What are Miss Maffeo's tastes? I'll satisfy them all-upon my soul, I will."

Adela tried to speak; he interrupted her.

"Think about it a little while," he pleaded.

"You ought not to refuse such an offer in a hurry." Her indignant expression checked him, and he paused.

Then, with perfect gravity and composure, and never once moving from the position she had assumed, Adela refused his offer. "I ought to thank you for having made it," she said; "and, considering our relative positions, I have no doubt that it shows generosity on your part. But I am one of those who consider that wealth is not everything. I shall never marry if I cannot love, deeply and sincerely."

She turned to Mrs. Lacy, who remained stonily silent.

"Have I your permission to return to the school-room?" she asked.

It is probable that at this moment Mrs. Lacy was more envious of her governess's dignified manner than she was of the brilliant offer she had just received. But it awed her not a little.

"Your time is your own, signorina," she answered.

"But am I to understand," cried the rejected suitor, "that you have nothing more to say to me?

Why, I should think there is not another woman in London who would have treated my offer so lightly. Is it because Mrs. Lacy is here?"

He sprang after her as he spoke, and tried to seize her hand,

"I am exercising no constraint on Miss Maffeo," said the lady of the house, in an offended tone of voice. "Pray tell him so at once, signorina, and put an end to this ridiculous scene."

Adela did as she was requested, and in a manner which ought to have made Richard Crayford see that her decision was irrevocable. And, in fact, he went away, convinced that the part of King Cophetua was too lofty for his powers. But a conversation with some intimate friends, ardent worshippers of his wealth, and mature reflection, at a distance from Adela's stately presence, caused him somewhat to change his point of view. He determined, however, that there was nothing to be done until he could see her alone, which feat he would not for the present even attempt to accomplish.

He would leave her to her governess life, and let what he had said, in the meanwhile, sink into her mind. It was more than probable that before long she would be sorry she had so hastily declined his offer; then, if his tastes should not change in the interval, would be his moment for speaking with

But we are not at the present moment bound to follow the fortunes of Mr. Richard Crayford. That which concerns us is that his offer, for all that she declined it with decision, had a distinct effect upon the fortunes of Adela Maffeo.

Mrs. Lacy was very much mortified. With Adela she could not be angry, seeing that she had attracted the rich young gentleman, who was expected to be charmed with her employer's daughter—and therein her face, and not she herself, was to blame—no one could possibly have behaved better. For all that, Mrs. Lacy began to object to the presence of her governess in the house. She had some vague idea, encouraged by Mrs. Merton and others of her acquaintances, that in keeping the fascinating stranger in her house, she was doing her Emily an injury. Besides, Miss Maffeo's face was a constant reminder of the humiliation she had undergone.

But then Ada had to be considered, and her own sense of justice, which, though not potent, was at least alive, to be reckoned with. It ended in a compromise being made with herself and Ada. Pleading Emily's health, which was, indeed, a little shaken, more by the fatigues of the season than her disappointment, and her own exhaustion, she persuaded Mr. Lacy to take them all abroad for a few months. Refusing Ada's urgent entreaties that Miss Maffeo should accompany them, she agreed to keep her, allowing her to remain at Bracklesby while they were travelling.

She could not disguise from herself the very palpable fact that Ada had been a different girl since first she fell under the influence of her latest teacher, and she hoped sincerely that, by the time their travels were over, she would have overcome the distaste which she now felt towards one who had become too useful a member of her household to be parted with permanently without regret,

### CHAPTER VIII.

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THE END OF A STORM.

It was a glorious evening in early autumn. The sky in the west, over which hung a black pall of cloud, fringed at its upper edge with silver, and "I am afraid there is going to be a storm," said Adela Maffeo to herself; for she had no companion, and she was becoming so familiar with this friendly silence of the woods, that she often made little remarks of the kind aloud; it was her way of



"Adela saw the stranger in front of her."-p. 75.

melting below into rose-colour, was fantastic and wild. Overhead it was perfectly calm and clear; but the lights and shadows were intense, the distant landscape was most vividly outlined, and there was in the air—which had been as still as if it were a midsummer noon—a low sobbing and sighing, that foretold an agitation of the elements,

responding to the friendliness which the wild flowers and forest trees were continually offering her.

She had now been a fortnight alone in Bracklesby. There was no one to whom she could address a syllable, except the school-room maid; and she, as we know, did not feel very friendly towards the young person who had procured her a scolding

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Even William Roberts, the communicative groom, was away; for the hunters were out at grass; his underlings were capable of looking after the pony and carriage-horses; and Mr. Lacy had seized this opportunity of sending him to visit the horse fairs in Ireland, and pick out some good young horses for training.

But Adela had not yet found the loneliness at all oppressive.

Every fine day she spent out of doors. At first she took nothing out with her, neither book nor sketching-board. She gave herself, with joy, to the congenial task of trying to learn this place, as she had tried to learn her pupils.

Bracklesby was situated in the very midst of the New Forest, and Adela soon found out that there was much to be learned there. In fact, during the first few days, her glad sense of freedom caused her to be almost too discursive. She walked immense distances, traversed grassy glades, stood enraptured in forest enclosures, where the interlacing boughs of majestic beeches made her feel as solemn as did the Gothic arches and narrowing aisles of a vast cathedral; she crossed wide stretches of common, with glimpses of dim blue hills in the distance, and looked on, with a feeling of sympathy, at the gambols of wild young forest ponies or at groups of cattle standing together, with their feet in the streams and their tails swaying backwards and forwards lazily.

Then, presently, when her first delighted sense of freedom had evaporated, she went about in a more leisurely manner, chose special haunts, and took her book, pencil, and paper, or embroidery out with her, with a biscuit in her pocket, to prevent the necessity

of returning to the house for lunch.

The evening we have described came after such a day, and the spot in which it found her was her favourite spot in the whole district. It was a small enclosed beech wood, some miles from Bracklesby. The trees were of immense size and immemorial antiquity. Their huge limbs, interlacing one another, made a perfect bewilderment of fantastic forms; overhead the light pale foliage, through which patches of blue sky were visible, was like an emerald heaven; beneath was an undergrowth of shining holly, with, here and there, patches of bracken and grass, or the red-brown carpet of fallen leaves. It was entered on one side by a deserted garden, park, and shrubbery, whose romantic associations-for, of course, it had its story-had excited Adela's imagination.

Hither then she came, after having two or three times surveyed the spot, with sketch-book and pencil, to put down, as well as she could, her impressions of the points which had most charmed her artistic fancy. And what a marvellously short day that had been! Adela had no watch, and generally trusted to the sun; but on this occasion she forgot the sun, and when, looking up from the deep reverie which had followed her work, she discovered that the rosy hues of sunset were playing

softly on the great white boles which rose on every side of her, she was a little startled. The beech wood was a ghostly weird-looking place in the uncertain light of evening, and Adela, though by no means a coward, had too much affinity with the mysterious side of nature not to be capable of feeling that awe at the aspect of nature's strangest scenes which often stirs spiritual natures to their depths.

She put her things together with some haste, and started to return home. Presently, however, she discovered that she had taken the wrong turning, and, instead of leaving the wood, was plunging into it more deeply. She stood perfectly still now, and looked round her. It must be confessed that her heart beat a little faster than usual. The pall of cloud which had hung over the west was spreading; where there was a break in the forest she could see its blue-black mass expanding slowly, till the upper sky was shrouded, and then a heavy darkness fell upon the forest.

Dimly the naked arms of the beeches, and their straight tall boles, white as the sheeted dead, could still be seen, but the foliage overhead and the shining undergrowth of holly and fern were alike blotted out.

It was very confusing. In the uncertain light, path looked like path, and there were no landmarks anywhere.

She determined to walk straight on. The wood was not extensive, as she knew. She would surely come presently to an outlet of some description.

The wind had now risen, and, as it whistled and shricked through the long avenues and among the great leafless branches, it produced a multitude of strange mysterious noises.

But these made Adela feel more at home in the wood.

She could imagine the wide sea about her, and the boles of the beeches were tall and stately masts, and for the interlacing boughs she saw crosstrees and shrouds and cordage, and the heavy darkness was the swelling sail above her. She had said to herself already that, if the sea had been anywhere near her, she would have felt less uneasy. From her babyhood, Adela's passion had been for largeness and space about her. It was the feeling of being shut in with the storm that had made it more horrible to her imagination than any storm she had ever encountered.

So she walked on now with fresh courage.

Rain had begun to fall, and with it the wind sank. There were a few rumblings of distant thunder, a flash or two of summer lightning, and the storm which had threatened so loudly seemed to be travelling away. The rain had not yet saturated the upper foliage of the beeches, and the brown-red carpet of fallen leaves was dry and soft under Adela's feet. Thus she walked without discomfort. Meanwhile the sound of the rushing shower, mingling with the wind as it died away, seemed to her like like organ-music played softly in a cathedral after dark. Moved by an invincible impulse, she presently linked her own voice

with it, and the Evening Hymn, sung in a low rich mezzo-soprano, was borne by the breeze along the narrowing avenue.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### A YOUNG ARTIST.

Now, as it happened, the solitude was not so great as Adela had imagined, when, to relieve her over-wrought feelings, she linked her voice with the sound of rushing waters and hurrying wind.

A gentleman, who lived nearer than she did to the famous wood, and who was, in fact, making it at the moment his playground and study in one—for he was an artist—and who had for some days past been hoping and watching for a storm, that he might be a spectator of its effects amongst the beeches, had rushed out towards sunset that evening, for he thought he saw indications of great elemental disturbances.

He knew every corner of the wood, and as well by night as by day, for he had visited it frequently, and of course he had thought, as Adela had done, that no one but himself would venture into its midst at such an hour and in weather so threatening.

For the last hour this gentleman had been wandering about, enjoying keenly the spectacle Nature had offered to him. Now, as he believed the tempest would not, after all, be great, he was on his way homeward.

He had poetic as well as artistic feelings; he lingered, therefore, on his way down the main avenue, to enjoy the deep solemnity of the scene; and on his mind, as on that of the young governess, who was in the same avenue, some yards behind him, the sound of falling rain, and winds sighing plaintively, produced an impression both strong and pleasurable. But when other and more defined sounds—true music—a voice or voices singing—and singing, as it seemed, far up in the tree-tops—came softly to his ear, the young man stopped, and a tremor — partly of exultation, and partly of awe—seized upon him.

This music was so exquisitely harmonious with the scene that it seemed to be almost a part of it. He could have imagined that he had been waiting for it, that he would have been disappointed, and felt that something was wanting to the full perfection of the scene had it not come at that precise moment.

This was his first impression as he stood, moving neither hand nor foot, scarcely so much as breathing, lest one note or syllable of that mysterious anthem should escape him.

From where Adela was walking, to his position close to one of the entrances into the enclosure, the ground sloped considerably, and this it was that produced upon his ear that strange impression of voices singing far up amongst the tree-branches.

But the young songstress came nearer; his music dropped from cloudland to earth; and, smiling at himself for the fanciful ideas which had held him during those few moments, destined to be fateful

in his life, he moved forward quickly, intending to make an effort to find out who the young lady was; but to do so as unobtrusively as possible, for fear of alarming her.

The sky was now clear overhead, and the wood had opened out. Adela saw the stranger in front of her, felt a little startled, ceased singing, and quickened her pace. As she passed him, he lifted his hat, in the most courteous way, but did not address her; in fact, he slackened his pace that she might pass him easily.

But Adela, who had felt constrained to bend her head in answer to his salutation, glanced at him for a moment, and felt at once that she had not the slightest cause for uneasiness. Her companion in the wood was a gentleman, of a much finer type than those she had been meeting lately in London; in fact, she had now a sense of being protected, and went forward much less doubtfully.

He pursued his way, taking care to keep a certain distance between them; but not losing sight of her, for, on the one hand, his curiosity and interest were strongly aroused, and, on the other, believing that this young lady had been benighted and lost her way, judging also—he had known the neighbourhood for some considerable time—that she was a stranger there, he thought it very possible that he might be able to assist her, did she happen to be at a loss.

The event proved that he was right. When Adela reached that entrance to the wood to which the avenue she had been following, led, she found herself on a wide and apparently pathless stretch of common. The evening was deepening. There was nothing to guide her, no wood, or plantations, or farm which she had seen before. The common might be small enough, as seen in the light of day; now, with the distance shrouded in darkness, it seemed quite limitless, and she was well aware that if she did not chance to take a right direction she might wander about over it all night vainly. She determined, therefore, to wait until her fellow-wanderer should come up with her, and to ask him the way.

Seeing her pause, he hurried on, and was at her side in a few moments. "You are in doubt about the way," he said, lifting his hat again, and speaking with extreme courteousness, even deference. "I have a long acquaintanceship with this neighbourhood. If you will tell me what point you wish to reach, I am sure I can help you."

"Thank you," she answered. "You are quite right. I am sorry to say that I forgot the time in the wood. Afterwards it was so dark that I lost my way, and now I have not the slightest idea where I am."

He mentioned the nearest village. "And that is the Alum Green road," he said, pointing across the common. You want to go—where?"

"To Bracklesby Manor."

He paused for a full half-minute, as if this piece of information had surprised him. Adela put down his apparent surprise to the fact that Bracklesby was so distant, and said she was a very good walker.

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"It is a five-mile walk at least," he said; "and I am sure you could not find the nearest way. I know every step of it; but as it is principally through woods and plantations, I might be at fault in the dark, and," looking round him, "it promises to be a very dark night. Fortunately, the rain is over."

"If you would put me in the right way, I might go by the road," said Adela, who began to feel a little

awkward.

"It would be difficult for you even to find the roads; and you must pass over a part of the forest," he answered. "No, I will tell you what we must do, if, that is to say, you can find it in your heart to trust yourself to a complete stranger. My present home, a little cottage, is three minutes' walk from here. I will run there, and fetch my lantern. Then, with your permission, I will escort you to the gates of Bracklesby Park."

"Oh, but I could not give you so much trouble!" cried the young girl, in great distress. "Five miles there, and five miles back. Why, it would be midnight before you could be at your home again. Perhaps I might get a conveyance of some kind in

the nearest village."

"You are tired? You dread the walk?"

"Ob, no! I walk all day long generally."

"Then if it is of me you are thinking, please do not be uneasy. I am an artist, and I spend the greater part of most nights either out of doors or at my easel."

Waiting for no further protest, he ran off, and ten minutes had not passed before he was by her side again with a lantern swinging in his hand.

Adela, who saw now that it was no use to make any more objections, thanked him cordially, if a little shyly, expressed her regret for her own stupidity, and said that she hoped she would soon know the forestcountry better.

Meanwhile, they set forth across the common. It would not have been natural that they should have walked in silence. Adela's song in the woods, her face, her manner, and her speech had awakened in the mind of her young attendant a very strong curiosity. But he refrained carefully from asking her a single question. That she should feel anything less than perfect confidence in him, under the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves, would have hurt and grieved him. In fact, he was almost more shy and constrained than Adela.

But he spoke about the country, telling her many things she had not known before about the woods and pastures, and the old-world customs of the peasantry. The grand old beech wood had a place in his memories, and Adela, now quite at her ease, told with what rapture she had discovered it, and how many hours she had spent within its bounds. This led to a few remarks on the storm of the evening, and the young artist had the opportunity for which he had been longing of telling Adela how deeply her song had moved him. He was careful not to speak with too great fervency, and that was a somewhat

difficult task; but he succeeded so far as to be, in his own judgment, at least, shockingly prosaic.

But Adela smiled, well pleased. She had feared he must have thought her ridiculous.

By this time they were within three miles of Bracklesby Park. She began to recognise the objects about her, and begged him to trouble himself no further. But he entreated so earnestly to be allowed to see her as far as the gates, that she was obliged to give in.

And now at last he ventured to express his surprise at meeting a visitor to Bracklesby, asking if it was not true that the family were away from home.

Adela did not hesitate to tell him what her position was, and how she happened to be at Bracklesby alone. From the way in which he took this information, she judged that he was well acquainted with her history, and she now supposed him to be a member of one of the families in the neighbourhood, whose freak it was to live in a cottage in the woods. But while she thus imagined, there existed, deep down in her heart, a hope that he might turn out to be a true artist, and one who had to work for his living.

Why she should have this desire she did not know, and, when she discovered that she had formed such a desire, she was quite ready to turn herself into ridicule. It was absurd of her to allow her mind to dwell upon the position and possible circumstances of a young gentleman, whose chief recommendation, so far as she was concerned, was that he had treated her with that chivalry which ought, by rights, to be practised by every gentleman.

Reason as she would, however, the fact remained. He was interesting: he stimulated her curiosity. Whenever, during the night which followed their singular encounter, she permitted her thoughts to follow their own devices, they wandered to him, dwelling on every detail of his face, recalling, with sense of keen pleasure, his deferential manner, his evident though carefully-veiled interest in herself, and his bright, intelligent conversation, speculating, also, unwarrantably, about who and what he was.

There is such a thing as mutual attraction; we ought not therefore to be astonished if, from the moment when he bade good-bye to the young governess at Backlesby, not venturing so much as to hint at his fervent hope that they might meet again, to that when, after long watching, he fell asleep in his little bedroom, with its sloping roof and tiny attic window, the thoughts of Adela's guide should have been as busy with her as her thoughts were with him.

Such, at least, was the case. His point of view was somewhat different from hers, since, as it happened, he knew her history. He had also some idea of her character, and more than a suspicion of the trying nature of her position; therefore, although he had met her but once, she already seemed to him like one he had known long. Then he had heard her singing voice, and it had moved him as no voice had ever

moved him before. This was the only circumstance about her which surprised him. Her artistic tastes, her gentleness, her perfect good breeding, her courage, were no mystery to him so soon as he had heard her name, but he had not been aware that the governess at Bracklesby could sing. He accounted to himself presently for his ignorance of this fact. Yes, it was natural. Her voice would never be heard at Bracklesby. He believed the family had found her too attractive as it was.

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It was evident that this unknown young artist knew something of the Lacys.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE ARTIST TURNS TEACHER.

Or course they met again. This was through no subtle design on the part of either. It was simply because circumstances would have it so.

Adela wished to finish her sketch in the beechwood. The young artist her guide, did not, naturally, cease to haunt his favourite grove because a beautiful and interesting woman had taken to sketching there.

And when they met-as they did a few days later, under the trees-she would have been wanting in the most ordinary courtesy if she had not taken the opportunity of thanking him once more for his kindness on the night of the storm, and of hoping that he had not been over-tired by the long night walk. It was proper also that he should make the like inquiries of her; and if, after these civilities had been interchanged, he did not at once take his leave of her; if, indeed, he took a seat on a stump not far from a prostrate trunk, on which she had placed herself, and entered into conversation of a general character, it is to be hoped that no one who has once been young (and it is generally supposed all the world was young once upon a time) will be very much shocked by the occurrence.

It must be confessed that Adela, at least, experienced no feelings of uneasiness or displeasure. This might have been partly due to the fact that he was perfectly frank about himself. He told her that he was an artist—a carver in wood—and that he had come into the New Forest to study quietly. Various circumstances had combined to make general society distastful to him.

"I have not the cutric into the highest society," he said. "By the highest, I mean that which includes men of note. The next grade—the vast middle class—is not to my liking. No doubt the fault is mine. I am neither one thing nor another—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl."

Adela wondered if he meant by this that he was a waif, like herself. If so, how strange the coincidence of resemblance between their fates!

"But," he continued, "whether they or I are to blame, so far as I am concerned, the result is the same. My circumstances have made a hermit of me," "It is a good thing that you have so absorbing a pursuit," said Adela, looking at him with interest.

She liked his face even more than she had done on the evening of their first meeting. It was an interesting face—refined, delicately featured, framed with dark curly hair, and animated by a pair of brown eyes, deep in colour, and exceedingly thoughtful in expression. The mouth was particularly beautiful. It was not a strong face—indeed, one might have read weakness in it, and delicacy certainly. Looking at it, one felt instinctively that this man resembled his mother, and that she had been unusually beautiful.

"Yes," he answered Adela's last remark. "It is a good thing. I am never lonely with my tools in my hands."

He then asked some questions about her pursuits. At her request, he looked at her sketch, and suggested alterations. Adela perceived that he was a master of the designer's art. He saw at once what combinations would be effective upon paper, and, out of the variety of objects around them, could choose those groups which would make the prettiest vignettes.

Adela, who believed she would not be able to stand the life of a governess long, was trying to fit herself for the work of designing patterns for embroideries, or screens, and illustrating books. She found the suggestions of her new friend most helpful to her. In fact, she soon forgot that he was a stranger, whose very name was unknown to her. With a child's eagerness, she poured out question after question. And he answered them so readily, and with a judgment so perfect, never once mistaking her meaning, or faltering for lack of knowledge, that to her admiration for his appearance and manner, admiration of his fine intellectual qualities, his simplicity, and amiability, was soon added. That day passed even more rapidly than the day which preceded the storm.

When Adela looked round at last at her timekeeper, the sun, and, discovering that it was near the west, asked her companion the hour, she was surprised, and a little ashamed of her own forgetfulness, to find that evening had already come, and that they must have been talking together for several hours,

"I ought really to ask your forgiveness," she said, rising from her seat. "I am afraid I have been tiring you by all my foolish questions. But you are an artist, and I am trying to be one, and what you have told me has helped me so much."

"Don't you know," he answered, smilingly, "that there is always a freemasonry between artists? You and I are comrades."

It was wonderful how strong and how happy those few words made her feel. They were something like the flash of lightning at midnight, which reveals the darkness. Till this moment Adela had scarcely known how lonely she had felt since her dear lady's death.

"Thank you," she said to her new friend, in a low voice.

"Shall we not shake hands upon that?" he asked,

presently. They had been walking on together through the wood, in that happy silence which is the product of perfect sympathy between two people, and they were nearing the entrance most conveniently situated for Adela's homeward journey.

She looked up into his face. He was smiling, and though he appeared to be a little embarrassed, there was a boyish frankness in his expression which, on so handsome a face, was peculiarly charming. Had he been her own brother, Adela could not have felt

more at her ease with him.

"Certainly," she answered, offering her hand, and giving smile for smile. She added in a voice somewhat lower, and a rosy colour mantling her face, "I ought to feel flattered that an artist like you should treat me as a comrade. For I am the merest beginner, and you know so much."

"I am afraid you will soon change your opinion," he replied, with a faint sigh: "if, that is to say, we come to know one another better. I have been acting like the spendthrift to-day, giving out all at once. I

have no reserves."

"You say that because you are modest; but in any case," smiling, "I have not nearly mastered all I have heard from you to-day."

They were now close to the little gate.

"Are you sure you know your way home?" he asked, lingering.

"Perfectly certain, thank you. That is the Alum Green Road, and over yonder is Emery Down."

Still he lingered.

"It is late," he said, "and the ways are lonely. I am not sure that I ought to allow you to go home unprotected. If only——"here his voice dropped. He had been on the point of saying, "If only I were less well known in the neighbourhood;" but since it was precisely the fact of his being known that he wished to keep from his companion's knowledge, he checked himself in time.

Expressed as it was, his solicitude had nothing offensive in it for Adela. She appreciated, ratherappreciated intensely-the delicacy of feeling which prevented him from persisting in attending her. To hide her true feeling, she laughed out merrily. "You cannot know what an independent life I have led," she said. "In my old home on the Devonshire coast, I used to be out in all weathers and at all hours, and this country is tame and populous in comparison with that." She added more seriously, for he still continued to look uneasy, "Let me beg you not to fear for me. If you do, I shall feel more sorry than ever for my stupidity in forgetting the time this afternoon." And thereupon, after a smiling farewell, she walked away from him at a rapid pace across the common.

### CHAPTER XI.

### AN ALARM,

ADELA and the artist met again and again. She found out that his name was Herbert Wingrove, that

he had no settled home, that he had a small independent income which enabled him to give his time to the study of art, but that, under certain circumstances, not at all unlikely to arise, he would be deprived of this income, and be compelled to depend upon his own handiwork for his livelihood. He was not at all afraid of this contingency; on the contrary, he appeared to look forward to it with a certain pride, in which Adela, to whom he communicated his feeling, was able to sympathise. He did not tell her what the circumstances were which would deprive him of his income; but she guessed that they had to do with his cherished pursuit. His friends, very probably, wished him to follow some other career.

The knowledge of this similarity between their positions made her far more at her case with him than she would otherwise have been, And whenthe feeling grew up so gradually that she could never have told the moment it first began-there dawned upon her heart the lovely suspicion that he cared for her as he cared for no other person in the world: when, now and then, his dark, appealing eyes-those true eyes, which she had trusted at once-rested upon her lingeringly; when she saw that they had a new expression in them-an expression in which tenderness, sympathy, and a reverence, which was almost fearful, strove together for the mastery-Adela, though she trembled and cast down her own eyes, to hide the fact that tears were making them dim, was neither frightened nor displeased. It was to her, what the song in the woods had been to him, a sweet completing of a beautiful season. Unconsciously, since her childhood she had been waiting for It had come, and how happy she was! how entirely blest!

It was a proof of Adela's perfect trust in her new friend that she was never disturbed by any of these tremors, those pauses of fearful incertitude which the woman who loves often experiences before her lover has distinctly declared himself,

From the moment when he let his deep eyes rest upon her lovingly, pressed her hand in parting, and asked her to meet him, for purposes of study, in the woods, she knew he loved her, and, since her confidence in him was entire, she wished to know no more. All the rest she was ready to leave.

Had he been disposed to trifle with her affections this simple child-like trust would have rebuked him. He was not. His nature was as noble and simple as hers. But he was naturally reserved. He had never had much to say to women, and he did not think he understood them. Then this beautiful lonely woman inspired in him feelings of tender reverence, as well as of affection and admiration. He felt he must speak, and that soon. It would not do that they should be seen together until he could tell the world that she was his affianced wife, and when, day after day, he arranged to meet her, it was always with the intention of telling her plainly what was in his heart. But, day after day, they separated, and his tale remained untold.

Shyness was not the only reason for this. Herbert Wingrove was well aware that to his tender tale a confession must be linked. He had not been perfeetly open, perfectly straightforward in what he had told Adela about his circumstances, and his fear was that, if she knew everything, she would be alarmed, and refuse to have anything further to say to him. That was a terror which made him cold; he could not endure it. Physically he was delicate; his circumstances and training had made him unusually sensitive for a man, and he had never in all his life experienced a feeling such as this. The thought that this woman, whose perfect confidence in him he had looked upon during these happy days as the crown of his manhood, should shrink from him as one who had taken advantage of her lonely position to deceive her, made his head dizzy and his heart faint. He had not courage to meet it.

And so, day after day, by accident or design, the artist and the governess met, and day after day they parted, as friends, dear friends, comrades, nothing more. An accident brought about what not all poor Her-

bert Wingrove's determination could accomplish.

One evening after they had been working together in the beech wood, Adela said—she blushed, and seemed less composed than usual as she spoke—

"You offered a few days ago to walk home with me. I do not want you to doquite that to-night. But if you will go with me as far as Emery Down, I shall be very much obliged. I have to see a poor woman there, and her son will go the rest of the way with me."

Herbert Wingrove's face flushed when she had spoken. Some one, then, had been annoying her. He only wished he could have a few words with that person. But seeing, or rather feeling, that Adela would prefer to be asked no questions, he replied quietly that he would certainly accompany her.

She thanked him in her heart for his delicacy of feeling, and they started together—he, sombre and silent, for he felt that this was the moment to entreat for the right to call himself her protector, while still the shadow of that necessary confession lay between them. If she should think it right to dismiss him she would be without a friend, at the very time when she most needed one.

But Adela, who had no suspicion of all this conflict of feelings, had resumed her former quiet trustful manner.

Little conversation passed between them till they reached the cottage where she intended to rest. There she bade good-night to him, thanking him cordially for his escort.

"I am quite safe here," she said, as he lingered, "and the rest of the way is not lonely."

Then she went in. Herbert Wingrove did not return to his cottage lodging, but went forward slowly on the road leading to Bracklesby. "I shall not go home," he said to himself, "till I see her safely inside the park gates."

He noticed that a girl, who was walking rapidly in

the same direction as his own, looked at him fixedly; but he did not notice that when she had gone on a few yards, she plunged into the plantation that bordered the road, retraced her steps, and, having emerged again from the road behind him, kept him in view.

A passenger walking in a contrary direction from his, favoured him with a stare, but the man was a stranger to him, and the road being so lonely, he was not at all surprised that he should be looked at. Nevertheless, he slackened his pace. There was something about this person which he did not exactly admire. If Adela Maffeo should by any unhappy chance have failed to find an escort in the village, this was the kind of person who might prove troublesome to her.

This thought made him turn his head. His suspicions were allayed by seeing that the gentleman in question—he was a small-eyed person—had entered into conversation with a young girl upon the road. Probably it was a case of rustic lovers meeting. Anyway, it appeared to be no business of his. He went on his way quietly, and when he turned again, he was not surprised to find that the man and girl were no longer in sight.

He was now, however, beginning to be a little uneasy about Adela. He had walked very slowly from the village. It was her habit, he knew, to walk with great rapidity, especially in the evening, and he had believed that long before this she would have passed him. He had not intended to join her. He would simply make sure that she was not alone, and fall behind, with a look and smile meant to indicate that he would keep near her till she should be safely at home. Her long delay made him fear that something untoward had happened. He looked at She was generally at home by seven; it was now nearly eight. Blaming himself for having left her, he retraced his steps rapidly. fears, self-reproach, and contrition gave him wings, and he flew rather than walked the three miles which now separated him from the last point where he had seen her. And still the road was deserted.

His pale face grew paler; his breath came and went pantingly; his trembling limbs threatened to give way under him. He knew too well his physical weakness, and for a moment he paused, drew a deep long breath, and looked out before him as if pleading for help from the green earth and the darkening sky. What would he not have given to have had one of those last days back again? Now he believed he would have courage to tell her everything, even to confess the deception of which he had been guilty. But it might be too late. The sick feeling at his heart as he rushed on-for his tender lungs could not bear this unusually rapid movement-and the shuddering sense of his own physical weakness, helped, no doubt, to give form and terror to the morbid thoughts which tortured him.

The streach of road over which he was passing was deeply bordered on either side with thick woods. In

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front of him was a steep hill. There was neither house nor cottage in sight. It was lonely; terribly lonely. The encircling woods would drown a woman's cries, however shrill and piercing: the hills would throw them back. A baffled and desperate man could commit murder here, and escape, red-handed, long before his crime could be discovered. Such things had happened again and again.

Fearfully he glanced into the woods as he ran by. His weakness was increasing; his heart beat tumultuously; he drew each breath with pain. The horrible fear of finding his darling, and being unable to defend or avenge her, smote upon him—an added pang. He felt as he had done long ago, when he was a little boy at school, and a big bully insulted him.

There was shame in his weakness. It took from him the glory of his manhood: it made him a child again, a weak helpless child; its breast heaving, its eyes smarting with hot tears of rage and mortification—hot tears, but impotent.

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"And you think yourself a match for her!" he grouned, apostrophising himself, scornfully; "for that noble queenly woman, with the courage of a lion and the susceptibility of a child. She would be better able to protect you than you her, poor miserable creature!"

And then suddenly he paused. He heard voices that seemed to come from over the hill. He recognised one of them for her voice.

(To be continued.)

# CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

THE PROOF OF CHRIST'S CLAIM.-St. John viii. 12.



AS the claim hithertoheld good? What to-day is the position of the Christian apologist? What to-day is the admitted place of Christ among the world's religious teachers?

For instance, can I, a preacher of the

religion of Jesus Christ, after the tests of more than fifty Christian generations, in the face of all that philosophy has taught, of all that comparative theology has concluded, of all that the practical

experience of men has proved; after hundreds of great thinkers have speculated and written, and in the midst of the highest intellectual and moral development that the world has known; can I stand in the pulpit, and, without any fear of being ridiculed, without any lurking consciousness of absurdity, without any thought of apology, without any risk of serious contradiction, repeat the challenge, and affirm that Jesus is still "the Light of the world," that His claim to be the world's greatest religious thinker and teacher, is as absolutely true to-day as it was nearly nineteen centuries ago? Nay, more, that it is more manifestly true now than it was then; instead of losing cre-It is not the dogma of dence He has gained it. an untried speculation, it is not the affirmation of an ignorant superstition. As the result of the keenest intellectual investigations, and of the largest and most varied religious experience, Jesus

Christ is still held to be what He affirmed He was-the teacher of men's greatest spiritual truths, the inspirer of men's noblest religious life. venture to think that this claim of the modern Christian preacher is far more wonderful than the original claim of Christ Himself. That this can be asserted concerning Him amid all the great religious teachings of the world; that by common assent He is the greatest religious genius that has ever appeared among men; that, so far from discrediting His daring claim, the cumulative thinking and diversified experience of men during the Christian centuries, have only given Him a loftier throne and a wider empire, is, I think, simply astounding.

At the present moment Jesus Christ, as our highest Teacher about God, as the Author of our greatest spiritual life, as the Comforter of human sorrows, and as the Prophet of the life hereafter, stands without a rival. No other religious teacher even competes with Him, the very rejectors of supernatural Christianity themselves being judges. However they may reject the historic truth of Christianity, they do not dispute the transcendent character of its ideas. They admit that if only it were true, Christianity would be the most glorious of truths.

Be He prophet or be He called fanatic, the divine Son of God or accounted a mere human visionary, the empire of spiritual ideas is indisputably His.

As a matter of simple statistics, more men rejoice in His light at the present moment, and more men of regal intellect, and lofty moral character, than at any previous period. Never were His disciples so many or so great; never did He so absolutely rule and guide, and fructify the hearts of men; never was social life so permeated by Christian sentiment; never were the

disciples of Christ so fervent and so consecrated; Christian agencies so multiplied, Christian service so devoted. Never did Christianity so permeate literature, so inspire laws, so rule social life; never was Christian liberality so munificent, Christian aggression so extensive. I do not know a single relevant test that could be applied that would not demonstrate Christ's presence in the world to be more than ever it has been—that He enlightens it, purifies it, and vivifies it as He never did before.

Why, then, is it that able and high-toned men resist these claims of Jesus Christ? Why is it that objections to Christianity find such frequent and almost bitter expression? Why is it that so many disciples of philosophy and science array themselves against it? Sometimes it is broadly hinted that the time has come when Jesus Christ should be superseded as a religious teacher, when some other light should take His place in the moral firmament. Granted that He has transcendently shone in past and darker ages, does it follow that His supremacy is to be perpetual? May not the progress of philosophy, the extending domain of science, fairly now dispute His spiritual throne? However lofty His teachings, are they not associated with superstitions of the miraculous and the supernatural, which the science and the reason of men have outgrown? Even if there be no single light of equal magnitude, are there not constellations, or clusters of stars which outshine Him? Was not Plato a sun also in the philosophical firmament, lighting the world to its present intelligence? and yet the philosophic world has outgrown Plato, largely through the teachings of Plato. Can any teacher do men so great a service as to make them independent of himself? May not Christ, in like manner, have enabled men to climb higher than Himself-to see more than He saw-the light of the past world, rather than of the present?

Is not the demur somewhat ungenerous? It is not easy to understand the feeling that prompts it. Men do not so jealously stint their worship of other great geniuses. Plato among philosophers; Galileo and Newton among men of science; Homer and Shakespeare among poets, hold an undisputed throne; unstinted worship is brought to them. Has any religious genius equalled Jesus of Nazareth? Has any religious teacher contributed so much to the world's religious idea? Why, then, while plucking the flower and eating the fruit, should men so invidiously disparage the stem and disown the root? Is it not both mean and dishonest for men to overturn the august temple of Christianity, and build temples of their own out of its marble—to appropriate ideas, without which their own speculations would have been impossible, and then disparage them? What is this but to "seethe a kid in its mother's milk?" Is it either philosophical or manly? When we see such assiduous and oblique disparagement of the world's greatest spiritual Teacher, we are compelled to suspect some secret animus. Can it be that after all there is truth in the suggested explanation of Scripture, that there is something in the lofty piety that Jesus Christ demands, something in His uncompromising holiness, which causes repugnance in unspiritual hearts; that it is the "carnal mind that shows its enmity against God"—that it is "in his heart" that "the fool says there is no God." Surely this peerless perfection of the Christ, and of the ideal life to which He would lift us, should fire the imagination, and inspire the enthusiasm of all noble natures.

Hardly, I think, will the claims of Jesus Christ be set aside in this way so long as His ideas are greatest in the thought of the world. So long as the life to which He calls us is the noblest life of a man, so long will He constrain recognition and homage. What other teacher discredits His great revelations? What other redeemer can deliver from sin? What other spiritual force can so inspire men? What other unveiling of the life of the future is so rational and glorious? We can all see how the Christ transcended Moses and Plato. Where is the teacher that has so transcended the Christ? They fight a losing battle who, in order to deny the Christ, have to oppose themselves to all that is greatest in human idea; to all that is truest and deepest in human nature; to all that is loftiest in human hope.

I have had, so far, to speak thus generally about the peculiarities of the claim of Christ to be the Light of the World. I shall next, in further justification of it, speak of some of the great things that He has taught us—the things that enable our Christian life.

Meanwhile, from what has already been said, let us deduce two lessons.

- 1. How direct and fearless is the appeal of Christianity to the highest reason of men. It is not to the superstitious feelings, to the enthusiastic fervours of a man, that Christ appeals as "the Light of the World;" it is to his rational understanding. He reveals truth, and demands of us that we judge it. The intellectual habit of mind that Christianity demands is really the same as that which philosophy demands. Hence the devoutest Christian believers have been found among the greatest philosophers.
- 2. What peculiar moral power there is in this appeal of Christ to be our greatest religious teacher! Is not His teaching itself sufficient proof? Must not He be the Christ—the truest prophet of God—who speaks to us the greatest spiritual things we know? Is there any proof so conclusive as moral proof? If He who gives the greatest light be not the Sun of Righteous-

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ness, to whom shall we give the supremacy? Granted that some men are not enlightened; it is not dark because men shut their eyes. other illuminations, spiritual vision demands the eye as well as the light. Nor does the sun shine the less because of intercepting clouds. Clouds are generated from beneath, not from above. Men are ignorant, full of blinding passion, but these are disqualifications of their own hearts. There are men who will "rebel against the light;" even call the light darkness; tell you that the high spiritual teachings of Christ only trouble, and bewilder, and disorder the soul; "love darkness rather than light." What various receptions the teachings of Christ have had, and have every day! What fluctuations there have been in the progress of truth, according to the

moral feeling of the men to whom it has come. Christ must arouse antagonism in unspiritual souls-"a sign that shall everywhere be spoken against." His power to arouse the antagonism of the unspiritual is part of His regal force. But through all vicissitudes the Sun of Righteousness calmly shines on, dispersing darkness, breaking through clouds and fogs, searching out evil, and quickening good. Shadows pass over us, but shadows are not of Him; and when they have passed, the true light shines, and gracious souls feel that He satisfies all their need, their yearnings, and their imaginations, their heart and their hope, "all their salvation and all their desire." To them, therefore, He is the Christ. "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

# MRS. MEREDITH'S PRISON MISSION.

BY ANNE BEALE.



MERE-DITH was the first who had the courage to make trial of the village and maternal system for bringing up children rescued from the depths of crime, neglect, or destitution. "The Princess Mary Village Homes" are the

result of her

well-conceived and thoughtfully developed plan. This pretty and picturesque village is situated at Addlestone, in the midst of the delightful parkland and woodland of the charming county of Surrey. It consists of nineteen rustic cottages, more or less resembling one another, built round a large green. Most, if not all of these cottages are embowered in trees, half covered with flowering creepers, and surrounded by gardens enclosed by low railings. Their inmates consist of a mother and her nine adopted children, or, vice versa, of nine children and their adopted mother. But who are these children? and of what class have been the three or four hundred little ones brought up here since the year 1871, when the Village Homes were opened by their philanthropic foundress, under the gracious auspices of the Princess Mary, to whom they owe their name? They are the offspring of criminals, and are snatched from the arms of parents about to be incarcerated, and so are saved

from a life of infamy and destruction. But to see them at lessons in their central school-house, at play on their village green, at meals in their peaceful homes, or at prayers around their homely mothers, you would never guess at this. Their average abilities are as good, their lungs as vigorous, their appetities as healthy, and their aspirations as pious as other young people's of their age and position.

But it has not always been so. It has been no sinecure to uproot the poisonous weeds of implanted, nay, inherited crime, from these young breasts, and sow in their place the seeds that should blossom into flowers of faith and love; yet is there more of success than failure in this spiritual gardening. The result was touchingly proved during the prevalence of diphtheria in the village, when fifty children were laid low The patience of the with this fell malady. stricken, and the earnest prayers of the unstricken, were truly remarkable, and were heard and answered by Him who wills not that any should perish, for no deaths occurred amongst those numerous and isolated cases. Even the babies, so called, were heard to lisp their prayers for the recovery of the sick, and the elder children united voluntarily and frequently in asking God graciously to spare their companions.

Very delightful is a visit to the baby-house, and truly hospitable are its tiny inmates. They crowd about you, and make you at home at once, and when you compare the newly-received infant with the child of six, who has been reared in the cottage, your amazement and thankfulnesss are great. The former is a puny wizened wailing atom, hitherto nurtured on gin or soothing syrup; the latter is a bright laughing specimen of childhood, ready to sing to you, or play

with you, or make herself generally agreeable. And when we reflect that the parents of the said infants are, for the most part, inmates of various prisons all over the country, and even of the St. Lazare female prison in Paris, we thank God that a Mrs. Meredith has arisen to care for the female prisoners and their offspring. She, when herself almost an infant, went through a prison in company with her pioneer Mrs. Fry.

Let any one desirous of a pleasant "outing" visit the Village Homes, and glance into every They will be sure to find order and cleanliness; and the industrial element predomi-The bigger girls are brought up for servants, and they find their education in waiting on the inmates of the Nursing Institution connected with the village, where invalids are received, and much care and prayer devoted to their recovery. Indeed, what is there not at Addlestone? What there is not, alas! is the power of controlling the wretched parents of these rescued children, who, when released from temporary imprisonment, or even from years of penal servitude, will sometimes appear at Addlestone, and demand their offspring. Drunken and tattered women, often Irish, will come for them, and occasionally insist on taking them away. scenes would often be ludicrous were they not

"My child, indeed, in unbleached calico and a twopenny-halfpenny serge petticoat!" exclaimed one, turning up the girl's garments. "I'll not let her be treated so! Come along directly."

But the terrified child clung to her benefactress, and it was with difficulty and much quiet persuasion that she was allowed to remain.

Emigration has lately come to the aid of those who manage this great undertaking, and following in the wake of Miss Macpherson, they have already sent a batch of eleven children to Canada, under the guidance of one of the good ladies, and hope, ere long, to despatch others. Those who are sent are either orphans, or children of parents so sunk in crime that they ignore their offspring, or are glad to be rid of them.

The consent of one of the latter class being asked, she came to see her daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was herself anxious to emigrate.

"Oh, to be sure you may have her!" said the mother, while the girl stood near immovable. "Look at her. What a hideous child! Mouth from ear to ear. Ugly as she can be. Why, she was beautiful when I brought her here. I don't want her."

"I am sure she is not bad-looking, and very well grown," said a spectator, feeling for the poor daughter.

But it had no effect. The criminal had lost all maternal feeling in her course of sin, and filial there could be none.

When asked if she would not be sorry to leave

her mother, the girl answered, "No, but I shall be sorry to leave you ladies."

Yet all criminal mothers are not so heartless. Two of these young emigrants were taken to theirs, who was undergoing a term of penal servitude. The parting was truly pathetic.

A house is secured at Kingston, Canada, for the reception of these children, and it is believed the scheme will be beneficial. Already, two girls, who previously emigrated from the homes, have married respectably, and the ladies receive grateful letters from them. It is satisfactory to know that of the numerous young people sent forth and placed in situations only one has followed her parent's course.

To understand what that course is, we must leave the pretty village, and station ourselves at early morn outside the great prison at Westminster. This serves as a sample of many. Hence issue, day by day, such prisoners as have completed their various terms of incarceration, and here stands a Christian woman to invite her fallen sisters to a small mission house opposite the prison. Some accept the invitation, others reject it. But an average of twenty forlorn guests sit down to a breakfast of hot coffee and rolls. A strange and pitiful assemblage, who need to be shown the way of escape from criminal courses. This is pointed out to them in a few strong words of exhortation after a portion of Holy Scripture has been read; and subsequent prayer enables them to appeal for help to the Most High. Afterwards, work is offered to all, and many declare themselves willing to take it. These are drafted off at once to the great steam laundries at Nine Elms, where is the seat and centre of this prison mission.

Sometimes the women who enter the missionroom on leaving the prison have a sincere desire to reform; but frequently the well-remembered faces of those who fall again and again, reappear, having been recommitted for short periods, for petty larceny, drunkenness, and the like.

"I have seen you before," or "I know you well," greets them, and penitent excuses and promises succeed. But to many the prospect of a refuge, work, and the possibility of retrieving character is truly "manna in the wilderness," and of such the large staff of criminal workers at Nine Elms Mission, Wandsworth Road, is composed.

Let us, then, leave the prison gate, and see what Christian love has prepared to aid them. We will start from the shed in the open air, where the women are sorting out the linen preparatory to its ablution. Here are, indeed, heaps of clothes, good, bad, and indifferent, sent from hospitals or elsewhere. All doubtful articles are passed through tanks containing disinfectants, and stirred with long poles by the women, the flow of water being continuous. In the large laundries, where the steam machines aid the human, the women are

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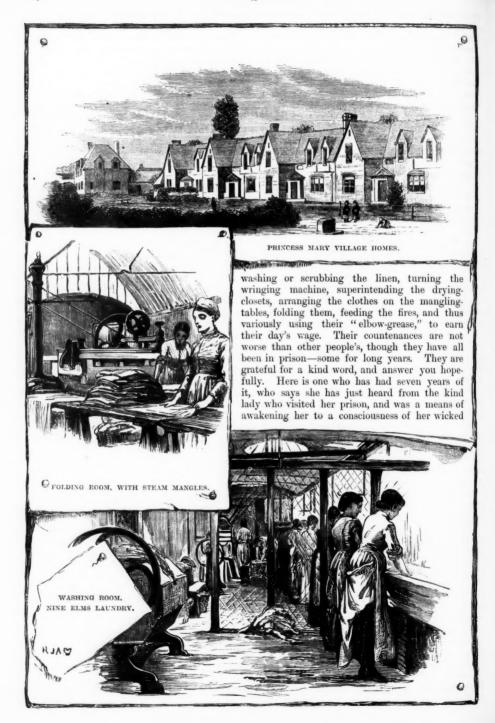
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life. She prays never to return to it. Here is another, who has worked in the laundries ever since she left her prison over ten years ago, and was sentenced for passing counterfeit coin. Near her is a less hopeful case. A young girl, with bright innocent eyes, and wavy chestnut hair, who yet has been five times shut up. May God help her, and bless the means used to reform her. That these means have been blessed hundreds of cases prove. Perhaps the two most remarkable are those of women who sought work in the laundries after condennation for child-murder. They had been

sentenced to death, then their sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, finally their good conduct restored them to liberty, after fifteen years' imprisonment. They are now in respectable service. But for this place of refuge, what must have become of them?

From the great washhouses we proceed to the workroom. Here about a dozen women are engaged in needlework. Several are shop-girls, others shop-lifters. All are of a superior class, apparently, to those we have seen below. It seems impossible that they can have been but lately released from jail. Yet has each a story sadder and stranger than fiction. Here is one who arrived shortsleeved and long-gloved.

and adorned with many silver ornaments, who, having squandered a little fortune in too attractive London, forged small bills to be enabled to squander more. Another, with an immense crop of fuzzy red hair, who has been driven almost mad from headache. The hair was dyed, and the dye was poison. Daily washing is restoring the natural colour, and relieving the excruciating pain. Her previous story is too sad to relate. Drink, the national evil, has ruined others of these poor souls, one of whom stole a shilling to treat the very man who, she declares, delivered her up to justice.

It is difficult to classify and deal with the younger women, who are anxious to reform. Some of them are occasionally ladies, and numbers have been respectably connected. There are, on an average, about forty women at work every day, either in the laundries or work-room. They all have their meals on the premises, dining

together, and uniting in regular religious services, conducted by some lady helper. But they sleep out in different lodgings procured for them by the ladies of the Association, who are answerable for them; for it is found to be impossible to band them together in one abode. Crime begets crime; therefore, never more than two occupy the same lodging, and the whole are located in some fourteen or fifteen houses well known to the mission.

One of the lady associates supervises the outside arrangements. She herself lives in the

Mission House, and visits at night the various lodging-houses, to be assured that the whilom criminals are in their quarters. The whole of this great work is managed by an association of about ten ladies, in whose names the properties at Addlestone and Nine Elms have been purchased. They have also a large body of outside lady associates, who not only visit the unreclaimed. but write to those who. having redeemed their characters at Nine Elms. have obtained situations, married, or returned to their friends. A Bible woman is also constantly engaged in this work.

An appeal is now being made for funds, not only to enlarge the laundries, but to build

visits lodging assure criming quart of the mana ciation ladies the dlester have They body associated visit but whaving charal have tions, turne A Bi constathis was a second to the constant of the constant o

MRS. MEREDITH.

some sort of refuge for the young girls mentioned above. There would be a better prospect of reforming those who have only just begun a criminal career, could they be classified and isolated from such as are old in crime.

The large Mission Hall, so long in progress, is now completed, and services are continually held in it, at which may be seen many a face recognisable as having been previously well known in the laundries. Men and women come hither for the word of life, who would not go elsewhere; and hearts are touched and consciences awakened, that give good hope of newness of life, and encourage the too-often discouraged workers to take heart and labour on.

In the entrance hall is displayed the finished needle-work, manufactured in the room we have so lately left. It is for sale, and every Saturday evening, the general public are invited to

purchase ready-made garments at a cheap rate. Here are under-linen, children's clothes, and patchwork quilts, all neatly made, and orders will be "punctually executed." We omitted to state that in each branch of this varied scheme, a

superintendent presides.

Since Mrs. Meredith began this Christlike work, what seemed at first insuperable obstacles have given way before her. Ladies are now permitted to visit the prisons, letters of Christian sympathy and advice are written to the prisoners, and delivered to them, and missions similar to this have been formed elsewhere. And thus good work grows like a huge snowball.

To encourage this growth, at 3, Otway Terrace, Wandsworth Road, only a street or so from Nine Elms, Mrs. Meredith's sister, Miss Lloyd and her associated friends, have established an institution for training women for mission work. One of the young students in this branch of Christian education shows us the way thither, and declares herself willing to undertake "any work for the Master." About a dozen are already studying how best to effect this, and a cheerful atmosphere environs the twin houses in which they dwell, and the small suburban garden, where tables and chairs stand amid surrounding trees. They work for the clergy as district visitors, and learn experimentally all classes of mission work under their philanthropic head; who has also the privilege of having founded the Christian Women's Union. With this latter branch is also intimately connected the Christian Women's Education Union, originated by Miss Cavendish for the purpose of infusing Christian teaching with what we are pleased to call "the higher education of women," in our colleges and schools,

Who but will acknowledge that these associated ladies are doing a noble work? From Addlestone to prison gate, from prison gate to laundry. The words are soon written; but oh, what a world of sorrow, crime, hardness of heart-repentance -is comprehended in them! Let us help, for Christ's dear sake, while it is yet called to-day.

### THE SEPULCHRES OF ETRURIA AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH,

THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.



ONG before the foundation of Rome on the Seven Hills, an intelligent and pushing people had occupied central Italy. They had founded colonies extending from Venetia on the Lagunes on the north, to the Islands of Elba and Corsica on the south, They had built some of the noblest cities in Italy; amongst these, Veii was pre-eminent, and no one can have studied the white marble columns

in the great square of the column of Antoninus at Rome, which now front the modern Post-office,\* without feeling how much the Romans of old were indebted to their Etruscan predecessors. But it appears that they were deficient in military qualities, so that in process of time, they succumbed to their great rivals and gradually disappeared from the face of the earth. But in one respect they held their own. Their tombs still com-

mand the homage of the antiquary, the architect, the painter, and the sculptor. The point in which they demand our interest and sympathy is that their habit was to bury their dead out of their sight, and not to burn their remains. In this respect, they were like the Hebrews and the Egyptians, and it may be fairly presumed that they added their share of examples to the practice of interring the remains of those that were near and dear to them.

The question has sometimes been asked, How are we to account for the presence of so many exquisitely graceful specimens of terra-cotta vases found in the Etruscan tombs? Were not these cinerary urns, that in the latter period of Etruscan history were used to contain the ashes of people whose bodies had been burnt? It has been well said that man is the most destructive enemy of the works of man, a fact which is proved with peculiar emphasis in the wanton destruction of the finest Etruscan works of art, by their Greek and Roman successors. We should probably have many more specimens of different varieties of Etruscan vases if the country had been more carefully and systematically examined; it would then be seen that these vases, at least as far as the more ancient tombs are concerned, had nothing whatever to do with the burning of the remains of the dead; they were rather employed as jewel-cases, as repositories for the preservation of rich gums, ointments, and perfumes. Of the latter, the Etruscans, like all highly civilised ancient nations, were passionately fond, and inasmuch as it was customary to place in the tombs of departed friends and neighbours the furniture, the ornaments, and other utensils to which they were most attached in life, we are not surprised to find vases that had no connection whatever with the practice of cremation. The Romans learnt their habit of burning the remains of the dead from the Greeks, who derived the custom from the East through the Trojans. We know that to this day the Buddhists burn the bodies of the

<sup>\*</sup> In 1875. The Post-office is now situated in the Piazza San Sylvestro.

dead. This they have done for many ages. In the Island of Ceylon are a number of tombs called Dagobas; within these have been interred the ashes of the priests and priestesses of the god, who had received the There are two classes of honour of cremation. Dagobas found in the Island. These probably are historically connected with the Etruscan remains in Central Italy, but how we do not know. One class is exclusively occupied with the ashes of the bodies burnt; the other consists of receptacles in which were placed objects of interest or beauty belonging to the people who had excavated and built up the Dagobas ; some of these were of precious metals, which accounts for their having been plundered. It may be here proper to state that Buddhist kings and others of great political and family influence were not honoured with cremation. Kings were generally buried in stone coffins, the figure of the person to be buried being grooved out in the solid block of stone and the cover being a cover of stone cemented over the upper portion. The outsides of each coffin were richly carved. Some of these are still to be seen in the remoter parts of Ceylon, one more especially pointed out as the coffin of King Dutergammana, who reigned about two hundred years before the Christian era. These facts prove to us that the practice of burning the remains of the dead was known to the older Etruscans, and we may add, the primitive Buddhists, but was only used in each case for a limited class of persons -namely, in that of the Etruscans to servants or dependents, as we see in the account of the urn containing ashes, found in the tomb in the necropolis of Veii, and in that of the Buddhists to the bodies of the priests and priest-

Probably much of the difficulty in reconciling these different traditions would disappear if we could look down into that rocky old sepulchre, the tomb of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, at Hebron. They were buried and not burnt. In that age to bury was more honourable than to burn.

As a further illustration of the whole subject, we venture to quote Mr. Dennis' account of a tomb situated in the Cemetery at Veii. It was discovered some forty years ago by the late Marchese Campana, and in compliment to him was named La Grotta Campana. This tomb is approached by a long passage cut through the rock towards the centre of a hill, the entrance being guarded by stone figures of crouching lions. It is decorated with strange and curious wall paintings, some of panthers, supposed to be figurative guardians of the dead; and some of boys on horseback to represent the passage of the soul into another state of existence. On either side of this tomb, and projecting from the walls, is a bench of rock about two feet and a half high, on each of which, when the tomb was open, lay a skeleton; but exposure to the air caused them very soon to crumble to dust. One of these had been a warrior, as was proved by the remains of his breastplate and helmet, the latter of bronze indented on one side by what had been evidently a hard blow, and the one which probably caused the bearer his death. The

skeleton on the other bench was probably that of the wife of this warrior, as no weapons or armour were found on the couch. But these were not the sole occupants of the tomb. The large jars on the floor were found to contain human ashes, probably of the dependents of the family; if so, they would indicate that, among the Etruscans of that age, to bury was more honourable than to burn-or at least they prove that both modes of sepulture were practised at a very early period. There are four of these jars, about three feet high, of dark brown earthenware, and ornamented with patterns in relief or colours; also several smaller jars of quaint squat form, with archaic figures painted in the earliest style of Greek art, representing in one instance a dance of Bacchanals. A bronze præferculum or ewer and a light candelabrum of very simple form, stand on the bench, by the warrior's helmet. Several bronze specula, or mirrors, and small figures of men or gods in terra-cotta, and of animals in amber, were also found in the tomb. There is an inner and smaller chamber, similarly furnished and containing three square cinerary urns. At the entrance to both is another small tomb, apparently of more recent formation. This Mr. Dennis describes as "the porter's lodge to this mansion of the dead-and not metaphorically so-for Etruscan tombs being generally imitations of houses, the analogy may be concluded to hold throughout; and these small chambers, of which there are often two, one on each side of the ostium or doorway, answer to the cellulæ janitoris, as do the lions to the protecting dog of Roman houses," Nothing remains in this little chamber but sundry small articles of pottery-perfume vases, drinking-cups and the like; nor is there-an unusual case with the Etruscan tombs-any inscription on outer or inner walls, on sarcophagus or urn, to tell us to whom it belonged.

There are plenty of reasons which may help us to account for the burying of the dead instead of burning their remains, besides the prestige that attaches to antiquity.

A few months ago, a Buddhist priest and priestess expired in Ceylon. It was determined to burn their remains, but the stench of the cremation was insupportable. The sky was overhung with a dense canopy of clouds. These clouds were charged with fatty moisture, the odour of which was enough to breed a pestilence. Horses, carriages, human beings, trees, and whatever came into contact with the bituminous mass of vapour, seemed to be contaminated. It is believed that the number of enlightened natives is now so considerable that the government will have no difficulty in forbidding similar ceremonies, except upon remote spots of the sea-shore, where the breezes of the ocean will speedily dissipate all obnoxious effluyia.

On the road from Rome to Civita Vecchia, the traveller passes a small town called Palo. From the railway station he will see a village called Cervetri, meaning the old Cære or Agylla, Cervetri representing the ancient city of Cære, one of the most illustrious of

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the Etruscan twelve. Our English word ceremony signifies simply the religious office or munus of Cære. The neighbourhood is quite crenated with sepulchres. Of these, that belonging to the family of Tarquin is the most conspicuous; the question is, whether this old family is the same with that of the Tarquins of Rome. In all probability it is.

In the earlier editions of Maundrell's account of his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, there are some pictures representing the cave and rock-hewn tombs of the old kings of Judah in the neighbourhood of the Holy City. These are exactly of the same shape and type as the Etruscan sepulchres in Central Italy, and serve to illustrate in a remarkable way the similarity of the two modes of disposing of the remains of the departed. Both practices throw great light upon the wonderful language of Isaiah in alluding to the tombs of the Babylonian kings-"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations." On this subject says Bishop Lowth-"The scene is here changed, and a new set of persons is introduced: the regions of the dead are laid open, and Hades is represented as rousing up the shades of the departed monarchs; they rise from their thrones to meet the king of Babylon at his coming, and insult him on his being reduced to the same estate of impotence and dissolution with themselves. This is one of the boldest figures that ever was attempted in poetry, and is executed with astonishing brevity and perspicuity, and with that peculiar force, which in a great subject naturally results from both. The image of the state of the dead is taken from the Eastern custom of burying, those at least of higherrank, in large sepulchral vaults hewn in the rock. Travellers tell us of similar monuments in Persia, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus as sepulchres of the kings of Persia. We must form to ourselves an idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which there are cells to receive the dead bodies; here the deceased monarchs lie, in a distinguished sort of state, each on his couch with his arms beside him, and his sword at his head. These illustrious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones, and advance to the entrance of the cavern, to meet the king of Babylon, and to receive him with insults on his fall."

It is beside our present purpose to investigate further the points to which the attention of the reader has been called. The design of this and similar papers in these pages has been to point out to intelligent readers the illustration afforded to the Holy Bible by the remains of primitive antiquity. This is a mine of inquiry which, notwithstanding all the researches of modern archæology, has yet to be explored. It may be well said that "Day unto day uttereth speech," The opening up of the Etrurian sepulchres is a modern event; and a few years ago, the great Temple of Artemis at Ephesus was almost as much a lost chapter in history as the books of Hooker or the Decades of Livy. In these respects, we know not what a day may bring forth. The reverential and pious student of the word of the Lord, knowing how short his time is to study and to pray, will, the longer he waits, gain a deeper insight into the difficulties and the mysteries of Old Testament criticism; and, it may be added, new keys to explain them.

# THE FATHER OF MODERN ENGLISH HYMN WRITERS.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.



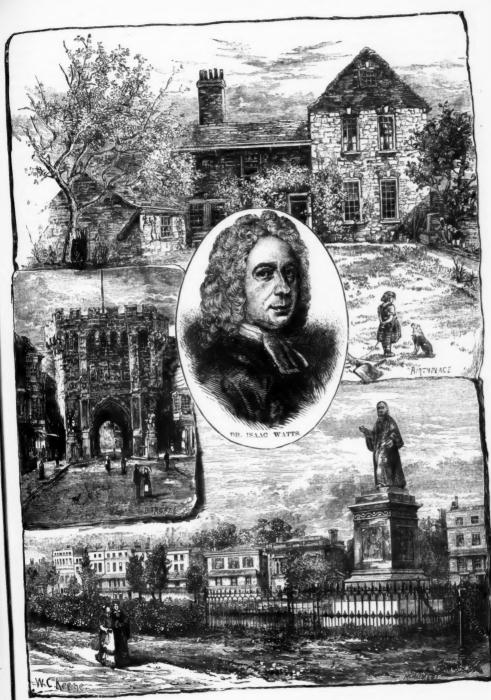
admit this high claim without a question, and without staying to give our reasons, assured that the more the facts of the case are known, the more readily the claim will be conceded. will be easy to find hymns of other composers, both liv-

which surpass the average of Dr. Watts' productions, especially so far as the graces of poetry are

concerned, but most of these have gathered from other well-cultivated fields of sacred poetry, while Watts had to break up the fallow ground, and to frame his hymns without anything like a model. The grand hymns of Luther, Paul Gerhardt, and others in Germany, were retained in a language little cultivated in this country then, and the beautiful Latin hymns of Bernard and similar mediæval writers were practically unknown. The worship of praise was little cultivated. In the parish churches Sternhold and Hopkins held their own, and in the Nonconformist bodies the growing desire for singing in public worship had little to encourage it in the few hymns of Mason, Baxter, and the prosaic rhymes of Benjamin Keach and other excellent men, who were far better preachers than poets.

Two years before Tate and Brady's tame and insipid version of the Psalms received the sanction of William III., Isaac Watts produced his first hymn:—

Behold the glories of the Lamb.



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ts. and the uced He was then staying at Southampton, where his father kept a respectable boarding-school for young gentlemen. Isaac, born July 17th, 1674, was the eldest son of a family of eight, and seems to have been a connecting link between the old persecuting times of Charles II. and the more liberal régime of William of Orange and his successors. In the reign of the former, Isaac's father was imprisoned for his nonconformity more than once, and an affecting picture has been drawn of the young mother sitting on a stone near the entrance to the prison, and suckling her little first-born. As late as 1683, the elder Watts, for his unflinching conduct as a leader of Nonconformists, was persecuted and imprisoned six months, after which he was compelled to leave his family and live privately for two years. and his wife were both eminent for piety. grandfather, who had served under Cromwell, was captain of a man-of-war, and a godly man. He perished by the blowing up of his ship when engaged with the Dutch.

At an early age, young Isaac attended the Grammar School of Edward VI. The headmaster, the Rev. John Pinhorne, Rector of All Saints, saw in the little boy undoubted indications of future greatness, and, to his everlasting honour, exerted himself to give his promising young pupil all possible assistance. It was doubtless at his suggestion that Dr. John Speed, an eminent physician of the town, twice mayor of the borough, offered, with the help of a few others, to defray his expenses at one of the universities. Though only 16 years of age, he had become so imbued with Nonconformist sentiments, that he gratefully declined the noble offer. The prayer of his godly parents was to be answered in his devotion to the ministry in their own body. The Rev. Thomas Rowe, the minister of a congregation in the City of London, resided at Clapham, conducting an academy for ministerial students. Under his instruction Isaac was placed, devoting himself to his studies with such ardour that his progress was most rapid and surprising, but at the expense of entailing on himself a weakness from which he never fully recovered. To this gentleman, and to his former friend, the Rev. J. Pinhorne, he afterwards wrote Latin odes.

At the age of twenty, Isaac returned to his home in Southampton, to further prosecute his studies, and there many of his hymns were written. His father was a deacon, and the lessor of the meeting-house occupying the site of the present "Above Bar Congregational Church." Connected with the building was an excellent well, long known as "Watts's Well," of which the elder and the younger Isaac no doubt drank. The well was leased for some years to the corporation, and was the chief source of supply for the wants of the town until the establishment of the waterworks, which the increase of population

The well is still in existence, though required. not used, and its site in front of the present church is marked by the letter W. There should be two W.'s-Watts's Well. Mr. Watts sold the property to the Church for the same money at which he purchased it, and this transaction took place very near to the time when young Isaac published his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." No one can calculate the amount of good of which this small publication has been the means, nor reckon the editions it has passed through. Anticipating for more than three-quarters of a century the efforts of Robert Raikes, comprising a summary of Christian doctrines and duties, so as to be a system of theology in miniature, and expressing in clear and simple language what should be the aims and desires and prayers of every child, they are alike original in their conception, beautiful in their order, devotion, and simplicity, and, we venture to add, unsurpassed as a whole by any subsequent writer.

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Many instances might be furnished of the use of these songs in influencing child-life, and leading the young into the paths of holiness, and to the feet of Christ, but we prefer to cite a case or two in which the recollection of some passage from one or another of these hymns became the means of leading sinners to God, after years of ungodly living. Fifty years ago, or more, editions were published in which a wood-cut headed each hymn. One who had committed some of these to memory when a child, afterwards left the paths of virtue, abandoning himself to sinful pleasure and dissipation, until disease threatened him with the grave. Ordered into the country, he wandered out one evening as the sun was setting behind the copse. The scene revived the forgotten picture which headed one hymn in particular, and as he stood leaning over a gate the words of the hymn came back with

overpowering force:-

And now another day is gone I'll sing my Maker's praise.

He was struck with a sense of his ingratitude and forgetfulness of God, and felt condemned in the remembrance of how many days and years he had spent not only without praising his Maker, but in sin and rebellion against Him. The result was his conversion to God, which was manifest in remaining years of restored health and Christian devotedness.

Another case is that of a woman who had wandered into the ways of transgression, going from bad to worse. Her unhappy child had so imitated its mother as to employ its tongue in cursing and swearing, and other bad language. The mother, who had been religiously educated, was one day so shocked at what she heard from the lips of her child, that she trembled with horror at the thought that she was not only going

to hell herself, but leading her child there. She resolved that the first sixpence she could spare should purchase a copy of Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs." On turning over the leaves of the book, her eyes first lighted on the words:—

Just as a tree cut down, that fell To north or southward, there it lies; So man departs to heaven or hell, Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

It was the turning point of her career. She led a new life, and proved thereby that she had not

received the grace of God in vain.

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For six years Watts resided in the family of Sir John Hartopp, Bart., as tutor to his son. At the age of twenty-four he began his ministry, being assistant to Dr. Chauncy, the successor of the famous Dr. Owen. On assuming the full pastorate he resigned his tutorship. Ten years later (in 1712) he went to visit Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds, near Cheshunt, where he remained in the highest esteem and comfort all the rest of his life.

Mr. Watts did not rush into print with his hymns. He required urging, and his brother Enoch was one of the most strenuous in persuading him to let them go forth to the world. The lyric poems were published first, then the hymns, and finally They were well, though not generally received. Prejudice and old habits prevented their introduction in some places. But they won The Psalms and hymns have been their way. generally adopted, and though no congregation now confines itself to these productions, no book of traise would be complete without a good proport on of Watts's hymns. In every land, if not in every tongue, the praises of God are sung in the words of this great leader of Christian song. Of course, the hymns are not all Whose are? But while of a high order. some attain only to mediocrity, and some even fall below it, others are unsurpassed by any hymns in the language. The truth is, Watts did not aim at poetical compositions, but at Christian hymns, suited for all classes of worshippers. His hymns are characterised by doctrinal soundness, devotional fervour, varied Christian experience, and the spirit of practical piety. Many interesting stories are told as to the origin of some of his hymns, but we have no room for these, if indeed they could be depended on as correct; and as the hymns are so universally known, though there is just a fear they may be forgotten by some, we shall not cite any as specimens. Many of the hymns were written to suit his sermons, as for instance-

Am I a soldier of the cross?

finds a place after one of his sermons on "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

But Watts was not only a hymn-writer—he was a preacher of no ordinary type, and a writer on many themes—his works comprising six large quartos. They were highly prized in America, as well as in England, and in religious bodies other than his own. Though of very retired and studious habits, he enjoyed the friendship of many eminent men, including some of the dignitaries of the Established Church, while his treatise on Logic was well known and read at the Universities.

The house in French Street where he was born, though reduced in appearance from its former state, is still an interesting object; still more is the statue which gave name to one of the parks in the beautiful suburbs of the town. The north side has a long inscription, the south the truthful record that "He gave to lisping infancy its earliest and purest lessons;" while the west gives a touching quotation from one of his psalms—

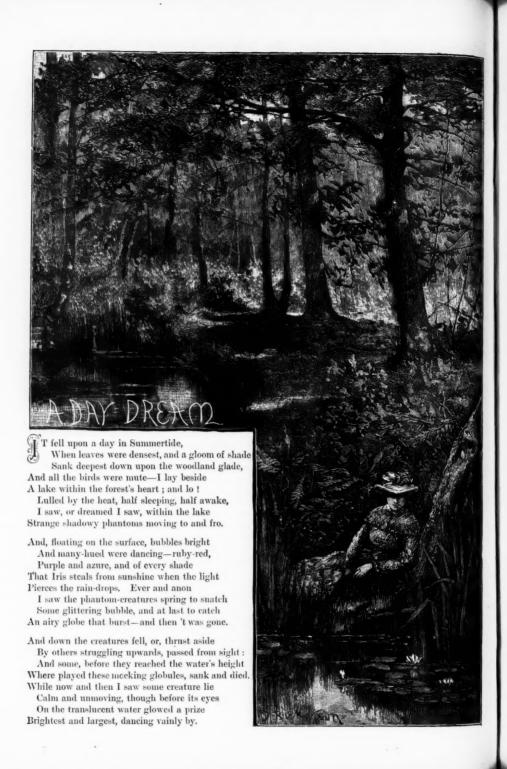
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes.

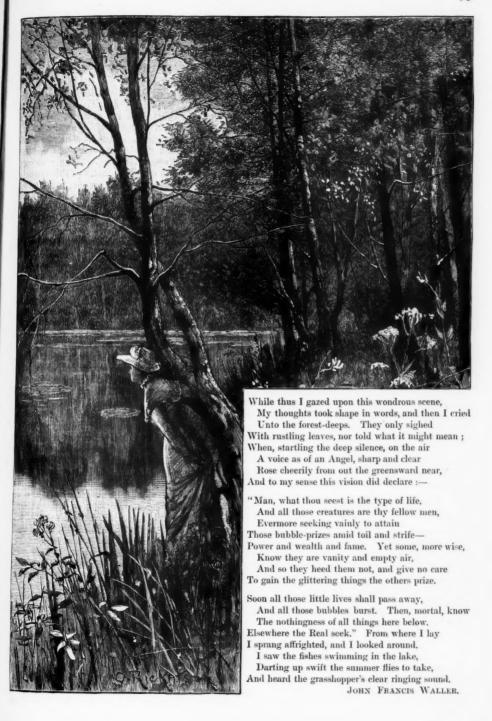
We should like to quote, but we cannot, the report of the opening ceremony, July 20th, 1861, from the columns of the *Hampshire Independent*. Thirteen years after, the "Watts Memorial Hall" was opened with meetings and services of a very imposing, deeply interesting, and very appropriate character.

The poet's death was calm and peaceful, at the age of seventy-five. "I would be waiting," said he to Dr. Doddridge, "to see what God will do with me. It is good to say, as Mr. Baxter, 'What, when, and where God pleases.' If God should raise me up again, I may finish some more of my papers, or God can make use of me to save a soul, and that will be worth living for. If God has no more service for me to do, through grace I am ready. I could, if God please, lay my head back, and die without alarm this afternoon or night."

The strong commendation of Watts given by Johnson, and the more reliable and complete testimony of J. Montgomery, were fitly endorsed by the truly noble Earl of Shaftesbury in his speech on the unveiling of the statue:—

"The name and works of that man [Watts] are the inheritance of the British race—the inheritance of all that great population that is descended of the British race—and there is not a land now, and there never will be a land, where the English language shall be spoken, where, in every act of devotion, and where, whenever they sit down to an open Bible, they will not call to their aid the writings, the psalms, the hymns, and the spiritual songs of that great man whose statue now stands before you."





# CHRISTIAN GIFTS OF HEALING.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

THE HEALING OF SORROW.

T is not intended in these considerations to enter upon the early gifts of healing bestowed upon the Church by our Blessed Lord. They were designed for a special era, and were directly connected with the

first Apostolic mission. But the beautiful words of Scripture which constitute the heading of this series of articles, may fairly enough designate many of the blessed aspects of Christian consolation. It has indeed been well said that Christianity is the religion of the sorrowful; not that it makes or keeps us sad, but that sorrow-worn hearts find in it that Divine healing which is as the balm of Gilead to their souls. When we come to know ourselves, we must experience sorrow. So long as the sin within us is hidden from ourselves, so long as flowers grow on the thin crust of the volcano, whose fire is smouldering within us; so long as some veil of pleasure or fashion hides from our vision the desecrated shrine of deity in our hearts; so long we may have a superficial and sensuous joy. But the moment we are truly revealed to ourselves, and see alike how we have wronged our own souls, and trodden under foot the Son of God, then there comes an agony of heart which no anodyne of society can soothe. We can find no relief in travel, for sure as the flight of the bird across the ocean does the strong wing of memory bear to us the bitter reminiscences of past guilt. At such times that which constituted the spirit of the Reformation is our truest relief, our sublimest rest; viz., the free approach of the soul to God, through the cross and passion of our Lord, with the sure, deep healing of the sorrow of the broken and the contrite heart; that gift of healing which is now and ever in the hands of Christ. "Thy sins. which be many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace."

But sorrow does not confine itself to sin alone. Life, as it fulfils itself, contains many mysteries of grief. The world's noblest poems, and the most prized and precious pictures which art has given us, are touched with the tragedies of human history. It does not fall in with the aim of this page to speak of the uses of adversity, or to show how sorrow gives purity to taste, depth to sympathy, and heroism to endurance. What we have to consider is that the Christ of the Gospels is indeed "Christus Consolator." That our Lord was the Man of Sorrows, that He might sympathise with and succour all that are desolate and distressed. "Let not your heart be troubled," is not alone the burden of His closing address to His disciples; it is the spirit of all His earthly ministry.

Wherever He went, He came to "heal the broken-hearted."

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And the true disciple of Christ will seek to col. tivate this same spirit. Forgive sin, we cannot -here our motto is, and ever must be, "None but Christ;" but there are gifts of healing, which all of every church, who love the Saviour and "follow Him," can daily exercise. We can visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; we can bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Some, alas, seem to possess "gifts of hurting" rather than "gifts of healing"; they are cold, sarcastic, cynical; they send the arrow of a bitter sentence into the grieving heart, and wound to the quick some sensitive spirit, Whenever did they heal the broken-hearted! Never! We must, as the Scripture says, "Beware of dogs," that is, beware of cynics-they steal away all holy inspiration-they poison every well of consolation. They must be shunned, for their work is that not of healing, but of slaying Let us often meditate on the adaptation of the Gospel of Christ to all types and degrees of sorrows. We are reminded that as Onesiphorus "oft refreshed St. Paul," so we may cheer and comfort others in their dark hours of bereavement and bitterness. Sorrow is healed by the knowledge that the great Father is cognisant of what is best for every one of us. "Your heavenly Father," said Christ, "knoweth what things ve have need of." The cup with the brimming tribulation in it, is more easily drained when we remember that though it is a "cup of trembling" yet the hand that mixed it was a wise and a kind
—a steady and a loving hand. "The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

We have the story of Christian life before us in all the ages to endorse these revelations of Christian consolation. Suicide, so sad and yet the "euthanasia" of the old Roman world, died out in the dawn of the Christian faith. Men and women not only learned the art of endurance, they "rejoiced in tribulation" also. There was a smile on the faces whose coronal was a crown of thorns; there was an aureole of glory brighter than the flames round the head of the martyrs; and if this was so in the great heroisms of suffering, so it was, and ever has been, in the tribulations of common life, in the daily crosses of pain and grief which are the heritage of men born to sorrow as we are, even as the sparks fly upward.

Yes, Christ Jesus our Lord has healed the broken-hearted in every age, and with the healing has come a cheerfulness which is not mere merriment, or passionate excitement. Adversity is not so hard to bear when there is a

Brother born for adversity, always with us to succour and to share; loss is no great impoverishment when we have treasure laid up in heaven which neither moth nor rust can corrupt; bereavement is not so bitter when we know that "they also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Just as there are symbols of victory in the catacombs, and no notice was taken of death, because "in pace" was engraven on the memorial tablet, so the symbol of the Christians in the after ages, when persecution had stayed its cruel hand, was the dove. Yes, the descending dove rested on the weary heart of man, and he was at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; at peace with himself also, and with his brethren everywhere.

No false physician could achieve what Christ has done; the *very facts* of Christian history are the best evidences of its power. We have still the prophetic and miraculous evidences of the truth to rest upon, but we have also the well-proven words of the Master, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth,

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This healing of sorrow is so precious that we may well rejoice everywhere to spread the good news, for even age has experienced a new faith under the dominion of Christ. It is sorrowful to be left alone-one soldier in the once brilliant regiment, one oak tree amid the once thick forest now felled or fallen! And we know what desolateness came to age under the reign of the old philosophies; there was no light in the western sky, the sun of life set in clouds and darkness. But under the benign influence of the Christian faith, even when the dear old ties are broken, and a generation has risen up with whom there are no such ties possible again, still, with the eye of faith on the land beyond, and with the fragrance of the heavenly shores wafted to the heart that is nearing home, there is a calm joy and a comforting hope, for "even to your old age I am He." Yes, there is an ever-present Saviour with us all through the valley, so that while "the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day.

And there are agonies incidental to human life which no words can utter, secret sorrows which lie too deep for tears; these would crush the spirit and leave nothing but the courage of despair, if it were not for that power to lean, and that Christ to lean upon, which have made even such tribulations as these the occasions for a

Brother born for adversity, always with us to succour and to share; loss is no great impoverishment when we have treasure laid up in heaven which neither moth nor rust can corrupt; bereavement is not so bitter when we know that "they also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Just as there are symbols of victory in the catacombs, and no notice was taken of death.

"Gifts of Healing?" True. For in the "Materia Medica" of the Great Physician there are remedies for all. Not one broken heart has baffled His skill, or, given to Him in faith, has come uncomforted away. Not one can truly say, "There is no balm in Gilead, there is no Physician there." Nor need we dream of any secular paradise where this Divine Saviour will not be needed. Earth knows no unclouded skies, no thornless paths. Sorrow is as old as human history; nor is there any proof that the waters called Marah will dry up and disappear in the days to come. We are naturally anxious that no false philosophy should tempt our children away from the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. We know enough of history in the past, and of life in the present, to understand the meaning of the words of God's ancient Prophet-"They had no comforter." A brief sentence, but how bitter a verdict. Let us hope that those who come after us will live under the dispensation of the Spirit, not merely as of a Christian age, but as of a personal Christian experience. There will be music in the old words to them, "when the Comforter is come." Yes! Christ was a Comforter, but His last words prophesied of and promised "another Comforter," Who should "abide with us for ever." For ever! Therefore, need we not fear that the gifts of healing will ever cease. For ever! Therefore there will be no new remedy, for the Spirit takes of the things which are Christ's, and reveals them unto us. For ever! Ante-dating all our time-world discoveries, and anticipating all our emergencies of grief and doubt, of temptation and trial, of sickness and solitude-of life and death, Jesus proclaims Himself the Alpha and the Omega—the Beginning and the End-the First and the Last -the Lord God Almighty. And the words which He uttered in the simple synagogue of Nazareth, where He unfolded the prophetic roll, and read it openly in the light of His own Messiahship, are true yesterday, to-day, and for ever-" He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted." They have still divine power in them-they are the testimony of Christ to Himself.



# CLOCK-TICKS AND HEART-BEATS.

HREESCORE years and ten

Man draweth his mortal breath;
As the flower of the grass doth he fade and pass,
In the blight of the blast of death.

The moments come, and the moments part,
With silent pinions spread;
Each tick of the clock, and each throb of the heart,
Is the knell of a moment dead.
Hark to the clock's light tick!
Time flies.
Hark to the heart-beats quick!

Man dies.

Threescore years and ten,
That slip like grasped sands—
Too brief, too brief for selfish grief,
Too brief for folded hands!
Go forth in the might of a love sublime,
And, ere thou fall as a leaf,
Thou shalt reap from the fading fields of time
A deathless harvest-sheaf.
Hark to the clock's light tick!
Time flies.
Hark to the heart-beats quick!
Man dies.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, B.A.

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## EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.-NEXT MORNING'S NEWS.



GTER Chrissy's disturbed night, she slept heavily towards morning, and it was little wonder that, for once, her sister Helen was first astir.

Itwes Helen's voice carolling which awakened her. She lay drowsy for a moment, with that strange sense which most of us have

known, that a burden and a shadow are coming towards us together with our full consciousness.

Then she started up. Yes! There was that secret the Ackroyds knew already, and which she was to know in due time. Would it be due time to-day? Perhaps it might not be so very much, after all. Only—there was that strange look on her father's face and the shadow of James Ackroyd's bowed head on the blind! Yet she ought to give no hint to Helen. And so Helen must go on singing.

For one moment the merry tune and the gay words jarred Chrissy unbearably—

"Oh, Helen, do be quiet!" she cried.

Helen stopped instantly, and turned upon her a face of innocent amaze. Chrissy's heart instantly smote her.

"Is this how I bear trouble, even while it is far off?" she asked herself. "Then what shall I do if it comes?"

Poor child! she was inexperienced in life's deeper depths, and so how was she to know that the hardest of all blows to bear is the blow not yet fallen, and that they are indeed God's heroes who not only submit to His rod but can wait, smiling, till He smites.

"I suppose if I had any real sorrow," she mused, "I should want the sun to grow dark and the flowers to fade, instead of feeling sure that God must know all is well, else He would never keep the sun shining and the flowers growing. Don't leave off singing, Helen dear," she added, aloud, "only sing a softer sort of tune."

"What! are you getting like the old lady father tells of, who said 'she aye liked sad sangs the best; they garred the een to greet, wi'out wringing the heart'?" answered Helen, with an admirable imitation of the Scottish dialect.

Chrissy smiled at Helen's miniery. "I think father himself is inclined to agree with her," she said. "Then I'll give one of his favourites," returned

"Then I'll give one of his favourites," returned Helen, and straightway the clear voice was lilting— "O little did my mither ken.

"O little did my mither ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should travel in,
Or the death that I should dee."

But presently she interrupted herself, to exclaim—"How quiet the house seems!"

"It's quite early," said Chrissy.

"Not too early for the sweeping up to begin in the shop," Helen answered. "I believe that new shop-boy is lazy—I said he would be, the moment I looked at him. It is really wonderful to see the patience father has with people most unlike himself. I never would have hired that boy."

"Father took him because of his imperfect German-English," said Chrissy; "it stood in his way for most situations, and it does not matter so very much for ours," "People who won't suit anybody else must be always made to suit us," replied Helen. "That's father's way, and I believe you are quite as bad."

"Hans Krinken has an honest face," said Chrissy.
"If he is a little late to-day, I have no doubt it is an accident."

But Hans had not needed her excuses. When she left her room, leaving Helen still brushing out the coils of hair which always occupied her attention for

will make the more haste when he shall appear, and the shop shall be no later."

"Thank you very much," answered Chrissy, thinking to herself how her father made people like him, and so turned their hired service into a labour of love. This youth had only been in his employment for a month, but what could that signify, when the good Scotch bookseller already knew more of the lad's history, of his past trials and future hopes, than



"'Nothing very exciting to-day, Hans,' she said."-p. 98.

a longer time than her sister gave to her whole toilet, she found Hans seated in the passage, patiently awaiting the arrival of his master with the keys of the business premises, which Mr. Miller always carried to his own room.

"Have you not seen my father yet, Hans?" Chrissy asked, surprised.

"No, me-ess," answered the German boy, with a ready, good-humoured smile. "Martha, the maid, she say he is not out of his room yet."

"My father was at work in the counting-house till very late last night," said Chrissy.

"If he is sleeping still, me-ess," said the kindly German lad, "don't disturb him yet for a while. I

most masters know concerning those who have served them for a lifetime, and had given him more counsel and thought than some parents bestow on their own children? Because Mr. Miller had a living faith in eternity, he never lost a moment of time. Because he looked for a harvest, he scattered good seed broadcast.

Chrissy went on into the parlour, where Martha had already set breakfast. Martha was not a bad specimen of a London general servant; she was a little too much inclined to smart caps and dirty aprons, but she was honest and willing, had had hard experiences in former places, and finding it possible to please her present employers, did her utmost to do so,

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"The master's sleeping sound to-day, miss," she said. "I've knocked at his door twice, and have

got no answer."

"Poor father must have been tired out," thought Chrissy. She felt a sudden fear stir in her heart, one of those sudden fears which great love often feels, quite causelessly. She wished Helen would come down. She wandered back to the passage, to Hans Krinken. He had gone to the side door by which Martha had admitted him, for he did not live on the premises. It was open, and he was standing there.

Chrissy paused in the passage, looking in that There was not much astir in Shield direction. Street at that early hour. But the opposite shop was already open. It was a very unpretending establishment, a mere slice off a big leather store. It was kept by the old widow who had been at St. Cecilia's the evening before, and in it she sold small haberdashery, sweets, and newspapers. Chrissy stood there, vaguely looking at the familiar boxes and bottles, a newspaper boy came along with his daily supply under his arm, and his paste-pot and brush in his hand. He paused to splash over yesterday's poster and daub on the fresh announcement sheet. Then, thrusting half a dozen papers into the shop, he went whistling on his way.

Across the narrow roadway, Chrissy could read the list:—"Proceedings in Parliament. Alleged Libel by a Solicitor. Report of the Royal Scientific Society. Poaching Affray in the New Forest. Stoppage of the Great Metropolitan Bank."

"Nothing very exciting to-day, Hans," she said.
"No great battle, no great crime, no great speech."

Hans did not answer. Had he not heard her, or only not understood? She stepped a little forward, and repeated her words.

His broad German face looked pale, and he turned it rather from her than towards her, as he stammered—

"That vill be one great failure, Me-ess Chrissy-that bank,"

Chrissy knew quite enough of Hans' antecedents to feel sure that no financial crash was likely to touch him directly. Yet he was certainly affected by this one. She asked, kindly,—

"Do you know anybody who may be concerned in it?"

" I am afraid that I do, Me-ess Chrissy," he replied, very gravely, and stepping within the passage, he shut the door.

"We must call the master again," he said, and Chrissy followed him to the foot of the stairs, and stood there listening, while he ascended and knocked at Mr. Miller's door.

Hans knocked once—twice—thrice, each knock louder than before. But there was no reply. It seemed to Chrissy as if the dead silence was something which could be heard. She repeated to herself that phrase "the dead silence," and her heart stood still.

She could hear Helen's voice in their room, still singing!

Hans came forward to the banister,

" Me-ess Chrissy," he whispered.

"Yes, Hans," said Chrissy, faintly.

"Does the master keep his key turned? Don't you think you should go in?"

"I must. O Hans!" The girl wailed, with her hand upon the door.

"The good God go with you, Me-ess Chrissy," said the young German, as she crept into the room. He stole in behind her; for his sympathetic heart told him what she would find.

"He is not dead!" she cried. "Oh, Hans, say that father is not dead!"

"He is with the good God," said Hans, solemnly.

The passage from one world to another must have been very swift and smooth. The room was in its usual simple order. The unruffled couch bore witness to no last struggle. On a little table at the head of the bed, stood the extinguished candle, and beside it lay an open Bible.

For a moment, Chrissy stood like one transfixed. Her father's face was turned towards her. He could not be dead! For were not his lips parting, to welcome her with the same wistful smile he had turned on her as she left him last night? And yet—and yet—he did not see her, for his eyes were closed. He had passed away in sleep.

With one low cry, she rushed to the bed, and buried her face beside him. Only a few weeks before she had kneeled so beside a living father, and then a kind hand had been raised to caress his Chrissy's curls. That hand lay still and cold now. That slight memory—that little fact brought home the whole awful truth to Chrissy's heart.

"Oh, father, father!" Never again. She may search earth's remotest region, but she shall never find you. She may live till her hair is as white as yours, till her steps and her senses fail, as yours have never failed, but she shall never meet you in any path, by any fireside.

Sharp swords pierce the girl's heart as she kneels there. Old words sound in her ears, fraught with a new meaning they can never lose again.

A voice says-"He is not here, but he is risen."

It is not the less an angel's message to Chrisy, because it is homely Hans who delivers it. As her own agony yearns out into the unknown, she feels a great wave of love rush thence to meet it. Her father was longing to reach her, even as she was longing to reach him. Only he stood higher now. He must not return to her. She must go to him.

Kneeling there, she saw as in a vision that the light of Faith can only illumine the path of duty. Walking with God, we walk also with those whose life is hid with Christ in Him.

Henceforth, remembering that moment, Chrissy knew what St. Paul meant when he said that whether he had been in the body or out of the body, he could not tell. A door in the house closed—a light step ran on the stair. Helen was coming down.

Chrissy sprang to her feet. It seemed to her that the glory of the vision departed, while the blow beneath which she had seen it remained.

Only she asked, "What can I do?"

And when a vision ends so, it has come from God, and has fulfilled its mission.

"I must stop Helen," was the quick resolve, and she darted from the room. Her sister was within a few paces of its open door, but the sight of Chrissy's face arrested her instantly.

"Father is ill," cried Helen, with whitening lips.

"Father has been ill," answered Chrissy, solemnly.

"O Helen! Helen! bear it bravely—be good—and strong—for father's sake,"

"He is not dead?" gasped the elder girl, making a movement to pass Chrissy. But the younger sister held her firmly.

"God called him very gently, Nellie," she said.
"Don't you remember he always said he could not respond to the prayer against sudden death? Oh, Nellie, Nellie!"

Helen burst into wild lamentation. She could not believe that her father was really—really dead. He had only fainted—he was only in a fit—and they were letting him die! A doctor must be sent for. Somebody must be sent for. Anybody—oh, yes, and quickly!

"Somebody must be sent for, certainly!" said pale Chrissy, standing by her sister's side in the parlour, where she had led her. That frantic uncontrolled woe seemed like a profanation of the stately calm of the death-chamber.

"There are Mr. and Mrs. Ackroyd only next door," cried Helen.

"Not the Ackroyds," said Hans Krinken, impulsively,

"Not the Ackroyds," echoed Chrissy, she scarcely knew why.

And then there returned upon her the thought of the tidings her father was to tell her in due time. When would be the due time now, and who would tell her in his stead? Oh, how thankful she was that she had refused to snatch from James Ackroyd what her father had withheld, and so had obeyed his last wish!

"Aunt Kezia is so far away," cried Helen; "and who is to go for anybody?"

"There is Hans," said Chrissy.

"Hans!" repeated Helen. "You and I cannot be left alone with Martha and father, now he is——"

She paused before the dreadful word. Helen had that sheer physical shrinking from death commonly found in those whose sensuous perceptions are stronger than their spiritual intuitions.

"I will go myself," said Chrissy.

"You! Could you leave me alone with strangers, even if you have no feeling for yourself?" asked Helen. "No; Martha must go. You must tell where she is to go, and whom she is to fetch. I can think

of nothing; my head is whirling round with the shock."

"There is Miss Griffin at the warehouse," said Chrissy, hesitatingly. "She is kind and good, and father liked her. Be sure you don't startle her, Martha. Don't be more sudden than you can help."

Chrissy and Hans followed the weeping Martha to the door.

"Did the master have the disease of the heart, me-ess?" whispered Hans, timidly.

"I never knew of it, Hans," Chrissy answered, pausing. "I know he heard something last night which troubled him. I don't know what it was."

"I think I do, me-ess," said Hans, in a very low whisper.

Chrissy shook her head. "I don't think so," she replied; "he heard it quite late, just as the shop was being shut."

"And it was Herr Ackroyd who did whisper the bad news," Hans went on. "Is not that so?"

"I think so," said Chrissy, astonished. "James Ackroyd offered to tell me what it was, but I said I'd wait till father told me himself."

"Just step you this way for one minute," requested the German boy, stealing back to the street-door, which he opened gently, and held a little ajar, indicating to Chrissy to peer through the crevice.

Like one stunned, or in a dream, she obeyed. She could see nothing but the little haberdasher's shop, with the news board standing against its front.

"Read the last of the lines," whispered Hans "Now you see what the master would have told you to-day. And you know it first by no other voice."

It was not then that Chrissy fully appreciated the delicate consideration of the homely lad.

"Stoppage of the Great Metropolitan Bank," she repeated, mechanically. "Why, what could that have to do with father?"

"I know he owned a share in it," said Hans.

"Only one share!" echoed innocent Chrissy, "that could not have mattered so much. I should like to think dear father died quite naturally. It would be terrible to feel that something had killed him."

"How would it feel if it was somebody?" asked the German boy, of himself, and there flashed a fierce gleam through his soft blue eyes, and he clenched his teeth sternly.

"I'm so grieved that father should have had anything to trouble him just at the last," sighed poor Chrissy. "But, really, if that was all, it could not have been very much!"

Hans Krinken said nothing. "The vessel can but hold its measure," he philosophised, silently. "When the heart is filled with sorrow, then there is no room for trouble."

"Chrissy, Chrissy!" wailed Helen's voice, "how can you leave me so long alone? You are thinking of nobody but yourself. I wish you would make me a little tea. What Martha had prepared for breakfast is quite cold. I feel as if I should faint. You know I am not so strong as you are."

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Chrissy hether could "Poor Nellie!" said Chrissy, quite compunctious.
"I really did forget you were alone!" She went to lift the kettle on to the hob. Why was it so heavy? Hans saw her fruitless effort, and he understood it,

and came to her help.

"I wish she would shed one little tear," he thought, and cast about in his mind how he could strike one of those minor chords of feeling to which tears respond. But before he had hit on any kindly device, there was a muffled knock at the door, and he hurried away, to admit Martha, Miss Griffin, and a tall grave gentleman whom he did not know. Mr. Ackroyd has een the group from his own windows, and was following hard on their steps. Before Hans could get the door shut, he was upon them, asking them what was the matter.

It was Hans who answered him. And Hans, who, under the strong feeling of that moment, had forgotten all his English, made answer in German.

Perhaps it was as well for Mr. Ackroyd's comfort that he did not understand that language!

# CHAPTER IV.—THE GREAT METROPOLITAN BANK.

THE tall grave stranger was no other than the Rev. Harold Bentley.

Miss Griffin and Martha had met him as they were hurrying from the warehouse to Shield Street, and Miss Griffin, knowing, of course, who he was, had stopped him and pressed him into the service of the stricken family. It did not signify in the least to the good old maid that he was not the parish clergyman, but only a stray visitor. She wisely regarded clergymen as placed in the battle of life, like the Red Cross people in a war; each might have work specially his own, but each was bound to combat sin, and to succour sorrow wherever he found them.

She did not count amiss on Mr. Bentley. He listened, and followed her readily. He sought no exense in a blow which had fallen on himself that very morning. By the crosses sent to a devout and disciplined soul it fences itself into the path of duty, and not out of it.

Martha was again despatched in quest of the family doctor. And it was either when she went in search of that gentleman, or when she returned with him, that Mr. Ackroyd succeeded in gaining admittance to the house, though he kept in the background till the doctor and the clergyman came out from their solemn visit to the chamber of death.

There was no doubt as to the cause of the death. The doctor had known that Mr. Miller had a deep-scated heart-disease, and had warned him against agitation of any sort, especially that of worry or

anxiety.

"And despite the disease, a quiet-minded brave hearted man like him should have lived out all his days," said the doctor. "Something must surely have upset him terribly." "He heard some sort of bad news last night," explained Chrissy, raising her strained white face. "And Hans Krinken—that's the shop-boy—says he believes my father had one share in the Great Metropolitan Bank which is stopped to-day."

The doctor and Mr. Bentley looked at each other, with a slight ominous shake of the head. They knew the full import of poor Chrissy's words, which she did

not know herself.

"Terrible affair, this of the bank," said Mr. Ackroyd. "A great many people will be involved in it. I am afraid I'm not quite clear myself."

Everybody looked towards him. It was the first time his presence had been remarked.

"It is a ruin that reaches every way," observed Mr. Bentley. "My eldest son held office in the bank, and is of course, thrown out of his appointment by its stoppage."

"It does not seem fair when a man like Mr. Miller gets drawn into these financial whirlpools," said the doctor. "His life was one of diligent work and careful saving, and it seems hard when one's prudence and economy lead up to one's ruin. And these poor girls!" he added, in an undertone, glancing towards Helen and Chrissy.

"Come away with me, dears," said kindly Miss Griffin, putting her hand through Helen's arm. "Come away to your own room, and keep quiet there. Your aunt will be here presently; I've sent Martha off for her next. There's none of your papa's own folk nigh at hand, is there?"

"No," said Chrissy, quietly. "My father's people were very few, and they are scattered far now. Aunt Kezia will do."

And at the door of the room she turned back to say, "Ought not the shop to be unlocked and opened?"

"O Chrissy," cried Helen, "how can you think of that? What can that matter?"

"It was father's business," she answered.

"She is quite right," said Mr. Bentley, quickly. He understood her feeling, that the matters to which her father had given his labour and his skill should not be thrust aside as if they were now nobody's affair.

"I know where father kept the keys," she remarked, and went off for them.

Nobody knew—at any rate, nobody reflected—that her errand took her face to face with her dead father, that it involved her disturbing the garments he had doffed and laid aside for the last time on the previous night. Love, the gentlest teacher, ever sets the hardest tasks.

But Miss Griffin and Hans Krinken, standing aside on a landing, preparing sundry little cordials and comforts for Helen, saw Chrissy pass out of her father's room with the keys in her hand, and go straight to the dining-room.

"Everything is to be done to coddle Miss Helen, and Miss Chrissy is to be left to do the work," said Hans, reproachfully. "And it is she who most wants the comfort," he added.

"Ay, lad," said the old lady, "d'ye think I don't know that far better than the likes of you can tell me? But it's easy giving a cup of tea, and a couch, and a few strokes and pats—all Miss Helen wants. But Miss Chrissy wants God and all His promises, and who can give her those but Himself? The most and the best we can do is to leave her the work."

While Chrissy had gone away, the three gentlemen

had held a slight conference,

"Mr. Miller has had a good business, and has always lived very quietly," said Mr. Ackroyd, with a rather forced air of mere neighbourly interest. "He must have been a fairly wealthy man in his station. The loss involved by one share cannot mean very much to him."

"The bank is unlimited, remember," observed Mr.

Bentley.

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"If you are concerned in it yourself, sir," said the doctor to Mr. Ackroyd, "I am afraid you scarcely realise the gravity of your position. I am told that from three to four thousand pounds will be immediately called for on each share; and that will not be all."

"Grave enough, of course, especially to a poor professional man like me," said Mr. Ackroyd; "and the feeling, 'that will not be all,' makes it more or less alarming for everybody. But three or four thousand would not mean ruin to such an estate as Mr. Miller's must be. Oh, certainly not—quite impossible!"

The doctor said nothing, rightly holding that any knowledge of his patients' affairs acquired by him should be treated as confidentially as his knowledge of their ailments. But he knew what he knewthat on the day when he warned Mr. Miller against agitation or excitement, the good man had quietly replied that his anxieties in life were over; he had not made a fortune, it was true, but there was just enough to keep the lassies from starvation, or to start them in careers of their own; that if he lived he meant to train Chrissy to manage the bookselling business, and that would keep up a home for both, if they should not happen to marry. The doctor had an impression that three or four thousand pounds would have meant a good deal to Mr. Miller. The doctor had risen from poverty himself, and knew how hard it is to make a fortune when its beginnings are hampered by claims and duties, instead of being furthered by help and influence. But he kept silence, only fearing that facts would soon tell the truth too plainly.

When Chrissy reappeared with the keys, he made as to take them from her, thinking to spare her a trial. But Chrissy held them.

"I will come, too," she said.

For her father's step had been the last in the offices, and that made the homely places into holy places, which a stranger's foot must not be the first to invade.

The doctor and Mr. Ackroyd demurred,

"Let the young lady come," decided Mr. Bentley. Like Miss Griffin, he understood, Chrissy led the way through the shop to the counting-house. She knew that her father had spent his last hours there among his private papers. He might have left them lying about, thinking to be himself the first to enter. It was not likely, but it night be.

No—everything was cleared away. But the old bureau stood open, and a paper, ruled in double columns, lay on it. One column was headed assets—the other debts. The sum total under the first was two thousand five hundred pounds—the three or four sums set under the last were all under ten pounds. Only these were not added up; an ugly blank was left after the words "liabilities on one share in the Great Metropolitan Bank."

If poor Chrissy saw at first, she did not understand. And presently, she could see nothing. For, glancing up from the paper, her eye fell on the dead baby brother's broken toy set in the pigeon-hole of the old desk. And then a merciful mist of tears came. Oh, tender loving father, where, oh, where are you now? And by what token will you remember your little Chrissy, as here you remembered your lost baby by this little plaything? She sat down in her father's chair, and bowed her head over her father's desk, and wept bitterly, the big tears falling on the sad paper which she did not yet understand was the summing-up of his ruin.

Doctor Julius had a fit of coughing. Mr. Ackroyd softly left the counting-house. Mr. Bentley raised his hand, and gently touched the bright bowed head. That roused Chrissy. She rose, with streaming eyes, and held out the paper.

"Is that any use?" she asked. "What ought I to do with that?"

"Lock it in the front of the desk, dear young lady," said Mr. Bentley, very gently. "It will be of great use in saving trouble—the very use for which your father intended it."

He and the doctor stepped outside while Chrissy fastened up the desks and drawers, and put her father's chair back against the wall.

"That retreat has been made in good order, at any rate," said the doctor, who had been in the army, and who generally used military terms when his higher feelings were keenly touched. "But did you see what was on that paper, sir? It seems but a sad outcome for such a life and character as his."

"But nothing we can see is the end of what is, you know," said the clergyman.

"Ah!" returned the doctor, "you are going on higher ground. Yet when we feel how the defeat of good men disheartens us even yet, we can realise something of what the disciples must have felt when they stood on Calvary."

Mr. Bentley was silent. He was thinking of quiet brave little Chrissy. It struck him afterwards that he had not thought of her as a penniless orphan, but only as a devoted daughter and a sensible girl.

"I suppose nothing more can be done till the relations come," whispered Mr. Ackroyd, as the other two gentlemen joined him. "My eye could not help catching the items on that paper," he added, apologetically; "but I am sure there is some mistake. I feel certain Mr. Miller was a rich man. Why, he was willing to lend me a hundred pounds, without any security, only a few weeks ago," he concluded, with a little nervous titter, like that of a man who has some desperate attempt to make, and wants to get it over. "Only, of course, I could not allow that."

"And you offered as security——?" questioned Dr. Julius,

He knew a little of Mr. Ackroyd, and was not attracted by what he knew. Besides, the doctor had seen many a sly fraud presently perpetrated on widows and orphans, for whom nothing but sympathy had been expressed in the first blush of their bereavement. Some fact might have got omitted from good Mr. Miller's little schedule; and if it should happen to be in favour of the dead man or his representatives, then the sooner two or three people knew about it, the safer for those representatives.

"Why—why," said Mr. Ackroyd, speaking quickly,
"I could not accept a loan at all: I did not need
one. I only wanted a little ready money, and I
thought, as I said to him, that I was doing him
quite a favour in selling him a share in the Great

Metropolitan."

"Oh!" observed Dr. Julius, with a mistrustful glance; "one of several shares you hold, I suppose?"

"Yes—yes; I'm considerably concerned in the bank," returned the architect, "It will be a terrible affair for me."

"Scarcely worse than it has proved for him," remarked the doctor, drily.

Mr. Ackroyd did not like the tone, but there was nothing that he could challenge in the words.

"I suppose nothing more can be done until the relatives arrive," whispered Mr. Bentley. "We had better leave these poor girls awhile with that good old lady. I shall be at the vicarage all to-day, and I shall tell her to send for me if my services can be of any avail."

Chrissy came forward to shake hands with Dr. Julius and the clergyman, when she heard they were

going.

"It was so kind of you to come, sir," she said, looking up into Mr. Bentley's face. Her words expressed little of what was in her heart, for to his sermon she felt that she owed much of that pleasant talk with her father which would henceforth be graven on her memory with the solemnity and significance of last things.

"I shall see you again before I leave town, my dear young lady," he said. "I shall make a point of seeing you. God help and bless you! Never doubt that He will."

He was the last of the three to leave the house, and poor Chrissy followed him to the threshold. Just as he stepped out he was joined by a tall young man, whose very handsome face bore considerable traces of ill-health, or mental disquietude. As the strauger came up to the clergyman Mr. Ackroyd raised his hat. The youth returned the salute rather slightly.

"How did you find me here, Harold?" asked Mr.

Bentley.

"The vicarage housekeeper told me she had seen you enter this house, father," said the young man; "so I came after you. Only, seeing the closed shutters, I did not ask for you, but waited outside."

"And who is that—person? I mean the person who stepped out before me, to whom you bowed. He had been in the room with me, but I never heard

his name."

" He is a Mr. Ackroyd, father. He is an architect

-a slight acquaintance of mine."

"Harold," said the clergyman, sadly, "is it not a melancholy state of things when a father cannot feel prepossessed towards anybody who he sees is an acquaintance of his son's? Oh, Harold, you young folks have the happiness—almost the very dispositions—of your elders in your keeping. I am growing a soured suspicious man since I have had so much disappointment in you. I don't even feel the present cloud over your prospects as I should. For if all was well with you—your very self—the gloomiest prospect would soon brighten. And while all is not well, what can prospects signify?"

The youth answered nothing. Perhaps his pale checks flushed a little, and then he and his father walked in silence to the vicarage beside St. Cecilia-

in-the-Garden.

### CHAPTER V.-MR. BENTLEY'S VERDICT.

AUNT KEZIA came and took up her temporary abode in the old house in Shield Street. And so there was no occasion for Miss Griffin to remain longer, and, indeed, Aunt Kezia gave her to understand that her presence and services could only be regarded as an insinuation that "the relatives" were not doing their duty.

"Which the relatives are quite ready to do," she observed, acidly; "they may have to be sharp about some things, perhaps, and so they may not get so much credit for kindness as strangers might. Strangers can always afford to be kind, having no real responsibility."

And yet it seemed to Chrissy that Aunt Kezia was there chiefly to guard against any responsibility being

thrust upon her.

"Who would have thought of such a strict man as your father was, getting himself mixed up in speculation until he was ruined by it!" she observed. "So often as I've heard himsay he did not believe in money being set to breed money. What but the high interest could have tempted him to go buying a Great Metropolitan share? But that is how it always is —preaching is one thing and practice is another. It is better to be consistent in one's ways than high in one's ideas. I always believe in getting as good an

interest as you can, with the capital safe. It is the greed that rushes to ruin which I hate."

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Chrissy was used to her aunt's code of morality, with its mean method of preserving consistency by laying down no rules to which it was not convenient to conform. She even scarcely resented her aunt's implied condemnation of her father, because she knew that lady always condemned anybody who had lost anything, and felt that, just as she blamed Mr. Miller for having lost his money, so she blamed Helen and her for having lost their father. She seemed to take the eighteenth verse of the forty-ninth Psalm as a precept for human conduct rather than an ob-Misfortunes and bereavements servation upon it. were all "judgments" in Miss Kezia's eyes, and she seemed to think it would be "a setting oneself against Providence" if one attempted to mitigate their pain and severity, while she protected herself against them as much as possible by keeping her personal interests within the narrowest limits.

But it did hurt Chrissy to wonder whether in this instance there was any ground for the condemnation. If by doing right her father had lost his property and left his children beggars, then never mind the loss. Chrissy felt as if she could walk forth, homeless, yet proud of her inheritance. But had he really been doing, for once, what Chrissy knew he had always deprecated-seeking to make money for money's sake? Chrissy did not expect that her father must be infallible. Everybody was tempted, anybody might fall. With a swelling heart, Chrissy even remembered what her father had himself said; "That whom the Lord loved, He was swift to chastise, and that the solitary lapse of the righteous man, the first deviation from the straight path, was often, in mercy, swiftly followed by dire results which the persistent wrong-doing of the ungodly or indifferent seems to escape in triumph."

Only it was so hard not to know whether her aunt's bitter words should be met by a brave defence or a loving excuse.

There was no comfort to be found in Helen; all her cry was-

"If our poor father had cared more for money all along, he would have made more, and then this loss would not have hurt us so much. And indeed he would have had so much more experience that he would have known better than to have become possessed of a Great Metropolitan share. Aunt Kezia says so, and if she is wise about anything it is about money matters, especially about making money; I think she over-does the matter of saving. The more I think about saving, the more foolish it seems. Have not we lost everything now? We might just as well have enjoyed it more while we had it. We might have spent more on our holidays, and not been so sparing on our clothes. It would have all come to the same thing in the end."

"No, it would not," said Chrissy; "there would have been so much the less wherewith to meet our liabilities." But when Chrissy heard that her father had taken the share because Mr. Ackroyd had offered it to him in exchange for a loan, a load was raised from her heart, and she lifted up her head.

"Ought not Mr. Ackroyd to take back his share?" she asked.

It was Dr. Julius to whom she made that observation. He shook his head—

"No, little woman;" he said, "that might be justice, but it is not law. It would be honesty, but it is not what is called 'business.'"

They were standing in the shop. Hans Krinken, from behind the counter, broke in impulsively—

"I know all about it. I heard it; I think Mr. Ackroyd did fancy I had but little English, Mr. Ackroyd, he said he was badly wanting fifty pounds to pay his rent-he had been disappointed in some moneys he was to receive. Mr. Miller, he offer to lend the fifty pounds for one week. Mr. Ackroyd, he offer to pay the-what you call-interest. Miller, he shake his head, and say he no usurer. Mr. Ackroyd, he say he is no beggar, and offer interest But the master, he very firm. Then Mr. Ackroyd, he clap his hands, and say, 'I have it,' and he runs out and brings back a bit of paper, and he says of the master, 'Buy that from me. I give fifty pounds for it, but it is worth one hundred now.' Mr. Miller, he say he will not take it for less than it is worth; he say he knows nothing about such things, and has none. Mr. Ackroyd look very sorrowful; say he does not like to part with it-it be very soon worth one hundred twenty-one hundred thirty pounds. Then my master say he will give Mr. Ackroyd what he says it is worth—one hundred pounds, and he can buy it from him at the same price when he can get the money. Mr. Ackroyd, he goes away, and come back soon with some papers, and say it settled all right. And Mr. Miller, he answers that Mr. Ackroyd is not to forget it is his on the same terms. And Mr. Ackroyd, he laugh, and say, 'Mr. Miller has done him one good turn, and himself another! Dr. Julius, Mr. Ackroyd is the bad man. I hate him!'

And the warm-hearted boy brought his clenched fist heavily on the counter.

"Hist, hist!" said the doctor. "My good fellow; we may have our thoughts! But at that time the shares were selling at the price Mr. Ackroyd named. Things of this sort are among the lucky accidents one always hears of connected with great crashes. It is odd how they generally happen to a certain class of people!"

"But Mr. Ackroyd has other shares still," suggested Chrissy. She would not defend her father from imprudence by rushing to impute treachery and fraud to a stranger.

"Ah, well," admitted Dr. Julius, rather reluctantly, "he thought so at first. He thought he had a vital interest in some shares held under a certain trust. But it appears otherwise. He has had a narrow escape from ruin, he says." "I know Mrs. Ackroyd and James were terribly alarmed about it," said Chrissy, involuntarily, remembering all she had overheard on the night of her father's death. But, at the same instant, came back the memory of Mr. Ackroyd's own cool, almost mocking tones.

"Ah, well," said Dr. Julius again, "we must not let our minds dwell on these things. What is done cannot be undone. And conjectures and suspicions lead nowhere, and can do us no good." He himself glimpse of her father, so beautiful in its view of his sternly conscientious principle and kindly heart, that it seemed to make the bearing of all else quite easy. But she could stop there. Her father was not only excused, but amply and nobly justified, without casting any condemnation on others. Mr. Ackroyd could not have known what he was doing. No, that was quite impossible. If Chrissy could have thought otherwise, it is doubtful whether she could have repeated the story, for an ingenuous young heart



"Hans Krinken . . . broke in impulsively-'I know all about it."-p. 103.

had a medical man's horror of "fixed ideas," and their evil effect on the mental, moral, and physical nature. Also, he had a brother a lawyer, who was in the habit of saying that the best way to get one's wrongs redressed was to forget all about them.

"Ay, so it may be," answered the young German; "but I can guess what was in the mind of my master as he lay down to his last sleep. And I marked that his Bible lay open at that fifteenth Psalm, on each verse of which my good grandfather used to say every minister should preach at least once a year."

Chrissy tried to obey the doctor's advice. And, indeed, Haus Krinken's account had given her one more shrinks from the thought of guilt in others, as if the shame and pain were reflected upon itself. And she did tell the story to Aunt Kezia; but after she had done so a horrible doubt crept into her mind, for she found that Aunt Kezia did not seem to think it half so unnatural that Mr. Ackroyd should have thought of over-reaching his neighbour's innocence, as that her father should have been so ready to help a neighbour's need.

"No good ever comes of mixing yourself up in other people's business," said Miss Kezia Daffy. "I believe people only do so out of vanity, thinking themselves wiser and better than other folk; and this is the way pride gets a fall. Well, girls, it is to be hoped you'll practise all the good ways your father trained you in, and put all his queer notions and high-flown ideas out of your head, and not strive to be better than other folks; for that only makes the world a harder place than it is at the best of times; and you'll have nobody to look to but yourselves. There is Helen—beginning to expect everybody will run to help her. I tell her she will find it is not so. There are children left orphans and penniless every day in the year, and nobody thinks anything of it except themselves."

Those hard words had a certain stern comfort for poor Chrissy, who had a wholesome horror of tragic circumstance, and would rather that her sorrows were commonplace and unnoticeable,

"What you are to be, I don't know," continued her aunt. "You are scarcely old enough for governesses. I believe my friend Madame Vinet, who is a dressmaker in the West End, would take one of you for a word from me. You'd have to live in the house, and you'd get very little money for a year or two. I think Helen will take that chance. She did not seem to like it at first, but she came round when I said she'd have to be nicely dressed to be in the show-room. But that's only one of you."

Chrissy spoke now. She had been quietly forming certain plans, which she would not confide to her aunt till they had taken some shape. She had laid them before Dr. Julius that morning, and they had met with his approval.

"I think I may be able to stay on in my father's shop," she said, quietly. "I know what the books are, and where they are, and the requirements of the customers. Father has let me learn all that lately; and the people may, therefore, find it an advantage to hire me as an assistant. I thought of that myself; and Dr. Julius says it may easily happen—that it is often done."

Aunt Kezia looked at her niece, up and down. The good lady had not spared complaints of having "all the burden of those helpless girls' future cast upon her mind;" but now she half-resented the firm though modest way in which Chrissy seemed inclined to take hers into her own hands, and form plans and projects for herself.

"Humph!" she said, "that will be a strange kind of place for you to fill. However, if you can get it, it may do as well as anything else. What sort of a salary will you expect?" Then, taking alarm as she reflected that her own residence was within walking distance from Shield Street, and that she intended her nieces "to begin as they would have to go on," which meant, to expect nothing from her, she asked, "I don't suppose you 'd be able to stay in the house; it's not too big for one family, without assistants. And they would not be likely to pay you enough to find you in board and lodging elsewhere."

"I asked Dr. Julius what would be the very least they could give," Chrissy answered, gently; "and Miss Griffin says she could take me to live with her for the sum he named."

"Miss Griffin has no house of her own to take you to. She is only a hired servant herself," snapped Aunt Kezia.

"The warehouse people won't object to her taking me in." Chrissy persisted. "They have often said that they wished she had some young niece or friend to sleep there with her, and save her from being so lonely."

"You'll find you are looked upon as quite a common working girl," said the aunt, regarding Chrissy with strong disfavour.

Chrissy smiled slightly.

"That does not matter," she said. "I shall be doing the sort of work that father did, and it is the nearest plan I can see for doing the work he meant me to do. He always thought I should be able to keep on the shop."

"But all that is over now; being hired—if you can get hired—to serve in the shop is a very different thing," observed Miss Kezia,

"Shopmen often rise to be masters," said poor Chrissy, with an expression of resolution settling on her face.

"Women are not men; women never rise," pronounced Miss Daffy. "That's why it's the duty of their relatives to see that they are properly provided for to begin with."

This was one of those side hits at her dead father which Chrissy could not endure. So she replied with some spirit—

"Then if a woman should prove that she has it in her to rise, it becomes clear that the very best provision possible has been made for her——"

"You will find that poor people must not have tempers," said Aunt Kezia, with ironical good humour.

The Rev. Harold Bentley was true to his word. His own business, or rather his son's, detained him in town, and, in the absence of the vicar, it was he who conducted Mr. Miller's funeral. And he went home afterwards to the house in Shield Street, and spoke soothing words to the weeping girls, and listened patiently to the recital of Aunt Kezia's trials, among which that lady did not omit to mention what she considered the strong-headedness which her younger niece had inherited from the dead man.

As he went down Shield Street, on his way to the vicarage, he heard many of the neighbours talking of him whom they had just seen carried to his last rest. He heard one say, in almost the same words as Dr. Julius had used, "Sad that such a life should end in such defeat!"

"Defeat!" echoed the clergyman within himself.

"He who leaves behind him such a child as Chrissy
Miller, leaves an investment on earth which he will
find again with untold increase in the Kingdom of
God. Alexander Miller is written down in heaven
as a successful man."

(To be continued.)

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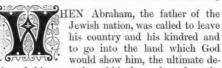
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## "KINGS SHALL FALL DOWN BEFORE HIM."

A CHRISTMAS PAPER.

BY THE LATE REV. CANON ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR.



would show him, the ultimate design of this separation of his descendants from the rest of mankind was revealed to him in these words, "And in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xii. 3). And when, at a later period of the history of the same patriarch, he received the crowning blessing which rewarded an exhibition of the strongest faith, the key to the true understanding of God's dealings with the Jewish nation was given in the promise which Abraham then received, "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xxii. 18). At different periods of the history of the chosen race we find, as in the case of Melchisedek, of Balaam and of Jethro, that amidst the prevailing darkness of the Gentile world God left not Himself without witness on the earth, whilst abundant evidence was given in the Book of Psalms and in the writings of the Prophets that though for an appointed time God had chosen one nation to be the guardians of His law, and one place wherein to record His name, the time was coming when "from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, His name should be great among the Gentiles," and when "in every place incense should be offered unto His name and a pure offering, and His name should be great among the heathen" (Mal. i. 11). For many ages a marvellous course of preparation was carried on, both within and without the Jewish nation, for this great Epiphany. It was for this end that the great empires of the world were successively called into being, and, when they had accomplished their appointed ends, were suffered to crumble into dust. By types and by prophecies the advent of the promised Deliverer was gradually announced. The place of His birththe nation, the tribe, and the family from which He was to proceed—the meanness of His outward condition-His works of majesty and of mercy-His sufferings and His death-His resurrection and ascension, the outpouring of the Spirit, and the universal extension of the Church. All these were foretold by the ancient prophets, not in the enigmatical obscurity of heathen oracles, but with so much of clearness that we often seem to be reading history rather than prophecy, and with so much of fulness and depth of meaning that much of the precious treasure which is contained in the writings still continues to yield itself up as the reward of patient and prayerful investigation, and the evidences of

Christianity are daily acquiring fresh strength, exactly in proportion as the mine of Holy Scripture is more deeply and more systematically ev

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And when the fulness of the time had come, and the long promised Messiah was sent into the world, although His personal mission was directed to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, He was not unmindful of the "other sheep" who did not belong to the Jewish fold; and throughout the entire course of His earthly history He continued to give evidence that the object of His incarnation was that in Him "all the nations of the earth should be blessed" (Gen. xxii. 18) and that the results of the preaching of His Gospel will be that "unto Him shall the gathering (obedience) of the people be (Gen. xlix. 10).

When viewed in this light the visit of the wise men to the birth-place of Christ is full of interest and of instruction. I shall not pause to discuss the question who these wise men were, from what country they came, or at what precise period of time their journey to Jerusalem was accomplished, The name by which they are described, the fact that they came from the East, and that it was a star which first attracted their notice, and which subsequently directed their course—all these circumstances point to the conclusion that these wise men belonged to the number of those Eastern sages who were addicted to the study of astronomy, and that they were engaged in their ordinary avocation at the time of the appearance of the star, just as Matthew was summoned from the receipt of custom to follow Christ, and as the sons of Zebedee and of Jona, while engaged in their occupation as fishermen, were called to become fishers of men. The readiness with which these wise men forsook their homes and avocations and followed the guidance of the star presents a striking and instructive example of obedience to a Divine call. These Eastern sages may, indeed, have had some faint vestiges of Divine revelation still preserved amongst them. Some expectation of the Star which should come out of Jacob, and of the Sceptre which should rise out of Israel may have lingered amongst their forefathers, even from the days of Balaam. Be this as it may, it was enough for them that they discerned in the appearance of this star an indication of Divine will; and no sooner did they behold its light than forthwith they resolved to follow its guidance.

And if in the appearance of the star we trace the indication of a Divine call, and if in the readiness with which the Magi addressed themselves to their journey we discern an instructive example of the readiness with which the Christian should respond to that call, in whatever form it may reach him, we may trace also in the circumstances of the guidance which was vouchsafed to these wise men a picture of the manner in which God is still pleased to lead and direct His people. When first the magi addressed themselves to their journey from the East, either the guiding-star went before them and led them to Jerusalem, as it did afterwards to Bethlehem, or in some other way they were directed to the city in which the Temple of the Lord stood, and in which the priests ministered at His altar; but when they had been thus far directed on their way, the star by which they had been led seems to have been hidden from their view, whilst the object of their journey yet remained unaccomplished. Having thus far walked by sight they were now called to the harder walk of faith. But not on that account were they led to abandon the object of their search, or to relax their efforts in order to its accomplishment. On the contrary, having arrived at the city in which the true God was worshipped, and in which there lived those whose office it was to keep knowledge, these wise men inquired where they should find Him who, though despised and rejected by His own, unto whom He came, was acknowledged by the magi at His birth, as by Herod at His death, as "King of the Jews." And as the conduct of these wise men teaches the lesson of perseverance in seeking the Lord in spite of inward or outward discouragements, so the success which crowned their efforts should afford encouragement to all those who are earnestly desirous of the manifestation of Christ to their souls. For when the sincerity of these wise men had been sufficiently proved by the temporary withdrawal of outward guidance, their faith and constancy were abundantly rewarded by the reappearance of the same supernatural light which had originally been seen by them in the East.

But we must now follow the Evangelist's account of the visit of these wise men through another and an equally instructive stage of their "And when they were come," St. Matthew writes, "into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened the treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh" (ii. 11). Neither the obscurity of His birth, nor the helplessness of His infancy sufficed to shake the faith, or to quench the ardour which animated the breasts of the Magi. We are not told what was the outward rank or position of these wise men. We know, however, that as the first-fruits of the Gentile world they came, in accordance with the inspired prediction of Israel, to "the brightness" of the Saviour's "rising, that, in accordance with the prediction of the same prophet, they brought to Him "gold and incense,"

and that thus, by the willing submission of themselves and by the consecration to His service of the choicest of their substance, they "showed forth the praises of the Lord " (Isa. lx. 3, 6).

Similar results will ever follow the manifestation of Christ to the soul of the believer. In deep and unfeigned humiliation of spirit he will bow the pride of his intellecct, the waywardness of his will, the strength of his passions and affections, low at the footstool of the cross.

And having thus learned to consecrate himself to the service of his Lord, he will, as the natural result of self-consecration, seek to employ all his talents in the same service, and cheerfully to render back to the Giver the best and the choicest of the gifts which His Master has entrusted to His stewardship. And whilst thus rendering to the Lord that service of heart and of the life which is His rightful due, not being ashamed to confess Him before men, nor seeking to hold back from Him any portion of that homage which He rightly claims at our hands, the true servant of Christ will seek by His prayers and by His efforts to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom upon the earth, and thus instrumentally to hasten the day of the Lord's appearing. And when at that great Epiphany the feet of the Redeemer shall again stand on the mountain from which He ascended, and He shall come to take visible possession of that Kingdom for the investiture with which He has now gone for a while into the far country, then shall be fulfilled those glowing predictions of the ancient prophets of which the offerings of the Eastern sages were at once the type and the Then, in accordance with the prophecies of the inspired Psalmist, "the kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts: yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him (Ps. lxxii, 10, 11).

Then, as the scars of His passion will but add lustre to the beauty of the King, so the bitter myrrh of His people's sufferings and temptations in the days of their pilgrimage will but add to the weight of their eternal glory. Then the incense of the prayers which they have offered in the outer courts of the Temple will be exchanged for the sweet odours of their ceaseless service of adoration and of praise. Then each act of charity, each word of sympathy, each self-denying sacrifice, willingly endured on behalf of those whom Christ now regards as His brethren, and whom He will then acknowledge as such in the presence of an assembled universe, shall in nowise lose its reward, seeing that for brass He will in that day "bring gold, and for iron He will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron (Isa. lx. 17), and in the place of the fading lustre of the guiding-star the Lord Himself shall be the "everlasting Light" of His people, and their

God their glory (Is. lx. 19).

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## JEANNETTE'S SACRIFICE.

ES, I repeat it, my daughter; had I twice as much, it would be sold."

"Wait a little, my father; one of these days we will have another cow—and then—we will see."

"Wait! but yes, I wait always," grumbled her father; "but I will do it. You shall have another cow—and, perhaps, two—and I will have a donkey,

self. From her Normandy mother she had learned the neat, industrious, housewifely ways which made her such a favourable contrast to the women of the village. th

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Every moment was occupied either in spinning or churning, or the ordinary every-day duties of the humble home.

She had just laid aside her distaff and spindle to



"Bore his now fainting wife into the cottage."-p. 109.

and take your butter to market; but always we must wait. Bah!" and Jeannette's father limped out of the cottage, with a sour discontented expression on his face.

He was a good man, too, in his way, was Veuf Jacques, as his neighbours called him; but since his good wife Marie had died, and he had broken his leg so badly, the trouble first, and the forced inactivity afterwards, had rendered him hopeless and discontented.

And yet he had a great deal left. Jeannette was the best daughter in the world, he often said to himprepare the vegetables for the pot-au-feu, when her little sister Babet tumbled over the threshold. A wild little creature was Babet—brown and plump, with bright roguish black eyes, and a mass of dark wavy rough hair, escaping from beneath the plain white linen cap she, as well as Jeannette, wore.

"See, Jeannette, how dark it is!" she panted.
"Oh! but I have run quickly! It rains!"

"And soon it will thunder, little one. Thou hadst reason to run. But where, then, is Pierre?"

"But I do not know, my sister - I left him by the

"He will certainly come soon," said Jeannette, going to the door, and looking out anxiously; for the thunder was muttering angrily in the distance, and every moment it grew darker.

Nearer came the thunder, and the lightning was flashing vividly, when Pierre ran breathless, as Babet

had done, into the cottage.

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"Manon is sheltered," he exclaimed; "the good beast, she rejoiced to see me; and oh, my sister, there is such a grand carriage, with two beautiful horses, coming up the road—ah! see them now! to the left—look!"

raised her the next instant in his arms, exclaiming, "Say, what have you? is it that you are hurt?"

"My friend, I fear that I cannot move," she answered, faintly.

Raising her in his arms, the gentleman looked doubtfully for a moment at the poor dwelling near which the catastrophe had occurred.

Jeannette immediately came forward, with natural courtesy, and asked, "Will monsieur condescend to shelter madame here? for us, we shall esteem it an honour to serve madame."

Hastily acknowledging the invitation, Monsieur le



"'My little one, I have no daughter but thee."-p. 111.

"Ah! what a flash!" said Jeannette, as she shaded her eyes, and looked out at the approaching vehicle. "Ah! but the horses are afraid!" she continued, as they came nearer.

They had, in fact, become almost unmanageable, and the coachman, perceiving this, was endeavouring with all his might to stop them. The moment he succeeded, one of the occupants of the carriage sprang out, and began to help his companion to alight; but just as she stood with one foot on the step, and the other not yet touching the ground, the horses, startled by a still more vivid flash than any that had preceded it, gave a sudden plunge forwards, and the lady fell with her foot doubled under her.

As her husband was holding her hand, he had

Baron de la Grée bore his now fainting wife into the cottage.

Jeannette's efforts to restore her guest to consciousness were at last successful, and madame thanked her very graciously for her hospitality, telling her, at the same time, that she feared she must trespass upon it still further, for she believed her ankle was sprained.

When the surgeon who had been sent for arrived, he confirmed this fear, and, greatly to monsieur's consternation, declared that the patient must not be moved for a day or two.

Lisette, madame's maid, had also been sent for, but her mistress, seeing that in the small space the dwelling afforded, it would be a serious inconvenience

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to the family to entertain her, insisted upon her returning, declaring, with gracious imperiousness, that Jeannette should wait upon her.

As this was evidently the wisest plan, it was at last arranged so, and Madame la Baronne de la Grée became an inmate of the humble dwelling of Veuf

Jacques.

Jeannette was delighted to have the care of the young, beautiful, gracious lady, who talked so pleasantly to her, and told her about England (for she was an Englishwoman). Madame declared that now she had come to take up her residence at the château for the summer, she should often find her way to Jeannette's cottage. She was charmed with everything, and made great friends with the little "marmot of a child," Babet.

Jacques, too, added his homage to the universal opinion, concerning the fair and amiable young

Englishwoman.

After the first shyness wore off, Babet would sit by madame's side, and look curiously at the pretty bright rings that she wore; and one thing that especially attracted her admiring regard was a necklet, to which was attached a locket set with diamonds and pearls, and containing what she called a "beautiful picture of a lady."

"Put it on me, please, madame," she begged, with childish freedom, putting up her brown chubby

hand, and giving it a tug.

Madame was in the living-room, reclining on a heap of cushions that had been sent from the chateau for her use.

"No, my little one, I cannot; it never is taken off," she said, seriously.

Jacques entered the room at the moment, and scolded Babet.

"Madame will pardon the spoilt child," he said, "she is so good, so gracious; but Babet must behave with more politeness. It may be—madame will condescend to correct me if I am wrong—that the jewel cost a great deal of money—as much, perhaps, as would buy another cow like Manon?"

"I do not know what the price of a cow is," replied madame, laughingly. "And Babet is not naughty; she should have her wish, but I have never taken it off since my dear mother placed it there;" and madame's blue eyes were full of tears,

"Pardon, a thousand pardons for me and for Babet, madame," replied Jacques, much moved by that virtue which always finds an echo in every Frenchman's heart. With a few gracious words from madame, the subject dropped.

Almost immediately afterwards the surgeon and monsieur arrived, and, greatly to the latter's satisfaction, madame was pronounced well enough to be

moved

Jeannette was really sorry to see her grand visitor depart, for although she knew that their little dwelling was not likely to be according to the tastes of Madame la Baronne, yet the kindly tact and high-bred courtesy of the latter had made the girl feel that

she appreciated and valued her efforts to render her guest as comfortable as possible. Her sympathetic nature, too, had made her take an interest in the story of Jacques's bereavement, his troubles, and his hopes.

"I hope, my good Jacques, that you may soon get a beautiful cow," she said, as she bade them adieu; "as for the good Jeannette, she shall not be forgotten, I promise her." were her last words,

The morning after madame's departure, as Jeannette went busily about her daily duties, a carriage from the castle stopped in front of the cottage, and from it alighted madame's maid.

Entering the room with a great deal of bustle and fuss, she told Jeannette that madame had lost her necklet, that she felt positive she had dropped it there, and that she begged the good Jeannette would look for it, and restore it at once.

Jeannette immediately hunted in whatever spots madame had occupied, but it was nowhere to be found.

"But you see it is not here," said Jeannette, "Madame, perhaps, dropped it after leaving us; is it not so?"

"That cannot be," replied Lisette, with a suspicious glance at the unconscious Jeannette, "for the carriage was searched at the instant."

"Madame had, perhaps, the misfortune to drop it while being carried to the carriage," suggested Jacques, who had been summoned by his daughter to assist in the search; "for I perceived it to glitter as madame passed through the door."

But no; they hunted over every little bit of ground where it was possible to have dropped it, and Lisette was obliged to return with no news of it.

"I do not like the face of madame's maid," said Jacques to Jeannette. "She seemed to think we could find it if we would."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Jeannette, indignantly; "how dared she! But no; you must mistake. What good would it be to us?"

"It could be sold, you understand, my daughter."

"But, my sister," chimed in little Babet, "what would they do to you if you had taken it?"

"They would shut you up in a dreadful prison, and no good people would ever speak to you again," replied Jacques.

Babet's childish face lengthened, and the tears came into her eyes. "Then they are naughty and cruel," she said, passionately.

"No, no, little one; they are right. The good God will not love those who steal, any more than men will."

And then Jacques went away to put the butter into the panniers for market.

Coming back, however, he reached down from the high shelf the old woollen stocking in which he kept the money he was saving for the purchase of the desired cow.

Babet was standing near, looking very disconsolate. "Hein! what is it?" he asked, surprised at the darkness of the child's usually bright face,

Babet opened her mouth irresolutely to speak, but at this moment Jeannette's voice was heard calling.

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"My father!" and Jacques hastened away to receive some little message from his daughter, and Babet's trouble remained unspoken.

The next moment she had run out into the sunshine, and, whatever her childish trouble may have been, when she returned an hour or two later, all traces of it had disappeared.

An hour or two after Jacques's departure, the carriage from the château brought Lisette back again; this time her suspicions were valuinly expressed, and she told Jeannette that monsieur le baron declared he would send two gens d'armes to search the cottage.

"Is it possible that—— And madame, what has she said?" asked Jeannette, as her brown face flushed to an indignant scarlet.

"Madame is an angel—she grieves. But that is not the matter," said Lisette, abruptly. "Is it that the gens d'armes must make search?" she continued, "or will you render the jewel?"

"The gens d'armes may come," replied Jeannette, proudly; "we fear not." But she, who knew herself and father innocent, never believed for a moment that such a thing could happen to them; the locket would be found, no doubt, she said to herself, and madame, who was so gracious and kind, would feel sorry that she had so far misjudged them. But alas! things do not always go as we wish.

Jacques, who had stayed the preceding night at the town, was to return that afternoon, and Jeannette, as was her custom, taking distaff and spindle with her, that she might profitably employ all her time, went down to the river-side, accompanied by Pierre and Babet, to fetch Manon and the cows of a richer neighbour, to whom Jacques acted as herdsman. From this spot she could command a view of the road by which her father would come, so she lingered awhile, thinking, with a shade of annoyance on her good kindly face, how troubled and indignant he would be to hear of monsieur le baron's suspicions.

Suddenly her wistful gaze intensifies. Do her eyes deceive her! She can see two men approaching, and though they are yet some distance off, the afternoon sun gleams on their firearms. Yes, they are the two gens d'armes. She does not fear the result of their search, but the shame of being suspected! her good father! it is too cruel.

"Stay here," she says hurriedly to Pierre and Babet, "I shall return;" and leaving her little sister leaning against an old willow that grew near the water, she hurried away to receive the unwelcome visitors

It is some time before they reach the cottage, and when they do the search is unsuccessful? But no— Jeannette has still a bitter ordeal in store for her.

Reaching down the old woollen stocking, one of the gens d'armes proceeds to untie it, and with an exclamation of satisfaction on his part, and one of grief and dismay from Jeannette, produces the missing article. The room whirls round with her, she thinks she must choke, a hand of iron seems grasping at her throat; it must be some horrible dream! No, there they stand, the mist is clearing from her eyes, she can see them, and the familiar objects around, only too clearly; and what is worse, the mist is clearing from her mind; it must be so—her father has yielded to a sudden temptation. "But, oh, it was for us—for us his children," she thinks to herself, in her heart trying to excuse him. What is to be done? She cannot let him be taken; the shame of it would kill him. All her senses are so absorbed by her trouble that she does not hear the gens d'armes speaking to her.

Suddenly a great and noble, though mistaken, resolve takes possession of her; bursting into tears, she falls on her knees, and exclaims—

"It was I-take me! Oh, my father!"

Babet and Pierre, after waiting some time by the river, surprised that Jeannette did not return as she promised, went back to the cottage, to find it empty.

Pierre, who had to take home Mère Nannette's cows, thought perhaps to find her there; but instead dismal tidings awaited him; Mère Nannette had seen Jeannette go by, under the care of the gens &armes, and she returned to the cottage all curiosity to know what it meant.

Soon after, Jacques arrived on the scene full of misery, for he too bad meet them; and Jeannette, who felt the shame as keenly for his imagined offence, as if she herself had really committed it, had looked so guilty and miserable, when the gens d'armes told their story, in reply to his questions, that he could not but believe her guilty. All this time no one had taken any notice of poor little Babet, who crouched trembling and sobbing in the corner of the room. Now taking the miserable little creature on his knee, Jacques exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion, "My little one, I have no daughter but thee!"

He was surprised by the violent fit of sobbing that answered him.

Clinging convulsively to her father, as soon as she could speak, she exclaimed, "I found it, and I wanted to keep it a little—it was so pretty—and I meant to tell you—but I feared when you said they would take me to the dark prison."

After some more questioning, Jacques found out that when he had taken down his little hoard, after he had left the room, Babet had in her fear slipped the locket and chain into the stocking, and run out. He, remembering at the last moment that he had left it on the table, had gone back and quickly restored it to its usual place. But one mystery still remained unsolved; the gens d'armes had declared to him that Jeannette had confessed the theft.

Early the next morning, taking Babet with him, Jacques went up to the château. It was some time before he was admitted to madame's presence; but when he had told his story, she exclaimed, "Ah, I see it, the noble girl; but why did she tell such a falsehood? It was very wrong; yet, poor child,

what must she not have already suffered for her fault. But fear nothing, good Jacques; I will strive to atone for our part in the wrong we have done you." And she kept her word, for when Jeannette, released from prison, returned home, madame la baronne was there to welcome her. "I never in my heart believed any of you capable of the theft, "she said, "but I was overruled, or the gens d'armes would never have been sent to search the cottage; but, dear generous Jeannette, let this be a lesson to you, never

to do evil, even that good may come. I think that both you and Babet have been sufficiently punished for your fault; so now let us come and see the cow that has been brought for you. She will serve to remind you how sorry I am that you should have been unjustly suspected."

The surprise and delight of the re-united family may easily be imagined; their troubles were over, for madame la baronne remained always their good friend and patroness,

RUTH MITCHELL,

#### HELPS TO PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BEING THREE ADDRESSES TO IMPORTANT CLASSES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.



I.-TO SERVANTS.

EEL especially drawn towards those of my brethren who fill the office of Domestic Servants; first, because their work is a most useful and important one; and secondly, because they are oftentimes left out from that pastoral supervision which others in our various parishes enjoy.

Service is a position often recognised in Holy Scripture. Jacob served Laban for seven years; Joseph was for a while a servant to Potiphar the Egyptian; Onesimus was Philemon's servant. But above all, Jesus, the beloved Saviour of the world, came not to be ministered unto (that is, to be served), but to minister (or to serve). And when He became man for our sakes, we are told that "He took upon Him the form of a servant." So then never look upon Service as a degradation, but as an honourable and praiseworthy position, of which God approves.

In your case, my dear friends, there are special duties, and also special temptations—duties which God Himself assigns to you, and in the faithful discharge of which there is a sure reward; and temptations also to which you are peculiarly exposed. And now, bearing these duties of yours, and these temptations, in mind, I will offer you a little friendly and affectionate counsel. What I earnestly desire for you is that you may lead a godly and a Christian life. And I shall be glad if I can say anything to assist you in leading such a life, so that whilst you are serving man you may also be a true servant of God.

First, in whatever situation you may be placed, determine to be Strictly Honest. The mention of honesty may almost make you start, and you may be ready to exclaim, "There is no fear of my stealing, I should hope!" No, I trust not. But still, are there not little acts bordering upon dishoneity, which servants are occasionally tempted to commit? Do not some of them take advantage of what comes in their way, though strictly

speaking it is not theirs? Do they not look upon certain things as perquisites, which their masters or mistresses may be ignorant of, and which they never intended to be so considered? And further, do they not spend hours and half-hours now and then which belong to their employers? I advise you to be very careful not to offend in these little matters; for though little in your eyes, they may grow into great evils. Be scrupulously honest and upright in all your ways.

Secondly, be Very Truthful. False speaking is not only wrong, but it is also inexpedient; for it seldom answers the purpose for which it is spoken. It usually carries with it its own failure; so that a second and a third falsehood are needed to back it up; and after all, it is pretty sure to be discovered. You have committed a fault perhaps; and who does not commit many faults? Now, your first impulse probably is to conceal or deny But instead of doing so, I would recommend you candidly to acknowledge it; for such is the only right and Christian course to take. And bear this in mind, that the word of truth is sure to prevail; it is always best, and owned by God. Remember, too, that a person of integrity is certain in the end to win the confidence both of those placed over him, and also of his fellow-servants.

Thirdly, be Neat in your person, and Methodical in your work. You should have a time and place for everything. You should be punctual in your hours. This will save you much needless labour and hurry, and will enable you to get through your several duties quietly and without difficulty. When one sees order and method in a household, one is also very likely to find what is of still greater importance, namely well regulated minds and peaceful hearts in its members.

Fourthly, be of a Contented Spirit. Some may be disposed to murmur, because they are not in the receipt of such high wages as others; or there may be less liberty allowed them. But money, and liberty to do as you please, will not of themselves make you happy. There may be other advantages

in your situation. You may have a kind master and mistress who care for you; or you may have quiet and respectable fellow-servants; or your religious opportunities may be greater than you would find elsewhere. In any case, look at the bright side; count up your mercies; and check any inclination to discontent and murmuring. It is better to bear the few evils which come in your way, with patience and cheerfulness, than to allow every little trouble to worry you. We all have our peculiar crosses, and those perhaps are the worst which we make for ourselves. It is not our great trials which are apt to weigh us down, so much as the little "insect cares" of our daily life. How true it is that "all the ways of the afflicted are evil; but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

There is an excellent tract called "The Oiled Feather," which shows that as a little oil will make the wheel of a wagon, or the hinge of a door, move without friction, so will a cheerful and willing heart make the roughs and gratings of life work smoothly. Use a little of this oil

of contentment, and all will go well.

Fifthly, be careful in the choice of your Com-Let not the showy and dressy ones attract you; but choose for your associates those who are sober and right-minded. You will find such to be your truest friends; they will stand by you in the hour of need, will be your advisers in the time of difficulty, and will

help you on your way to heaven.

Lastly, be conscientious in the Observance of your Religious Duties. It is very important to read some portion of the Bible every day, and at some fixed hour. God has given you this as your spiritual food. Let nothing prevent you from nourishing your soul with it. Be as regular with your Bible-reading as with your meals; for your soul will be sure to suffer, if it is either omitted or postponed. So, too, with Prayer. Never neglect it; for if so, you will miss the blessing which God has ready for you. Sometimes, when you are unusually busy, Satan may tempt you to hurry over your morning prayers, in order that you may get early to your work. Or at night, when you are wearied with the occupations of the day, you may perhaps be tempted to fall asleep, almost without commending yourself to God's gracious care and He will whisper to you that there are times when a little neglect is excusable. no, my dear friend, no. It cannot be right that anything should thrust God aside. earthly employment ought to take the place of those heavenly employments which are absolutely needful for your soul's safety and wellbeing. Whatever you do, hearken not to such evil prompting. Never allow anything to interfere with your devotions; they are too precious to be given up. Never engage in the work of 836

the day without seeking God's blessing, never go unarmed into the battle.

In short, my dear Brother or Sister, be very careful about the welfare of your soul. If God has, in His mercy, kindled a little spark of grace within you, oh, endeavour to keep it alive. Let it be your one chief desire to act and live as a real Christian, walking in the narrow path which Jesus has marked out for you. Let Him have your truest love, your best affections, your very heart. Live day by day with your eye fixed on Him; and think often of that happy Home where He dwells, and where He has prepared a place for you.

PRAYERS.

O most gracious Father, who knowest our wants, and despisest not the humblest of Thy creatures, look upon me from heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and grant me Thy blessing. Be with me in the work to which Thou hast called me. Prosper me in it, and enable me faithfully to fulfil all the duties belonging to it. Make me diligent in my calling, honest in all my dealings, true and faithful to those whom I serve, and kind and gentle towards all around me. May I never forget that I have a Master in heaven. Lord Jesus, I am Thy servant. Thou hast bought me with the price of Thine own blood, and hast numbered me among Thy people. Make me Thy true disciple.

Be with me, Lord, in my daily course; and help me to perform the duties to which Thou hast called me. If danger should arise, be near to defend me. If I am tempted, cast Thy shield around me. If alone, may I feel Thy presence, and that Thou, Lord, seest me; or if with others,

keep me watchful.

Grant this, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake .-AMEN.

I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for the many means Thou hast given me to help me on my way to heaven. When I read Thy word, do Thou teach me. When I am upon my knees, make me humble and devout. And whenever I go to Thy House, give me a prayerful and reverent spirit, and enable me to draw near to Thee with a true heart.

O Lord, bless Thy Minister whom Thou hast appointed to teach and guide us in the way of Help him in the great work which he has undertaken. Be with the Household in which I am living, and bless every member of it. Look in mercy upon my dear Friends at home. Give them health and prosperity if Thou seest it good for them, but, above all, give them Thy peace; and if any of them are far from Thee, and love Thee not, oh, touch their hearts, and bring them within Thy true fold.

Hear me, and answer this my prayer, for Jesus

Christ's sake.—AMEN.

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# Join all the Clorious Names.



Great Prophet of our God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

Be Thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep us near Thy side:
Oh, let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

#### A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA COFFEE PALACE.



HE classical district of the " New Cut " is at first sight not the locality one would choose by preference for amusement. nor has the region round about the Waterloo Station hitherto been celebrated for the consumption solely of coffee. Indeed, the

"New Cut," a name popularly bestowed upon the street since Waterloo Bridge was opened, for many years preserved a character unique in the annals of trading on Sunday mornings, and similar to that enjoyed by "Petticoat Lane" in another and more distant parish. The boys in the New Cut seemed at one time to enjoy the monopoly of turning cartwheels in the muddy road as close under the feet of cab and omnibus horses as a dog will run; and our limited experience of the "Cut" by night had not been altogether of a purely satisfactory kind to our olfactory or other nerves. So when we received an invitation to visit the Royal Victoria Coffee Palace, we did not anticipate such a quiet evening as we actually passed in that

renovated building. Not that we expected any disorder under the excellent arrangements by which the old Coburg Theatre, known to more modern playgoers as the "Victoria," or "Vic.," is now carried on; but we fancied that the spirit of the gods had not altogether died out, and that a noisy audience would not reconcile us to the strains of ballad music, or to the performance even of a "lion comique;" but if we had any misgivings they were speedily set at rest. We had chosen a children's night, it appeared, and crossing the cut from the Waterloo Station, in a few minutes we were admitted, and were seated in the balcony. The theatre is a rather large one and commodious. There are refreshment bars at the back of the pit and of the balcony, and probably also up-stairs, for we did not ascend to the crowded gallery, wherein sat some hundreds of boys, all who possessed coats having taken them off, so that no envy should be excited amongst the majority, who, so far as we could see, did not possess that encumbrance, or what is apparently regarded as an encumbrance by the habitué of the gallery of any popular theatre.

There were not many people in the stalls, balcony, or pit, when we arrived. We were early, and we occupied the time in noting the general arrangements, and studying the programme of the forthcoming performance. Even in this matter of programmes there is a sliding scale of prices to correspond with the means-we will not say the purses -of the audience. For instances, we can ascend to the gallery for 3d., and a halfpenny extra will secure us a programme. In the pit, where the modest sum of 6d. is demanded, our bill costs us one penny. But the aristocratic visitor who will expend one shilling or even up to eighteenpence for a seat, will find himself charged twopence for the bill of the performance. As to the possessors of private boxes at six shillings or half-a-guinea we cannot speak. The boxes were occupied by some parties of children, and no doubt they paid in proportion,

Now let us see what we are going to have this evening to entertain us, and the hundreds of children of all ages and sizes who are coming in charge of relatives young and old. Little toddling things, pushed in in amazement into the pit, stand and stare at the curtain, or at the apparatus for the dissolving views, which will, we hear, be followed by some comic slides. This part, in itself including the story of the celebrated Sleeping Beauty, as explained—and so humorously and simply explained-by Professor Malden, was something to see evidently. We noticed that Nimrod, the great juggler, the talented Adison family, dogs and monkeys, under Professor Gordon, with some other items, made up a programme sufficient to keep the audience amused till bed-time; and the children in the gallery who had come in for three-halfpence each, crowded to the front till nothing could be seen but their faces.

After a preliminary survey and some conversation with the officials, we were politely permitted to move about as we pleased, and before the curtain rose for the appearance of the juggler we had established ourselves in the stalls ready to applaud the great and mighty Nimrod, who juggled with skill sufficient, twisting plates on sticks, and going through a series of performances most calculated

to please a juvenile audience.

While the plates were whirling, a girl, accompanied by her youthful cousin, took their places beside us, and both applauded lustily. We took an opportunity to enter into conversation with the little maiden, who appeared to be about sixteen. From her and her cousin we learned that the entertainments were in the neighbourhood regarded with favour.

"I suppose you often come in ?" we hinted.

"Oh, yes, frequent. My cousin he likes it."
At this the lad grinned appreciatively. "Jack



AT THE VICTORIA COFFEE PALACE.

likes it ever so much; and ye see, besides, I've relations in the profession."

"Indeed!" we said; "then you are an actress

too ? "

"No," she replied, "not yet. I'm going to dance, but it's hard to get an engagement. Still, I'm trying hard, and practising my steps. They're not easy to master, and ye must do them, or you've no chance."

"Do you think this place does good to the

children ?"

"Why, o' course. Look here: isn't it better than running about the streets, or than sitting at home, or cadging outside public-houses all night? Jack and I often come in. We don't always pay, ye see, but we do mostly; then we go in the pit behind, or sometimes in the gallery—if

the place is full.'

She was very young to thus express herself, but she appeared to have experience on her side. During the snatches of conversation in which we indulged with Jack, that youth appeared to look upon the entertainment provided as "first-class," to use his own term. He laughed loudly at the funny bits, and there were many. He applauded with vigour when any opportunity offered, and the girl informed me that many of his young friends came in, and were thus "kept out of mischief." Indeed, this young girl appeared to be acting quite an elder sister's part to Jack.

Both were very decently dressed, and perfectly quiet and well behaved in manner, as was the whole of the audience, for, with the exception of an occasional shrill whistle, from the small boys in the gallery, nothing broke upon the quiet enjoyment of the entertainment except the applause, which was general, and very discriminating at

times.

"You should come here on a Thursday night," said my young mentor. "That's the ballad concert night. You can hear music then. But see, here's the Adisons." And then we listened to the three clever children, tiny mites of five, six, and seven years of age, singing with marvellous correctness and expression; one little blue-eyed lassie being remarkable for her delineation of a jolly wagoner, and for the force with which she enunciated her fixed and unalterable determination to "go and be a soldier in the morning." We need not here enter into the question whether it is judicious to train children at such a very early age for the stage, and whether the atmosphere of the theatre and the auditorium are calculated to improve such young children in any way. But they appeared bright, intelligent, and lively, and seemed to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the performance, and to enjoy it as much as we did, which is saying a good deal. It was very good. The dissolving views found great favour with the audience, and some children near us appeared very much delighted with the "Sleeping Beauty," one child going so far as to declare that it was "prime." But when the shipwreck and rescue were shown, "Rule Britannia" was played, and the solos sung by Madame Touzeau found a full chorus in the gallery and pit, with all the strength of boyish lungs, Such a chorus it was, too! All united in the air, and the coatless young Britons one and all declared they never would be slaves.

So the evening passed quickly away; and the entertainment was never permitted to flag. We gathered that the attendance is usually very good, and the audience quiet and attentive. This we can endorse from our own experience, and the general arrangements of the house seem to be excellent. For those who wish to have coffee or tea, lemonade or such drinks, there are good and cheap buffets. No one need be deterred from visiting the Victoria Music Hall. The old days of the transpontine drama have died away at the "Victoria," and a decorous albeit interesting, and quiet though entertaining, performance is now to be seen there, and the audience appreciate it. Things have changed materially since the days of the old "Coburg" Theatre, and the class of performance then and later in vogue, has all but passed away. With the increased spread of education the desire to learn has arisen. The young, as we have seen, paid their hard-earned pennies to listen to a rational entertainment for three hours, when they might have been picking up coppers thrown from the excitedly liberal hands of the devotees of the great Epsom race.

"It's a great blessin', sir," said a man, "for some of us to come in here; and it keeps a lot of them [indicating the boys] out of mischief—that's

hat it does."

"I see many women and their babies here too; it is more comfortable for them than at home."

"Yes, and you'll see husbands here too, and the girls and boys come. They're nearly all from about here, and they're well behaved, ain't they?"

We confessed they were. The man seemed to take a sort of pride in the behaviour of the audience drawn from his neighbourhood, and in their generally clean if homely exterior. And that is another point—cleanliness. If these performances attract as they do, and if people must come clean and decent, as they must, can we not trace the beginning of a great good in such establishments so conducted? Cleanliness and godliness go hand in hand, inculcating self-respect.

At the Victoria Palace Music Hall there is no levity, but plenty of healthy amusement. The entertainments are given as a rule gratuitously, by artists eminent in their calling, and distinguished amateurs frequently appear upon the stage. With such materials to work with, the project is sure to succeed, but co-operation is necessary for complete

success. The management must instruct as well as amuse, must continue to hide the little "powder," of instruction in the "jam" of entertainment, and we feel assured that any person

who will assist in the amusement of the poor inhabitants of the Lambeth district will be doing a good work, while his efforts will be fully appreciated by a somewhat critical audience,

#### HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC,

I .- CAIN AND ABEL.

T is a sad thought that the first child that was ever born into this world of ours should turn out to be a murderer; yet so it was. Eve rejoiced greatly when she held the baby Cain in her arms, but she never dreamt that the little heart which seemed so innocent could ever be filled with

hate, and that the little hand which she fondled and caressed would ever be red with a brother's blood.

Now how did this come to pass? I will try to tell you.

What Cain was like as a child I do not know, but he seems to have become when he grew up a self-willed and obstinate man. God had ordered that sacrifices should be offered when Adam was banished from Paradise, and these sacrifices were to be of a particular kind. Men were not to do as they chose in the matter, but they were to bring a living animal and slay it, and burn its flesh on the altar to the Lord. Probably they did not understand, or did not perfectly understand, what the sacrifice meant; but the command was plain enough, and what they had to do was just to obey it without questioning and without hesitation, because God had given it.

Now, when Cain and Abel were boys, their father, no doubt, offered the sacrifice; and they simply stood by and witnessed what he did. But in process of time these two brothers grew up into young men, and became heads of families themselves, and the duty of conducting the worship of their households devolved upon them. Then it was that Cain refused to offer this kind of sacrifice. He would not, he said, put an innocent animal to death. He could not see the good of such a proceeding. He did not object to offer a thank-offering to God, to Whom he owed the good things of life, but as to sacrificing a lamb, he could not and would not do it. I suppose the truth was he was too proud to obey the Divine command. To offer the animal was to confess oneself a sinner and worthy of death, and to this admission Cain's haughty spirit would not consent to stoop. Well, one day the two brothers brought each of them his sacrifice to offer it to God. Cain built his altar, and laid on it some of the fruit of the ground-sheaves of corn (I suppose), and purple grapes, and red-cheeked apples, and wreaths of beautiful flowers-to indicate his thankfulness for the blessings he received. This was well, of course, so far as it went, but it did not go far enough. There was no confession of sin in it. And Abel built his altar too; but on it, in obedience to God's command, he laid "of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof." And what happened? No notice whatever was taken of Cain's offering. God passed it by alto other. But, "to Abel and his offering the Lord had respect;" that is to say, in all probability, a fire or blaze of lightning came from heaven and consumed the lamb in a moment, like Elijah's sacrifice on Mount Carmel, in order to intimate the Divine approval.

At this Cain was very angry. He was annoyed and irritated to find that his younger brother was preferred to himself, and he sulked about it. Then the Lord condescended to reason with him. He told him that the fault was his own; that if he were obedient he would be accepted; but that he must not expect the obedient and the disobedient to be treated alike. Cain, however, continued to nurse his wrath, and at last his spite and malice became so ungovernable, that one day, when he was alone with Abel in the field, and had the opportunity, he stabbed him, or struck him on the head with a stone, or with a club, and so killed him.

Learn two lessons here, my dear children—first, the danger of indulging a bad passion: you never know what it may grow to; and then the danger of being self-willed, and taking our own way in the matter of religion. If we say, "I will worship God in the way that I choose, and in no other," we may find ourselves at last, as Cain was found, amongst the opponents and haters of God and of God's people.

#### II.-THE FIRST CITY.

The first city, strange to say, was built by the first murderer. It was called Enoch. Cain, after he had killed Abel, was driven out of the presence of the Lord, and took refuge in the land of Nod, and there he had a son born to him; and when he founded a city, he gave it the name of his son, as founders of cities have frequently done since.

Now, why Cain built a city I do not know; the reason is not mentioned in the Bible; but it seems probable that he did it with a view to protect himself from his enemies. You remember, I daresay, that the murder of his brother made Cain a timid and suspicious man; that he was constantly in fear lest some one would come and take his life; and that God, in consequence, put a mark upon him, in order that he might be recognised at once, and spared.

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There must, then, have been a real danger. "But from whom?" you ask. Well, from the family of Abel. We have no reason to believe that Cain and Abel were young men at the time when that terrible death-struggle took place in the field. Many years, perhaps very many years, had passed away since they were born; and there was, in all probability, a considerable number of descendants on both sides children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren. for aught we know; for the race of man would multiply fast in those early days. Now, if all the descendants of Abel were as good as their forefather, Cain would have been in no very great danger; but probably not a few of them were fierce-tempered men; and when the head of their tribe or clan had been removed by violence, they would do what they could to avenge his death, and to destroy his murderer. Cain's evil conscience then, would not allow him to rest satisfied with the protection which God had given him, and he could not be easy until he had gathered his own people together, and placed them behind the walls of a sort of fortified town, so that they might be secure, as he thought, from the attacks of their enemies.

If this is the right explanation, we can see in the erection of this great city the effects of sin-how it makes men afraid of one another, how it breaks up the family, and brings discord and strife into it; how it makes it necessary for us to take precautions against some of our fellow-men, as if they were so many wild beasts. If sin had not entered into the world, do you suppose that we should need to have shutters to our windows, and bolts and bars for our doors, and policemen to walk up and down in the streets, and soldiers to be ready to defend us if enemies come? Of course not, If there had been no sin, all men would have loved one another, and lived together happily as brethren. would have thought of injuring his neighbour or robbing him, and we should have left our property about and no one would have taken it; and we should have gone to sleep at night feeling perfectly sure that it would enter into nobody's mind to do us harm. Sin, then, it appears, leading men to distrust each other, led to the building of the first city.

But God, in His mercy, overruled this for good. It is well that men should live in cities, and not all of them scattered up and down in the country, or wandering about in tents, as gipsies do, and as some Arab tribes do in other parts of the world. When these great multitudes of men are brought together, there is, of course, a good deal of wickedness to be found amongst them; but at the same time, there is a great advantage in the help which they afford to one another. Arts and sciences flourish in cities. Knowledge increases. The human mind is strengthened and improved. And then, it is in cities, as a rule, that the greatest triumphs of the Gospel of Jesus Christ have been won. You remember how in the early days of Christianity the chief cities of the day, such as Corinth, Rome, Antioch, Athens, were visited by the Apostles, and became centres of light and life to the world. And then that wonderful city of Jerusalem was at once the scene of the greatest crime that was ever perpetrated by man, and the source of the greatest blessings that were ever bestowed on the human race.

#### III.-LAMECH AND HIS SONG.

Lamech was one of the descendants of Cain, and is mentioned in the Bible for two reasons; first, because he married two wives, a thing no man had ever done before; and then because he composed a rather famous song (though a short one), which is sometimes called the "Song of the Sword."

The names of his wives are given-Adah and Zillah-and the names of some of his children. They seem to have been remarkable people. The women were beautiful in their personal appearance, and especially fascinating in their manners; and the men were very clever in inventions, for one of them constructed the first musical instruments; he was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" and another was successful in the breeding and rearing of cattle; and a third, Tubalcain, was a famous worker in metals, and is supposed to have made the first regular weapons of war. It is true that little is said about these people in the sacred narrative, but that little seems to introduce us into an attractive and brilliant society. Probably the members of it were godless-as most of Cain's descendants wereand if so, we have here the beginning of what has been frequently met with since in the history of the human race, a state of things in which the arts flourish; in which the men and women are gay and pleasant, and clever, and witty and accomplished, but in which God is entirely forgotten or kept out of

But I wish to speak chiefly about Lamech's "Song of the Sword."

I told you before that God had commanded sacrifices-sacrifices of animals-to be offered to Him, as an act of worship. Now, for the purpose of sacrificing, something like a knife must have been necessary. In addition to this we can hardly imagine that the ground could have been tilled without a ploughshare, or, at least, without a spade. And a sort of pruninghook, one would think, must have been required for the trees and shrubs. And if so, there was probably some knowledge of metal-working existing among men before Tubalcain appeared. But Tubalcain, we suppose, took a step beyond the rude implements of husbandry to which men had been accustomed, and invented weapons of war-swords and spears, and things of that kind-by which men would be better able to kill one another than they were before.

At this invention Lamech was delighted. The cleverness of his son pleased him. But he was more pleased to think that, by means of their swords, his sons would be able to defend him if he were attacked, more effectually than God protected Cain by means of the mark which He put upon him. In

this spirit, I think, he composed his "song." He begins, as you will observe, by calling upon his wives to listen to him. Then he tells them that he had done the very thing which his ancestor Cain had done: he had killed a man. But for all that, he says, he is not afraid, as Cain was, for he had a better defence than Cain had. Cain was protected by God; but he, Lamech, is protected by the sharp swords of his sons. He trusts to them more than he does to anything else; and now, when his enemies rise up against him on account of the murder he has committed, he can afford to set them at defiance, and laugh them to scorn.

If I understand his words rightly, Lamech is the very image of a bold, wicked, violent man, who does not scruple to take human life when it suits his purpose, because he knows or believes that nobody is able to bring him to justice.

The Bible teaches us to look forward to a time when men shall "learn war no more." Tubalcain was the first to learn war. And we are following in his steps. We are inventing every day new machines of destruction; we are ever making enormous guns, armour-plated ships, torpedoes, and I know not what. And this although Christ died upon the cross nearly two thousand years ago. How sad it is! When will the Kingdom of peace and righteousness be established all over the earth? It seems long in coming.

## IV.—THE MINGLING OF THE GODLY WITH THE UNGODLY.

At the end of the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis we find the words-"Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." We understand them to mean that, at the period mentioned, the true servants of God found it necessary to separate themselves from the careless and ungodly people round them, and to form a distinct community; and that thus, for the first time, mankind was divided, as it is now, into "the Church" and "the world," Such separation is often unavoidable. When God chose the Jewish people to be a blessing to the whole human race, He commanded them, as you will remember, to keep themselves aloof from the nations by whom they were surrounded. He placed them in a country where it would be possible for them to live apart. He gave them laws and customs which prevented them from mixing with strangers; and He did all this in order that they might remain uncontaminated by the vices of the heathen, and keep and cherish that knowledge of Himself which He had imparted to them. They would soon have forgotten everything-they would soon have become like other people-if they had been mingled with them. In the case, however, which is mentioned in Genesis, it does not seem to have been a command of the Lord, but a feeling that it was the best and safest plan to adopt, which induced the godly people of the day to form themselves into a distinct community.

For some time, we are told, they remained apart;

but by-and-by the two classes got mixed up together again. It happened in this way. The women of the worldly race were very handsome, and, I suppose, very fascinating. And when the quiet and thoughtful men who served God became acquainted with them, they were induced to offer them marriage, and thus alliances were formed which were very injurious to the interests of true religion. Very likely the husbands thought that they would be able to convert their wives, but in this they were mistaken. In too many cases the evil influence of the wife drew the husband away from the paths of godliness, and in nearly all cases the children who were born in these families grew up to be prodigies of wickedness, and the earth in consequence was filled with violence and crime.

Such was the result of the mingling of the godly with the ungodly.

We learn from the story to be very careful about our companionships. Of course we are sometimes obliged to associate with people who do not serve God, Boys at school, young men in business, clerks in a counting house, are not unfrequently thrown into contact with those whom they would rather avoid if they could, and whose influence is far from being a good and a wholesome one. But if we do not seek their society, and are on our guard against it, their society will not hurt us. It is when we make friends of our own accord with worldly and ungodly people that mischief is likely to ensue. They are much more likely to do us harm than we are to do them good, And there are other bad companions which we ought all of us to avoid-I mean some kinds of books. We can nearly always tell whether a book is, or is not, one which we ought to read; and if we feel that there is an ungodly tone about it, we should close it at once, and put it aside, and never look at it again. Yes, God says to His servants, "Come out from among them, and be ve separate "-separate from the evil that is in the world, separate from evil books, separate from evil thoughts, separate from evil com-

"But how," you say, "is such a separation to be accomplished? We are in the world. We cannot go out of it; and we cannot expect to find that everybody we meet with feels and thinks about religion just as we do ourselves. What are we to do?" Well, of course we cannot go and live in a cave, or in a convent. Nor does God wish us to do such a thing. Our duty is here. Christ does not pray that the Father would take His disciples out of the world, but that He would keep them from the evil that is in the world. Nor are we called upon to be bearish and morose and rough in our manners, towards those whom we think to be worldly people. Quite the contrary. A Christian ought always to be kind and courteous. But, at the same time, it is perfectly possible to show by our manner-quietly but firmly-that we are of a different spirit, and then, after a while, they will fall off from us, and let us alone, and we shall be "separate."

#### THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THOMAS THE DOUBTER.
"Be not faithless, but believing."—St. John xx 27.

O'N the day that Christ had risen,
Ten apostles met by night;
Doors were shut, yet on a sudden
Jesus stood there in their sight;
Well His loving voice they knew,
Saying, "Peace be unto you."

But when Thomas heard the story
From the rest that joyous eve,
He was full of doubts, and faithless,
Saying, "I will not believe;"
Claiming, in his foolish pride,
Proofs that could not be belied.

Eight days later, the apostles,
Thomas with them, met once more,
And the Saviour came among them
Just as He had come before—
Blessing one and all anew,
Saying, "Peace be unto you."

As He spoke to faithless Thomas,
Sad reproach in every word—
"Be not faithless, but believing,"
The apostle scarce had heard,
Ere he humbly bowed his head,
And, "My Lord and God," he said.

Then, with words so sweet and tender, Christ showed Thomas all his wrong, Speaking, too, that precious blessing, Cherished by his faithful throng— Blessing all, too, may receive, Who, though seeing not, believe.

THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRISTIANITY.

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—Isa, xi. 9.

On Christmas Day, long years ago,
A Babe was born at Bethlehem,
In humble manger lying low,
A Prince without a diadem.

The story of a Saviour's birth

No peal of trumpets told that day,
But angels sang a song to earth

That never since has died away.

No thankful hearts were there who sought Their Lord with gifts of price untold, Save three wise men, who humbly brought Sweet myrrh, and frankincense, and gold.

Yet every year live more and more Who hail that Babe as Lord and King; And millions all the wide world o'er This day to Him their offerings bring, And every year we're nearer still
That glorious day when, golden bright,
The knowledge of the Lord shall fill
The earth, and all shall see the light.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—St. LUKE ii. 13.

On Christmas-morn,

When Christ was born,
Was heard a song of peace and love,
So full and strong,
The perfect song
Of angel throng
From heaven above.

That song, we know, Sung years ago, Was sweetest carol ever heard; And through the year We all may hear An echo clear Of every word.

And now to-day
It seems to say
To each of us, "Let discord cease!
Put by your fears,
Your griefs and tears,
While in your ears
I tell of peace.

"And on this morn
When Christ was born,
Let all to Him an offering make;
A victory won,
A good deed done,
Some work begun
For His dear sake,"

THE FIRST MARTYR.

"He kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."—Acrs vii. 60.

Defenceless, looking up to heaven,

And fearing not to die,

Strong in the strength that God had given —

The glory from on high—
The martyr Stephen knelt and prayed,
While scoffing Jews stood round,

And, fierce and fast, cruel stones were cast, That beat him to the ground.

And as his Master, Christ, had prayed,
"They know not what they do,"
A like petition now was made
By this His servant true.
Then, with a smile of sweetest grace,
That told of comfort deep,
And with God's glory on his face,

The martyr fell asleep,

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#### SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE KINGS. HEZEKIAH-II.

Lesson I. Hezekiah Weak, Chapter to be read—2 Kings xviii, (part of),

NTRODUCTION. Ask few questions about the brazen serpent. Where was it put up? By whom, and why? (Num. xxi. 9.) What cures were wrought by looking at it? People thought it so wonderful, that they had come to look at it as a god, and burn incense to it.

What did the king do? So all idolatry destroyed. See how even good things may be made bad use of. What a happy country! Pious and wise king, good

laws, peace at home. Will it last?

I. EARLY WARS. (Read xviii. 7—12.) Who were the old enemies of the Israelites down in the southwest of Canaan? Philistines soon tried their power against young king. Were put down firmly at once. Nothing like resisting all enemies firmly—at once, before gain confidence by success. Each conquest makes next battle easier. But now tidings of worse enemies. Who are they? Whom did they attack first? Remind how all the kings of Israel were wicked. Now time come for their complete overthrow. What did Shalmaneser do? Took Samaria, the beautiful city built by Ahab, and took Israelites captive. Did Hezekiah offer to help them? No, he knew that it was from God. What a warning to him and his people to serve God!

II. A FOOLISH WEAKNESS. (Read 13—16.) Now comes the dreaded enemy to Judah, like dark cloud shadowing sun on summer's day. What made Assyrian king angry with Hezekiah? His father had paid tribute (see chap. xvi. 7), but Hezekiah had refused to serve him (ver. 7). Now Hezekiah terribly afraid; has heard of Israel being taken captive. What can he do? Does not ask counsel of God; forgets all God has done for him, and tries a bribe. But all his reforms, etc., have taken a great deal of money; he is running short. Where can he get more? So God's house is spoiled to bribe the enemy to go away! How weak, how foolish! Of course, the king of Assyria will come again for more. But at present he is contented, and goes away.

LESSONS. 1. Put away cause of temptation. If find any game, book, etc., likely to lead to sin, give it up altogether, as Christ tells us (Matt. xviii. 8). Rather give up anything harmless than let it be cause of sin. 2. Never give way to an enemy. Remind of man's three great enemies—world, flesh, devil. Must not be dallied with. Whatever is wrong must be resisted boldly, immediately, confidently with God's help; then the devil, resisted, will flee (James iv. 7).

Lesson II. Hezekiah Threatened.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings xviii. (part of).

Introduction. What a terrible thing war is;
two bodies of soldiers going out to fight—to shoot

and kill as many as possible. But how much more dreadful to have enemy invading a country; great army coming right up to the city. Jerusalem different from London; high walls all around it; entrance by large gates. This city now surrounded by enemy; army of Sennacherib, new king of Assyria.

I. THE INVASION. (Read 17, 18.) Picture the army approaching Jerusalem, seen from the hills, with banners flying, arms gleaming in the sun, hosts all in battle array. News spreads; crowds in street; hills climbed to get view. Then gates hastily closed. Troops called to arms. King's council summoned. Who were at the head of Assyrian army? Probably these three great officers of state. Whom did Hezekiah send to meet them?

II. THE PARLEY. Who is the spokesman for the Assyrians? Let us see what he says. Has come to show that Assyrian king is all-powerful, and it is vain that Hezekiah tries to break off from him. First he tries threats, and then bribes.

(1) Hezekiah's strength is vain. Accuses him of trusting upon Egypt, the old enemy of Israelites; but Hezekiah had not done so. God had forbidden any alliance with Egypt. Then suggests that God is offended because Hezekiah had removed His altars. Had he done so? Shows how little he understood of Judah's God. (2) Sennacherib is come at God's command. What an impious statement! He was indeed allowed by God to come to try Hezekiah's faith, but that was all.

(3) He makes tempting offer. Let them submit to Shalmaneser. He will take them to a beautiful country. Shall live at ease, enjoy plenty. (4) None can resist his power. Tells of what he has done to Israel. None of their gods could save Samaria. Why should they hope that God would save Jerusalem? How insulted the counsellors must have felt! how tempted to answer angrily! Did they? No—obeyed king's commands—listened in silence.

Lesson. The folly of boasting. All this speech sounded very fine—was very plausible. Some amount of truth in it—yet was an idle boast (Ps. ii. 1, 2). Judah was God's nation—under His protection. He would soon see how God was on their side—so need never be afraid of big words. No weapon against God's people can prosper.

## LESSON III. HEZEKIAH PRAYING. Chapter to be read—2 Kings xix,

I. END OF THE FIRST INVASION. (Read 1—8.) Left off with the king's messengers listening in silence to Rabshakeh's insulting speech. What did the king do when he heard it? Put on sackcloth as sign of grief, and went into the Temple. Need not ask what he went there for. Should have done so when king of Assyria first sent to him for tribute. Thus the Temple was to him a house of prayer, and Solomon's wish was fulfilled (1 Kings viii. 44).

What else did Hezekiah do? Why send to Isaiah? What is the answer Isaiah sent? What a comfort to the poor king! Should be no assault of the city—no battle—as the Assyrians came so should they go.

LESSON. Seek counsel of God. By prayer in His House. By asking advice of His ministers. By reading His holy Word. So shall be safe.

II. The Second Invasion. (Read 9—13.) Only one year passed, and Sennacherib come up again to Jerusalem. All the old alarm once more. His successes elsewhere had made him self-confident. Sends a similar message as before to Hezekiah—this time by a letter. What did Hezekiah do? Once more picture Hezekiah in the Temple—kneeling down—spreading the letter before the Lord. What does he say? (1) God is King alone. He has made all things—can rule all things—is Almighty—other gods only false ones—could do nothing. (2) Prayer for deliverance, not only for people's sake, but that God's glory may be seen in all the earth.

The answer soon comes — sent by the prophet Isaiah—a double message.

(1) Message to Assyrians. (Read 21—28.) The Lord laughs at the king's boasts. What did he say he had done? brought army so big as to cut down forests—dry up rivers because needing so much water. But by whose will was it all done? God had brought it all to pass—had allowed cities to become ruins; had used Assyrians as means of punishing nations. But now their time come. What would God do? turn them back as easily as a horse is led.

(2) Message to Hezekiah. (Read 29—34.) Notice the change from third person to second, "thee" meaning Hezekiah. Had lost this year's planting, but in two years all farming would go on as usual. Country would recover itself; the nation would grow once more. All this God's doing, because He loved the city of David (Ps. lxxxvii. 2).

III. THE DELIVERANCE. (Read 35—37.) The Lord's messenger (or angel) came. Picture the morning scene. The enemy's camp all still; their corpses being brought out and hastily buried; how many were dead? then camp struck, and enemy silently leave. What a dread they would have of that place! What became of their king at last?

Lessons. (1) The power of prayer. Hezekiah's case seemed hopeless, enemy so strong; no help at hand, so he prayed, and God heard (Ps. xxvii. 3—4). What an encouragement to take all wants to God. No troubles too great, no case too helpless for Him. (2) The destruction of the wicked. Sometimes in this world see the wicked overthrown; sign of their being finally put down (1 Cor. xv. 25). Let each ask himself, Am I God's friend, or God's enemy?

## Lesson IV. Hezekiah Sick. Chapter to be read—2 Kings xx.

INTRODUCTION. Troubled days of war over; peace once more in the land. But now new time of anxiety; the good king is sick. Sickness sad time in any family, but in king's house affects happiness

of so many people. Remind of late President Garfield's illness; how eagerly news waited for; how prayers for his recovery—but not God's will.

I. THE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY. (Read 1-11.) When people sick great uncertainty always as to Was there such here? Why not? How did the king bear the news? Life is sweet to all. God has made it so; no one willingly dies except some wretched person overwhelmed with sorrow or sin; all look with loathing on a suicide. What did the king do? God had heard his prayer for the country; perhaps he would for himself, so he prays boldly. How soon did the answer come? Prayer hardly uttered before answered. What was the answer? He should be healed; in three days go to the Temple to return thanks (Ps. exvi. 12). Should live fifteen years, and have no more fear of Assyrians. What a gracious answer-more than was asked for ! Did God hear him at once? used means to show honour to medicines He has given us. What did Hezekiah ask for? Perhaps felt so weak and ill from the boils could hardly believe the good news. So a wonderful sign given him. The sun stood still as it had once before in Joshua's time (Joshua x. 12). Not told in this chapter of his going to the Temple to return thanks, but know it from Isaiah's prophecy (Is. xxxviii, 20), where the hymn is told us which he composed and sang in the Temple.

Lesson. The duty of gratitude. How often have we been sick, medicines been used, prayers said, perhaps vows made of leading better lives! Then have recovered. Have we always thanked God? Have we been more regular in worship, more earnest in our lives?

II. LATTER DAYS. (Read 12—21.) Who sent ambassadors to Hezekiah? Son of the very king who had invaded Jerusalem. Shows how anxious to be friendly—what great dread there must have been of Judah. How did Hezekiah treat the messengers? Perhaps wanted to increase their feeling of his greatness—perhaps out of vanity, to show how rich lestill was, notwithstanding all his wars. How was his pride rebuked? Another message from God by Isaiah. What was it? What was to become of these beautiful treasures? Where would his sons be taken? To this very same Babylon? How did the king take the message? God's doing, therefore must be right. What a noble way to take a reproof!

Have come now to end of Hezekiah's reign. What a good king he had been; how much good he had done—drained Jerusalem; brought in pure water; defended it. Lived in peace; kept up worship of God, by example and influence; served God himself. and taught others the same.

LESSON. The effect of a good example. We cannot be kings, but can each do something for others. In sickness and health, fear God and keep His commandments. Then do what we can to help others. So shall have, like Hezekiah, God's blessing for ourselves and those around us. Then whatever happens, "Good is the Word of the Lord!"

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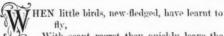
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## LEAVING HOME.

A SONNET.



With scant regret they quickly leave the nest

Where they have found such loving care and rest, And, full of hope, mount up into the sky; But we—God-gifted with affection—sigh

> When first we leave the old home's shelt'ring breast,

Yet gaze into the future with a zest As keen as any bird's that soars on high,

So muse I as I watch a little maid,

Just parted from her parents, whirled away To take her place in life as best she may, Her thoughtful face half sunshine and half shade God grant, her mother's love and parting prayer May guide her, guard her, shield her everywhere!

SHORT ARROWS.



UPSETTING HIS IDOLS.

FRIEND of the writer's going through a certain city, was obliged to take shelter in a verandah from the rain, and many natives were assembled with others in the same place. The conversation turned upon the worship of idols, and the pastor particularly addressed himself to the native worshippers. When he had con-

cluded his short address, one of those present came up to him, and confessed that he had at one time been a worshipper of idols, but after he had received a tract pointing out the "Folly of Idolary," he had renounced the forms of idol worship. This testimony encouraged some others, and it was ascertained that the tracts already distributed had weaned another from the worship of gods and goddesses. One man bore his testimony boldly before the Hindoos there assembled; and when they taunted him, and jeeringly asked why he did not become a Christian, he replied, emphatically, "I will!"

#### A TRUE CONVERT.

Simultaneously with the above we have two cases in which a judicious distribution of tracts has borne good fruit. A native Indian pastor says that a Nadan living near him became convinced of the truths of Christianity by the occasional and apparently chance perusal of tracts. He was so far convinced that he used to endeavour to intercept the pastor and question him in secret—even as Nicodemus sought the truth, for fear of the Jews, by night; so this man, in awe of his relations, who threatened to expel him from their caste, came in fear at first. But he nevertheless persevered, and now he attends Sunday services with diligence, and has abandoned all the idolatrous ceremonies of his former worship.

#### A FRIENDLY ASSOCIATION.

A friend in need is proverbially a good friend; and in this great metropolis there are fewer people more deserving of some friendly assistance than the vound servants who have come up to enter situations, and found that, from various circumstances, they cannot keep them. We need not insist upon the necessity that exists for the housing and protection of such young women, friendless in London, as they so often are. Not many weeks ago a meeting was held at the Mansion House, on behalf of the Association for Befriending Young Servants, the offices of which are at 14, Grosvenor Road, Westminster. servants out of place are received or passed on intosome other suitable Home; they, of course, contributing, when possible, to their own maintenance. This mode of assistance, we need hardly say, is far preferable to the old plan of sending the girls to the workhouse, But readers will require some few particulars as to the working of this institution. The work is voluntarily undertaken by ladies, and there is a Central Conneil. The servants who find situations may (with the permission of the lady of the house) be visited by one of the Committee occasionally, or by a visitor, and advice or spiritual assistance can be obtained when desirable. There are numerous free registries, in certain localities, acting with this Association, the aim of which is to insure respectable and willing girls, anxious to obtain good and permanent situations, employment. From the time she leaves school, no girl need despair of earning an honest livelihood; and by means of the Association householders may obtain what so many are anxiously looking for-a good servant in every sense of the term-and many a one is saved for time and for eternity.

#### A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

A very hopeful incident, related by a Japanese paper, cannot fail to impress upon us the fact that Christianity is gaining ground in Japan. In the native army, a rule is made that when a soldier dies his comrades are expected to subscribe towards the funeral expenses, the rites being performed according to the Japanese religion. Not long since, a young soldier, who had embraced Christianity, excused

"God grant, her mother's love and parting prayer May guide her, guard her, shield her everywhere!"

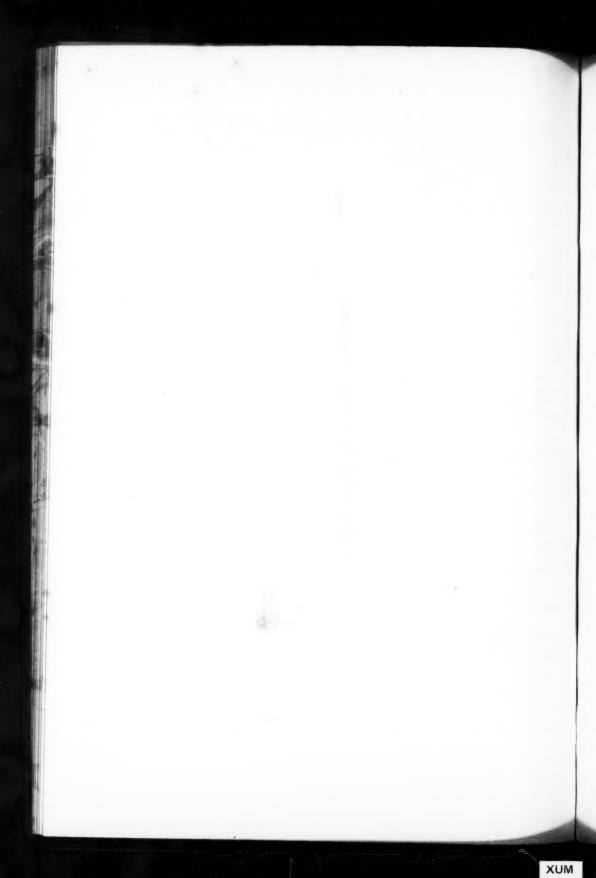
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himself from contributing to the funeral rites on the ground of their unchristian character. He was willing, he said, to subscribe for the support of the family of his late comrade, but not for a heathen ceremonial. He was at once put under arrest, and while waiting trial his faith was sorely tried by some natives, who endeavoured to persuade him to yield. But he remained true to the banner under which he had enlisted, and his faith triumphed. The Government decided, and all readers will rejoice at the decision, that the prisoner need not pay for what his conscience did not approve, and he need not, therefore, subscribe for the Buddhist funeral. This recognition of scruples of conscience is particularly noteworthy in a heathen land.

#### IN THE LEBANON.

In the district, or range, of the Lebanon there are upwards of 300,000 people inhabiting 750 towns and villages scattered over the hills and on their lower slopes. The sad condition of these people, of all classes and sects, has been pointed out by Mrs. Frances Salceby in the public press. She speaks from experience, and informs us that in the whole Lebanon range, of more than one hundred miles, by forty-five miles, there are only a few schools, fewer doctors, and only one medical missionary. The sufferings of the poor people, who in times of sickness often die miserably for want of medical assistance, and the sad spiritual condition of the native populations, have urged this lady to come forward. Mrs. Saleeby has resided among them, assisting her husband in his professional labours there, and doing a good work. Labourers in the Gospel field are also required to supplement the missions established by the Society of Friends at Brumana and El Schweir. Assistance is wanted for the new medical mission and schools. We take the liberty to append Mrs. Saleeby's address, so that our readers may communicate with her if they desire to do so. It is 3, The Green, West End, Hampstead, N.W.

## NEWS FROM BRAZIL.

We have lately read an interesting communication from Brazil, respecting the conversion of some of the negroes in that empire, and of a certain number of that despised race who made a public profession of their faith in the Gospel. These poor people did not suddenly receive Christ, and then fall away, as in some instances is the case. The five negroes had been receiving instruction for two years, and, curious to relate, the individual, himself a negro, who brought the converts first to the meetings is still in doubt. He cannot deny himself, and take up his cross. But there are many hopeful signs that the good is gaining ground. From later information it is apparent that the entire emancipation of the race in Brazil is a question of time; and before long we may expect to hear of some great efforts for their spiritual freedom. It is now the time to stir ourselves, for temptations are too plentiful, and the uneducated yield more than the educated. To insure the desired end there should be schools instituted wherein the proper foundation may be laid while there is yet time. There are many channels through which the good work may be done, and through which the Water of Life may be freely poured to the waiting and expectant converts in the Brazils.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The frequenters of hotels are not apt to associate the idea of piety with the attendants, but that they can appreciate the efforts made in their behalf has been already proved in Geneva, where services and Bible teaching have been carried on, as already noted in these columns. We have now to add to this very hopeful record an incident which reaches us from Saratoga, the fashionable watering-place in the United States. At a large hotel there, one of the guests, before breakfast, happened to peep through the closed blinds in anticipation of the meal, and expecting to find the waiters busy in preparing the table. His surprise may be imagined when he found the entire staff of about two hundred coloured assistants assembled listening, with bowed heads and reverent demeanour, to the head waiter, who was leading them in prayer. The gentleman who sends this interesting and encouraging contribution subsequently inquired whether this prayer meeting were for a special object, and the traveller was equally pleased and surprised to learn that it was the established custom every Sunday morning for the "helps" to assemble to hear prayer and an address by the head waiter. He adds, "This is, indeed, a novelty, and one which might be imitated in other departments of life. I had been much taken with the head waiter before, but I now think of him still more, as a Christian who carries out his principles," There are in this enlightened country hundreds, nay thousands of well-to-do people who have not the moral courage to confess their faith or to act up to their convictions as the poor waiter of an American hotel did. Such an example as this set to us by a coloured man might be followed with great and lasting advantage.

#### "TELL THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND."

There is no doubt that of all our good works done abroad none confers more benefit upon suffering humanity than the visiting of missionary ladies—particularly if they be lady-doctors—to the Zenanas in India. The sufferings endured by the poor inmates when sick are really past description, for no doctor is permitted to enter, and hundreds of women die neglected and in agony. A short time ago an Indian princess said to a visitor to one of the Zenanas, "Tell the Queen, whose slave I am, the Princess of Wales, and all the men and women of

England, of our misery when we are ill." That native princess struck the true chord when she mentioned those illustrious names, and we are certain that Her Majesty and the gentle wife of the Heir-Apparent would be amongst the first to aid in the good work were they aware of the full extent of the misery entailed upon the native women; for our Queen and Princess have known the anxiety of the sick-room, and will be full of sympathy for the poor women in India, whose sufferings women only can fully appreciate. Since writing the above, we have been informed that a lady connected with the medical work in the Zenanas of India has been in this country and was graciously received by the Queen, to whom she delivered the touching message we have quoted, We have no doubt that the Indian princess, who is none other than the Maharanee of Bundlicund, will receive a gracious answer to her supplication.

#### A DESOLATE TOWN.

We venture to think that few travellers who have seen Leipzig would pronounce it "desolate," or fancy that the inhabitants were in any way destitute; yet, from one point of view, such is undoubtedly the case. Few towns can show more "spiritual destitution" than this city, so bountifully blessed with so much culture, and the centre of so much that is elevating and artistic. Not only is it famous for its music and its educational advantages, but here the great apostle of the Reformation passed through some stirring scenes in his eventful life. Yet, when we read of the condition of the inhabitants-numbering more than one hundred and fifty thousand-we may well exclaim at the desolation of that favoured city. We read that any one professing a really Christian life is regarded as an eccentric development of human nature, and gazed at as a phenomenal person. The churches are few, and quite inadequate to the population, did the people show any signs of religious feeling. But it is really sad to relate that even the few places of worship already existing are not half filled, and any Sunday-school attendance is entirely wanting. There are efforts now being made to remedy such a state of practical heathenism, or, at the least, culpable indifference; and these private exertions will, we hope, be supplemented and encouraged by public recognition, so that Leipzig be not numbered with the whited sepulchres and included in the doom of heathen cities. This is a work calling for our best efforts.

#### FAITH REWARDED.

From time to time we come across instances so fully illustrative of the command that men should pray and not faint, that we feel compelled to record them as encouragement to those who may feel at times almost despairing. Such a one is now before us. In a certain city a few persons were lately interested in a benevolent institution, and, step by step, the faithful people had been enabled to go on, waiting

patiently for the fulfilment of their hopes. But at last a day came, and they had not funds to make a payment due, and the promoters had no one to turn to. Money was due, but had not come. Nothing doubting, they "east their burthen upon the Lord," and united in prayer for His assistance. This was certainly comforting to them, and they all rose feeling assured that ere long the much-needed money for God's service would arrive. They were not disappointed. Next day the needed money arrived by mail; it had been overlooked; and the trial to the faith of the promoters of the good work was fully rewarded. No doubt the much-needed remittance had been delayed until the eleventh hour for a wise purpose.

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#### INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.

Converts in Spain are not so numerous as the emissaries of the Gospel wish to see them, but now and then a true convert embraces the truth with enthusiasm, and carries conviction into many hearts. We have a case to relate of such an instance in which the influence of the Bible, under God's blessing, worked a marvellous change. The man to whom we refer was at one time strict in his observances of a superstitious faith, but one day he was moved to purchase a Bible from one of the Societies' men, and he carried it home. From that day he appeared absorbed in reading it. All the time he could spare was devoted to the diligent study of God's Word. He began at the beginning and read through the Book. Not content with reading it at home, he carried the Bible into the public square, where he was always sure of an audience, and read aloud. Nor did the authorities prevent him, which is greatly to their credit. But even as the man proceeded he felt accused. The book of Exodus showed him the sin of worshipping graven images, and he determined to destroy some wooden images which had been preserved as heirlooms in his family. His wife tried to induce him to spare the images, and she for a time prevailed, but when the man began to study the writings of Isaiah, he no longer hesitated, and the heirlooms were taken down and cast into the fire.

#### THE RESULTS OF HIS FAITH.

How true it is that Christians sometimes—indeed, often—are apparently "let and hindered" in the way they have chosen. It is a trial of faith, no doubt; and in the instance of the man we have mentioned, the trial came as it did to Job. The convert had "broken his idols," and cast off his old wickednesses. He must have felt that his wife's warning—that "trouble would come of it"—was ridiculous, seeing that he believed in God's power. But for some good reason He permitted trouble to fall upon the man. The Spanish authorities, under whom he held his employment, told him he must either resign his

"You are mad," they said-Book or his situation. even as Festus said unto Paul. "Resign your Book or your situation !" The poor man did not hesitate. He at once decided to retain his Book-he clung to the Bible for support. But now further misfortunes came upon him. Sickness in its most dreaded form entered his house. Small-pox attacked his children. He nursed them, and was shunned by all. His house "This," said the people, "is the punishment of the heretic." This was hard to bear; but to dismissal, sickness, upbraiding, were now added poverty and want of food! No money-no bread : the children cried for something to eat, and their father had nothing to give them. Would it have been wondered at if the man had recanted?

### THE LIGHT AT EVENING.

We are sure no reader of these notes will find fault with us for extending this record a little further and following us to the end of this most suggestive case, parallel even with that of Job. When starvation stared him in the face, for one brief period the man's faith wavered; but he remained true. He overcame the temptation by prayer, and his doubts were cleared away. He had passed a long day of affliction but the promise came true. " And behold at the evening time there shall be light!" It came. The light broke in upon the family. People could not help admiring the steadfast determination of the convert to the Bible. There must be something in that book to cause a man to endure as he endured. The victory was won! Work came in, assistance was tendered. The family was again maintained in comfort, the Bible is still read, and read in public too, for now the man, as the narrative states, is bent upon bringing the whole town to the foot of the cross. "At evening time it shall be light!" Let us all take example by this poor Spaniard.

#### GLAD TIDINGS.

The operations of the Evangelisation Society extend over numerous districts, and their assemblies are counted by the thousand. These meetings at times are initiated in the fields in tents, and, in fact, wherever the Gospel seed can be sown. The success of the Society's operations, according to the report, is marked. The hearers increase daily, and it is a most encouraging fact that in a great many instances those who have once come to hear have returned next day. They seem to feel individually that the services are for them alone. "This tent was pitched for me, and this ground set apart for me," was the expression of one man who thanked God for the means of salvation. Not only do the poor agriculturists avail themselves of the opportunities put before them, but the various railway and other employés throughout the Kingdom attend in numbers. The operations of the Society can be fully explained, and information afforded by the Hon. Secretary, 21, Surrey Street, Strand, London, who can also supply the interesting report.

#### PROGRESS OF THE TRUTH.

It is not our intention in these columns to make comparisons; we can, however, state facts; and statistics have come to our hands which will justify us in devoting a little time to their examination, and putting them on record. We shall find that in the year 1500 the members of the Protestant Church were very few. To-day they number seventy-four millions of souls in Europe alone. It is the fact that during the period indicated the populations of the Continent have also greatly increased, and that must, in fairness, be borne in mind. Take France as an example. From time to time we have noticed some of the most instructive incidents of the changes which are taking place there, and we have it on good authority that France is becoming one of the "fairest, ripest, and richest fields" for the Church. We look to Italy, and find that progress is being made there. Our missions and societies are slowly but surely making way. The other European states are also gradually coming to the true knowledge of the Gospel, and the prospects all round are very encouraging.

#### IN REGIONS BEYOND.

Passing from Europe to America we still find the same tidings of good report. In our own Dominion of Canada the missions have done, and are doing, excellent work, annually bringing many into The Church has gained forty-two per the fold. cent. The number of Evangelical organisations in the United States has increased thirty-fold, and the number of ordained ministers has increased 22,000 in twenty years. Sunday scholars have risen from a total (in 1830) of 570,000 to 6,623,124 (in 1880), or in other words from one scholar in every twenty-two inhabitants to one in every seven and-a-half; while the communicants enrolled have increased from 364,872 to more than 10,000,000 in the new country since the century began. The conclusions we may come to, then, are as follows :- Considering the increase of the population, we find that the evangelical denominations had in the year 1800 one church organisation for 1,740 people; in 1880 one for 520 inhabitants. In 1800, again, there was one minister for 2,000 people; at present there is one for every 717 The number of communicants in A.D. inhabitants. 1800 was one for every 14.50 of the population; now we find one for every five people, and their increase is threefold relatively to the increase of the population. The increase during the last thirty years has been twice as great as during the previous fifty years. The Evangelical population of the States in 1800 was 24.06 per cent.; in the year 1880 it was 70.003 per cent. of the total population of the country. These statistics are more eloquent than words.

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## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

13. Where does our Lord refer to the principal writer of the Psalms as a prophet?

14. What conspiracy was frustrated by Mordecai the Jew?

15. In what way was a sufficient number of people obtained to dwell in Jerusalem to protect it against its enemies?

16. In what epistle do we find a reference made to our Lord's appearance to St. Peter first after the resurrection?

17. What two disciples were sent by St. Paul to minister to the church at Colosse?

18. What are we to understand by the expression, "They took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters?"

19. What mention is made in the Old Testament of the pool of Siloam or Siloah?

20. Quote a passage which shows the complete state of desolation in which Jerusalem was when the Jews returned from the captivity.

21. Who was the great opponent of the Jews in their rebuilding of Jerusalem?

22. What was the number of Jews who returned at first from the captivity?

23. To what tribe did the prophet Jeremiah belong?

24. In what words does Jesus set forth the danger of using force to remedy our wrongs?

ANSWERS TO OUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

1. That no Jew should intermarry with the surrounding people, and that those who were already

married, should put away their wives (Ezra ix. 12, and x. 11, 12).

2. That at the royal feasts no one should be compelled to drink wine, but each man should do as he liked (Esther i. 8).

3. Jesus healed Peter's wife's mother, who lay sick of a fever (Mark i. 30, 31).

4. Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible to you" (Matt. xvii. 20).

5. He was of the family of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin (Esther ii. 5).

6. A plaister made of figs was laid upon the boil at the command of the prophet Isaiah (Is. xxxviii, 21).

7. To insure a sufficient supply of wood for the burnt offerings (Neh. x. 34).

8. A covenant was drawn up embodying the law as given by Moses, and this was signed by the princes, Levites, and priests on behalf of the people (Neh. ix, 38, and x. 29).

9. From the time of Joshua until the return from the captivity (Neh. viii. 17).

 By Nehemiah, who speaks of her as one who was hired to prophesy falsely (Neh. vi. 14).

11. When they were in the ship after He had walked on the sea, for it says, "Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God" (Matt. xiv. 33).

 They were all the poor widow possessed, even all her living (Mark xii. 44).

#### JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath He hid His face from him; but when he cried unto Him, He heard (Ps. xxii. 24).

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all (Ps. xxxiv. 19).

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble (Ps. xlvi. 1).

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold (Ps. lxviii. 13).

Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law (Ps. xciv. 12).

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds (Ps. cxlvii. 3).

He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men (Lam. iii. 33).

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble (Nahum i. 7).

In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world (John xvi

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory (2 Cor. iv. 17).

For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons (Heb. xii. 6, 7).

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten (Rev. iii. 19).

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying (Rev. xxi. 4).

#### CHRISTIAN GIFTS OF HEALING.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP AND COMFORT," ETC.

THE HEALING OF DOUBT.



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O dart strikes deeper into the heart than the shaft of doubt. Faith is the very life of the soul. I am not about to refer to the flippant scorner, or the fashionable sceptic, who wilfully wound the susceptibilities of the devout. Some advance their opinions heartlessly enough amongst the young, who are startled at them, and grieve the old, to

whom they are as the air of chilling icebergs just as they are nearing the harbour of No. There are doubts that are sincere, and that are saddening. They bow down the heart, so that we forget to eat our bread. These doubts, it is evident, every one of honest heart will desire to face, and, if possible, to conquer at once, for there can be no peace where there is lost faith. We need not be ashamed to own our doubts, and to examine them, and to pray for their removal. Even an Apostle said, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" and to another apostle was granted that special interview in which the merciful Saviour gave rest to the soul of the doubting Thomas. Let us remember, then, that doubt is dangerous when it is left to rankle in the mind, and to act as a constant irritant to faith, and that for this also there are gifts of healing, if we will but remember what the Bible says—the meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way.

It is quite true that in every age the kind of Christian evidence we need varies. Not that any one of the ancient defences of the Gospel has become outworn or useless. Far from it. Ancient armour may hang in ancestral halls in memory of olden times, nevermore to be worn in war; nor will any like unto it be seen again; but the grand old bases of the Christian faith remain to us as the adamantine rocks around which the storms of centuries have rolled, but which cannot be swept away. Still, the kind of evidence varies, and in its adaptation we must be wise, and, like the men of Issachar, have under-

standing of our times.

Men now are resting on "The Christ" as they never rested on Him before. I do not mean resting on Him for salvation more than they did in the olden time, but resting on Him as the noblest and surest evidence of the Divinity of the Gospel. There is nothing that heals doubt more than coming into contact with the character of Christ behind the words of Christ. Is He true? Then if we have settled that, all the

blessed hopes which give life to the soul are ours to-day and for ever! We need not even stay to argue with men about Apostolic authority, earnestly as we believe in that. For the time being, we need not ask what St. John or St. Matthew, or St. Peter or St. Paul said. No; we come to the Great Master, and ask, Is He true? and once convinced of that, all our dark doubts are scattered to the winds. We watch His life. What had He to gain by chicanery or falsehood, deceit or guile? Painful hours, watchful nights, with the pale Passover moon shining on His marred face amid the agonies of Gethsemane—these were His rewards. To gain? Weariness at the well-side, tears over time-beloved Jerusalem; forsakement by His own disciples; denial and betraval, too! And all through He sets His face steadfastly "to go to Jerusalem." What has He taught during these brief years, in which He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many "? His own Divine power and Godhead? He has attested that Himself; mark His words-"He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father;" "I and my Father are one;" and again, in that most sacred hour when before the High Priest, "Jesus held His peace. And the High Priest answered and said unto Him, I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto Him, Thou hast said." Did the High Priest then profess to doubt His meaning? Not for a moment. "Then the High Priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy." is well to remember all this when we are tempted to doubt the Divinity of our Lord-to look, as I have said, at the life and character behind the words, and there, amid insult, and scorn, and shame, to consider whether He, at all events, is not "without guile."

Have we any doubt concerning Divine Redemption? concerning not only our need of a Great Teacher, but a Great Saviour? Then we may listen to Him again, when, with the cross full in sight, He says, "This cup is the New Testament in My blood, shed for you for the remission of sins." It is customary in some circles to say that the Apostles alone teach the doctrine of Divine Redemption through the cross. Here we have our Saviour's own declaration, that remission of sins is through His own most precious blood. And what about Heaven? Is doubt ever more painful than when it affects our faith concerning the dear ones, upon whose faces has fallen the ineffable peace of the last sleep?

Here, again, we can gather up most precious promises from the lips of Apostles, but an argument at this stage will not admit of our using these supports. We believe apostolic inspiration and authority, but we are excluding them from our consideration at present. It is our purpose to keep near the Master alone in these aspects of the healing of doubt. Let us listen to Him now that His life-ministry is about to close; now that the weary night-vigils on Olivet are nearly over, now that the pride of the Pharisees, and the scorn of the Herodians, and the fury of the mob are all to unite in the last tragedy of hatred, and to crucify the Son of God. Will He deceive His disciples now? Will He administer a false anodyne to the hearts of followers whom He leaves as sheep amid wolves, men who are to be cast out of the synagogues, persecuted, and even "slain" for His sake? It cannot be. Presently, Stephen will win the martyr's crown. Will he wear that crown in a home beyond? To such men the Master spake when He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled; in My Father's house are many mansions," and again, "If it were not so, I would have told you." This is where the great healing of doubt, about our heavenly home, comes from. There can be no suppressio veri with Christ, no concealment or hiding of truth. It is as if He had said, Had I seen you cherishing any false hopes of immortal rest, had My Kingdom been one only of holiness and peace in this present world, I would have told you. I would never have suffered you to cherish a mere dream of the imagination, however pleasant. I would not leave you for My sake to toil, to suffer, to die, and after all heaven be only the hallucination of the hour. No; "If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." See here, then, again, how the character of Christ constitutes the surest defence of the Gospel of Christ. Convinced of all that is meant by His veracity, His integrity, His sincerity, what can we say? Words can have no meaning in them if there is no heaven—no home of rest—no place of reunion for the blessed dead.

But in these days there is in some quarters doubt about personal individual immortality, which, so long as we hold fast to Christ, will never disturb us, for in the same discourse He adds "that where I am, there ye may be also." No mere immortality of influence that; no mere Pantheistic heaven, where we mingle as the waves of one sea, and as the beams of one all-central light. No. The Christian immortality is one of renewed fellowship with those who have gone

before.

Then Christ promises that the Spirit of Truth—the Comforter, is to come and convince us of these things. Could ever mockery be greater than to speak words like these, before the last agony, and the awful silence of the hour when

the Saviour on the cross gave up the Ghost. if they are only some illusion? No. We can believe anything but this. We feel and know that He, at all events, Whom we call Master and Lord, came "to bear witness to the truth." Thoughts like these quietly, and, above all, devoutly, pondered in our hours of meditation, will have, I believe, a healing influence over those doubts which so often wound hearts, in which, thank God, scepticism has not been able to take up its abode. As "without faith it is impossible to please God," so without faith it is impossible to lead either earnest or useful lives. A paralysis steals over the nerves, and a weird anxious look comes over the face of the soul. We read in Scripture of the "joy of faith." It is a beautiful expression, and as true as it is beautiful. I make appeal to experience without fear when I say cheerfulness is the child of Christianity. And if there is joy in the house after physical recovery, if the patient feels an untold delight in the open casement, and the waving trees, and the gorse and heather of the mountains, or in the nerve-restoring breezes of the sea, how much higher joy is there in the case of a soul that after eclipse of faith, after the chill of a sunless universe, and the dull dark gropings of despairing hope, comes again into the full knowledge of a Saviour Who is "The Way, the Truth, and the Life?" There is a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" in this, not perhaps marked by excitement or ecstasy, but by deep experience of the Master's own words, "That My joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full."

I do not say that all healings of doubt are, or can be, immediate; but it is something to be on the way to recovery, to feel that the friends we mingle with, instead of stimulating doubt, are strengthening us with aids to faith.

And it is something to know that there is an ever-living Spirit Who can and Who will guide us into all truth, Who will fulfil the Divine word, and work, of Him who came to heal the broken-hearted. To see the faded plants of grace lift up their revived heads again, to hear the voice of gladness in the soul to whom God has restored the joy of His Anointed—this is happiness indeed; and none of us need despair in our endeavours to heal the doubting heart. On one, some gifts are bestowed; with others, they are dissimilar; but to us all, some, amongst the many gifts of healing, are left by Christ to His Church.

In the hour of doubt and darkness Christ is not "far from every one of us." He treads the wards of the hospital of the heart, as well as walks in the gardens of strength and health. "Lord," in our hours of doubt, "to whom can we go, if not to Thee? for Thou hast the words of eternal life." Yes; His own words are still true,

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"When child and mother breathed that prayer—'Thy will be done."

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#### "THY WILL BE DONE."

HY will be done." Most blessed words,
Lisped first beside a mother's knee,
When whispering flowers, and warbling birds
Made earth a fairy world to me;
When life knew nought of toil or care
From dawn of morn till set of sun;
When child and mother breathed that prayer—
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done." Dear words, breathed low In that most solemn eventide; When angels bore, through drifting snow, The treasure of our ingleside; For when we raised our streaming eyes

To where her fair young soul had gone, Our darling answered from the skies,

"His will be done, His will be done."

"Thy will be done." Ah, mother dear,
How many years have passed away,
Since, trembling neath a nameless fear,
We waited for the dawning day,
And, clinging to thy dying hand,
Implored thy blessing, one by one,
Still murmuring low, poor sorrowing band,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done"?

"Thy will be done." No earthly power
Can from my heart these words efface:
They soothe me in life's darkest hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly grace;
And evermore I humbly pray
That when the sands of life are run,
With perfect faith I still may say—
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
FANNY FORRESTER,

## INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XII.

LOVE TO THE RESCUE!



R the power which the strong heart sometimes wields over the weak body Herbert Wingrove had not calculated, when so bitterly he had scorned himself for his impotence. At the sound of that dear voice, as if by a miracle, the blood came back to his face,

and his limbs were firm under him. He felt a

He was prudent also; he knew it would not serve his purpose or hers that he should squander his strength, and he breasted the hill quietly.

He heard her voice again; it was firm and calm; there was in it no tremor of alarm, though she appeared to be remonstrating with her companion. She was answered by words of protest. He was now hear enough to catch them, for the voice in which they were spoken, though apparently a man's voice, was high-toned and shrill.

- " I only wish you well Miss Maffeo. If I exercise some force——"
  - "You dare not do that, sir. Allow me to pass."
  - " I may at least see you home."
- "I will not move a step until you have gone on your way."
  - "But if my way is your way?"
  - "Then I must take another."
- "Be advised; there are bad characters about. A very determined lover of yours, young Crayford, came down this morning. I dined with him at his club last night. He vowed——"

"Be silent, sir. How dare you repeat club gossip in my hearing? If Mr. Crayford was so ungentlemanly—"

That was the last word Herbert Wingrove heard. Though unseen, for he had cut off an angle of the road by walking through the wood, he was now close to the pair. To Mr. Gaveston Smith's great surprise—he had presumed, at that moment, to touch Adela's hand familiarly—he found himself seized by the collar, shaken violently, and rolled off, as if he had been a reptile, into the nearest ditch; then an avenging giant, with eyes of fire, looked down upon him, and he heard, in a voice of thunder, "Learn, sir, for the future, to treat unprotected women with reverence."

There came a little cry from within the wood, but so great was the excitement of these three persons that neither of them heard it,

Herbert now turned to Adela. She was trembling a little, but her eyes were bright. No words could express her pride in her lover at that moment. Mr. Gaveston Smith did not attempt to rise.

"I hope he is not really hurt," said Adela, in a low voice.

"He will get up as soon as our backs are turned," replied Herbert.

He drew her arm within his, and approached the prostrate form.

"How long or how short a time you intend to stay in this neighbourhood, sir," he said, quietly, "I do not know; but I take advantage of your presence with us now to let you know that this lady is under my special protection. You understand!"

Mr. Gaveston Smith had risen slowly, and stood sputtering and fuming before them, with his mouth

full of dust.

"An insult to her," went on Herbert Wingrove, calmly, "is an insult to me. If you have any friends in this neighbourhood, you may acquaint them with that fact. It is my fervent hope that Miss Maffeo will some day bear my name. In the meantime, I am 'ber protector. Perhaps you would like to know who I am. The friend you mentioned just now, a person of my acquaintance, might also be glad of this knowledge."

He took a small pocket-book from his pocket as he spoke, and extracted a card.

"There is my name, sir, and there is my London address."

Then, as Mr. Smith gazed stupidly at the card, he added, suavely—

"I hope I have made myself perfectly clear to you."

"I am very sorry, I am sure," murmured the crestfallen solicitor; but how was I to know, Mr. ——"

Before the name could escape his lips he was cut short.

"One thing you would have known had you been a gentleman, and that is that every unprotected woman is sacred. Good-night."

And he drew Adela away.

With downcast eyes and knitted brows Mr. Gaveston Smith went on his way. He was staying at the hotel in Lyndhurst. But before he had gone far he was met by the young girl with whom he had spoken before he laid wait for Adela. It was this girl, indeed, who had told him where the young governess was likely to be found. Adela had mentioned at the house in the morning that she would call in to see old Mrs. Smithers-she was the mother of Mrs. Merton's coachman, and an incurable cripple -on her way home, and see if she could not be taken back in Mrs. Smithers' spring-cart by her youngest son. It was to Eliza, the school-room maid, that she gave this information; and she wished to make the arrangement in consequence of having heard from the woman at the lodge that two young gentlemen had made inquiries about her that morning.

Now, Mrs. Smithers' youngest son was Eliza Hall's young man. Eliza had not forgiven Miss Maffeo the innocent wrong she had inflicted upon her; in fact, the girl looked upon her presence at the house, during this holiday-time for all the servants but herself, as a daily injury, and it occurred to her as an excellent way of paying out the governess to upset her plan about young William and the cart. She asked leave of absence from the housekeeper, ran over to Emery Down, and persuaded William to take her for a drive in the spring-cart. He had just put her down, to go home and attend to his evening's business, when she saw Herbert Wingrove on the road, and determined to watch him. This was how it happened that Adela could obtain no escort from the little farm.

When Eliza came up with Mr. Smith, she stopped.

He stopped also.

"Then you saw it all?" he said, frowning, and biting his lip; for he did not like that even a young servant-girl should have witnessed his discomfiture.

"Yes, I saw; and, what's more, I heard, sir!"
"I was taken by surprise, Eliza, and was just now considering how I should act. I'm a terrible person when I'm roused—terrible!"

"So a person would suppose, to look at you, sir," replied the girl, coquettishly.

"It's well, as it turns out, that I did not follow my first impulse; for he's a very delicate man, and one bout of wrestling would have settled him."

"Law!" interjected Eliza.

"And," went on the lawyer, "however fiere a man may feel, he must have some conscience. To send a delicate young man of property to his grave, because he was impulsive and foolish, would be wicked. I should have been justified. He assaulted me; but, even with the law on my side, I hesitated. 'Gaveston Smith,' I said to myself, when about to inflict the merited chastisement, 'you must forbear; better men than you have been made to kiss the dust rather than disobey the dictates of their conscience.'"

"It's real touching," said the girl, who saw through the lawyer's heroism, but who wished to humour him.

"The world would not say so, Eliza. A looker-on of my own sex might have put me down as a coward. Did you observe, by-the-by, that I did not rise for a few moments?"

"Yes, sir; and I thought as how you was hurt, sir."

"A natural inference—very natural—but a false one. My reason for not leaping to my feet, as, I grant you, most men would have done under the circumstances, was a prudential one. In that attitude I could best combat the burning desire for revenge which filled my soul. You may have noticed that, when at last I rose to my feet and faced my adversary, I was perfectly calm."

"That you was, sir," replied Eliza, mendaciously, but without a blush.

"By that time," he said, superbly, "I had taken the measure of my foc. Not on the field of battle was I to seek the satisfaction due to me; but in the social arena; there I could show my power without fear of having the guilt of violence on my mind,"

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As Eliza had no idea what "the social arena" meant, she was naturally puzzled. He saw this,

"I will try to explain myself," he said. "This

goings on. I thought I'd let you know previous, You might add your word to mine, in case I wasn't believed. Lovers, are they? Does she think she's going to slip into good families so easy? Sir, it makes me sick, it do, and no mistake. I can't a-bear



"She chafed his hands."-p. 131.

gentleman has declared his intention of ruining himself socially."

"If you mean as how he 'll ever marry Miss Maffy," said Eliza, "I just tell you he won't. So there!'

"My good girl!"

"I'm not your good girl, nor anybody else's good girl, that I knows of. But I tell you what: I'm going off to Mrs. Merton's straight, to tell her the

to see good easy people so taken in. I'm only a servant, as the sayen is; but I has my feelin's like the highest, and I knows my dooty, I hope."

"I'm sure you are a most faithful servant," said Mr. Smith, blandly; "and your sentiments do you credit."

The result of the conversation between the courageous solicitor and faithful servant was that the one —the servant—made her way to Sedley Grange at once, and that the other—the solicitor—determined to pay a visit there on the following day.

And so it was that the world broke in first on Adela Maffeo's love-dream.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"THAT DAY SHOULD BE SO SOON."

"How white you look! and—and you are trembling. What is it?"

These were Adela's first words, when they were out of Mr. Gaveston Smith's hearing.

Herbert answered with difficulty, trying to smile, "I am sorry to say I have weak lungs. I was afraid I came too rapidly. Do not look so concerned, Adela. I—shall be better—presently." But there his voice failed him altogether, he turned paler, and staggered in his walk.

"You will fall," said Adela, and, in a wild terror of alarm, she drew him to the grassy bank by the road-side, and made him sit down and rest. Then she chafed his hands, for they were cold, and asked earnestly if she should not go to the farm for help.

But he detained her. "No, no," he said; "I shall be better when this pain goes. Sit down. There! I am better. Adela, in all my life I have never been so happy as I am to-night. You were not angry, darling? you did not think it presumption on my part to claim a special right to protect you?"

She could not answer for a few moments. Her eyes had filled with happy tears. But her hand stole lovingly into the hand which was waiting to receive it—a hand so white and delicate that, midmost of her joy, there smote upon her heart a sharp and bitter pang.

He waited with his eyes fixed upon her face, and she answered, as well as she could, "I knew it—I knew it before, Herbert. I should have known it even if you had not spoken. But, oh! why—why did you hurt yourself for me?"

"If all our pangs were followed by moments like this," he murmured, still feasting his eyes upon her face, "we should call pain a blessed thing. Say it again, Adela: you knew I loved you—because—
How did you know it, dearest?"

A soft colour mantled the young girl's face; her eyes dropped beneath his carnest gaze. Then, as if moved by a sudden uncontrollable impulse, she bent her head, that stately head which he loved and admired beyond all things upon earth, and kissed his hand.

"Because I love you," she whispered, very low; "because I loved you from the first. You are my king."

"A poor king, darling; so weak that I could scarcely help you when you needed my help the most; so foolish that I am trembling now—see—trembling so that I can scarcely stand, after the paltry exertion of punishing that little villain; so fearful that there is a confession I ought to make to you before I take and rejoice in the dear rights you have

given me. And I dare not make it, Adela. I dare not."

"And you shall not make it to-night," she said, springing to her feet. "Love is nothing without confidence, Herbert. I trust you 'all in all.' I am proud to be able to give a proof of my confidence in you. No! if you attempt to say another word about your secret you will offend me mortally. I can be terrible when I am offended, Herbert."

This was said playfully, to reassure him.

He answered with a strange exaltation of manner that would have frightened her had she not loved him so welldi

th

"You are always terrible to me—beautiful and terrible, like the crystal sphere above us; like that 'awful dawn of rose' that I have watched stealing over the grey mountain tops,"

He had taken both her hands in his, and was gazing upon her earnestly. She tried to smile, but the smile froze upon her lips. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came. There was such a marvellous expression in this face; so awful a remoteness in those eyes that were gazing upon her, that seemed to see through her and beyond her. She had the feeling that, near as he seemed to her, he had actually moved away to regions immeasurably distant. So she might have felt had she seen bending over her a white-winged messenger from the spirit-world.

"Is it because I love her so dearly," he murmured, as if he were communing with himself rather than addressing another, "that the best and purest moments of my life, those moments when I have seen most deeply into Nature's mysterious loveliness, come back to me when I press her hand and look into her face, or is it because she is mystically of kin with the spirits of the air? Surely I have seen her before. She was with me on that spring morning on the Campagna, when the world was fairer to me than it had ever been before, when the light and colour of the flowery plain and the mist-veiled distances fed my soul with their unearthly beauty. She was with me then, and I said it was a dream. A dream; but is it a dream—is it a dream now?"

As he spoke he caught at her hand eagerly, and with anxious eyes, like one who seeks to set some torturing doubt to rest. But meanwhile the spell which his strange manner and his rapid words, emphasised by her own deep feeling, had thrown over Adela, compelling her to silence, began to be broken. For she saw that there was some terrible meaning in this pathetic mind-wandering.

The exertion and excitement had been too much for Herbert's delicate frame. He was ill.

And, as soon as she discovered this, she was herself again—a strong-souled pitiful woman, with a woman's protective instincts and readiness of resource.

"See!" she said, kneeling down by his side, "I am no dream. I am a woman, the woman you love, and you must do what I tell you, Herbert."

Her voice, low and calm, but very firm, appeared

to penetrate the clouds which were gathering over his brain.

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"Of course I will do what you tell me," he answered, softly.

"Try to get up, then," she said; "I will help you. Lean your hand on my shoulder. Mrs. Smithers' cottage is not far away."

He obeyed her, but when he moved the spasms of pain returned, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and with much assistance from Adela, that he could walk the few yards which now separated them from Sedley Grange farm. The young girl did not weep, though her eyes were hot and burning. She had no time to weep, and it was necessary to keep all her senses about her. But as she guided his faltering steps, and felt his hand pressing her shoulder, and looked into his pale clearcut face, convulsed now and then, as the spasms of pain increased, her heart went out to Heaven in wild and passionate prayers for help and deliverance.

Adela had seen little of illness, none amongst young or middle-aged people, for her dear lady's silent passing away had nothing shocking or unnatural in it; and this struggle of a young man with pain and weakness, the clenched teeth, the pallid face, the wandering mind, the labouring breath, were new to her, new and terrible. Besides, she loved him, he was her king; and to see him suffer, to face the dread of his being taken from her at the very moment when their love had found expression, was so awful as to be almost paralysing. She, in her turn, set her teeth together, and fought fiercely with her woman's heart for strength, and wisdom, and composure. It is probable that in those few moments she suffered much more than her companion. She was conscious of every pang, while he was fast drifting into insensibility.

They reached Mrs. Smithers' cottage at last. The old woman, who had long been nearly helpless, was being carried to bed by her daughter-in-law, a buxom young woman, who had come a few weeks before, a stranger to Emery Down, having met John Smithers, the groom at Sedley Grange, during a visit paid by John and his employers to some relatives of the Mertons in a distant county. When the pair of young people staggered in, for Adela could not delay to knock or ask admittance, the young woman was so astonished that she dropped the old woman on the brick floor, and stood staring.

Fortunately, old Mrs. Smithers was not hurt. She asked fretfully what the matter was.

Adela pointed to Herbert. "He has been taken ill," she said. "And this is the nearest house to the road. Oh, please let me lay him down somewhere, and send William for the doctor! He shall have half a sovereign if he brings him back quickly!"

"Take me back," said the old woman, "and gev the young gentleman my bed, Jane. He don't look quite hisself, do he? Has he had a drop too much, d'ye suppose?"

"I did not think you could be so wicked, Mrs.

Smithers," said Adela, hotly. "And you a mother, with sons of your own! Can't you see that this gentleman is very ill? Thank you," this to Jane, who had helped her to lay him down. "Now do send some one for the doctor, or shall I go myself? Do help me!" she cried out, suddenly, "what shall I do? You all move so slowly. Can you not see that this is a matter of life and death?"

"Sakes alive! he do look bad," said Jane, "Gev un a drap o' cordial, miss," handing her a bottle from the cupboard, "Yes, I'm agoing." But she went lingeringly, with backward glances towards the bed.

Adela mixed some of the cordial with water, and moistened Herbert's lips and temples. This seemed to revive him a little. He smiled, and his breathing became less laboured. She begged him not to speak, asked for milk, poured a small quantity into a tin mug, warmed it, and made him drink a few spoonfuls. Now, to her delight, a faint colour struggled into his face, which lost the set look of suffering that had wrung her heart, and he looked round him with intelligence. Returning from their voyage of inquiry, his perplexed eyes rested on her anxious face bending over him. Then their perplexity was exchanged for unutterable peace.

"You must not be alarmed," he said. "I have had these fits before. I am not very strong. But I know exactly how to treat myself."

"William has gone for a doctor," she answered.

"Let me beg you to call him back. I do not wish to see him. Darling," as she lingered, "I have my reasons. There is no danger, I assure you. Trust me. Life has become so precious, do you think I would do anything to risk it?"

"I do not think you would," she said.

"Then go and bring back your messenger."

She was not sure that she was acting wisely; but she could not resist him. She went out, half hoping that William would have started already.

William had not started. He was standing in the cow-house, deep in talk with his sister-in-law, who was giving him a detailed account of what had happened, enlivened by her own speculations and coments, and Adela blushed a deep rosy red to hear her own name mentioned, and the hint thrown out that she and this handsome young man were lovers.

"You need not go for the doctor," she called out.
"Mr. Wingrove is better," and turned to go back to
the cottage.

But though he was better, Herbert could not be moved that night, and Adela would not leave him. They were afraid of fever supervening upon his exhaustion. Delicate from a child, Herbert was quite a doctor in his own way. He always knew his own symptoms, and could treat himself.

He sent to his cottage for the remedies he required, asked Mrs. Smithers to let him remain for the night where he was, and begged Adela to allow William to see her home. But to this the young girl would not consent, and he agreed at last that she should stay with him.

A couch was made up for old Mrs. Smithers by the kitchen fire. Jane remained to attend on Adela, and to help her in looking after Herbert.

Strange night of betrothal! but the marvel of it was that Adela did not feel its strangeness. When the candle was out, and the flickering fire had died down, she threw open the door of the small kitchen, and drew aside the curtain from its window. The air of the room was stifling, and Herbert, who had fallen asleep, was tossing about restlessly. She opened the lattice for a few moments, and returned to her seat near his pillow. It was a still lovely, autumn night: the air which stole in through the lattice was heavy with the scent of the tall autumn lilies in the small farmgarden: the earth was dark: far away behind a row of straight poplars that stood out, black as ink, against the faintly-illuminated eastern horizon, the moon, a fiery sphere, seemed to be swimming silently through the dark spaces of the sky. A mysterious dreamlike scene. Adela, as she looked from the sleeping face of her lover to that red globe behind the trees, had such a sensation as we may imagine in those who are lifted suddenly into a higher and rarer me-

Everything helped this impression. The absolute solitude, interpenetrated by such a sense of happy companionship as she had never known before: the deep silence of the earth: the host of new feelings surging within her: the consciousness that a new life was opening out before her, and the memory, in which joy and pain were blended, of that recent scene wherein the man she loved had shown alike his strength and his weakness—the strength of his spirit—the weakness of his frame.

Only those who have loved, adored, and pitied in one and the same moment can even faintly image the power that such a union of feelings can have upon a strong and tender woman's heart. For women are mothers before everything; and god-like pity, whence the large protective instinct takes its birth, is, perhaps, the strongest emotion of which they are capable.

Years afterwards Adela would say that she spent one night of her life in another world; nor were her words exaggerated. During those few sweet hours she lived a life, as apart from the life of time and sense, as if it had actually been lived in another sphere.

It might have been a long time, it might have been a short time, that she spent in this vision world—she could not tell; but the red globe of the fiery moon had swum out of sight, and the poplars had lost their clear outline, when Herbert opened his eyes, and, looking at her, smiled happily.

"I am quite well now," he answered her voiceless inquiry. "The spasms have gone. I shall have no

fever this time."

"I am so glad," she said.

"And I feel really like an impostor," he proceeded.
"It is you who should be resting, my poor darling."

"Herbert, if you stir, hand or foot, I will never speak to you again. For my sake, be an invalid a little longer. If anything happened to you now it would kill me."

"But nothing is going to happen. I am as well as ever I was."

"You do not look right yet."

"That is because the light is bad. But if it pleases you I will remain where I am. Is every one asleep in the house?"

"There is only Jane with us, and I find she is very deaf."

"Then'we can talk without fear of listeners. Adela, there has been something struggling in my mind all night. Something I wanted to say to you; no—not my great secret. I must get a little more strength before I tell you that. Give me your hand, darling. You love me—really?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I am an idiot to doubt it," he answered himself, impulsively. "But it seems so good, so much too good to be true, and I think the greatest love always makes us feel unworthy. Darling, I know this is nothing to you; but it is a fact I must mention. I have nothing to offer you—nothing but myself. The income of which I spoke to you is forfeited already. You and I will have to depend upon our exertions for our livelihood. Have you realised that?"

By this time Adela had found her voice. She answered, bending her bright face over him-

"If I am really necessary to you, Herbert, you may consider your poverty fortunate. It was that which first made me love you."

"You would not have cared for me if I had been rich?" he asked, with eager reproach.

"Rich or poor cannot matter much now," she replied, simply. "What I mean is, I might have been afraid of allowing myself to care for you. We can nip such feelings in the bud, you know."

"Can we? I am not so sure," he interrupted.

She went on softly-

"I will make a confession to you, Herbert. There can be no harm in making it now. When first I met you, on that night of the storm, I felt quite sure from your appearance and manner that you were a rich man, playing at a cottage-life and Bohemianism, as so many rich men do, for change, I suppose. And the thought did not please me at all. I was selfish enough to wish you were a real artist, one who had to work his own way. You know I have been brought up amongst workers, and all my sympathies are with them. I read myself a severe lecture that night for my folly in thinking about you at all, and I tried to occupy my mind with something else. But it would not do. Whenever I let my thoughts go, there they were busy about you, hoping you were really an artist, fighting with the idea that you were not."

Dawn was creeping into the cottage, a faint white light. She looked into his face, and thought it pale, far paler, far more shadow-like than before; but he smiled.

"And now you know for certain that I am a real artist?" he asked,

"Oh!" she murmured; "it makes me so happy.
No one can say it is wrong for us to love one
another. And how pleasant it will be to work together!"

"We must have an exquisite little cottage in some pretty part of the country, Adela," he said, gaily; "and I will fit up a studio there. It shall have the prettiest outlook. Shall it be coast or pastoral scenery? You like the sea best. Well, then, let it be in Devonshire, near your old home, if we can get a cottage there. We must have a garden, which will, of course, pay its own expenses; and a red Devonshire cow, in a water-meadow near at hand, and a tiny trap, with a small strong pony, to take us for long drives on half-holidays. And I will work at my tools, designing lovelier things than ever came into my head to design before, and you will become remarkable for your illustrations; and then, one day—are you listening to me, Adela?"

Yes, she was listening with the utmost earnestness.

"Then some day, when the sea, and the sky, and the green earth are at their loveliest, when we have been doing nothing for long hours but look about us, we shall plan together some priceless work of art. You will give the ideas; I will put them into exe-For months upon months I will not stir You will bring me a little from my work-room. bread and meat in the morning, and a little bread and meat in the evening; no one else will so much as peep in. Till, at last, when my work has grown to a perfect form, I throw open my doors, and we make haste to call in our friends. And there is a carving to match the glorious carvings of antiquity! And our friends call in other friends, and I become known. But I tell them all that it is your work, darling-yours, not mine. The inspiration, the ideas, the first conception, belong to you; and my heroine and queen becomes a queen in the art world, a better world than the false world of society; and people come from far and near to see the successful artist's beautiful wife. Are you listening to me still, Adela?"

She answered that she could listen to him for ever. But now the cold white light of the morning was spreading, and they knew that the work-world would soon awake. Adela felt restless, and went to shut the little lattice.

She heard her name spoken close to her, and looked round. Herbert had risen, and was standing near her.

"Come," he said, breathlessly. . "Come out into the open air."

Jane, tired out with her vigil, was now glad to rest. He thanked her for her assistance, and pressed a sovereign into her hand.

Then he returned to Adela, who had put on her bonnet, and looked as fresh and bright as if she had spent the night in rest.

They wandered out into the woods together, speechless both of them; for this morning-world,

half-asleep still, and waiting for its king, had about it a sweet solemnity which touched their hearts. Then the stillness was broken in upon; here a sparrow chirped, there an early bee went past with busy hum; from near and distant farms cocks shouted defiance one at the other; sheep bleated; cattle lowed, the trampling of young horses shook the forest, and the tree-tops swayed to and fro, as if exchanging one with another the greetings of the morning.

Meanwhile the pale grey sky was suffused with rose-colour, and the dim distances became clear and bright.

Adela and Herbert were near the road. As i moved by a single will, they stopped.

"Do you know that we are engaged?" said Herbert, smiling into her face, that was now as rosy as the sky.

She murmured her assent. That extraordinary fact could scarcely indeed be denied.

He bent his head.

"And how do engaged people generally part?" he whispered.

She looked up.

"Is that a fair question, Herbert?"

"But I want to be taught, Adela. I have never been engaged before."

" Nor have I," with some little indignation.

"People say"—he began, and paused, declaring that he did not see, after all, why they should part in such a hurry. But Adela said gravely that she ought to be on her way home, and that she could not allow him to go with her.

He tried again. It was quite true that he was a novice at love-making. His face was as rosy as Adela's.

"People say that engaged people should exchange pledges with each other," he said, tremulously.

"Is what people say true—generally?" she asked.

"On such matters as these—I think so."

"But do you wish to do exactly the same as

everybody else?"

These were such delightful moments that Adela, I

am afraid, was trying to prolong them.

"If you will allow me to be not original for once,

Adela."

"You promise it is only for once?"

"Only for once that I am not original? Yes."

"That is a large promise."

"Adela, we are wandering from our point. We can never be great if we have discursive minds."

"Does greatness consist in-"

But he would bear it no longer; and when she saw that he would not, she allowed herself to be interrupted with the best grace in the world. Under the trees, in the fresh air of the morning, when the sun was rising slowly, and the clear spaces of sky overhead were receding to awful remoteness; under the trees, as if moved by a single will, his head bowed, and her sweet blushing face was lifted, and thus they sealed their betrothal,

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### CHAPTER XIV.

## HERBERT WINGROVE'S SECRET.

WHEN Adela returned to Bracklesby, she was met by the housekeeper, whom she was not very much surprised to find stiff and strange in her manner, Feeling that her non-appearance on the previous evening required an explanation, the young girl gave it at once. She had called in on Mrs. Smithers, hoping to get the loan of her spring-cart. She had been disappointed, and on attempting to return home alone, had been met by a gentleman who had tried to frighten her. As the walk was long and lonely, she thought it would be her best plan to return to the cottage for the night. Did not Mrs. Simpson agree with her?

She said this with so charming a smile, she was altogether so happy and radiant, that Mrs. Simpson, who had grown-up girls of her own, was completely disarmed. She begged her, however, not to wander about so much alone, nor to stay out to such late hours in the evening. This Adela could readily

promise

About mid-day a note was handed to her. It was from Herbert Wingrove. He thought she would be glad to know that he had reached his cottage safely, and had seen his doctor, who recommended him to keep very quiet for the next few days. As the roads were lonely, and there were impertinent people about, he earnestly advised her not to go beyond the gates of Bracklesby until he could be out again. Meanwhile they must write every day to each other. His messenger was waiting for an answer, and would come at the same hour on the following day.

She wrote her answer, and carried it down to the messenger herself,

This occurred for three days in succession, during which time Adela was living in a lovely dream-world of her own. Each letter brought news that Herbert was better. But that the weather had changed, having become wet and stormy, he would have arranged to meet her. As matters were, he thought it well to be prudent. Life in these last days had become too dear a thing to be lightly risked. In one of the letters he said he was not altogether sorry this short separation was necessary. His Adela would spend it in thinking of him; and it was his fervent hope that her warm imagination would dress him in colours which did not of right belong to him. He still felt, and he would never cease to feel, that in himself he was unworthy of her deep love.

To which she answered naturally, that, in thinking of him, she had no need to use her imagination. Faney was tricky, memory was true. She spent her hours in living over again those happiest hours of all her life, and in trying to realise the fact that he loved her.

On the fourth day the weather showed signs of improvement, and Herbert wrote that he would be at the lodge gates early on the following morning in a Victoria, for which he had sent to the neighbouring town. Would she allow him to drive her to their beech-wood?

He wished to make arrangements for the future, as circumstances which he would explain to her by word of mouth, rendered it inconvenient that she should remain at Bracklesby. He would probably ask her to pay a visit to some friends of his at a distance, under whose protection she could meet him without being annoyed by censorious remarks, until the day—and he ventured to hope that day was near—when he could call her his own before the world.

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From this Adela gathered that disagreeable remarks had been made in the neighbourhood. Probably they had been seen together. It was more than likely that Mr. Gaveston Smith or Richard Crayford had given publicity to what had occurred near Emery Down. It affected her very little. As Herbert Wingrove's betrothed wife she felt she could defy gossip; but her heart glowed with grateful emotion at this instance of Herbert's watchful tenderness.

She wrote that she would be at the lodge gates at nine o'clock on the following morning, and that he would find her ready to do whatever he thought best. She relied on his judgment as much as she trusted in his love. Then, with light step, beaming eyes, and face rosy with delight, she returned to her schoolroom to pass as best she might the long hours that must intervene before the morning.

What should she do? She could not dream all day, much as she felt inclined to do so, for that, she felt, would be foolish. She tried reading, and took out a grave scientific work, which she had promised herself to read during her holidays. But it was of no use. Instead of the author's profound observations, the printed page gave back to her Herbert's picture of their future home. "An exquisite cottage in some pretty part of the country, perhaps Devonshire; a red Devon cow, a water meadow, a little frap and horse for half-holidays."

"But we must be near some good market for our work," commented the practical woman's mind.

And then, smiling and blushing at her own folly, she tried to return to her book. A few paragraphs she succeeded in mastering; then up starts before her an imaginary friend, who is so unfortunate as never to have met Herbert, and wishes for a description of him. This is much more puzzling than the "Theory of Vision," which is the subject of her book. Adela knits her brows.

"But I cannot describe him," she answers her questioner. "His is just one of those faces that one must see in order to realise. Handsome? No! of course not—handsome is a commonplace word—Herbert is beautiful!"

And then her book drops into her lap, and a dreamy look steals over her face, and for full half an hour she is absent in spirit from the schoolroom of Bracklesby Manor.

"I wonder," she says to herself, deciding hastily that science is unsuitable to her present state of mind, and putting her book aside, "I wonder if there is any truth in animal-magnetism. I must ask Herbert about it. I could imagine that my spirit has been with him all this time."

Her efforts to interest herself with fiction were as unsuccessful. Not even George Eliot's admirable heroes could interest her. She was comparing them all the time with him, to their disadvantage, we need not say.

At last she settled down to plain work. Thought would have its way, for this one day at least, and she could think and stitch at the same time.

Thus the day wore away, and so anxious was she to bid it good-bye that the entry of her lamp and the tea-tray was a pleasing event. It struck her that Eliza wore a singular expression, and she certainly made more noise than usual in laying out the teathings. Adela judged that she was triumphing over some one, and supposed a kitchen quarrel, in which she had proved victorious.

She made no remark, only when the girl went out of her way to be insolent to her, she began to suspect that the disagreeable gossip to which Herbert alluded had found its way to Bracklesby, and to see more clearly than before the necessity for her early departure.

Scarcely had she sat down to her tea before she heard the sound of wheels in the avenue, then the door-bell was rung violently, and this was followed by some unusual bustle in the house, voices raised in surprise, servants rushing backwards and forwards, the doors of up-stairs rooms being opened and shut.

She wondered if any of the family had come back unexpectedly, and her heart gave a great bound when she thought of the manner in which she had planned to spend the following day. No one should prevent her at least—so she determined within herself—from meeting Herbert at the gates.

But to the sudden commotion a deep silence succeeded. It was evident that she was not wanted, evident also that the ladies had not returned. Ada would have rushed up at once. Mrs. Lacy would have sent for her. She could be tranquil about the morrow.

Another hour passed by. It was nine o'clock.

With the childlike idea of helping the time on, Adela was thinking of going early to bed, when the door of the room opened jerkily, and Eliza, looking flushed and triumphant, thrust her head in.

"You're wanted in the study at once, miss," she said.

"Wanted in the study! What do you mean, Eliza?"

"I means what I says. Master's come home, and he's in a fine state of mind. Been calling us all over the coals, he has, and Mrs. Simpson, he says, having no business to allow of such goings on, which I says to her myself, 'Mrs. Simpson,' says I, 'you ain't doing your dooty by master and missus.' But just you come along, miss."

"Tell your master that I will be with him directly," said Adela, and she shut the door upon Eliza, and

stood for a moment like one petrified. What did it all mean? She had done nothing wrong—nothing even imprudent. Since the world began, lovers have met and parted, and vows have been plighted under the blue heavens. She was the servant of these people; she was not their slave. They had bought her services for a time; they had not bought the right to insult her.

Then the colour came back to her face, and the sparkle to her eye. She had been startled for a moment, that was natural, but she was not alarmed. In the pose of her head, and her proud erectness, in the half smile that curled her lips, even in her gait as she swept out of the schoolroom and past the astonished Eliza, who had lingered hoping to see her eyes red with weeping, there was now the dignity of a woman who has an assured position to maintain.

She would be unworthy of herself, unworthy of him, if she could not meet this crisis calmly, and without the slightest hesitation she determined upon her course of action. She would see Mr. Lacy, and tell him everything. If he chose to insult her by censure or suspicion, she would leave Bracklesby that very night. Mrs. Smithers would give her a lodging until she could make her way either to her old friends the Devonshire fisher-folk, or to the place of which Herbert had spoken.

Little did she know the nature of the storm that was ready to burst upon her.

### CHAPTER XV.

"ARE YOU MAD?"

MR. LACY was in his study. When Adela opened the door and walked quietly up the long room she saw him standing, with his back to the fireplace, in a magisterial attitude. His brow was contracted, his eyes were bloodshot, his cheek was pale, with the livid pallor of repressed fury. It was difficult to recognise in him the quiet, indifferent, courteous gentleman, who came and went amongst his family, following his own pursuits, and interfering with no one.

The suspicion that he was ill, or that his mind was unhinged, occurred first to Adela, for how could any action, even if it were imprudent, on the part of a person to whom he had always appeared utterly indifferent, affect him to the point of changing his characteristics?

To most women the situation would have been a highly embarrassing one, for he spoke not a single word, only looked at her sternly from under his heavy brows, as she walked slowly up the room. Adela was not embarrassed, for her decision was taken; but when she stopped near the table, resting her hand on it for support, she was provoked to find that her hand was trembling.

"You sent for me," she said, as Mr. Lacy did not speak,

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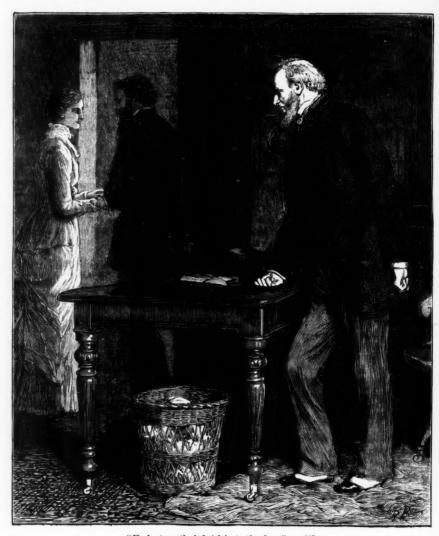
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"Yes," he answered, "I sent for you. Are you surprised that I have come, Miss Maffeo? are you surprised that I have sent for you?"

She replied, trying to smile, that she did not see why she should be supposed to be surprised at Mr. rated them; there was so fierce an expression in his face that Adela involuntarily shrank back. Was he going to strike her?

He could have struck her at that moment. Her pride, her composure, her dignity of manner gave



"Herbert gently led Adela to the door."-p. 142.

Lacy returning suddenly to his own home. That he should send her so peremptory a message and receive her in so hostile a way might possibly astonish her. She was not aware that she had done anything to merit such treatment. But perhaps Mr. Lacy would explain himself.

He glared at her across the interval which sepa-

fearful confirmation to the tale he had heard. She would not act in this way if she did not feel her position secure. Mr. Lacy set his teeth together, and two or three words escaped his lips of so unpleasant a nature as to make the blood of the young lady standing before him tingle in her veins. Her not unnatural inference was that Mr. Lacy had, for g

time at least, taken leave of nis senses; but she would not stay there to be insulted.

"If you cannot speak to me as gentlemen are in the habit of speaking to ladies," she said, "I will leave you. I ought to tell you, perhaps, that if I leave this room I leave the house."

These words, spoken firmly, seemed to recall to Mr. Lacy the sense of his position.

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She turned her face.

"If you will promise to speak to me reasonably," she said, "I will listen to whatever you may have to sav."

"I will speak reasonably," he replied, with peculiar emphasis on the last word. "Sit down."

She obeyed him silently. He took a seat opposite to her.

"Miss Maffeo," he said, after a few moments' pause, during which he was struggling to regain his gentlemanly composure and indifference, "it strikes me that you are taking things with a very high hand. I suppose you consider yourself engaged."

"I am engaged to be married," she answered quietly, though her face had flushed crimson. "If it is on this subject you wish to speak to me, let me beg you to say no more. It is impossible for me to see that you have any right to interfere in my private affairs."

"She is taking it with a high hand," he said to himself, with a muttered exclamation. His civilisation was skin-deep, and now, at sight of this woman —beautiful, impassive, dignified—a lady, and his superior—a poor governess, and his inferior and foe—this woman, who was thrusting herself into his designs, and opposing her baleful influence to the accomplishment of his long-cherished plans, the undercrust of barbarianism in his nature was laid bare. It did not tend to soften his feelings towards Adela that he was conscious of feeling and acting like an untutored savage.

Putting considerable force upon himself, he said—
"Young people never do think that their elders have any right to interfere in these matters. Men of the world, Miss Maffeo, take a different view. You have acted like a woman of the world to-night. Your composure and presence of mind have been admirable. I will speak to you as a woman of the world."

She bent her head, half-smiling. Then all this meant that he had some prudent counsel to offer her.

"If you were a love-sick girl," he went on, gaining composure as he proceeded, "I should, in all probability, appeal to your feelings. I should say, 'Life is opening before this young man whom you think you love. He is not an ordinary person; this you will have already discovered. People of distinction are interested in him; he is one of the few for whom a great career is prepared. But,' I should go on to say, 'an early and imprudent marriage will entirely alter this. His distinguished friends will cease to interest themselves in him—he will have no

money, no home, no stake or foothold in the country. Naturally all hope of a great career for him will be over. If you think,' I should further say, 'that your affection for him will compensate for all these advantages irretrievably lost through his imprudence, persevere. But, when either you or he is tired of the bargain, do not come to his relatives for assistance. They will tell you that love is enough for you.'"

As Mr. Lacy spoke, Adela's astonishment increased. She now made an effort to speak, and tell him that he must have been wrongly informed. But he begged her to hear him for a few moments more.

"Perhaps," he said, "I ought not to have repeated to you the remarks I should have made to a sentimental young lady. You, Miss Maffeo, are not sentimental. You are sensible, and I do not doubt that in all you have done, you have had an eye to business. Pray hear me to the end; I do not desire to insult you. When I meet with a capacity for business either in man or woman, I respect it. But I wish to give you a word of advice. In matters of business look round you carefully before you act."

As he spoke he rose to his feet and resumed his magisterial attitude. In this sarcastic speech he had rehabilitated himself to himself; though ruder, rougher, coarser, than before, when passion brought gross words to his lips, he felt himself a gentleman.

"I happen to be one of the principals in this little business matter," he went on, placing his hand on his breast, and bowing sarcastically. That her cheek had turned deadly pale, and that she lay back in her chair like one smitten with a sudden weakness, he did not notice.

"Seeing that you are a woman of character," he said, returning to his upright position, "I offer two or three matters for your consideration. If my son Herbert marries you, he gives me up for ever. You understand what that means. He has a right to nothing, and I have a younger son; that younger son shall be my heir. Never, I vow it solemnly, will I stretch out my hand to save a child who defies me. That is the first and principal thing. He is extremely delicate. If he were rich, this would matter very little. Doctors, and luxuries, and freedom from care preserve many a shaky life. As your husband, Herbert would have none of these. Then again, look at it from your own point of view. If you leave here on this account, you leave with a stain upon your name. Pardon me! The world will say you intrigued for the position of a daughter of my house. At your failure to obtain wealth the world will laugh, and say it serves you right. On the other hand, give up your pretensions, determine to let Herbert alone, and I promise you not only to hush up the matter, but to arrange for your comfortable establishment in life: I will dower - Good gracious, girl! What is it? Are you von-

There was little wonder that he interrupted himself. Tortured as she had been during the past few moments, Adela had reached a point where further endurance was impossible. She had sprung to her

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feet. Her pallor was exchanged for two feverish spots of burning red, her eyes glittered fiercely, her right hand was clenched. "How dare you?" she muttered, under her breath; "how dare you?"

"My dear young lady, be reasonable. I act for the best, I assure you."

"You are wicked," she answered; "I will not hear you speak another word. And as for Herbert ....."

Her voice sank, her fierce eyes dropped, there was a sob in her throat which shamed her.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lacy, eagerly. From her hot indignation he hoped to extract a promise. "Sit down again. Be calm. I assure you I feel for you deeply. What of Herbert?"

She looked up again. "He is not your son," she cried out, wildly. "I cannot believe it—of course not. What a fool I am! he would not have deceived me so. There are other Herberts besides my Herbert in the world. Oh, sir"—there was so pitiful a look in her face that it might have melted a heart of stone—"I see, we are both mistaken. I am engaged, that is true, but not to such a man as you describe—a rich man, with friends, and a career prepared for him. His name is Wingrove—not Lacy. He came here to study, and we met by accident in the woods. He is poor—very poor—an artist. He told me he had his own way to make in the world. If Mr. Herbert Lacy is in this neighbourhood, I have not so much as seen him. You have heard false rumours."

She spoke with force and fervency, as if trying

to convince herself as well as another that some dreadful thing, of which she had heard, was impossible.

Mr. Lacy, who began to see how things had come about, but who, for his own comfort, would not shake off the anger-justifying conceptions he had formed of this woman's intrigues, looked annoyed and perplexed.

The handle of the door was touched. He called out angrily that no one should come in.

But the door opened, notwithstanding; and Adela, whose face was turned that way, gave a great cry of relief.

"Herbert," she cried, darting across the room, "Come here, and tell this gentleman who and what you are."

He took both her hands in his, and pressed them to his lips.

"Go, darling," he whispered. "I will see you again presently. It will be better for my father and me to be left alone together."

"Your father?" She shrank from him.

"I told you I had a secret, Adela. You said you would trust in me."

"So I do," she answered, softly; "and so I will, Herbert, always."

"When this pretty scene is over," interposed Mr. Lacy, "I shall be glad to speak to my son."

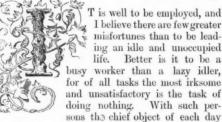
Herbert gently led Adela to the door, closed it behind her, and told his father that he was ready now to hear all he might have to say to him.

(To be continued.)

## HELPS TO PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

AN ADDRESS TO MEN OF BUSINESS.



is to hasten its leaden hours to a close. Indeed, to one who is unoccupied, his very existence is an intolerable burden. A Man of Business, however, has his peculiar trials, as well as a man of leisure. Let me try and place some of them before you.

First, if any one throws himself heart and soul into his work, the absorbing nature of his calling may be a snare to him. His mind is apt to be so employed by what is immediately before him,

that his very occupation may become a hindrance to him, crowding out of his mind the thoughts of higher and holier things. It is right to be hearty and earnest in the work before us, for does not the Word of God say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"? But there is a danger lest our business should assume such importance in our eyes, as to become the one thing needful to us, the one great object of our lives. This is by no means unusual, and you should watch and pray against it; for the world steals imperceptibly upon us, until at length we find ourselves held fast by its grasp. Now, if you feel that prayer is growing irksome to you, or if you grudge the time hitherto given to your Bible reading, or if you find that your business follows you to the very House of God, then these are sure signs that your heart is being drawn away from God, and your state is becoming a dangerous one.

Secondly, the Losses and Disappointments of business are another trial. There are some who find that after years of hard labour they are not so successful as they expected. The times may have been unfavourable; or adverse circumstances may have arisen, over which they had no control; or perhaps some favourite scheme on which their hopes were built has turned out to be a failure, or some one on whom they pinned their faith has proved to be but a broken reed. In any case, things have gone wrong with them. Now, perhaps it has been so with you; and it may be that your misfortune has come to teach you a most valuable and important lesson. May you not have trusted too much and too long to an arm of flesh? May you not have relied too much on your plans and projects, and on the wisdom of your own contrivings? You did not look up to God for His blessing; and He has made you smart for it. And who knows but that a little trial may be the one thing you need to bring you to a better mind, and therefore God has sent it? Your loving Father saw that you were becoming too much wedded to matters which only concerned your worldly interest, and so He applied the remedy in time. Your wisdom is at once to submit to your altered circumstances; cheerfully accept them as from God; and as regards the future, go on trustfully and hopefully committing yourself to His disposal, and putting your work and its results into His hands.

But sometimes even our Success in business is a trial also. It is undoubtedly lawful to aim at success, and we may strive to obtain it. But there is an undue desire for gain, an eager thirst for it, which, like the horseleach, is never satisfied. And when this gets possession of us, it dries up our better feelings, and, by degrees, fairly ruins our souls. Thus "the love of money" is indeed "the root of all evil." Be watchful, then, lest by degrees it should grow within you, and at length gain the mastery over you. Check it at once. Be content with moderate gains. Let Agur's prayer be yours, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

And here, there are two cautions that I would especially offer. Beware of a penurious habit; and cultivate, on the other hand, a generous and large-hearted spirit. Though you may have but little to offer, still be ready to give, when by so doing you can really benefit others, or glorify God. We are told in Scripture that "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth others shall be watered also himself."

Again, beware of anything like a speculating spirit. When we are a little low in the world, it is very likely that this temptation may assail us. Some one puts it into our heads, and we are attracted by the tempting bait. And sometimes, too, when we are prospering, we may be tempted to increase our gains more rapidly, by a

speculation which promises immediate success. But by so doing you may lose all, and plunge yourself into irretrievable ruin. Be content, then, to work on quietly but surely; for thus only can you expect that God will bless your labours.

Fourthly, let *Hurry and Confusion* be as much as possible avoided. Always endeavour to arrange each day so that you may have time for everything. A little method will be of great service to you through life. Just as a good packer may stow away much in his trunk, so by a little method and arrangement we may so order our time that there may be room for every duty, and nothing need be put aside.

Lastly, your Temper will constantly be tried; it cannot be otherwise with a man of business. If you are a master, those under you will occasionally try your patience; or if you serve, you may find your employer somewhat fidgety and exacting. Here is a discipline which, if you take it rightly, may do you good. Learn to be calm and self-possessed in the midst of confusion, and forbearing towards those who are in the wrong. And ever remember that you have a Master in heaven whose patience you have often tried, and who has acted with much long-suffering towards you.

Such are some of the trials peculiar to a business life. May God by His grace enable you to meet them and overcome them! May He make your position a happy and a useful one! And whilst you do your duty in the state of life in which He has placed you, may you ever serve Him faithfully and truly!

### PRAYERS.

Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast chosen my lot in life, that Thou hast placed me where I am, and hast apportioned out to me the work in which I am now engaged. Enable me to act in all things as Thy servant, and whilst I am engaged in my worldly business, may I remember that Thine eye is upon me. May I earnestly desire to do Thy will, and to please Thee in all things.

O God, keep me from over-anxiety about the things of this world. Let not the love of money root itself within my heart. If success should crown my efforts, make me thankful, and at the same time give me a sober and watchful spirit. Or if losses and disappointments should befall me, enable me cheerfully to submit, saying, Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

Hear me, Heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

Be with me, gracious God, in my future course. Give me a hopeful and trusting spirit. In the management of my affairs, make me strictly honest and upright. And in my intercourse with the world may I ever desire to speak and act as a servant of Christ. O Lord, draw my heart

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towards Thyself, and enable me to live a life of humble faith, setting my affection on things above, and not on things on the earth.

Make me a blessing to those among whom I am thrown in my daily life, and especially to my

own family and household. Grant that I may be a helper and not a hinderer to them in their course heavenwards. And at length receive me, and those who are near and dear to me, into Thy own presence, for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

### CONSECRATED WOMANLY GENIUS.

ELIZABETH FRY, AND HER MINISTRY TO FEMALE PRISONERS.



HAT truly noble woman, Elizabeth Fry, was descended from an ancient family of the name of Gurney. The Lords of Gurney en Brai, in Normandy, came in with the Norman Conqueror, and settled on estates in Norfolk, where descendants, bearing the name, slightly

altered, flourished through many generations. In the seventeenth century some of the Gurneys embraced the tenets of the "Quakers," or Friends; and it was from this branch that Elizabeth came, being the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, Norwich. She was born on May 21st, 1780, the year of the Gordon riots.

Elizabeth was passionately fond of her mother, and being a nervous delicate child, would anticipate with fear and dread the possibility of losing her. She would even lie awake at night, and weep over the prospect. When this event really came to pass, Elizabeth was about twelve years old, shy, fair, quiet, sensitive and fearful. She must have been almost idolatrously fond of her mother, for she scarcely ever left her side; and in the silent night, would steal to her bedside, and watch her breathing, all the while oppressed by a fearful terror, lest Mrs. Gurney should die in her sleep. Even at this early period, the ruling passion made itself known, for she so desired to visit a prison, that her father at last consented, and in response to her earnest entreaties took her to see the prisoners at a "bridewell."

Elizabeth had six sisters, all well educated and attractive. She herself grew up into maidenhood with "a soft winning manner, elegant appearance, and a profusion of flaxen hair." Her friends did not practise the strict habits of the Quakers, as far as daily manners were concerned. Elizabeth was much admired for her fearless riding, and taste in dress: her pursuits, amusements, and tastes were all worldly. She disliked going to meeting so much, that she invented excuses for remaining at home, and her silent reverence for the Scriptures faded into a dim unsettled kind of unbelief, which was very dark and cheerless. About the age of seventeen, however, light broke upon her mind, and amid struggling efforts to renounce the world and obey the calls of religion, a noble ambition awoke within her to be and to do something more worthy. Some extracts from her diary about this period will show to the observant reader how dark and perplexed her mental condition was in-

"I am seventeen to-day. Am I a happier or better creature than I was at this time twelvemonth? I have seen several things in myself and others which I never before remarked, but I have not tried to improve myself. I have given way to my passions, and let them have command over me. I have known my faults and not corrected them, and now I am determined I will once more try, with redoubled ardour, to overcome my wicked inclinations. I fear being religious, in case I should be an enthusiast; but have the greatest fear of religion, because I never saw a person religious who was not enthusiastic."

William Savery, of America, visited the Friends in England about this date, and under his powerful preaching, Elizabeth felt keenly. He dealt faithfully and tenderly with her, "prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into." For some little time she was subdued and reverent-striving to follow the Lord's leadings; but gradually these impressions became dulled, and a visit to London, where she mingled with all the gaieties of fashion, increased the struggle. Her days were passed in society and fashionable dissipation, her nights in sadness and self-condemnation. She was about this period troubled with the almost nightly recurrence of a dreadful dream, in which she was surrounded by fearful waves, rising, and beating wildly around her. Sometimes the circumstances of the dream varied a little, but the agony of fear was always the same, But when she had passed through the struggle, and her faith was calmly fixed on God, the dream changed; she thought then that she was surrounded by the waters as usual, but although they raged and tossed, she stood on a rock beyond their reach. Then the dream left her, but she records in her diary that she took this dream as a warning from above.

A short visit paid to some friends at Colebrook Dale, who were strict Quakers, confirmed her in her decision to devote her future life to God's service. She not only relinquished music and dancing, but adopted in their entirety the plain Quaker forms of dress and speech. She suffered nay neir me, Thy her vant conr or elveand have way nand not will over-being but I never stic." the enly.
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ELIZABETH FRY.

dreadfully from the fear of ridicule, and sometimes rather than face visitors, turned coward, in a sense, and ran away. As a commencement of benevolent and Christian work, she visited and ministered to the neighbouring poor, and instructed a number of poor ignorant children, with the most remarkable success. From this time she lived a life of consecration to God's service; and she adopted "the bonds and ties of Quakerism," because she believed that "the formation of her mind needed these, to fit her for immortality." Deliberately and conscientiously she decided to renounce the world, and work for God and souls.

In the year 1800, and when about twenty years of age, she was married to Mr. Joseph Fry, a Quaker merchant, residing in St. Mildred's Court, London. The first nine or ten years of Mrs. Fry's married life were filled up with maternal and household cares, but her mind and principles were slowly maturing. At the end of that time, the young couple, together with their infant family, removed to a country home at Plashet in Essex; and, with greater scope, Mrs. Fry established various agencies for the good of those by whom she was surrounded. She established a Lancastrian girls' school, kept a depôt for flannels, coals, and foods for the use of the poor, and during each winter kept a large soup-kitchen open for daily relief. She also visited at "Irish Row," a colony or hamlet about a half-mile from Plashet, inhabited almost solely by poor Irish. She also practised vaccination among the neighbouring poor families, with the result that smallpox was scarcely known; and ministered kindly to the spiritual and temporal wants of a tribe of gipsies who frequented Plashet fair.

Yet, with all this ministry of kindness and benevolence, Mrs. Fry was frequently troubled at heart, by the fear that she was falling short of her high destiny. She remembered William Savery's words, and they produced in her mind a secret longing to do some higher service for her Lord and Master. She says in one place in her journal :-"My course has been very different from what I expected. Instead of being, as I had hoped, a useful instrument in the Church militant, here I am, a careworn wife and mother; outwardly, nearly devoted to the things of this life." As the result of these soul-searchings, and two bereavements which came upon her, she entered the ministry of the Friends, and was soon acknowledged as a powerful speaker. But she did not rest here. One cold winter day in January, 1813, having once more returned to St. Mildred's Court, she went with some friends to Newgate, to see several prisoners awaiting execution, and thus commenced that special ministry of Christ-like charity, for which the name of Elizabeth Fry has become famous all the world over.

On the occasion of that visit, she beheld scenes

that shocked every womanly and Christian feel. ing. In four rooms, containing about one hundred and ninety yards of superficial area, were crowded together three hundred women, and their numerous children. Convicted and unconvicted prisoners, wicked, erring, innocent, and base felons were all herded together, in rags, dirt, and wretchedness; they cooked and lived in these four wards, sleeping as best they could, on the bare floors, with raised boards for pillows, So desperate were they, that the governor never entered, save under military protection, and visitors shrunk from their presence, as from that of wild beasts. This visit made such an impression on her, that from that time, Mrs. Fry yearned, with almost passionate earnestness, to ameliorate the condition of these poor women.

She commenced with this den of Newgate, At her own request, she was left alone with the women. and read from the Bible to them. They listened more attentively than she had expected, and asked various questions of her. She then spoke affectionately to them, of the results which would inevitably follow, if their children were not better taught, and proposed to establish a school forthem in a vacant cell, which she had induced the governor to grant her for that purpose. This interest in the children won the mothers' hearts at once, and they assented, with tears of joy. A visitor who accompanied her tells us that at this memorable visit "The railing was crowded with halfnaked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and I well recollect shuddering, when the door was closed upon us." Not content with her personal efforts, she endeavoured to enlist others in the She invited a few ladies of mature years to assist her: but she tells us that the begging, swearing, fighting, gambling, singing, dancing, drinking, and dressing up in men's clothing were so vile," that she could not invite young persons to assist her, fearing to introduce them into such

a den of depravity.

In 1817, Mrs. Fry succeeded in forming a committee for the "Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." This committee included eleven ladies of the Society of Friends, and the wife of a clergyman. Its object was "to provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them as much as possible those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable while in prison, and respectable when they leave it." The Governor, Ordinary, and Sheriffs of Newgate assisted these ladies in introducing this scheme, for they already owned the benefits of her labours. Then commenced the work of employing and training these poor neg-

lected wretches, and so well did they do this, that the prison, which had been hitherto called "Hell above ground," became quiet, orderly, and decent. These ladies lived for a time among the prisoners, while Mrs. Fry became the moving spirit of the mission. She ruled all kindly and firmly, so that the prisoner deemed it a more terrible thing to be brought up before her, than before the judge. Once when a refractory prisoner was brought to her, she looked kindly and calmly on her, as if desiring to read hope for the future. Then she said lovingly, "I trust I shall hear better things of thee." This rebuke had the desired effect, and the penitent weepingly promised to amend her conduct.

Mrs. Fry's plans included two features-religious instruction and employment. So well did this plan work, that packs of gaming cards were given up, reading, knitting, and sewing went on, and gradually trust, and a desire for reform, grew up in the minds of the women. So honest did they become that Mrs. Fry stated, in her evidence before the House of Commons, that of twentythousand articles of wearing apparel, which were manufactured by them, only three were missed. She gave this evidence in 1818, and on that occasion dwelt particularly on the necessity of having prisons especially for women, with none save matrons, and female warders, over them. City of London adopted this plan with regard to Newgate, and undertook part of the necessary expenses.

She now turned her attention to female convicts awaiting transportation. These frequently suffered horribly. On leaving Newgate for the docks, it was customary for them to behave most riotously, breaking windows and doors; and while in open wagons on the road to Deptford, they were generally followed and encouraged by crowds of bad characters. But Mrs. Fry's influence reached even them. Chained like wild beasts, depraved by nature and gaol treatment, they acted like furies; but she learned how to calm them. She interceded with the officials for them, procured the abolishment of the chains, gave them Bibles, food, and clothes, and finally provided them with knitting and patchwork, with which to employ their time during the long voyage, with the assurance from the officials, that each woman should have the produce of her own work upon the arrival of the vessel in New South Finally, she held a short religious service before the ship sailed, and commended these poor

She also turned her attention to the state of the law which prescribed capital punishment for a large number of offences. Women were executed

creatures to God amidst the tears and goodwill

for passing forged Bank of England notes; while coining, shop-lifting, forgery, and highway robbery, were punished also with death. passed through appalling interviews with condemned prisoners in consequence of the sanguinary state of the law, and strove earnestly and conscientiously for an amelioration of the

penal code, but in vain.

Royalty honoured her with its respect, and eminent and fashionable personages smiled upon her; but she continued still the same humble self-renouncing Christian. She entertained a wholesome dread lest the praise of man should puff her up unduly, and this fear kept her lowly. Gradually, she visited nearly all the prisons in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and succeeded in establishing the first penitentiary in Dublin. She visited France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Denmark on similar errands, and introduced prison reforms everywhere among civilised nations. She was received with the most profound veneration by all classes, sects, and creeds, and her suggestions eagerly adopted. She pronounced against the silent and solitary systems from the first, preferring rather to treat criminals as human beings-fallen brothers and

In 1843, at the age of sixty-three years, Mrs. Fry visited some French prisons for the last time. On returning from this journey, she fell into a declining state of health; and as if to add to her sorrow on this account, children and dear friends passed away into "the better land," leaving her lonely and depressed. Yet, although so evi dently declining, she attended the yearly meeting of the Friends at Plaistow, in June, 1845, and spoke, still sitting in her chair, of the works of philanthropy and Christian charity with which her life had been identified. During the autumn of that year she faded very rapidly, but as she neared the dark valley, her old dread of death gradually vanished, and she grew very peaceful and content. She was removed to Ramsgate for the benefit of her health, but without effect; she still sank, and on the morning of October 14th, 1845, she entered into rest. Do we seek for the secret of her remarkable power with men, and of her service for God? We may find it in one of her utterances during her last illness to a friend. Said she, "Since my heart was touched, at seventeen years old, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, how best I might serve the Lord."

For forty-eight years, she did serve the Lord in guileless faithful earnestness. Her life bore not leaves alone, but simple, beautiful ripe fruit, to His honour and glory. EMMA R. PITMAN.

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### A SHARP LESSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOURLAY BROTHERS," ETC.



### CHAPTER I.

ADGE, I must do something, or the stillness and monotony will drive me mad.'

It certainly was rather still life at the Hermitage, especially on that damp grey afternoon. Outside in the Park the sodden grass was steaming, and from the budding trees and ivy-mantled gables the rain fell with a steady purpose of the part of t

fell with a steady monotonous drip on the gravel paths and the stone terrace. Three girls, gathered round the drawing-room fire, looked as if they were very tired of the depressing weather, and each other's society. Two of them were fair, pale, quiet girls, very simply dressed, the third looked a little out of place in the oak-panelled, sober-hued, shadowy room. She was young, not more than twenty, with frizzy golden hair tumbled all over her forehead, great

dark eyes, and a soft rounded face like a child's, a thing of smiles, and curves, and dimples, a helpless, useless, beautiful butterfly that every one petted and spoiled, and gave in to.

Up and down the drawing-room she paced rest lessly, turning over Marie Carden's drawings, tangling Madge's crewels, making a mess everywhere, and grumbling all the time.

"Oh, dear! it is so dull!" she cried for the tenth time. "If this atmospheric and social depression continues, I know I shall go mad."

Madge looked up from the passion-flower she was so studiously embroidering with a slight flush on her fair face.

"I am so sorry, Mab dear! I thought you would be so happy with us, and enjoy a rest after all your London dissipation."

"Just as if Mab Leslie could be happy in peace and

quietness," Marie said, re-pointing a pencil Mab had just ruined. "You know, Madge, she's always the very spirit of unrest; you never could be sure of her for two minutes."

"But that was when she was at school, Marie. We're all older and wiser now."

"What a dear, good, common-place, matter-of-fact wet blanket you are, Madge," Mab cried with a little grimace. "I don't believe I'm a minute older, and I'm certain I'm not an atom wiser than I was three years ago; besides, aren't we melancholy enough—just like three 'Marianas' in a moated grange, only worse, without your reminding us that we're growing old in our solitude? Oh dear! this dreary dreadful weather! one can't get out of doors even to display a new gown. Not that there 's a creature to see it, or take the least notice whether you're dressed like a guy, or a figure on a high-art tea-pot."

"Same thing, is it not, Mab?" Marie asked. Mab laughed, and returned to her place by the fire. "I do think, Madge, Stoken-le-Vale is the stupidest place on earth, and the Hermitage the very dullest house," she continued after a moment's silence.

"I don't think you are very polite, Mab," Marie cried. Madge only coloured a little over her emboidery. "You knew exactly what sort of place it was, and what we were like, before you came."

"Yes, of course, and very nice you and Madge are; but, indeed, I didn't know we were going to have so much weather, and so little to make it endurable. As for politeness, Marie, selfish people never have any; and I am so selfish."

"And ungrateful too, Mab dear," Madge said, laying aside her work, and drawing near the after-noon tea-table. "You have only been here five days, and already you have vanquished every eligible in the vicinity."

"Yes! and, like What's-his-name—something or other—I pine for more subjects to conquer; you know, they call me Queen Mab at home," she interrupted.

"Queen of hearts, I suppose," Marie said, a little contemptuously.

"Exactly, and a very pleasant sovereignty it is!"

"For you, perhaps, Mab; but how about other people? but of course you never think of them. I really think you are quite heartless."

"I can't help it," Mab cried, extending both hands with an expression of injured innocence; "men are so silly, and I can't make them sensible."

"No," Marie said, drily, "I should think not."

"And then," Mab continued, "they talk such nonsense to me; and I'm quite certain they wouldn't understand if I talked reason to them; and besides, it is such fun."

"But what's sport to you, may be death to others, Mab," Marie said, very quietly.

Queen Mab never thought of things in that light. She fancied she was privileged to say and do just as she pleased, and it pleased her to have always a number of gentlemen at her feet, and keep them there just so long as they amused her. An only

daughter, she was idolised by her father and mother. and they took it almost as a matter of course that every one else should idolise her too. It never struck them that unlimited admiration was not the best food in the world for a girl at once so thoughtless, frivolous, vain, and beautiful as Mab; so she enjoyed her conquests, laughed at her victims whenever they tried to talk seriously to her of love and marriage, and was fast becoming a heartless coquette, when a severe cold laid her up for a few weeks, and as soon as she recovered a little, her mother sent her down to her cousins, the Cardens, in Devonshire, Stoken-le-Vale was a remote little village nestling in a valley on the very fringe of Exmoor, with a long straggling street of irregular red tiled houses, and the Stoken brawling and tumbling through it, clear and limpid in summer, angry and murky when swollen with winter rains, for it did rain a good deal in the early part of the year, though it was usually very mild, and calm. From the village of Stoken-le-Vale, the Hermitage was about four miles distant, the nearest village on the other side was at least six, neighbours there were few, and the bad state of the roads made travelling very difficult. Mr. Carden was a very reserved studious scientific man, who spent most of his time in his own study. His daughters, Madeline and Marie, were very quiet too, with plenty of work to do, and plenty of local interest to keep them from feeling dull, so that it was just a little stupid for Mab, fresh from London, where she had always plenty of amusement, and a succession of admirers. But five days of her visit had passed, and she was wishing she was back again in Chester Square with some of her old friends and admirers about her, and she was thinking, as she sipped her tea, how she would make them laugh telling them of her quiet, presy, placid, handsome cousins, and their humdrum life at the Hermitage.

Presently she floated to one of the windows again, and looked out with dreary interest.

"There it goes! drizzle drizzle all the afternoon.
The lawn looks exactly as if it had a Turkish bath.
I wonder if it always rains in this feeble undecided
way in Stoken-le-Vale!"

"I think it rains much like this everywhere at this time of the year," Madge replied, cheerfully. She was not a victim to atmospheric pressure.

"Oh, no! In town we couldn't possibly endure it," Mab said, after another prolonged stare out of the window. "Why, Madge, if here isn't somebody in the last stage of saturation coming up the avenue—a gentleman, I declare. This is really quite too charming!"

Madge stood up from the tea-table with more alacrity than usually characterised her slow graceful movements, and joined Mab at the window.

"It's Mr. Gough!" she exclaimed, ringing the bell hurriedly. "Poor man! How dreadfully wet he must be."

The Rev. Harry Gough was the curate of the next parish, and as he had walked six miles by the edge

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of the moor in a blinding, driving, drizzling rain, he unquestionably was wet—"in the very last stage of saturation," as Mab had expressed it.

After getting out of his overcoat in the hall, Mr. Carden, who always welcomed Mr. Gough cordially, insisted on his going up-stairs and changing his boots, and then accompanied him as far as the drawing-room door.

"Take care of him, Madge, and give him some tea," he said to his eldest daughter, and Madge blushed slightly as she proceeded to obey him with aberity.

It was Marie who introduced the curate to Mab. Before his entrance she had laid her hand on her cousin's shoulder and looked earnestly at her.

"You won't flirt with him, Mabel?" she said softly, almost pleadingly. "Please."

"Better tell him not to flirt with me," Mab replied, sancily.

"Spare him, Mab," Marie repeated, earnestly, in a very low voice.

"Don't be melodramatic about such a trifle," Mab answered. "Why shouldn't I amuse myself with Mr. Gough, as well as with anybody else?" and with a graceful little shrug of her shoulders, and droll uplifting of her arched eyebrows, she fluttered back to her easy-chair.

#### CHAPTER II.

"So you really return to London to-morrow, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, really. There's no hope of a further reprieve."

Queen Mab and Mr. Gough were out in the park, sauntering under the trees, no longer bare and gaunt, but tricked out in all the bravery of the tender spring-time. The great horse-chestnuts were weighted down with waxen petals, the lilacs were loading the air with fragrance, and the birds were singing joyously a triumphant pean, for summer was back again with its prodigal glory of leaf and bloom, sunshine and melody. The day was glorious, the view from the remote corner of the park, away down the vale of Stoken, and across the moor, was exquisite. There was

A stillness in the air
That seemed a sense of peace to yield;

yet Mab did not seem as if she was at all enjoying it. Mr. Gough did not look quite at his ease, either. He had ridden over from Pathfield, and tied his rein to a branch of a tree when he met Mab in the grounds. They had paced up and down by the brink of the river twice in absolute silence, Mr. Gough's white slender fingers twitching nervously, playing with his black watch-guard, as he glanced furtively at his companion, with a curious eager questioning glance. He was a young man, tall, and thin almost to attenuation, with a long neck, slightly rounded shoulders, and rather ungainly arms. He had a fine head,

grave, earnest intellectual, with clear grey eyes, arched brows, and a sensitive mouth, which rather weakened his general expression. It was easy to see that he was very nervous and excited, and Mab did not help him out of his difficulty in the least. Presently he paused, and laying one hand on her arm looked down at her steadily. "So you return to London to-morrow?" he repeated.

"Yes!"

"Mab, I can't let you go," he said, trying to steady his voice, "I can't, dear. You know that I love you!"

"Oh, no, no please!" she cried, frightened at his intense earnestness. "You mustn't, Mr. Gongh," and she glanced round in search of some means of escape.

It was just six weeks since that dreary after. noon when she first saw him coming up the avenue, and she had seen him pretty well every day since, for a longer or shorter period. She had long discussions with him, earnest little confidences. used all her pretty arts and enchantments, and for a long time he resisted them and looked coldly at her, reproving her more than once for her vanity and wilfulness. But she had resolved to conquer him, grave, stern, self-contained, and removed above all mere worldly pleasure and weakness as he seemed. Never had she found a "victim" so hard to subdue as the ascetic young curate; and now on the last day of her visit, when he asked her to walk with him by the river, she felt he was going to capitulate at last, and wished herself well out

"Listen to me," he continued, his hand still on her arm. "I know that I shouldn't think about you; I know that I have done wrong, for my word was pledged. But, Mab, I love you! I love you! I cannot give you up."

"But you must!" she cried energetically, thinking it was tolerably cool of him to talk like that, seeing

he never possessed her.

"No, dear, I cannot; the thing is beyond me," he replied, solemnly. "I have tried so hard; I have fought with my feelings as with a giant, but they have conquered me. Dear one, you are mine."

Here was a situation! and Queen Mab seemed in no way equal to it. Presently Mr. Gough continued earnestly, "I know, dear, I have little to offer you but myself and my great unbounded affection. I wish for your sake I were wiser, wealthier, every way more worthy. But I will make you happy; I must. Dear, have you ever thought what our lives would be together?"

"No, I have not."

"No? how strange! and I have pictured it a thousand times; I growing gentler and more patient, you wiser and stronger day by day, learning to guide, to counsel, to cheer me."

"But, Mr. Gough," Mab cried, in sheer desperation,
"I don't understand. I—I—am not going to be
your wife!"

"Mab," he cried, staring at her. "Why! what's to prevent you?"

'Oh, lots of things," she cried hurriedly. "I'm not good enough."

"I'll try to make you better, dear."

"But," desperately—"I don't wish to marry anybody—I don't care about you like that."

"Mabel!" That was all he said, as he retreated a step or two with one of his hands pressed overhis heart.

"I'm awfully sorry!" she said humbly—" but I

never thought-

"You made me love you," he interrupted, fiercely; "you wrung my heart from me; you wished me to think you cared for me. Mabel, Mabel," there was a ring of agony in his high-pitched voice, "what did you do it for?"

"I don't know," she replied, frightened at his camestness, angry at his persistency; "for fun, I sup-

pose!"

For a moment he looked at her, then, without a word, he turned away, and passed under the trees

like a man walking in his sleep.

Mab hurried home with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. She was angry, astonished, and not a little ashamed of herself. But as she thought the matter over, she began to think she was a very unfortunate girl, and far more deserving of pity than blame.

Madge was in the drawing-room where she entered. "Where's Mr. Gough?" she asked. "Why didn't you bring him back to luncheon?"

"I don't know. I left him in the park."

"Why, dear?"

"He would make love to me, and I didn't like it, so I ran away," was the defiant answer.

"Did he ask you to marry him?" Madge questioned, in a very low voice.

"Why, of course he did; every man I speak civilly to thinks he's privileged to ask that question, and, equally of course, I refused him. Now I don't want to hear any more about it." And Mab marched out of the room without noticing the look of deep suffering on Madge's face.

"Mab! Mab!" Marie Carden cried, bursting into her cousin's room the next morning. "Come in to Madgie; she's fainted, and Mr. Gough is dead killed by a fall from his horse, they say!"

"Dead!" Mab cried. "No, surely!"

"Yes, he was thrown off his horse yesterday, crossing the bridge, and fractured his skull. They told Madgie so suddenly it frightened her."

"Why should it frighten Madgie?" Mabel asked slowly, her eyes on Marie's face. "Was—was he anything to her?"

"Everything—till you came," was the bitter reply; and for the first time in her whole life Mab felt thoroughly abashed and humbled.

Harry Gough did not die, though for many days there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But youth, a good constitution, and careful nursing, pulled him through. He will never lose that great purple scar across his forehead, and never walk straight again, but Madeline Carden is none the less devoted to him on that account. It was she and her sister that nursed him through his long illness. Hers was the first face he looked on when he opened his eyes, and it seemed as if the memory of Mab had passed away like an oppressive dream.

A few months after the accident, which Mr. Gough could never quite explain or account for, he and Madeline were formally engaged to be married, and it was only then she heard that Mab Leslie had began to forgive herself, and to hope that Madge and Mr. Gough might some day forgive her too. She received a very severe lesson, but it had a good effect, and though few know the secret of what changed the gay, frivolous, rather selfish Queen Mab into the quiet, thoughtful, gentle girl she now is, all agree that the change is a decided improvement. She often says she will never marry, but Marie Carden and Mrs. Gough think differently. Anyway, she will never forget the severe lesson she received at the Hermitage.

## THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

THE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

HE innumerable worshippers are described as "standing before the throne;" and, again, it is said "they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

To understand this vision we must turn back and reflect on previous ones. "Behold, a door was opened in heaven, a throne was set, and One sat on the throne. And

He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald. And round about the throne were four-and-twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four-and-twenty elders clothed in white raiment; they had on their heads crowns of gold. And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings, and voices, and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne,

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which are the seven Spirits of God. And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal, and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living ones, full of

eyes before and behind."

About the origin of the imagery in this passage there can be no doubt. It is derived from the Jewish Temple. The throne shining with jasper and sardine stones, and encompassed by a rainbow like unto an emerald, corresponds with the Ark of the Covenant in the Holy of Holies, and the glory of God shining over the mercy-seat-that radiant cloud which descended and filled the building at its dedication by king Solomon. The four living creatures in the midst of the throne resembling a lion, an ox, a man, and a flying eagle, having six wings apiece, around and within full of eyes, correspond in position and appearance with the cherubim which Moses was commanded to connect with the mercy-seat; "the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings." And further, not only in aspect, but also in number, they correspond with what Ezekiel saw on the banks of the river Chebar, "out of a great cloud, as the colour of amber, out of the midst of fire came the likeness of four living creatures, and, for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side, and they four had the face of an ox on the left side, they four also had the face of an eagle; and the appearance of the living creatures was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps. The twenty-four elders in white linen, with crowns of gold, sitting round the throne-which is the celestial mercy-seat-correspond with the four-andtwenty chief men of the house of Aaron, amongst whom, as we are told in the twenty-fourth chapter of the first Book of Chronicles, David distributed the offices of the priesthood. Moreover, we learn from the Book of Exodus, that coats of fine linen were woven for Aaron and for his sons, and there was made also "the holy crown of pure gold," with the writing, "Holiness unto the Lord." The seven lamps of fire burning before the throne-and which are said to symbolise the sevenfold powers of the Spirit of God-correspond with the seven-branched candlestick, or lamp-stand, in the Holy place—the figure of which is so familiar to us all, through the sculpture of it on the Roman arch of Titus, copied, no doubt, from the Temple spoils, which he brought home after his great victory. The sea of glass like crystal corresponds with the molten sea, the laver of brass with its clear water for purposes of sacred purification.

The objects seen by St. John in his vision strongly resemble the furniture of the ancient Temple, with a company of priests conducting Divine service. The door which was opened in heaven we are to regard as the door of that Temple thrown back, disclosing much within which

the multitudes of the Israelitish nation never saw. They occupied the outer court, and were not permitted to enter the Holy of Holies. But here, as it were, throughout, from front to back, the whole is thrown open-the thick vail, or curtain, which secluded the mercy-seat is drawn aside, and the common worshipper is allowed to gaze on the innermost mysteries of the Temple, The position occupied by the spectator before whom the Apocalypse is revealed is the outer court; and then, looking straight before him to the throne, and Him who sat thereon, he saw in the perspective of objects opening before him, "in the midst of the throne"-that is, in front of it-"a lamb, as it had been slain," in evident allusion to sacrifices on the altar, all of which pointed to Him Who, in the fulness of time, was to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. An altar, we imagine, placed in the midst of the vision, resembling that in the Temple at Jerusalem, and on it we behold "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," whilst round about the altar, as well as round about the throne, the white-robed elders appear, discharging their holy ministrations.

Here another, though latent, point of resemblance may be indicated between what was revealed by the door opened in heaven, and what existed in the penetralia of the Jewish Temple. The Holiest of all was covered with a thick curtain, and only once a year did even the highest priest penetrate within the awful solitude -nobody else ever entered it. What was there to be seen was known only by the testimony of the son of the Aaron who stood before God on the Day of Atonement. The blood of slain beasts was to be offered in the sight of all the people, as they filled the outer court, but the blood of the atonement was sprinkled before the Lord within the vail, where no mortal eye witnessed the transaction save the solitary priest. We can readily conceive of such a conversation as this between a young Israelite and his parent in the days of Moses :- "Father, did you ever see inside that curtain which hangs yonder?" "How, then, do you "Never." know anything of the Ark of the Covenant, and what the priest does on the Atonement Day?" "Only from what Aaron tells us; and we are sure what he says about it is true." So, likewise, heaven is a mystery curtained off from common sight, but we know well that the throne of God is there, that the Lamb of God is there, that the Spirit of God is there, that the angels of God are there, that the sealed are there, and a multitude which no man can number is there, because the Faithful and True Witness has revealed it unto His servant John, who has recorded it for the edification and comfort of the Church to the end

We know nothing of heaven as a place of worship for the innumerable multitudes, except as it is revealed. General reasoning on the subject is

fruitless; conjecture, of course, is vain; revelation is our only guide, and it should not be forgotten that it leaves hidden a great deal more than it discloses. There are states of mind in which Christians are apt to imagine that they know all about that blessed world -- its scenery, its society, and its occupations; also there are states of mind in which we consider ourselves as knowing nothing. It is important to fix in our mind the result of a sober critical review of Scripture teaching on the attractive theme. We should class together all mere conjectures and imaginations, backed though they be by remarks of this kind-Such and such views are not unreasonable; they are not unlikely; how do we know that in the other world there may not be so and so? These habits of thought are most unsatisfactory, and are often very misleading. In proportion to the fascinating effect, which some persons are conscious of, when dealing with such speculations, should be the care taken to keep them in their proper place. They are clearly distinguishable from what is taught in Scripture.

To say that certain opinions are not contrary to Scripture is very different from being able truly to say that they are supported by Scripture. Nor, if we are given to careful thoughtfulness, can we fail to separate what is decidedly affirmed by Holy Writ from what may be inferred from it. Statements, and inferences drawn from statements must not be confounded, as they often are, to the great damage of theological conclusions; also it is to be considered that there are degrees of inference. Inferences are sometimes urged, which when examined are found to be in the position of second, third, and fourth removes—far away from the original starting-point.

Anxious to keep within sober lines, as we ponder what is said of the Multitude which no man can number—namely, that they "stood before the throne," "the throne of God," and that "they serve Him day by day in his Temple," we may dwell upon these three ideas—that they occupy a local residence—that they are honoured with a royal audience—and that they enjoy the

beatific vision.

## EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.-IN THE SKY-PARLOUR.



HERE arecircumstances which human nature is seldom seen to advantage. These are not the crises of life. The possibilities of danger or loss often call out all that is best in us. But some who will not shrink from certain forms of selfsacrifice

unable to resist small temptations to self-aggrandisement. Brothers and sisters who have shared in the support and solace of an aged parent, when the filial duty is completed will occasionally fall into most unfraternal feelings over the division of such simple household spoil as feather beds and silver tea-spoons. Old neighbours and attendants, who have rendered services without price, will show a singular avidity to possess a "memorial" of pecuniary value.

Many a dead man, could be stand among his friends after the reading of his will, would feel as if they must be almost glad of his departure, so eagerly do they make prey of his effects, while they seem to recall the ties of near kindred and long association only to urge them as claims for precedence in plunder. But the dead man does not so stand. If he has risen to the higher life, we may certainly trust that his vision is closed to all but what may rise there with him, the true love which sits silently aside, and will scarcely use his own wishes as a claim for itself, strongly as it urges them in behalf of others.

But, alas! for that true love—for its vision remains open to the sordid struggle round it. Alas! that to the agonised cry, "Why was the light of mine eyes taken?" there is so often added the bitter wail, "And why was I left with these?"

All seemed so strange to Helen and Chrissy. It always does seem strange when we first discover that the familiar surroundings of our lives can be torn from us, and that they have other value than use or prettiness. For the child enters the world with a glorious sense of property. He uses the possessive pronoun with everything. Little by little he learns his own poverty; his weakness to win—his greater weakness to keep. And only when he learns to think of nought as "mine," or even as "ours," but of all as "God's," does he enter on his true inheritance.

"Of course, till all the creditors are paid, every thing belongs to them," observed Aunt Kezia, acidly; "and the Great Metropolitan Bank is a creditor that will swallow up everything. But there are some things it has no right to. There were certain articles your mother took from your grand-

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mother's house that were not exactly given to her: she was just allowed to take them as a sort of obligement because she had grown used to them, and to save your father's money, I suppose. that bronze fender in the best bedroom, and a good feather bed and two down pillows. I'd often thought of saying to your father that I'd had as good a right to those things as your mother could have had; and that I'd no down pillows of my own. But I wasn't the person to disturb them while he lived. I think I'd better see if I can find any similar trifles, and then I'll take them away quietly to-night. When you know you have a right to things, it's no use raising a hubbub, and tempting lawyers and such people into trying to defraud you."

"Aunt Kezia is like a magpie picking up buttons," said Helen, who had begun to recover her volatile spirits. "She has an innate hankering after 'things,' whether they are what she will ever use or

Helen accompanied her aunt in her rummaging. She did not shrink from seeing the old stores, and could find amusement in Miss Daffy's prattle concerning kinsfolk and old neighbours, brought to mind by the relies she turned over. It was quite decided that Helen was to go to live with Madame Vinet, the West-end dressmaker; and Chrissy wondered why it was that she did not like to hear how Helen dwelt on one side only of her future life. Of course, it was right to dwell only on its sunnier side. But why did not the real pleasure of honest work, the blessings of industry, and providence, and ambition put in any appearance on this sunny side of Helen's future? Why was it only represented by the amount of hopedfor leisure, by the acquaintances which might be made, and by vague possibilities of changes for the better? Chrissy felt an aching fear lest somehow life should disappoint Helen-and then-what then?

Chrissy could not bear to see her aunt unfolding and criticising. For the sake of her dead father, all the dead had grown sacred to her, and whatever had been linked with vanished lives became holy. There was a little quaint jewellery which had belonged to dead kinswomen on Mr. Miller's side, of which Aunt Kezia took possession, saying that it was useless to the girls in its present old-fashioned state, and they would have neither money to alter it nor occasion to wear it for years to come, whereas she had known its original owners, and so forth. There was one ring, of red Mexican gold, with something lying dim beneath

the crystal set in it.

"I'll have that taken out, and your mother's hair put in," said Aunt Kezia. "And after my time, the ring will come to one of you-to her who best deserves it," she added, didactically.

"But is not that somebody's hair in it already?"

asked Chrissy, softly.

"Yes, child," answered Aunt Kezia, looking up in wonder. "But what of that? If it is taken out, the ring will be as good as new.'

"But somebody put it there," persisted Chrissy.

"Somebody loved it, and put it there. Ought we not to leave it for their sake?'

"La, child!" said the old lady, "I don't know who they were, so what can I care for their sakes?"

" For sake of the love," Chrissy whispered, flushing with the sense that she was speaking words which were nonsense to the ears that heard them,

"Now, that is downright sentimental rubbish," retorted Miss Kezia, sharply. "If people went on so, the world would never move forward. I suppose you would have us keep old hats and shoes next, till our houses were full of moth-eaten memorials."

"No," said Chrissy, stoutly, "that is quite a different thing. Clothes are no record of love; they were bought for use, and that is their best end. You know I wanted you to give my father's clothes to Hans. They would have saved his money, and he knew my father, and would have valued them not less, but more, because they had belonged to him."

"In the state of your affairs it was not for me to

give away things," snapped Miss Daffy.

She knew it had hurt Chrissy sorely when she had bartered them with a second-hand wardrobe keeper, and she also knew that the Great Metropolitan Bank, in whose interest she had professedly indulged in these and many similar economies, had been no gainer by the exchanges she had got-sundry glass vases and a handsome tea-service, now standing in Aunt Kezia's own house.

"You get far better value in kind than in cash," she had explained to the girls, quieting her own conscience by the reflection, "We don't lose what a friend gets, and two orphan girls can be only the better off for any gain accruing to their aunt."

The day of the sale arrived. The incoming tenant of the Shield Street house - the purchaser of the business - who, to Chrissy's solemn delight, had gladly fallen in with an arrangement for her services-agreed to take over the greater part of the furniture as it stood, at a valuation. Only a few articles of a more special character were to be sold by auction-as, for example, an old-fashioned black oak bookcase, which Mr. Miller himself had rescued from destruction at the hands of an ignorant furniture dealer. This was bought by Mr. Ackroyd. Chrissy learned this because she inquired of Hans. boy's face darkened as he told her.

"The Great Metropolitan Bank had not done him much harm, after all," he said.

"Somebody is strangely saved in all disasters," said Chrissy, "and I suppose it is the same in these failures. That doesn't make it really harder for those who are not saved-though it makes it seem so," she added, candidly.

"If it is not Mr. Ackroyd's fault that he is so fortunate, then it is his misfortune," said Hans, grimly. And Chrissy knew he was vexed, but fancied that his expression in English was rather defective.

The aunt and her two nieces each carried off some salvage from the household wreck, Miss Daffy had her down pillows and her brooches, and sundry little knick-knacks, to which she laid a family claim, Helen had a bundle of faded shreds, which seemed to her aunt utterly worthless, but in which the girl's quick eye detected the makings of rather distinguished finery. The girls had not many books of their very own—their reading, limited enough in Helen's case, having been in their father's library. Such as they had they divided between them; and Helen, as eldest, got the grandly-bound Bible, which her father had never used; and Chrissy had the little worn volume, which had lain open by her father's death-bed, and the broken toy which had stood in his bureau, and the stumpy pen with which he had written that terrible schedule which had proved his last earthly task.

The last hour of the last sad day came. Helen was to go home with her Aunt Kezia and remain with her for a day or two, making preparations for her sojourn with her aunt's friend Madame Vinet. Miss Kezia was determined that there should not be a scanty frill or a deficient garment in Helen's outfit, since that might be a slur on her own solicitude. But poor Chrissy was to go straight to Miss Griffin. Miss Daffy never even visited that worthy woman to see what accommodation she could offer her niece. Chrissy had taken her own way; let her take it, was her aunt's feeling. Independence and enterprise are often left to a very ungenial freedom. Where people cannot patronise, they often do not care to help.

In the course of the day Miss Griffin ran up to the old house in Shield Street to tell Chrissy that everything was ready for her. But she had to go home again to attend to some duties of her own, and Chrissy would have to walk up alone. She helped her aunt and Helen to stow their baggage into their eab, and then went back for her own little package of relics, and stood on the pavement to watch them off.

James Acknoyd was there, too, speaking last words to Helen, whose mingled tears and smiles made a picture of pain and patience enough to excite anybody's sympathy.

The cab drove off. James Ackroyd, with an absentminded smile on his lips, turned and went into his own house. He had not noticed Chrissy standing beside him. And there need be no last words for her. She was not going away; he might see her to-morrow.

Chrissy moved off tearless, with her little bundle in her hands, and a great weight of loneliness in her heart. Where did she belong now? The very portico she had just left was no longer her home-threshold, but a stranger's doorstep. An aching weariness, a sense of sordid drudgery, overcame her. The package she carried seemed to grow heavy and unwieldy. She was nobody's "little Chrissy." She was only one of those whom she had often heard so carelessly massed together as "working girls."

"Miss Chrissy, let me carry that."

Chrissy started. The familiar voice sounded so subdued. It was only Hans. Chrissy surrendered her parcel.

She walked on. Hans did not keep pace with her, but kept behind. Nobody had seemed to remember her but this poor shop-boy, almost a stranger, Well, she was only a shop-girl now; yet still—she had been his master's daughter. His acknowledged remembrance of the fact seemed like the last vestige of her lost position. Why should she surrender it?

The thought was not worthy of Chrissy, and a truer one came. Her familiar knowledge of Scripture supplied her with definite form for her intuitions. She had learned to think in Scriptural imagery.

"Who was the neighbour of him who fell among thieves?" she asked herself. "He who showed kindness to him." What should we think of the rescued Jew if we heard that afterwards, because his benefactor was a Samaritan, he "kept him in his place?"

She turned and spoke to Hans, who stepped forward to listen to "Miss Christina." But the moment she was silent, he fell back again.

Chrissy had often visited Miss Griffin before, and then her sky-parlour, overlooking a landscape of red tiles and chimney pots, had seemed a delightfully quaint abode, such as one reads of in Andersen's tales of Danish or German life. But to-day, the dark stairway, common to all the offices of which Miss Griffin had charge, seemed dirty and stuffy; there was a ceaseless clatter of voices behind the closed doors, a pervading smell of "samples," and even the nettle-geranium spreading itself across the window on the landing, looked like somebody in reduced circumstances, resolutely making the best of things. It was all so different from the sweet quiet that used to reign in Shield Street. The world-Chrissy's world—seemed coming to an end. remained nothing for her but to try to do the right thing as far as each moment showed it to her. To do it, no longer easily and happily, but at least sincerely and strenuously; even when it might be only giving an appreciative look at Miss Griffin's hospitably spread tea-table, and greeting her welcoming bunch of china-asters with the exclamation, "How pretty!"

And in doing this, Chrissy had her reward. For as she looked from these little preparations to her hostess' face, she saw that they had been a labour of love. The little woman was in a perfect flutter of joyful excitement. Her lonely life was ended, for a while at least, and this was a gala day for her, only chastened by the recollection that it could be no gala for poor Chrissy.

"You'll stay and take a cup of tea with us," she said to Hans, when Chrissy had gone to her own room to settle her small possessions. "I reckon you've all had a hard day at Shield Street, and you look nearly as tired as Miss Chrissy herself."

"No, thank you; but I would rather go straight home," he answered. And he persisted in his determination.

"No, no," he said to himself as he went slowly down-stairs. "It's not from me that the world's going to teach her she is standing in a new place. She is Miss Chrissy and I'm Hans Krinken. I may be Mr. Hans Krinken some day, though. I'll keep my distance till then. And I've heard my grand-

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mother say that a friend beneath often serves one better than a patron above."

"That German boy seems a fine lad," commented Miss Griffin, as Chrissy took her seat at the teatable. "He must have been brought up by superior people. I should say there are good things before him. Perhaps some day it will be an incident in your life that he helped you this afternoon. Stranger things have happened. It will be nice for you to have him to work under you in the shop instead of a perfect stranger."

"He will be soon fit for a better situation," said Chrissy. "Father said he would be directly he knew English ways and spoke English fluently, and he has made wonderful progress since he came."

"Ah, well, you will have got warm to your work before he goes," said Miss Griffin. "And you'll be quite at home among your book-shelves from the first."

"I hope I shall be able to satisfy my employers," said poor Chrissy, dismally.

Miss Griffin laughed, a strange little soft laugh.

"You've got to do more than that," she said.
"That's the beginning; but it would be dreary work if it was the end. You'll have to satisfy yourself, too, and to serve God. And that last is the foundation of all. There cannot be a happy life if that does not come in. Our souls need that service, if they are to be healthy, just as much as our bodies need food."

"I have been thinking that I shall begin to teach in the Sunday-school," murmured Chrissy, wistfully.

"Ay, my dear, and that will be a good and a happy work for you," said Miss Griffin, who could guess at once, by old secrets of her own heart, how the girl had been surveying her desolated life, and pondering what new interests of affection and service could be brought into it. "But that is not quite what I mean. We must not give God what is worth nothing; and until we have got all our lives into His service, no part of them is worth offering to Him. We have got to do our work for our wages—with a constant sense of His presence, just as you, without wages, once helped and pleased your dear father."

"Oh, but that was so easy!" sighed Chrissy.

"Ay, my dear, and so is the other. Never fancy that God's service is dreary. 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,' Take your wages as quite apart from your work, just something to keep you going, like the meals in your father's house. And don't measure God's love for you, nor what He is doing for you by what you get of worldly gear, any more than you would have reckoned up your father's by the number of dishes he set before you. And remember this, my dear: there is not a task which isn't done differently according as he who does it fears and loves God, or only thinks of himself and his own pleasure or gain. There's some situations in which we see this plain enough, such as teachers, and nurses, and even domestic servants (I'm only speaking of women now). But it's the same in all. And I'll tell you how I found that out, my dear, I

found it out when my mother died, and her annuity died with her, and I discovered that I was not able to earn my bread by being anything but what I am now, a poor old chambers-keeper."

She paused with a trembling lip. Chrissy let her warm young fingers close over the withered hand,

"You have been so kind to me," she said, "and I've been feeling very bad to-day, and now you're making me begin to feel better."

"If one has set one's face into the right way, one always gets what one needs to help one on," said Miss

Griffin, simply.

"Well, my dear, I can assure you it was a bitter day for me when I found out how little I was fit for. I'd always fancied I was quite fit either for a lower sort of teacher or a hospital nurse. It is a foolish way that women have, of fancying that, at a moment's notice, they are quite fit to be what they'd like to be. I hope they're growing wiser now. It would be a terrible world if men had the same idea, wouldn't it ? Perhaps I might have been trained to fill either of these positions when I left school, but then that was many years before, and I had gone back, and the world had gone forward. And I found that the humblest teacher was expected to instruct in subjects whose names I did not understand, and that nobody could get employment as a nurse who was under a height or over an age. These are all changes for the better. But still, there was poor little me, with thirty or forty possible years of life before me-unless, indeed, I died sooner of starvation, which did not seem unlikely!"

The little woman's face still quivered. She was telling now what she had never told before. Her life had had its great sorrows, about which she could speak often, calmly and trustfully; but it is our very soul which is in danger on the day when its ambitions, be they homely or lofty, lie dead about it; and when we stir the dust of that defeat, the old wound will rankle within us.

"Well, well," she said, rallying, "I found out I could dust rooms, and keep account of dinners, and lock doors; and so here I am! And very hard and bitter I was at first."

"And what helped you?" asked Chrissy, softly.

"It was just this: A young man, employed as a clerk in one of the offices below, went wrong. He had not been doing well for some time, and at last it ended, as it generally does, in his being dishonest. His masters did not want to be hard with him, but they could not keep him on in his situation, nor could they give him any character; and, besides, there were other people mixed up in it, which made them fear he might have to be sent to prison. His poor mother came up from the country, travelling day and night to get here in time; and when the gentlemen saw her, a poor worn-out widow, they could not bear to speak to her in their business rooms, with not one woman that she knew in all the great city round her; and they brought her up to me, and told me to give her rest and refreshment,"

"And how kind you would be to her!" said Chrissy.

"I did my best," said Miss Griffin; "and I really felt for her, if that might be any comfort. She sat just opposite where we are sitting now, and asked question after question about her boy, and what his habits had been in this respect and in that, and how he had begun to go wrong. And ever and again she would say, 'There was nobody to keep him up to the

like; and I look after their overcoats and boots on wet days, and put them in mind when they should begin their winter underclothing. And then they sit down and speak a little, and talk about home; and after that I can ask a question about when they have heard from their folks, and when they have written to them; and so I get a chance of being a friend to them in my small way. A woman isn't earning her living, but dying a slow death, unless



"Greeting her welcome bunch of China-asters with the exclamation, 'How pretty!'"-p. 155.

mark in a friendly way.' I asked her if he wrote often to her. He had at first, she said, but it dropped off. 'There was nobody to put him in mind, you see, but plenty of influences pulling the other way.' And I said to myself, then and there, 'There will be other young lads coming to begin the world in these offices, and I'll lay their charge on myself, and do my best to keep them in remembrance of what is good.' And that served to keep me up to my duties better than anything else; for one has to be both respected and friend-like before one can hope to do any good. One can find out many a way, when one has the will. I think of their dinners for them, and find out what is cheap, and remember what they

she finds work for her heart as well as her hands; if she is to be the whole creature God made her, and not only half a one, she's got to serve and help somebody. And there's lots of ways come to her in time. It is not God's work in the world that is running short, but the eyes and hands to see and seize it."

"Do you think I, too, shall find God's work, among my selling books and account-keeping?" asked Chrissy. "That will be something better to think of than only of getting on: that could make one content if one happened never to get on."

"I am quite sure you will find it," answered Miss Griffin, "You know the verse—

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"Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe'er estate, I have a fellowship with hearts To keep and cultivate; And a work of lowly love to do For the Lord on Whom I wait,

That wasn't written when I was a girl, but directly I read it I said, 'That's what I've been trying to put into words.' And that verse keeps saying itself over to me as nothing else ever does, except bits I learnt almost in my cradle. And now I think we'll go to bed early to-night, for you must be tired out, and when I've been thinking over old things, I like to go and lie quiet in the dark. Don't you think the angels may see us best then, and talk to our hearts? I've lived so much alone, my dear, that I expect I shall be speaking some of my strange fancies aloud now."

"I have some strange fancies too," said Chrissy; "and some of them help me to try to be good. Don't you think fancies, like people, should be

known by their fruits?"

"Ay, my child," said Miss Griffin; "and there's a sort of common sense which seems to me like an airpump I once saw at work at a lecture. It only pumped away the air; everything looked exactly the same in the vessel from which the air had been pumped, only whatever had life began to faint away, and would have died if the pump hadn't been stopped and air let in again. Our very bodies can't exist without the air which we cannot see, and I reckon our souls are much the same without faith, and I expect you and I mean faith when we say fancies. And now, my dear, you are not to get up when you hear me moving in the morning, for I shall be astir extra-early for some time to come."

"How is that?" asked Chrissy, in alarm lest her presence imposed some duty on her hostess.

"Well," said Miss Griffin, clearing away the teathings, "we wanted an extra charwoman in the offices, and I've got leave to employ poor Esther Gray. The masters were against it at first. They said it was offering encouragement to a bad character. But I talked them round, 'To give work like our charing to such a woman as Esther Gray might have been is no encouragement, but a severe penance, which she won't take unless she's in earnest to do better.' And they let me have my own way. But it wouldn't do to have Esther about the place when the office people begin to come, as the other charwomen may be; indeed, she said to me herself that she could not stand that; the very looks they'd give would drive her wild. So I said she could come earlier, and I could easily get up and let her in."

"Good-night, Miss Griffin," said Chrissy. "I feel quite happy now. What you have said has helped

me, and what you are inspires me."

"Dear, dear! to hear her talk!" exclaimed the old lady, after she had cordially returned the girl's warm kiss, and had shut herself into her own little chamber. "It was just the sight of the brave young thing going out to fight her own battle which gave me

courage to think what a poor old simpleton I had been when I started, and how God had smoothed and brightened the way even for me. I can trust her with Him. He won't forget His young lions when they cry to Him, since He does not forget even His poor old sheep like me."

### CHAPTER VII.-HANS KRINKEN.

CHRISSY MILLER soon found that there were plenty of little interests and duties springing up by the wayside of her life. To begin with, the new bookseller, a Mr. Bisset, a fellow-countryman of her father's, was a young man, and had brought a young wife from the North to the crowded lonesomeness of London. She had grown nervous and low-spirited before she came to Shield Street. It was like a God-send to her when her husband told her of the arrangement he had made with the late bookseller's daughter.

"If she will come, will you let her go with me for a walk sometimes?" she asked. "She will keep me from being frightened at the busy driving to and fro,"

"She shall go with you when I can possibly spare her," said the husband. "I daresay she "Il be glad of the change. And exercise and a cheerful companion will soon bring back your bloom. Is it not a terrible thing that you do not find your husband himself a sufficing joy?" he laughed, happily confident that one-half of her nervous terrors and depression arose from anxiety for his prospects and his delicate health. And he thought, silently, "That young Miss Miller has a sweet sensible face; if she had not had so much sorrow herself lately, she might be an inspiriting companion for my poor lassie."

That was all he knew; for men are very simple creatures about some things. How could he be expected to imagine that the sight of one who was still able to live brightly, and to smile and sing after "the worst had come to the worst," as Mrs. Bisset expressed it, was exactly the tonic required by that

solicitous, forecasting little woman.

How surprised the young bookseller was when his wife came to him one evening in the counting-house—the counting-house where Chrissy and her father had talked together—and, putting her arms round his neck, told him how wrong she had been to worry and forebode, and spoil life's sunshine to-day for fear it should be eclipsed to-morrow.

"Even if it is," she added, with shining tearful eyes, "it will shine again the day after. Just think

of our Miss Miller!"

And even in her manifold labours in the shop, Chrissy soon learned, as Miss Griffin had done in her time, how much influence lies in very unregarded places. She found how often she could recommend one book, and withdraw another from notice, and how a little judgment and tact presently gave weight to her recommendations. She found how much time and temper she could save by a considerate hint or suggestion; how often she could help the ignorant to economy, or direct a confused taste.

These were discoveries which took the sting from many a wound she received in those early days of independence. Sophia Ackroyd passed her with the briefest of nods, and gave her no greeting beyond a cool "Good morning," when she had occasion to enter the shop. And Chrissy knew that the distance between them originated not in Mr. Ackroyd's having ruined her father, but in her father's ruin having made his child into "a shop-girl."

It is easy to say that one should take people at their real value, and hold oneself above petty contumelies; but it is not the noblest or the gentlest heart which most readily accepts the baseness of one's fellow-creatures as a natural thing, and which is not surprised at the injustice or wrong-headedness of the world. God does not mean the young to have all the patient wisdom of the old. He wants their burning hearts and struggling hands in His service first, destroying and pulling down as much evil as they can; and then He gives them faith and contentment that what they have not conquered shall still be conquered, and that in the meantime, what God can suffer, they too can endure.

But best of all to Chrissy, was something which presented itself as in no sense a duty, but as only a sweet natural incident—the growing friendship between herself and the German lad Hans Krinken. Little by little, by no express confidence, but in the chance remarks of daily intercourse, Chrissy learned his history, and caught glimpses of the quaint interior in which Hans had been reared. She learned about the good grandfather busy from morning till night at his trade, polishing spectacle-glasses; while the grandmother sat and knitted in the great flowered chair in the chimney-corner. The grandmother had been only a peasant woman, full of the sharp fragmentary wisdom of her class; the grandfather had been something more, and had evidently been a philosopher in his own way.

"He had been intended for one of the learned professions," Hans said one day; "but he could not satisfy himself that he was fit for any of them, and so he took to the spectacle-making. 'One can't be wrong in making eyesight go a little further than it otherwise might, and one's customers will keep one up to the mark at that work." he used to say.

Hans never spoke of father or mother. They must have died before his recollection—at least Chrissy thought so. When the good old couple died—the old man last—they left no money behind them. It was in obedience to his grandfather's wish that Hans had come to England. His grandfather had never given any express reason for this wish; but his grandmother had backed it up by the words, "You'll be left alone in the world. Lonely people are less lonely in strange places. There's no place so foreign as the old chimney corner when the old faces are out of it."

The household gods of the German home had been sold to pay the boy's expenses. While the sale was going on in Shield Street, and when Hans saw the

pained expression of Chrissy's face, as the desire for a bargain overcame some neighbour's sense of kindly propriety, he had slipped up behind her and whispered—

"I have seen all this before. One outlives it."

Hans had had terrible days when he first arrived in London. His little store had been speedily exhausted. He had sunk low. The pet of the good old grandfather had seen and felt the wild and sordid miseries of common lodging-houses. Once, when a hungry-looking lad came singing down Shield Street, Chrissy noticed Hans draw from his pocket a leathern purse, which she had never seen on any other occasion, and take from it a silver coin, which he handed to the boy with a few words which made him stand watching Hans back into the shop.

"I've heard it said that one should not give to beggars in the street," Chrissy observed. "And besides, that was a great deal for you to give," Chrissy ventured to add,

He looked at her. "I seemed to give it to myself." he said. "I stood singing so once."

"Chrissy stood silent for a moment, then she asked, softly-

"Did not all this suffering ever make you wish you had stayed in Germany?"

Hans shook his head slowly as he answered, "Perhaps it did sometimes; and yet again it didn't. One must meet troubles somehow: grandmother used to say that life without them would be like a pudding without its cloth; it wouldn't hold together. And one can't meet them better than when one is following the advice of a good counsellor. I don't know what might have happened if I'd stayed at home; and the worst has ended in my being here."

"Do you ever write to anybody in the old place?" Chrissy asked.

"I haven't yet," Hans replied. "I've only one friend there, a boy who used to go to school with me, and I was determined I would not let him know the troubles I'd got into through obeying grandfather till I'd got through them. But I'll write to him to-night. I'm all right now."

And so Chrissy in her turn received a lesson in contentment. For the lot with which Hans was so satisfied looked hard and poor enough, even from her new standpoint.

But a happy heart can make a hard life bright, just as sunshine lends a charm to the most monotonous scenery.

## CHAPTER VIII.-CHRISSY'S HOLIDAY.

IT was a long time before Chrissy again met her sister Helen.

Madame Vinet's junior apprentice always remained on the establishment during Sunday, while from certain exigencies of its business, the shop in Shield Street was not able to conform to the hours of the Saturday half-holiday, the season when Helen Miller seemed to pay a tolerably regular visit to

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Aunt Kezia. Helen was obliged to return to Madame Vinet's establishment just at the hour when the shutters were being put up in the old home. Cross circumstances like these often sorely mar the

leisure and enjoyment of working people.

Yet Chrissy fancied-and then blamed herself for the fancy-that if she had been the one at liberty, she would have had some plan for catching a glimpse of her sister. She would have walked into the old house and bought a trifle over the counter, for the opportunity of exchanging a few words. But Helen did not seem to think of this; and Chrissy shrank from reminding her. We never get any satisfaction from forms of love which we have shaped for ourselves. The clumsiest scheme worked out by love itself comes sweeter to us, though we may be able to enjoy it only by the help of a great deal of " makebelieve,"

Chrissy felt this, and felt as if it was only selfish pride which kept her from giving Helen the hint. She was certain that Helen would do anything that was kind-if only she thought of it! And did she not often send Chrissy a little note, hastily enough written perhaps, but at least beginning and ending

with expressions of warm endearment.

By these little notes Chrissy learned that Sophia and James Ackroyd had more than once been Aunt Kezia's guests at the same time as Helen. Once or twice, James Ackroyd had escorted Helen home to Madame Vinet's, and then returned to Aunt Kezia's to accompany his sister back to Shield Street. Chrissy, in daily attendance in the old shop nextdoor to the Ackroyd's home, saw wonderfully little of them. Certainly they never brought her any message from Helen. Chrissy was not sorry to see little of Mr. Ackroyd himself, but it pained her to miss James so entirely out of her life. He had associated with the Miller girls in that happy camaraderie which comes with old neighbourhood or cousinship, and which, as life passes on, may ripen into the most reliable of friendships,

Chrissy could not believe that James shunned her because the bookseller's daughter had changed into the bookseller's shop-girl-a subtle loss of caste which she knew would quite account for the change in Sophia Ackroyd's manner towards her. But Chrissy could not help remembering her whispered interview with James across the back yard on the night of her father's death. What had he known then? Or what had he feared? She could remember his question, "Do you mean to say you don't know there is something?" Her reply, "Yes, I do." How much, and what, had he believed she

knew?

And then Chrissy felt half-glad not to see much of James. How could she confront him with a suspicion of his father in her heart? Only when, peeping between her bookshelves, she saw him pass, she was sorry to fancy that he did not look quite himself, but seemed dark and moody. She comforted herself that this was but her own fancy, born of her secret knowledge and silent cogitations. She did not know that more than one old neighbour had remarked that "young Ackroyd was not improving."

At last Chrissy found she could look forward to a free Saturday. The moment she heard this, she wrote to Aunt Kezia to say she should pay her a visit, and meet Helen. She did certainly expect an answer, but as none came, she interpreted silence to mean assent, and started off almost before the shop was shut, for Hans Krinken paused with a shutter in his hand to watch her neat little figure moving down the street, unconsciously receiving impressions which were to fix his standard of beauty and worth for

Aunt Kezia lived in one of those houses which instantly gives shrewd observers an idea of property in the funds. It was small, gloomy, and shabby, but with quite a different gloom and shabbiness from those of poverty. The furniture was old and ugly, but it had been costly, and that in the best rooms had been preserved with every device of cover and drawnblind, from those atmospheric influences which, left to themselves, will mercifully subdue the most garish upholstery into artistic "repose," What Helen called Aunt Kezia's "love of things" was manifest in the heterogeneous mass of articles which she had gathered together, without any relation to each other, or to her own requirements. Only one requirement she apparently never had-the need for the beautiful. She bought tea-spoons and cake baskets, not pictures or statuary. In Aunt Kezia's house, stuffed full of "things," ornament was represented by three huge Bohemian glass vases, and two pictures, one representing "The Death of Abel," and the other the burning of Archbishop Cranmer. They were so dim and old that they might assume the dignity of heir-But in reality they had been thrown into lots at sales to get them out of the auctioneer's way. One had been bought with a set of dish-covers, the other with a kitchen fender. Aunt Kezia was a great frequenter of sales-especially sales in private houses. Most of her bargains had a flavour of tears and ruin about them.

Chrissy found Helen already with her aunt. Helen rushed upon Chrissy, and embraced her warmly. Aunt Kezia said-

"Dear me, child! is your work wearing you thin? Or does not your dress suit you? There's something wrong about you, surely. Or perhaps it is only seeing you beside Helen; though I used to think you would be the better-looking of the two. But circumstances alter cases—and faces as well."

Helen was certainly a very brilliant young damsel, and Chrissy thought so, and was quite content to be second to the beloved sister, utterly unaware that any artist's eye would have passed over Helen's befringed brow and be-frilled dress to rest on her own expressive face and simple garments.

"I don't suppose you'll have much news to give me," Miss Kezia went on. "Helen always brings me quite a budget, about the grand ladies who have called at Madame Vinet's, and the dresses they have ordered, and the fashions that are coming out. It's wonderful to me how people can spend such sums of money on themselves. It's terrible to think of."

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"It is certainly thriftier to do what you do, aunt," laughed Helen, and then narrated, "She goes through the fashion-books and decides what material she would prefer, and what style she would choose, and then shuts the book and goes on wearing her

Miss Daffy, rising, and feeling the material of her niece's skirt. "That is a pleasure to touch, Helen. You must have paid dearly for that, though I suppose you would get it at a reduction."

"I did pay dearly for it," Helen admitted, finding herself on safe ground. "Shall I own the whole truth? I've been boarding with Madame Vinet for four months, and you know my salary is only a trifle, and every penny of it has gone into that dress. I



"Chrissy found Helen already with her aunt,"-p. 160.

dear old satin. O auntie!" cried the girl, who seemed quite a privileged person in the stiff old house, "it is no use to make believe you are not fond of dress; you are only much fonder of your money!"

"You are a saucy chit," said the old lady, smiling.
"I never was reckoned fond of dress," she remarked, impressively, "but I like to see people well dressed; indeed, it's a mark of proper respect to one's betters. People with means of their own may do as they please, of course; but those who have their way to make must take care to be acceptable in the eyes of others."

"Now, how glad I am I bought this new dress!" cried Helen. "I was afraid you would think me extravagant, but my first mourning was so shabby."
"And you must do credit to Madame Vinet," said

had set my heart on it," she pleaded, bewitchingly, "and I shan't need anything else for a long time. I know you have always said that good things are the cheapest in the end."

"But there may be good calico, as well as good silk," Chrissy ventured to interrupt.

"Well, you that can't get much money can hardly do better with it than put it into handsome clothes, which give you a satisfactory appearance," said Aunt Kezia. "Helen has a right to do what she likes with her money, and I can't see how she could have done better. It's a sort of investment for her."

"Only if one wanted the money instead?" Chrissy suggested, timidly.

"What could she want the money for?" asked

Aunt Kezia. "She won't want any for herself, she says; and you two have got nobody to look to you for anything, thank goodness,"

Chrissy sighed.

"You must smarten up, too," said Aunt Kezia. "You get much higher wages than Helen, only of course you have to pay Miss Griffin, though she sughtn't to charge you much for sharing with her; and I hope you look out sharply to see she doesn't impose upon you. I suppose any shabby clothes are good enough for you during your working hours, and at home in the evening; but that is only the more reason for your keeping something very nice for special occasions. What are you thinking of for your change of mourning? You needn't wear much crape for more than six months, you know. A fine cashmere made up with crape-cloth would be becoming; and they are all the fashion."

"I have enough dresses to last me till next spring," said Chrissy, bravely; "and I have resolved never to buy any dress which will not be suitable for a working dress when its best days are over."

"Chrissy wants to make her fortune. I'm sure you ought to approve that laudable ambition, aunt,"

remarked Helen, mischievously.

Miss Kezia sniffed. "Chrissy may want what she chooses," she said. "She won't be able to do it. Women only get fortunes by inheriting them or marrying them. And men look for something in their wives. Girls with no establishments of their own must be very particular about their appearance, and their manners, and opinions, else they will offend where it would be their interest to please."

"Did you hear Aunt Kezia on the duties of portionless maidens?" laughed Helen, adverting to this speech, as, later in the evening, she accepted Chrissy's company in her walk back to Madame

Vinet's.

"I don't believe Aunt Kezia means all she says," returned Chrissy.

"She feels that single blessedness is reserved for the well-to-do, like herself," Helen went on. "Poor girls, like us, owe it to society to get married and relieve our relations of all responsibility concerning us. Well, it must be awful to be a poor old maid. Almost as bad as to be a poor wife—but that deepest depth is one's own fault. I wonder where Aunt Kezia will leave her money; she ought to divide it between us two."

"Helen, Helen!" cried Chrissy," do not speak—do not think of such things. It is not helpful; it is not

right."

"But money is," said Helen, almost gloomily.

"Every day I see more what money can do. You, poked up in Shield Street, scarcely know what we

have missed through being poor."

"All that I miss much is father," said Chrissy, softly; "and rich girls' fathers die, as well as poor ones'." But she broke off there, with the sudden reflection that but for the ruin which had overtaken them her father might be living yet. It was hard

to accept the hand of Providence behind the blow dealt by that treacherous neighbour, Mr. Ackroyd,

At that instant Helen said-

"I suppose you don't see much of the Ackroyds? Sophia makes believe she is afraid of you, because you must be so strong-minded, to take up such a way of life. I know it's make-believe. She'd make up some such fable to excuse passing over me, if she had to see me at my work. But she accepts me as Miss Daffy's niece, not as Madame Vinet's apprentice. And isn't she jealous of James! As if she could expect to keep him to herself for ever."

The sisters had known no brother, except the little dead boy they scarcely remembered—that little baby brother whose broken toy had passed from her father's keeping into her own. Chrissy's sister-love was not less tender because it was ideal, and Helen's

tone and words alike jarred her.

"She was so vexed when James asked my advice, and it went counter to hers," Helen went on, in reckless triumph. "The time has come when James has got to settle finally what he will be. Sophy, going in for gentility, wants him to be a doctor—'a professional gentleman,' as she says. That was the original idea in the family. But now James has a chance of entering the office of a friend of his father's, a stock-broker. It would be sure to end in a partnership, he says."

"And which will he be?" asked Chrissy.

"He'd like to be a doctor," Helen narrated; "but then, as he says, fortune is on the other side. He says his father would have made a bare income as an architect, apart from speculation."

"I don't think Mr. Ackroyd attended very strictly to his professional work," observed Chrissy.

"Oh, but it is the same with everybody," observed Helen. "Men who really succeed in their professions cannot make as much money in twenty years as others do with one lucky stroke in stocks and shares. James says so. So I said to him, "If that is the case, why hesitate for a moment?" And he has decided. Sophia is so cross. She had advised for the doctor."

"I think I should have agreed with her," said Chrissy. And remembering Sophia's last curt nod, it cost her something to say this.

"Why so?" asked Helen, quickly.

"Because I'd rather have some other end in my daily work than money-making only."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Helen, evidently relieved. "Sophia doesn't think about that. It's the gentility she is aiming at. It's the very same feeling which makes her snub you for serving in a shop. And now you needn't come further. Madame Vinet's door is in sight. James Ackroyd has brought me home the last two Saturdays, and I don't want the girls to know he is not here to-night. It's time you were at home, too, though you are such a discreet little body that one could trust you anywhere."

She extended her hand. Chrissy held it lingeringly. Were they to part so? What had become of

the best side of Helen? What if their father had heard her talk to-night?

"Any messages for old friends?" Chrissy asked.

"Old friends!" Helen echoed, "Oh! give the correct civilities to Miss Griffin, And—is that stupid German still in the shop? I forgot to ask,"

"He will soon be too good for the shop," said Chrissy, with a curious feeling of pique. "He is now. Only he is one who doesn't make haste to change."

"A model of all the virtues," said Helen. "Well, good-night, darling."

Chrissy sped citywards with an unsatisfied heart. She had looked forward to this holiday, and was disappointed. Aunt Kezia and sister Helen were vestiges of the old life which had been so hard to give up, and yet—it seemed a relief now to return to the thought

of her daily toil, and her fellow-workers.

When she reached home, to her astonishment she found Hans leaning against the door-post.

"Oh, Hans!" she cried, "is anything the matter? Have you been up-stairs?"

"No, Miss Christina," he said. "I waited here for you. You remember, weeks ago, I wrote a letter to a schoolfellow in my native village?"

"I remember perfectly," Chrissy replied, "I have often wondered whether you got an answer."

"An answer has come to-night. It has come from America. My school-fellow has gone there, and my letter was sent out after him."

"But he left the village after you," said Chrissy; "I hope he has given you some later news."

"Some strange news," said Hans, in a low tremulous voice. "Very soon after I left the place, a stranger in a grand coach came asking after me."

"Oh, what a pity you were away!" cried Chrissy.

"And you suffering so much at the time! And haven't you the least idea who the stranger was?"

Hans shook his head, but didn't speak.

"I hope you are not very sorry you came away," said Chrissy. "But isn't it a pity that nobody knew where he might have written to you?"

"Miss Christina," said Hans, speaking with some emotion, his German accent returning under the influence of a strong feeling; "Miss Christina, tonight I am more glad than ever that I came away. Perhaps my grandfather expected the coming of this stranger. Perhaps it was that expectation which gave him some good reason for the advice he gave me,"

(To be continued.)

# CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

## HIS REVELATION OF GOD. (JOHN viii. 12.)



HEN it is affirmed that Christ is the "Light of the World" it is not meant that before Christ came, men were in utter unrelieved moral darkness; that as the Sun of Righteousness He arose upon a starless night; that His religious teachings were absolutely original, without fore-

gleam or pre-suggestion.

Men had a large measure of true religious knowledge.

The Physical Creation testified of its Creator. In the judgment of the Psalmist, "the heavens declared His glory, and the firmament showed forth His handiwork." And in the judgment of Paul, they who did not see "the invisible things of the Creator through the things that are made, even His Eternal Power and divinity, are without excuse." In the presence of this marvellous universe, Atheism is an intellectual

absurdity.

The moral and spiritual constitution of man himself bare witness:—the God-like element in human nature, call it by what name you may—that which yearns in religious sympathy and gropes in spiritual seeking, which material things cannot satisfy, which no will, no sin of man can destroy.

Just as the most untutored savage learns much about nature through the instincts and necessities of his own physical constitution, divines a thousand things he cannot tell you how, so the most ignorant man learns much concerning God, through the instincts and necessities of his own spiritual nature, "groping after God if haply he may find Him."

Then in many ways God had made religious communications to men. "By divers portions, and in divers manners He had spoken to the fathers in the prophets." "Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost." These old Bible records, come they whence they may, are very remarkable teachings about God. Nothing in literature, nothing in the religious history of men is more wonderful than the contrast between the ideas about God contained in the Book of Genesis and those of all pagan mythologies and philosophies, not excepting those of Plato himself. Among the many marvellous things which the deciphering of the Babylonian tablets is revealing to us-tablets written three or four hundred years before Abraham-none are more striking than their testimony to a primitive knowledge of God, lofty and pure, from which men degenerated into their "abominable idolatries;" so that Abraham, in

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witnessing for the true God, simply returned to the traditions of his fathers. Every testimony of science hitherto is that, so far from men having developed a higher religion out of a lower one, so far from rising out of religious ignorance and superstition, they have uniformly deteriorated, sunk from a purer theism into idolatry. Only God's revelations to Noah, Abraham, and Moses arrested the process of theological and moral

degradation.

And who dare affirm that God has never revealed Himself to men beyond the circle of Bible teaching? that there were no inspirations of God in the teachings of men like Socrates and Plato, Zoroaster and Sakya Muni, Seneca and Mahomet ? Assuredly the Bible itself countenances no such idea. It contains the book of the Idumean Job. It represents Cyrus and others, men of heathen nations, as God's chosen and anointed

Certainly our Lord found the Jews a highly instructed religious people; and throughout the Greek and Roman worlds there was, to say the least, much religious speculation and a large

measure of true religious knowledge.

Concerning the religion of the Jews, our Lordsays that He "came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil them." To pagan religious knowledge, however, He never refers. Nothing is more striking in His teaching than its abrupt and lofty independence. He does not build on other men's foundations, He never speculates on other men's speculations. He simply takes the religious materials that He finds, and uses them for His own wonderfully original religious structure. He soars as at a bound to His own spiritual and peerless conceptions; you can trace no progress in His ideas; they are as luminous and as large in His first discourse as in His last. "A door is opened in heaven," and the Father is revealed to us. He leaves others to make comparisons between His revelations and those of the prophets. Rarely does He refer even to the Jewish Scriptures. He neither proves His teachings nor vindicates Himself. He simply speaks His great word, and lets it find its own place. He stands in the light of His own ideas; simply shines and bids men behold the

He does not therefore call Himself "the light of the world," assuming that men were in absolute darkness, but because His light was so much clearer, larger, and more revealing than all other lights. He took the imperfect ideas of men, corrected their errors, gave certitude to their guesses, supplied their defects, developed their imperfect meanings, and added to their measure, so as to illumine and glorify them and make them transcendent. He shines as the sun, they only as the

We gain nothing for Christianity by a grudging admission of other truth and goodness. Make the most of all other religious truth, it still remains true that in His simple transcendency. Christ is the Light of the World. It would indeed be a presumption against Him could it be affirmed that He disallowed and contradicted the measure of religious knowledge that men possessed.

He needs only to shine. Light is its own witness; the sun needs no credentials from the astronomer. It pours its own evidential light into every open eye. It swallows up the paler light of the moon and stars. It fills the firmament with its glory. It makes every cloud luminous, it silvers every leaf, it searches every dark place. His is a revealing glory upon earth where else all would be colourless and cold. All men feel it and rejoice in it. It is true light, compared with which all others are as shadows. Shining into men's hearts, it gives them perfect satisfaction and joy.

As our first justification of Christ's claim to be the Light of the World, we take His revelation of God—the fontal idea of all religion. All religion, -which is human conduct-begins with God. Without the idea of God there can be no religion, and according to the idea of God will be the

character of the religion.

Men had large knowledge of God before Christ came. Some of their theistic conceptions were loftily true, grandly spiritual. Plato, Seneca, and many others, had speculated sublimely concerning the being and true character of God. The Patriarchs and Hebrew prophets had taught lofty truths concerning Jehovah.

Can any of them even be compared with the

teachings of Jesus Christ?

In Christ's day men were speculating about God as they do now, trying to find ideal substitutes for the God of the Bible. There were Atheists then as now: the "fools" of the moral world, who "say in their hearts there is no God;" "fools" because of the impulses and methods by which they reach their conclusion, doing equal violence to both the moral nature and the rational understanding of men.

There were Pantheists then as now: who dreamed of a God who was not a person, but an influence, an essence, a pervading Spirit immanent in all things, separable from none; contradicting man's sense of personality, identified with all men's wrong, and sin. Pantheism is simply

atheism in a dream.

There were Fatalists then as now: to whom God was simply a fatalistic force, a mysterious,

imperative, ruthless destiny.

There were Ascetics then as now: who conceived of God as inimical to all joy and naturalness of life; severe, exacting, jealous, having but little pity, affording less help. The Pharisees, of religious life, who fasted, and paid tithes, and thought a phylactery, a ritual, a penance more pleasing to God than mercy or charity, or the

religious joyous use of all God's rich gifts of

There were Agnostics then as now: men who refused to believe, on the ground that it was impossible to know. Even Plato affirmed the impossibility of arriving at certain religious knowledge. Three hundred years before Christ, Pyrrhon, a Greek philosopher, founded a school whose fundamental principle was that the attainment of positive truth is impossible. Pilate, a disciple of the same philosophy, met the King of Truth, with the flippant word, "What is Truth?" So men still shake their sapient heads, and say, "Nobody can know whether there be a God or not. One tells us that what we call God is only a "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." Another tells us "we cannot know God, but only collective humanity." "It is not the Kingdom of God, it is the kingdom of man that is at hand." Another says God is simply the "totality of being." Others, God is only a moral ideal, that He is only natural law; that God, if there be such a being, stands aloof from us. He has started us in existence, but has delivered up its course and fortunes to hard impersonal inexorable laws.

The misfortune for Agnostics is, that they have no excuse for not knowing; "Light has come into the world." If the testimony of the physical creation be insufficient for the intellectual understanding of a man, is not the teaching of Jesus Christ a cogent witness to His spiritual nature? Men have no more right to say, I do not know about the being of a God, than to say, I do not know about the principles of astronomy. Where adequate evidence is presented, a man who gathers himself up in intellectual superciliousness and says, "I do not know," is worse than imbecile. A man who will not see is not entitled to deny the shining of the As well deny the affirmations of astronomy because the untrained eye cannot see the inner ring of Saturn. As well deny the musical genius of Beethoven, because the unmusical ear is conscious only of a confused noise in his symphonies.

How calmly and loftily our Lord dealt with

such speculators about God.

He does not argue with them. When they say, "There is no God," He does not try to prove to them that there is. Nay, from the first page of the Bible to the last, not a formal proof of the As well adbeing of a God is to be found. duce arguments to prove that the sun shines, to demonstrate beauty, to determine love. It is not possible to prove God by mere processes of reason. Causation is one of the axioms of our consciousness. The only open question is, what is the cause? Jesus Christ simply declares Him, and reason and heart confess that the teaching is true, Admit the God that Jesus Christ reveals, and everything in the universe, every experience of human life is explained.

An hypothesis! yes, but one of those hypotheses which are sure instruments of discovery. It was an hypothesis of Professor Adams that there must be an undiscovered planet to account for the perturbations of Uranus. The assumption enabled the discovery of Neptune. Newton's principle of gravitation is an hypothesis, but without it no calculation of the astronomer would be possible. Assume the truth of the hypothesis, and everything confirms it. Discard the hypothesis, and everything is a hopeless mystery. All that is within us is satisfied with the fitness and beauty The facts answer to the idea, as the fall of Newton's apple answered to his idea of gravitation.

Does not gravitation itself compel a belief in God? It is a force that acts in the most distant parts of the universe, that connects and moves the most distant worlds, without any interval of time. All other forces move intervening matter. You can calculate the speed of light. There are distant stars whose light has been travelling since the creation, and has not reached us yet. Gravitation connected them, from the first moment of their existence, with all other worlds. What is this mysterious force, which disregards all laws of motion and of matter? A law of nature; yes, but operating like no other law. Could it operate at all if there were no God? Could it thus instantaneously control all worlds and all atoms, if it were only a physical force? "It is," says Newton, "inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate on and affect other matter without contact." Assume that there is a God, and you assign a sufficient reason for it. Such assumption is the method of science; it is the only possible method of proof.

Our Lord proves that there is a God, by simply presenting the idea to our reason and our moral

Christ's great teachings about God have filled the moral firmament with light; and yet men are There are yet speculating about God still. "fools" who "say in their heart there is no God;" Greater fools than in David's day, because they shut their eyes to greater light.

Had Christ never uttered His great teachings about God, could men have imagined them? They are not the less Christ's ideas because for nineteen centuries they have been adopted into the religious and moral systems of the world; because the dark places of human thought have

been irradiated by their light.

But, it is said, Christ's teachings about God are inadequate, erroneous, unworthy. At any rate, they are visionary and cannot be verified. Science says it cannot accept them; they are a mere hypothesis, a mystic's dream. How does it deal with them? It searches for God among the properties and laws of nature, with its crucible, its scalpel,

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its measuring line. It calculates planets, and weighs atoms, it analyses conglomerates, and resolves gases. And it tells you that it utterly fails to discover God; that therefore there is no God; for what science cannot prove, no other process

can prove.

This may mean one of two things:—(1) That it can find no force working in matter, except unvarying physical law. And yet the wonderful organisms and functions and processes of life and death underlying cognisable law might reasonably suggest that the law itself was ordered by some

Divine intelligence.

Science demonstrates relations, order, evolution, properties, adaptations, all-comprehending plan, all-pervading law. And there it stops. But why does it stop there ? Why, when it has demonstrated the methods of the universe, does it not tell us something about its origin? Is it enough to trace all things to a protoplasm, a first germ which contains all properties and powers for developing into living organisms? The laws of my being compel me to ask, Whence came the protoplasm? And how came it to enfold within itself all these mystic properties of life? How came the common protoplasm to develop in such wonderful varietyhere the common nettle, there the complicated organism of a man? How came each to be so impressed with the law of its kind, that never afterwards does one species generate another? The nettle always produces nettles, the man is always succeeded by men. Nay, science itself says that all things must have had a beginning; the very laws of development prove this.

What, then, was the originating power? What caused this marvellous protoplasm, with its germinant forces—this microcosm which you call a germ? More wonderful, I think, if it really be such, than a fully developed creation.

Science gives absolutely no reply. It has no reply to give. Of course it cannot find a first cause in its laboratory; with the modes of matter it has reached the boundary of its domain; it deals only with matter as it is. Of the first cause of matter, of force, of life, of consciousness, of mind, of soul, science has absolutely nothing to tell us; they are altogether outside her sphere, beyond her methods; and yet the existence of

these cannot be denied.

By what right then does science forbid theology to speak concerning a domain that she herself cannot enter? Why should not theology speak the great word "Creator?" What authority or faculty has science for forbidding it? Standing upon the boundary of her own domain, the last word of science is law, and she assumes that that is the last word of human knowledge. Why? May we not ask what law? By whom was it ordained? Where did it begin? By what power is it enforced? Granted the law, who is the lawgiver? Why may we

not say God? What contradiction of science would this be? Why should not every development of the protoplasm be by a law of creating and controlling power and wisdom?

Granted again the immutable order; without which we could not live. It is the very ground of our confidence in the power, and wisdom, and goodness of Him who ordained it. What is it but

God's method?

Does not atheistic science make a greater demand upon our faith, our credulity even, than the whole of Christ's religion? It asks us to believe a thousand miracles in one. Religion asks us to believe that the Maker of all things, the Maker of this world of orderly forces, and wonderful fitnesses, is God. Science asks me to believe that it had no maker at all:—that all these subtle affinities, this complex order, and adaptation of things, these marvellous laws of function and life, came into existence by chance, by unintelligent adjustment and origination, "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," a mechanical development of demand and supply, a progress to perfection through the "survival of the fittest."

I am honestly incapable of believing so much. It is too great a demand upon any man's credulity. I could much more easily swallow the specious dogma that the Church of Rome is infallible, and submit all my reasoning powers to her teaching. I can believe in the creation of such a universe by an infinite God; I cannot believe in its creating

itself.

When I am told this it brings darkness into my understanding, not light. I am confused and baffled. It makes intellectual ideas, processes of reasoning impossible. And instead of inspiring my moral nature, kindling it to affection and religion, it strikes it with the chill and paralysis of death; so that it disables both my knowledge and my moral life. Not only does it not remove a single difficulty of theology; it adds immense difficulties of its own. It befools both true science and common sense.

No! I will not surrender those grand teachings concerning God to intellectual absurdities such as these. Be they true or be they false, these teachings are more rational, more ennobling, more inspiring, than any theories that seek to substitute

them.

They put no limit upon scientific investigation. They give to science itself its loftiest thoughts, its noblest action, its holiest recognitions, its most

inspiring aims.

If a man feel himself compelled to write himself atheist, it should surely be with sorrowful regret and hesitating reluctance. The man who chuckles over the desolations of another's faith, who despoils human life of its brightest visions, its greatest moral forces, ought to be as sorrowfully reluctant as he who has to give criminating evidence against his mother. The vision of God

is greater and more inspiring than the notions of materialism. And he is more or less than a man, who ruthlessly surrenders it.

No, this *ignis fatuus* of the marshes of a materialistic philosophy is scarcely going to obscure the light of the Sun of Righteousness. All presumptions, all probabilities are against it.

Human nature is against it; so long as spiritual elements are part of its constitution it will "cry out for the living God." So long as we have souls made for spiritual things, so long as men sin and suffer and need, they will recoil with dismay from such a doctrine of life, and will cling to the great teaching of Christ.

## THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

BY ANNE BEALE.



AN INMATE,

HIS "National Society for the Protection of Young Girls" has its centre at an old country place called Wood house, situated at the end of the village of Wanstead, and on the outskirts of Wanstead Flats, Epping Forest. Aftera comparativel v short transit by railfrom Liverpool Street,

through wildernesses of brick, to Maryland Point, and thence, by train or on foot, through mazes of stone to Wanstead, it seems like enchantment to find oneself suddenly confronted by a vast expanse of pasture land, surrounded by forest. As this unexpected sight, together with attendant delicious breezes, bursts upon one, an involuntary thanksgiving arises that this vast breathing-space has become the property of the City of London, and is no longer subject to the predatory ravages of human enclosers.

The youthful inmates of the Princess Louise Home profit by this salubrious situation, and as we make their acquaintance, we are struck by their cheerful healthy aspect; indeed, the fact that only five have died during the period of forty-six years, since the founding of the institution, speaks for itself. Probably, also, ventilation and continual scrubbing conduce to this clean bill of health; for all the windows are open, and all the forty rooms and innumerable passages and staircases are regularly scrubbed by the girls twice or thrice a week. It is interesting to watch these fourscore girls at their numerous avocations, and to know that they have been rescued from the downward path, and placed where they are helped to mount upwards. Here are girls varying in age from eleven to nineteen, all of whom must, humanly speaking, have been lost but for the intervention of this National Society, whither some have been brought by the benevolent, willing to pay £13 a year to place them in safety, the rest from numerous other England has been lately awakened to what has been termed "the white slave trade," abroad; it behoves her to look at home. There are twenty beds vacant in this home for lack of funds, while twenty thousand young girls might be found, to each of whom it would be a harbour of safety from an ocean full of rocks, quicksands, and tempestuous waves. Those who are at this moment variously engaged in parlour, kitchen, laundry, and schoolroom, have been brought from all parts, and, young as they are, have histories sad enough to melt the hardest heart. Happy were it if the sorrow were not, in most instances, allied to sin.

Each casual question concerning them, brings a reply in proof of this. The fathers of many are unknown, the mothers either dead or living in moral death. Some even ask to ignore their parentage altogether. One such is now married and doing well in New Zealand, the history of

whose nearest relatives is a foul blot on the page of Christian England. Another, leaving the home after being seven years in it, implored that her address should be withheld from her connections. Of a third, similarly circumstanced, there is a brighter tale to tell; for she is said to have been the means of reforming her mother. pleasant to learn that many of the girls brought up here are respectably married, most in service and doing well. Of the latter class, we venture to quote an example. This child ran away from her country home after a travelling theatre, and arrived in London. Having spent all she had, and being in a state of desperation and destitution, she was on the eve of drowning herself, when rescued by a carter who telegraphed to her friends. She was eventually placed in the home, where she remained five years, and is now in service and giving satisfaction. It seems a curious coincidence that Thomas Hood's residence, called the White

House, is at no great distance from Woodhouse,

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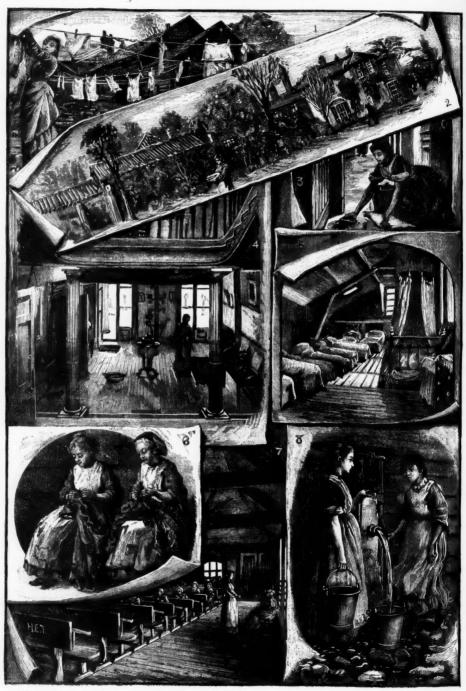
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1. The Drying Grounds. 2. View of House from Back Garden. 3. A Scrubber. 4. Entrance Hall, 6. Dormitory. 6. In School, 7. Schoolroom, 8. Pumping.

standing on the outskirts of the forest facing He who wrote "The Bridge of Sighs," which did more than many a sermon or statistical report to call attention to the subject, would have found matter enough for his sympathetic pen in this neighbouring abode. It is impossible to say how many cases of suicide similar to the one we cite might be found to "point the moral" to be drawn from the Princess Louise Home; nor how many might be avoided, if the hapless young creatures could be snatched from the jaws of death, and placed in similar preventive institutions. Let us look through the old and somewhat intricate house. The entrance hall is its most decorated portion, for here are inscriptions commemorating the visit of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and the lamented death of Mr. Talbot, the founder, secretary, and untiring friend of the home. Here also, in a glass case, is the autograph of our beloved Queen, as inscribed in her diary, which she presented to the home, and near it the autographs of the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne and their suite, enshrined in a second glass case. A picture or two, and a few illuminated texts, adorn the walls; but with rare exceptions, the rooms are bare of ornament. We wander from dormitory to dormitory, some large, some small, and find them airy and clean. The beds are covered with blue counterpanes, most of them much the worse for wear, and the welldarned linen sadly needs replenishing. The assistants and monitresses, all raised from the ranks, are honoured by curtained or white counterpaned beds, of which there is one in every dormitory, and the governess has a bright and pretty room to herself, full of her own possessions. She has no objection to stating that she was herself six years a scholar in the house, and has since been six years sempstress and governess. She speaks well for the training and salubrity of the home, and seems well-beloved by her pupils, one of whom answers a request she makes, with a "Yes, dear," and hurries breathlessly to fulfil it. It is with a smile of satisfaction that she recounts how that the Princess Louise walked across the room to shake hands with her, after inquiring for her as "the young person who had been first pupil, then teacher.'

Indeed, the Princess has left a pleasant fragrance behind. Here, in this large schoolroom, she examined the work and copy-books of the girls, and she spoke, individually, to each of the fourscore young people. And she must have been gratified by the exceeding beauty of the needlework, all done by hand, and the blotless neatness of the writing. At the present moment, all the school are engaged in mending their ordinary cotton frocks. It is no easy task, for they have been so long worn, and are so much torn, that it is almost impossible to patch them. The average wear of these frocks

is six years; three for best, and three for common; and even then they serve to scrub in. The purchase of new ones for the winter is now under discussion; but, alas! The funds! the funds! Whence are they to come? When they do come, however, it is settled that dresses and jackets shall be en suite, so that when, in the course of years, the bodies inevitably wear out, the jackets

may replace them.

So many things besides new gowns are wanted here that we almost blush to enumerate them. The walls have neither been refreshed by paint, nor adorned by new paper for seventeen years. They would look all the better for pictures, in default of rejuvenescence. A benevolent lady, Miss Gibbins by name, of Eatington, Stratford-on-Avon, sent a donation of £500, and we are glad to hear that one of the dormitories is about to be dedicated to her, and embellished by the Kyrle Society, the members of which gave a concert at Stratford not long since in behalf of the institution. Æsthetics may be abused, but they would be beneficial here. Four or five terribly antiquated maps hang on the schoolroom walls, their sole adornment, and even the most aspiring of the pupils could scarcely proceed far in her geography without being stopped by a crack Then, low be it or some other defacement. spoken, only the other day, nearly all the poor umbrellas were broken. This happened at the annual treat. Everybody went to Harwich, and it chanced to be a blusterous and rainy day. The girls didn't mind the weather, but the umbrellas did. They were turned inside out, had their skin torn and their limbs broken. A "gentleman" from a gipsy colony hard by has offered to mend them for a gratuity, but this means money. The said colony is a curiosity. It consists of a tribe of converted gipsies who live in commodious houses on wheels, and have purchased the site of their abodes. Certainly they will not be tempted to steal the umbrellas, should they have the onerous task of trying to repair them.

The transition from storms at Harwich to storms at Wanstead is easy. We have just had a downpour, and the recreation-ground has become

a collection of mimic lakes.

"If any one would only lay it down with asphalte!" exclaims the self-sacrificing secretary.

But perfume and colour attract two of the senses. Small square flower-beds surround the enclosure beneath the wall, appropriated to the girls. Some of these are well stocked, some nearly empty; some are neat, others slovenly. "Which is your bed—and yours—and yours?" we inquire of a shy group.

With some persuasion they skirt the lakes and stand by their possessions. No invidious remarks are needed, for pride in the well-kept plot, and distress at the ill-kept, are apparent. May be they all want the ancouragement of contributions

of flowers and seeds. Will the kindly reader send them some?

They are lavish enough themselves. No need to ask them twice for contributions. From each tiny parterre they cull their best, and our hands are soon so full of blossoms, that we fail to hold them. A smiling girl relieves us, and before we quit the Home, we receive a well-made bouquet of mignonette and heartsease. How sweet and suggestive it is! Typical of the youthful donors soon to be transferred from the shelter of their refuge to the broad thoroughfare of the world.

One of these, however, is about to take her first step on this difficult road with a protector. She is going to be married, and looks shy when

we congratulate her.

Not long since a former inmate revisited the Home, accompanied by husband and child, all respectable and well-to-do; and the romantic incident of the return of another is worth recording. She had married a gentleman of condition, and he came with her to see each spot connected with her early life, noting even the small bed in

which she had slept.

From the swampy "recreation" ground, with its see-saw and swing looking down in melancholy inactivity on the surrounding water, we proceed to the drying-ground. This also might have a drier foundation, and the manifold articles of apparel suspended on the lines, would look more attractive to the eye if less patched. Some of the pinafores are wonderful specimens of ingenuity in the tesselating art, and the youthful workers deserve much credit. How busy they all seem! Some are ironing in the laundry, others engaged in kitchen or scullery. All the work is done by the girls, and each month that work changes hands: i.e., the cook of January will be the housemaid of February, and so on; thus preparing the future servant for the first suitable place.

In this basement floor, and, indeed, throughout the house, is much woodwork. This disturbs the slumbers of the secretary, who has a nervous fear lest a fire should occur. It is to be hoped that necessary repairs will prevent this calamity. is also to be hoped that the matron is of good courage. She is, unfortunately, absent at the time of our visit; but we will terminate our inspection of the house in her pretty rooms, which need no aid from the Kyrle Society. They contain her own furniture; and many testimonials from her girls. The most touching and effective of these is a large device and inscription worked on a whole sheet of perforated cardboard, by the present governess when sempstress, framed, and presented to her. few years ago a strange and fierce excitement arose in the house, connected with this good She had taken one of the girls, who was of foreign and respectable origin, to a gentleman who had offered to adopt her.

fearful fog enveloped the forest at the time when her return was expected. Every one was sure that she was lost. The only man about the place at the time was afraid to seek her. It was as much as his life was worth, he said. "Then we will go—we will break bounds," cried the girls.

At last the man ventured out with a lanthorn. The matron was providentially rescued from death. She had lost her way, and although within hearing of the prayer-bell, at Woodhouse, was unable to regain it. The enthusiasm of those who loved her so well, may be imagined.

An extract or two from the letters of the girls to this their friend, will speak more eloquently

than this pen can write.

"I owe a feeling of gratitude to you as long as I live, for your great care and kindness to me, for you watched over me with a mother's care and love, when my mother ran away from me, and I have never heard a single word from her since."

"I am general servant. There is a cat, dog and her puppy, a bird and twenty chickens, and I have to feed them all, and most every Saturday evening I go out in the garden and help master; and I have got two dear little kittens, so I feel quite at home. I suppose you are getting ready for the May Meeting. Would you object to me bringing my friend with me?"

"I thank you a thousand times for all that you have done for me and my sisters, and for the

nice situation you have got for me."

"I often think of the dear old house at Woodhouse, for it is very dear to me, dearer even now

than when I was there."

The attachment of the girls for "the dear old house," is great, and their multitudinous letters contain frequent allusion to it as "the only home they have ever known." They also address the matron as their best earthly friend, and confide to her not only their temporal difficulties but sometimes their spiritual temptations. During the past year such expressions as the following occur in these touching epistles:—"It is with much pleasure I write to you wishing you many happy returns of your birthday. I hope you will have some nice presents and enjoy yourself very much. I was your maid on your last birthday. How the time does fly!"

"I often think how nice you used to speak to me sometimes, and often wish I was in the Home

again."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of coming to see you again. You have been like a mother to me, and I always look upon you as a mother."

This is the tone of all the letters, and they contain, besides, "love to the dear girls, and dear Miss Corbett," as well as constant messages of grateful respect to Mr. Talbot, who was "so good to them," and who died on the 30th of April, 1880.

It is now for the general public to determine whether the results of his forty-six years of labour shall increase or diminish. The salvation of forty or fifty girls each year has been good Christian work done. Let it be quintupled. Quite lately a dozen have been drafted into respectable service, with neat outfits manufactured in the Home; may the dozen become a gross! Only funds are wanting to enable the committee either to repair and enlarge the present abode, much needing repara-

tion, or to build a new one on the village system. Under all circumstances we will hope that money may pour in to prevent further curtailment of a charity which rescues from vice—trains to virtue and industry—places in respectable situations and rewards those who retain them—hundreds of young people who are "heirs of immortality." And it may be well to impress on the public mind that this really is what it professes to be a truly National Society.

## MILLICENT'S MEMORY.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

ILLICENT, where are you?"

The speaker was Mrs. Archer, a delicate-looking lady, with bright brown eyes and a sunny smile. She was living at Avranches, that quaint old town in Normandy, with her husband and three girls. Millicent, the eldest, was sixteen; then came Ellie, of fourteen, and little Nina, of ten.

The one of her girls who caused her most anxiety was Millicent, the eldest; and Mrs. Archer often sighed when she thought that if the girls were left motherless, Millicent was most unfitted to take the serious responsibility of being at the head of the house.

To look at Mrs. Archer, you would have wondered at her having those thoughts-that soon her children would not have her with them. She was so bright and cheerful, few could have guessed that she was in very delicate health. Notwithstanding her endeavour to keep up her spirits, there had been since her baby Cecil's death a gradual failing in her health, and only the week before our story opens the Avranches doctor had told Colonel Archer plainly that to take his wife at once to the south of France was her only chance of life. They were to leave in a fortnight, and there was much bustle and preparation needed. The lessons were given up, and the children enjoyed a holiday for the time being. Mrs. Archer had wanted Millicent all the morning. but she was nowhere to be found; so now she left her packing, and began calling her again. time Millicent was forthcoming. She was a tall girl, with big dreamy brown eyes, and brown hair that looked very rough as she emerged from a small room at the top of the attic stairs, in answer to her mother's call.

"Yes, mother; here I am," said Millicent.

"My dear child, where have you been all the morning?" asked Mrs. Archer, in a weary voice, as she stood looking up at her daughter, who was holding a large book in her hands.

"Up in the den, mother," said Millicent, alluding to the little room to which the girls had given that name.

"I sent Laurestine to look for you, as I thought

you were in the gardens or orchard, as you were not in the house. She cannot have looked up there."

"Did you want me, mother?" asked Millicent, shaking back her long rough tails of hair that had fallen forward.

"Millicent, what a memory you have! Did I not tell you that I wanted you to come to me immediately after breakfast, to help me to sort the schoolroom books?"

"Oh, so you did ask me, mother; but I quite forgot. It's my bad memory," said Millicent, penitently, and then coming down, she followed her mother into the schoolroom.

"Can I help you now, mother?"

"They are nearly done, but you may look over the shelf and sort the books," said Mrs. Archer, sitting down and leaning back, looking very weary, and with a tired expression on her face.

"Millicent," said Mrs. Archer, presently, "do you know that your perpetual forgetfulness causes me great uneasiness?"

"Does it, mother?" asked Millicent, turning and looking at her mother, in whose voice there was a sad strain she had never heard in it before.

"Indeed, dear child, it does," said Mrs. Archer.
"I hoped that you would now be trying harder than
ever to fight against your faults. Dear child, it does
not seem as if you were doing so."

"I do try, mother," said Millicent, who knew what her mother referred to.

Colonel and Mrs. Archer were most earnest Christians themselves, and their anxiety had been great that their children should early learn to know and love their Saviour. Great had been their joy that both Ellie and Nina had from their early childhood lived as children of God. With Millicent it was different. Nothing had seemed to touch her until the year before that of which I write, when the infinite love of God broke every barrier down, and Millicent gave herself to Him who had died for her. Daily did she strive to follow Him, but as yet she had not entered into that definite battle against definite faults, which must be done by all who would fight not as uncertainly.

"Millicent's memory" was a by-word in the house.

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She was constantly forgetting what she was told to do—forgetting, indeed, so many things that it was almost useless trusting her with a message.

"I know I have a bad memory, mother," said Millicent, "I can't help it."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Archer, "you have not naturally a bad memory; your fault is carelessness and inattention, and you excuse yourself by putting it all down to a bad memory."

" I will try harder, mother; but it is so hard," said

"It's the usual way, Millicent. You forget every. thing," said Colonel Archer, severely.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Archer, who, wrapped up in a crimson snawl, was leaning on her forgetful daughter's arm.

"My dear Ellen, the usual thing—Millicent's forgetfulness. I told her yesterday, when she went out with Laurestine, to pass by Monsieur Tarbois', and to tell him that as you were not coming to Granville today, the small carriage would do instead of the



"Colonel Archer and the two younger girls joined them."

Millicent, with a sigh; "the things do go out of my head so." Mother and daughter had some more serious talk on the subject, and Millicent determined to try and do better. She helped her mother all day packing, and then in the evening they went out in the big old-fashioned garden at the back, which opened off a gravelled yard which contained nothing but a border of box and a large swing. Presently Colonel Archer and the two younger girls joined them; the former looked annoyed as he came up to Millicent.

"Millicent, you never gave Monsieur Tarbois that message yesterday."

"Oh, papa! I quite forgot," said Millicent, "I am so sorry,"

large one I had ordered. When I came there, I found that great old carriage ready. No message had been left, so the consequence was we were much longer on the road than necessary."

Millicent was very sorry, and Colonel Archer spoke sharply to her on the subject of forgetfulness, and then they all went in to supper,

#### CHAPTER II.

THE next afternoon Millicent, finding time hang heavily on her hands, went out and got into the swing. She was fond of swinging; and this swing

was a most luxurious one, made like a chair. She swung herself up higher and higher, not having a particle of fear. As she did so, she noticed the creakings of the rings, and, looking up, she saw that the rope was wearing quite thin near where the left-hand ring was.

"That must be seen to," said Millicent. "The people who have taken the house when we leave it may use the swing, and there might be an accident. I must tell papa to-day. I don't think it's safe to use

any more."

So saying, Millicent jumped out and ran in-doors. Meeting Ellie, who had just found a new specimen for their herbarium, all thoughts of the swing went out of her head in the excitement of deciding whether it was "composite" or "umbellifere;" and several days passed, and it never recurred to Millicent.

On the Monday there was a grand turn-out of the bed-rooms, and the two elder girls, to get out of the way, went with their father for a long country walk. On their return, they were met by Laurestine, their mother's maid, whose face was anxious.

"Oh! how rejoiced I am to see monsieur back! Madame is seriously ill! I have sent for the doctor; he is there in her room. Oh, the misery of monsieur

Without waiting for more, Colonel Archer went at once to his wife's room, and the girls, who seemed greatly alarmed, gathered the whole story from Laurestine, in her broken English.

"Well, mesdemoiselles, this is how it happened. Madame happened to be looking out of the room where you do the study generally. She was regarding the little Mees Nina in the swing. The swing was going up high, high, and suddenly there come de crack. Madame see de rope break, Mees Nina

flung she cannot see where. She thinks 'Alas! the dear leetle mees is killed—murdered, perhaps,' and she faint. I was in de room, and I get her to de canapé, and then call Hippolyte. We get her to her room, and he go for the doctor. He shake his head, for madame not wake, and when she do, her illness, he say, is severe."

"But Nina?"

"Ah, the leetle mees. I forget her. She was all well. Nothing happen really to her, as she fell on a pile of soft mattresses that had been placed to get the air in the court."

Sharply did Millicent's conscience reproach her as she went gently up to the corridor leading to her mother's room. All this had come from her carelessness in never saying that the swing wanted repairing, and was quite unsafe for use.

Presently Colonel Archer and the doctor came out of the room, looking very grave.

Before the evening came every one knew in that house that Mrs. Archer was dangerously ill. The shock of seeing her child, as she supposed, killed before her eyes, had been too much for her, and for some days it was feared she would not rally.

But God was very good and tender, and their prayers were answered and granted. Mrs. Archer recovered, and, when able to go, they went to the south of France. She remained an invalid for some time, and then seemed to take a sudden turn for the better, and was stronger than she had been before.

Constantly with her, anticipating her wants, studying her wishes, is a thoughtful-looking girl, who is careful, loving, and rarely or never forgetful.

Millicent had indeed profited by the lesson received, and "I quite forgot" was rarely heard from her.

# IN THE HOMES OF THE SICK POOR.



these pages we have often drawn attention to the great and good work effected by the system of hospital relief, but, great as are the blessings of such asylums to the sick poor, it is a sad fact that thousands of sufferers are as far out of reach of their help as if they had no existence. For one thing, the

number of such institutions, as compared with the population, is small indeed, especially where the poor are crowded together, as in London; then the point of view from which hospitals are seen as medical schools, is never kept in the background, and it follows naturally that, when choice has to be made, the selection should fall on those cases most interesting as studies. It constantly happens that the illness which promises to be slow and tedious, is refused, on the ground that, if taken in, other more instructive cases must be kept out for so long; thus the weary time of suffering and the gradual come-

back to health is made doubly hard to bear, from the fact that there is no rest and quiet to be had, no skilled hands to minister to the sufferer's needs, often the scantiest of medical attention, and little enough of the nourishing food which, in convalescence, is far more than medicine. Sad as such cases are, and their name is legion, there is the still worse state of hopeless helpless invalidism, when added days and years mean only added weakness and suffering. None but those who have come into personal contact with such sufferers can form any idea of what it means, to drag on existence, a burden to oneself and to others. There are in London only one or two asylums whose object is to meet the special needs of such cases, and the difficulty of gaining admission is so great, that even those of a higher class than the poor of whom we write, often have to give up in despair.

To make the suffering still greater, the chronic invalid has, in numberless cases, to be cared for in the

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ang the one room, where the family lives, eats, sleeps, and washes. This is bad enough, but still worse is the utter ignorance and prejudice of the majority of the poor; the worth of fresh air is so little understood that it is no exception to the rule to find a room where the one window has not been opened for months.

Not long since we were visiting such a home, occupied by a father, mother, and four children. The window was not only shut, but the cracks carefully stopped up, and an old sheet hung outside the door to prevent any stray breath of air from finding an entrance. The atmosphere could only be felt, certainly not described, and we were thankful to keep as near the door as possible, in spite of our hostess's constantly-expressed fear that we should catch cold in the draught! Soap and water are scarcely more believed in than air; in many cases it is quite a triumph when the advantage of a clean

face daily is perceived.

Of cooking there is also a sad lack of knowledge, bad enough in time of health, but worse in case of sickness, when the delicate appetite, which needs tempting, turns in loathing from the half-cooked cold or flavourless dish. One woman, known to us, bought some scraps of beef, and boiled them hard for five minutes, in order to make some beef-tea for her dying son. She was utterly astonished and incredulous when the right method was explained to her, and came to the conclusion that her way did quite as well, and was not so much trouble. It would, of course, be absurd to expect much from the poor in the way of medical knowledge; but, to the uninitiated, their ideas on the subject of such a thing as a poultice are truly incredible. It is sometimes impossible to suppress a smile over attempts in this direction, although there is a much graver side to the matter, as many a tiny sufferer could testify, when, in addition to bronchitis, the scalding mass, called by courtesy a poultice, has almost taken the skin off the poor little chest.

Take these facts into consideration, and let any reader, picturing himself thus circumstanced, try to imagine how eagerly he would long for skill and knowledge to minister to his wants; but the difficulties in the way of offering such help are very great—even the doctor, with all his kindness and goodwill, can do but very little, not the least hindrance being the half-truth that patients will bring forward.

Still less powerful is the lady visitor, for though, as a rule, the visits of those above them in the social scale are welcomed by the poor, they would never allow a lady to help in personal matters, and, unless she have very strong power of sympathy, the chances are greatly against her finding out the real needs of those she visits. It is also almost an impossibility for her to detect what amount of colouring is being given to a tale. This difficulty of really knowing the poor, suggested the founding, nearly a quarter of a century ago, of a Society known as "The Bible and Domestic Female Mission." Through its instrumen-

tality poor women are trained to help the poor. In order to gain an entrance to their homes, the Bible. woman goes with an invitation to those she visits to begin subscribing for a Bible, to be paid for by weekly instalments, which gives the excuse for repeated visits. It was soon evident that the poor thankfully welcomed a friend, who, being one of themselves, could enter into and understand their special difficulties. The work spread rapidly, and now there are few countries where similar efforts are not being made, But the Bible-women in their visits found continually that, in the sort of case we have described, they were comparatively helpless, for their training had not been such as to enable them to minister to sickness, apart from the fact that, if this were attempted, it would take all their time from their ordinary work. The whole subject was brought very strongly before the energetic founder of the Mission, and she resolved to try the experiment of training some of her workers as special ministers to the sick poor. In 1857 the first Bible-woman nurse began her work in London, and now some seventy women of kindred spirit give their lives to the humble but most blessed work of ministering to the bodily needs of their suffering fellow-creatures. The nurse is emphatically one of the class she seeks to help, and her qualifications are, a reasonable amount of health and strength, a genuine love of nursing, and, above all, the true Spirit of Him "Who went about doing good."

So much of natural ability is needed; but, with all the will in the world, a would-be nurse is not much wiser than her neighbours, and needs special training for her work. As a test of her fitness for mission labours, she is placed on some district under a Bible-woman, and if she gives evidence of having the right spirit, she is sent to a hospital for a few months. When she comes out, her real work begins. At first she has, as a rule, the advantage of being with a more experienced nurse, who teaches her to carry into practice the lessons she has just learned; for it is hardly necessary to point out the vast difference there is in nursing where everything is in order and close at hand, and doing the same work where there are often no proper implements, and where the prevailing elements are confusion and dirt. The nurse wears no badge or uniform, but she is expected to dress neatly, and in a manner suited to her own station and that of her patients. It is one of the curious by-plays in work amongst the poor, women especially, that, if redeemed from slovenliness, they often fall into the opposite extreme of tawdry finery. At a recent mission excursion, a poor woman known to us, who had been almost starving, appeared in a set of gilt brooch and earrings, so glaring as to attract instant attention. This was her idea of honouring the occasion. This is a point on which, it will readily be seen, a lady would have scarcely any power of remonstrance; but a nurse's quiet yet not unbecoming attire may be the best of unspoken sermons. If she needed anything to distinguish her from others, and to point to what she is, it may be found in her bag of necessaries, and in the can containing beef-tea, both of which form part of her daily outfit. The former is a matter of great curiosity to the juvenile amongst her patients; and should she inadvertently leave it within reach, tiny fingers are sure to be found trying to unfold its treasures. The treasures consist of a few nourishments—as sago, cocoa, etc.—and a small collection of simple remedies.

A large part of a nurse's work lies amongst the class already named-those who are helplessly illand it is hardly possible to exaggerate the comfort to such of having skilled kind hands to make the bed, dress, maybe, the wounds, and put things in order for the day. One such case has been under our notice for some years-a poor old woman, paralysed and in constant pain. She is supported by a sister, who goes out as day-worker, at anything she can get to do. The home is two tiny rooms over a stable; the prospect, a Alone, day after day, how eagerly glassed-in yard. she welcomed the visits of our nurse, who gave her cheery words while rubbing the painful arm, and then, turning lady's maid, brushed and arranged her refractory hair!

Many cases arise of bad wounds of long standing, by incessant work without needed intervals Patient care, daily washing and bandaging, with the use of a simple remedy, will often work wonders. One poor woman, who for months had been unable to do more than walk across her room, and who could not afford a doctor, was in a very short time so well as to be able to go out for a day's washing. Her joy knew no bounds, and "I never can be thankful enough," was the burden of her good-bye song. To neighbours suffering as she had done, she published the good news, and tried to induce them to give nurse's way a trial, quite sure that one trial of such treatment would insure its being carried on. The babies come in for a special share "Another baby," was a welcome sound of attention. to our nurse, and perhaps in no cases were her services more appreciated.

In one instance a poor skeleton of an infant was left nearly two days untouched before nurse heard of the case; this, too, in a house full of lodgers; for it is curious how afraid some women, even mothers of large families, may be of dressing a baby. In the case just named, the value of a needle was brought before us with startling force. It was during our nurse's earlier days, and she had gone out without a stock of haberdashery; in the middle of baby's toilet a needle was wanted, and not to be found in the usual place.

"Dear me," said the mother; "I know I had it yesterday; perhaps the lady up-stairs would lend hers."

Up we went, to be told the children had been playing with it, and lost it, but "Perhaps the backparlour could oblige you."

Back-parlour was of a more careful turn of mind,

and had secured hers from the children by putting it inside a chimney ornament; but it was edifying to us to remark how in all three cases one needle was looked upon as a sufficient stock-in-trade.

Apart from rubbing, dressing wounds, and other strictly medical attentions, there are many little things to be done, which greatly help to alleviate the sufferings of the sick poor, and a true nurse is above nothing that can give comfort to her patients. In one case a poor mother of four children was quite unable to dress herself or them, and for months our nurse performed with cheerfulness the duties of nurse-maid. "I never had such a friend as Nurse; I shall miss her when I'm well," was the mother's great idea. The affection a good nurse wins is very great; and through the affection, she is frequently enabled to gain a hearing for much to which her patient would otherwise be deaf. Instances of gratitude might be multiplied, but we will confine ourselves to one more A poor woman had been visited for many months, up to a time when there was a talk of our nurse leaving her district. Half in fun, we said to the patient, "Would you be pleased if you heard nurse were going to stay?"

"Pleased! I should just jump for joy."

This, with her terrible wound, was the highest flight of imagination.

The number of cases a nurse can attend to, varies according to their severity; the average is reckoned at fifteen. Her visits are mostly daily, and are paid in succession. In the majority of cases this is the kind of help most valued; the already over-crowded room does not need another occupant, and a nurse is often able to direct latent powers which have been useless for want of knowledge. Her work is strictly gratuitous, and she is not allowed to accept anything from her patients. This is a matter it is rather difficult to make them understand, for, kind as they often are to each other, there is generally some sort of payment expected for all help given, and so the nurses have been offered "sixpence for gin," when everything else has been refused. A nurse is not left at any time to work entirely on her own responsibility, and what is most desirable is that a lady should undertake her superintendence. She visits with the nurse, inspects the book in which a record of work is kept, and regulates the amount of help given. The latter is chiefly food and medical necessaries, but often a timely loan towards the expenses of a funeral, or a visit to a convalescent home, is of unspeakable value, and in our experience this has never been abused. The educated influence has its great value, and is much wanted. Are there no ladies with time on their hands who will take up this good work? It is one which brings its own reward, and it is earnestly to be hoped that as the Society becomes increasingly known, the blessings it affords may be placed within the reach of thousands of poor sufferers, who, for lack of funds, still remain unhelped. A. R. NEUMAN.

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# Jesus, God of Love, Attend.



Let us hear Thy pardoning voice Bid the contrite heart rejoice. Prayer can mercy's door unlock;

Open, Lord, to us that knock; Us the heirs of glory seal, With Thy benediction fill.

# POPULAR MALAGASY HYMNS,

AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH CHRISTIAN LIFE IN MADAGASCAR.

IN TWO PAPERS.-FIRST PAPER.

EW facts with regard to the history of Christianity are more clear than the intimate connection which exists between the spiritual life of any people, and the hymns and sacred songs they

sing. In all countries and in all ages, the hymns of every Christian community have closely

been no exception to the general experience of the Church, and from a very early period after its introduction into the island, hymnology has always been a great power, and has aided very largely in the promotion of religious life and knowledge among the people. The Malagasy tribes in the central and eastern provinces are extremely



NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR.

reflected its faith, its love, and its aspirations after God, and have been its joy in prosperity, and its solace in trial and persecution. From the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" of the Apostolic churches, down to the sacred songs of the American revivalists in our own day, a continually augmenting stream of divine melody has flowed down the centuries to refresh and stimulate and console the widely-scattered members of the Universal Church.

The history of Christianity in Madagasear has

fond of music and of singing; and they have a very correct ear for harmony, readily taking the different parts of a tune, and when they do not know the proper bass, tenor, or alto, frequently improvising one for themselves as the tune proceeds. The native songs have little approach to metrical structure; but they are mostly arranged in a very regular form as regards lines and stanzas; they have a rhythmic flow, and a frequent parallelism of numbers, much resembling the arrangement of Hebrew poetry. They often have

a refrain or chorus, and are generally sung to plaintive tunes.

The small band of missionaries of the London Missionary Society, who laboured so strenuously from 1820 to 1835 to lay the foundation of the Church in Madagascar, seem to have attempted to give the people some hymns in their own language as soon as they had reduced the Malagasy tongue to a written form; since 800 copies of a small volume of hymns for public worship had been printed by the early part of April in the year 1828. Another edition, of 4,500 copies (132 pp.), was printed in 1835, just before the promulgation of the laws forbidding Christian

worship and teaching.

This hymn-book was reprinted two or three times in England during the quarter-century of persecution, and its collection of 168 hymns was most intimately bound up with the religious life of the Malagasy, both in the time of comparative freedom they enjoyed previous to 1835, before their European teachers were obliged to leave them, and still more so during the long weary period of repression, which they still call the time when "the land was dark." Some of these hymns, probably the majority of them, were written by the missionaries themselves, others by some of the more intelligent native Christians. But although all their hymns were arranged in the proper number of syllables to form the familiar metres known as "long," "common," "short," and "sevens," as well as a few of the "peculiar" measures, there was no regard at all paid to accent, so that the words are persistently mispronounced every time they are sung to a tune of the metres just mentioned. It is difficult to understand why, with the minute and accurate acquaintance with the Malagasy language they possessed, they did not attempt to write rhythmical hymns, but such is the fact, a fact which must be regretted, since from the improved musical taste of the people these old hymns will gradually become obsolete. And yet many of them are, notwithstanding their metrical defects, beautiful in their language, and most fervent and evangelical in tone. Take, for example, the following, a free adaptation of "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds":-

> Jéso nò anàran-tsòa, Ràha rén' ny mìno, Afaka ny alahélony; Dia fàly ny fòny.

Almost literally translated :-

Jesus is the blessed name, When heard by the believer, Gone is his sorrow, For glad his heart.

When we are thirsty, Living water is He; When hungry, Bread of life; Ill, Medicine of life. 3.
Rock of refuge,
He Whom I trust;
Shield to protect me,
Lest I see evil;

4. Friend and Brother, Redeemer and Lord, Life, Way, my Surety, Receive my praise. 5.
Simple and foolish am I,
Ashamed am I, O Jesus;
My love to Thee
Is little, as nothing.

Thy love
Is one, un
Living, I
Dead, pro

Thy love to me
Is one, unchangeable;
Living, I praise Thee,
Dead, praises increase.

Here is another favourite hymn, the key-note of which is, "Jehovah no anjarako"—" The Lord is my portion":—

Jehovah is my portion, I will not be sorrowful, For Jesus is my Redeemer; I will therefore rejoice.

Many are they who love wealth, Numbers desire money, But I already possess, Jehovah is my portion.

We find also translations, or rather, adaptations, of several other well-known English hymns, such as, "When I survey the wondrous cross," "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending," "The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord," "Awake, and sing the song," and "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows." But many others appear to be original compositions, only slightly, if at all, inspired by English hymns. Here is one referring to the Scriptures:—

I.
Sweet is Thy word,
Holy Jehovah!
And true is Thy word,
Not to be changed;
Heavens shall pass away,
Thy word shall remain.

2.
Pure is Thy word,
And precious indeed,
So making wise
Those who are simple,
Scattering the darkness,
And bringing the light.

3.
Good is Thy word,
Renewing the heart,
For there 't is we see
One Who redeems,
Jesus, Well-spring of life,
Washing the guilty.

4.
Desired of my heart
Is the sacred word,
More than great riches,
Or wealth overflowing;
Thy word will I keep,
My enduring possession.

These old Malagasy nymns reflect very clearly the theological feeling of half a century ago. There is a distinct enforcement of the Law and its penalties, but there is at the same time an evangelical fervour, and a firm grasp of the redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ, as well as a distinct personal appropriation of the blessings He bestows. It was this element in the early Malagasy hymns which made them so precious to the persecuted people, and on account of which they became interwoven with all the trying experiences of their Christian life for so many years.

Here and there among this old collection of Malagasy hymns are two or three decidedly curious specimens of hymnology. These were written by natives, and one of them consists almost entirely of Malagasy proverbs strung together, most of which treat of the uncertainty of life from a heathen point of view, but with a Christian sentiment at the conclusion as a kind of "moral" to the whole. Here is a literal rendering of this strange composition:—

Life is a broken potsherd, No one knows who broke it; Life is but steam of food, No one sees where it goes. The appointed time of death is unknown, A tree on the brink of a precipice, No one knows when it will fall, Whether by day or night.

But once only are we young, One throw (of the spear) only; Death is a swift runner, God is the Lord of life.

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To die once may be borne, But second death is unbearable; Blest are the believers in Christ, For they shall obtain life.

Such productions are, however, very exceptional; and the great majority of the hymns are quite free from such incongruous elements.

The hymns of fifty years ago were, of course, sung to the tunes of the same period; and when we re-commenced mission-work in Madagascar after the re-opening of the country to Christian teaching in 1862, we found the people singing tunes now seldom heard in our home churches and chapels, such as "Lydia," "Cranbrook," "China," "Calcutta," "Rousseau's Dream," "Piety," "Zion's Joy," etc. During the first few months of my residence in Antanànarivo I well remember hearing tunes sung in the native chapels to extremely slow time, but although they had a certain familiarity, I could not for some minutes identify them with anything I knew; but it gradually dawned upon me that these were well-known old tunes, but being sung about four times as slow as was then the custom in England, were so different in effect as to be at first hearing unrecognisable. I have little doubt, however, that this slow time was about the speed at which it was usual for these hymns to be sung by the first missionaries (for we have wonderfully quickened the pace of our English singing during the last few years), and thus the traditions of their first teachers had been kept up during the twenty-seven or twenty-eight years which had elapsed since they were driven away from the island,

And what a solace and a joy were those old hymns to the early Malagasy Christians! Wherever they went they carried their hymn-book with them, often bound up with their Testaments, and the strains of these sacred songs always mingled with their worship. On the very last Sunday evening (22nd February, 1835) that public services were allowed to be held in the capital city, the Queen's anger was excited as she passed near one of the native chapels by hearing the hearty singing of the congregation; and she observed to some of her attendants, "These people will not be quiet until some of them lose their heads." so it really proved to be the case; for, like their prototypes in the time of Pliny, they persisted in "singing hymns to Christ as God." the first martyr, Rasalàma, it is recorded that on being put into chains and cruelly beaten, she continued to sing; and so she did still on the following morning, when she was borne along to the place of execution at the southern extremity of the long rocky ridge on which the capital is built. And when Rafaravavy and her five companions had succeeded in reaching the coast, and were safe on the deck of the ship which took them to England, their first feelings of thankfulness found expression in singing one of their hymns.

And the strains of sacred song continued to be heard all through those weary years. In the "Great Persecution" of 1849, when many hundred Christians were punished by fines, slavery, chains, and beating, and when eighteen of them suffered death, the condemned ones sang this hymn:—

1.
There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
There no trouble enters,
There, no vexing care.

2.
There the righteous reign,
Joyful for evermore;
None shall mourn again,
Of all the dwellers there.

All they wished obtained, All their hearts' desire; No good thing they lack, Now and for evermore,

The departing from life, Just a moment's pang, Is all that separates us From that blessed world.

Fourteen of them were taken to be hurled over the steep cliffs of Ampàmarinana, just below the palace; and one of these sang up to the moment he was thrust down the precipice; while of them all it is recorded that they sang the hymn beginning, "Ràha ho fâty aho," which may be thus translated:—

> When I shall from hence depart, And forsake my kindred dear; When for me they mourn and weep, I shall go rejoicing there; When from life on earth set free, There shall I in rapture be.

Hark! they summon me away To the blessed world above; There shall I rejoice alway, There my soul be filled with love; All my heart's desires obtained, All I hoped for fully gained.

All things earthly, now farewell! For I thus fruition find; Hence in joys untold I dwell, Heaven my heritage on high. From all fear of death set free, Death is conquered now for me.

A little later in the day, the remaining four of the condemned Christians, who were of noble rank, were led to be burnt alive at Faravohitra—the northern end of the city hill; and here again the song of praise arose, and as they ascended the hill they sang the hymn which for some years previously had been, and ever since then has continued to be, the dismission hymn of the native congregations of Madagascar, being invariably sung before they disperse. The hymn begins with the words, "Hody izahay Zanahary," \* and may be thus rendered:—

\* The Malagasy hymn is no doubt a free rendering of "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," but I have attempted to give a closer translation of the native version than the English original supplies, and in the same metre.

Home return we now, Creator, Let Thy blessing from above Gladden all our waiting spirits With Thine all-abounding love. Gladden Thou us. While we sojourn here below. Thanks, abounding thanks, we render For the sacred message heard, Which Thou givest to enlighten Us'in knowledge of Thy word. Dwell among us, Through Thy presence day by day. And when death shall hence remove us, And on earth no more we stay, Then do Thou our souls make joyful, Take us on our heavenly way; There, rejoicing, Shall we live in endless day.

The hymn might almost have been written for such an hour as that, for death was indeed about to remove them to the heavenly mansions, to the endless day of which they sang; they were truly "returning home," not from the earthly sanctuary, where they had so often sung those words, but to the heavenly and eternal one.

Yet one more hymn was also sung by the Faravohitra martyrs, one which ends in each of its four verses with the words, "Tsarovy izahay," "Remember us." Of this hymn the first and the

last verses run thus :-

When our hearts are o'erwhelmed Because of the oppressor, When that comes to pass, Lord, Remember us.

And when death itself Approaches us nigh. And spent is our strength, Remember us.

So strikingly appropriate to their circumstances was every one of these requiem hymns.

Mr. Ellis relates that in a letter he received from the native Christians at the capital during his first visit to Tamatave in 1853, they told him "that a number of them went into a solitary place, to sing together for joy at the prospect of receiving copies of the word of God." at the same place for a few weeks in the following year, Mr. Ellis was frequently visited at night by a number of the Christian Malagasy; but often they could not depart without also sing. ing, although it was decidedly perilous for them to do so. Mr. Ellis adds that although they bent their heads down, and only sang the native hymns in an undertone or whisper, to English tunes, he was at times alarmed lest some unfriendly passer-by should hear. It seemed as if the instinct of praise could not be repressed among them.

And so, during their long trial of faith and patience, the Malagasy Christians solaced themselves with their hymns: they sang them in rice-holes and in caves; in the recesses of the forests; on the tops of lofty hills, where they could watch from afar for any unfriendly approach; and in stealthy meetings by night in the houses of their friends; and, as we have just seen, the words of these sacred songs were sung on several occasions with their dying breath. But still they sang on. and believed, as one of their hymns says, that

Not long will endure The stormy night, Not for many days

Shall the sorrowful suffer: Yonder is the daybreak, Happiness is near.

And accordingly, in 1861, the sighing of the prisoners was heard; God delivered those who were appointed to death, and with the decease of Queen Ranavalona came the opening of the prison - doors to those who were bound, and freedom of worship was again restored. When Mr. Ellis arrived at Tamatave, in 1862, and met the rejoicing Christians, it seemed a strange contrast to his former visits to hear them singing aloud, with cheerful voices, for this part of their worship he had only heard offered before in a whisper or undertone. And at the close of the service they sang, with much appropriateness to the occasion, the native Jubilee hymn, describing the captive and exiles' return :-

Blow loud the trumpet, Which tells of Christ; Yes, proclaim aloud, That the Jubilce is come.

To redeem the enslaved, To obtain a great heritage, Come home, all ye scattered ones. For the Jubilee is come.

One there is Who sets free For Satan is conquered, All who have been bound, And recalls the scattered, For the Jubilee is come.

There is forgiveness of sin; Return, O ye wanderers, For the Jubilee is come. JAS. SIBREE, JUN.

## THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

1.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"I do remember my faults this day." GEN. xli. 9.

HE dear Old Year is dead, they say, Is buried with the leaves; I wonder will it comfort him To know that some one grieves?

I wish that I could call him back From underneath the snow! I know I haven't used him well-I'd like to tell him so.

When first he came, I'd in my mind Things tender, kind, and true; Alas! alas! how little's done Of what I said I'd do!

And when I think of all the past, How many deeds I see That I must wish with all my heart Had ne'er been done by me!

Old Year, Old Year, I loved you so, Yet on your grave to-day, Because of wasted hours and months, I have no wreath to lay.

But I will pray to God to-night
For strength the right to do;
And then next year, perhaps, I'll find
A little wreath for you.

#### II.

#### THE LOVED DISCIPLE.

"There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved."—St. John xiii. 23,

When Jesus left this earth, Fierce persecution came, And far and wide disciples died, Who called upon His Name,

And as the years rolled on, It came to pass, Death's hand Had left St. John and him alone Of all Christ's chosen band.

For many a night and day This remnant of the flock, The loved disciple, prisoned lay, On Patmos' desert rock.

Yet Christ was with him there, And unto him was given, On earth below to see and know The blessedness of heaven.

Then Death came to the shore, And brought the longed-for rest; The loved disciple laid once more His head on Jesus' breast.

#### III.

## WHITE AS SNOW.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."--ISAIAH i. 18.

ALL silently, from gloomy skies,
The snow falls through the night,
And in the morn, when we arise,
The world is pure and white.

The trees' bare boughs are clothed anew,
With gleaming robes of light;
The dull dark earth is hid from view,
And all is fair and bright.

How wondrous is the power of snow
To cleanse earth's darkest things!
To hide them all where none may know,
Beneath its spotless wings,

And as the snow that from above
Falls gently through the night,
E'en so is God's forgiving love,
That hides our sins from sight.

Oh, promise sweet, our hearts to fill!
Oh, loving words!—"Although
Your sins may be as scarlet, still
They shall be white as snow."

#### IV.

#### THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

"He is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."— Acts ix. 15.

On cruel persecution bent, And full of burning hate, Saul hastened on with fierce intent, Towards Damascus' Gate.

But ere he reached that city old, Heaven's light was shed around, And Saul, no longer stern and bold, Fell prostrate to the ground.

Then came the voice of Christ from heaven,
Then days of darkest night,
And then the sign of sin forgiven,
For Saul received his sight.

And after that glad heaven-sent call,
He ever dared to stand
Christ's servant true, the first of all
The missionary band.

We have not gifts or power, 't is true,
To walk where Paul has trod,
But surely each of us may do

Some mission-work for God.

And something of that work is done,
If we, by deed and word,
But help some other little one
To know and love the Lord.

#### V.

#### THE FATHER'S LOVE.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing i and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."
--St. Matt. x. 29.

THROUGH dreary days of ice and snow,
When scarce a green spot's found,
The little birds hop to and fro
Upon the frozen ground;
And we might wonder where they slept,
And what could be their fare,
Did we not know that they are kept
By their Creator's care.

When cruel winds beat fiercely round, Bitter and icy-chill,

No sparrow falleth to the ground, Unless the Father will, Yet, blessèd thought! the God who sees

The birds that throng the air, Loves each of us far more than these, And we are in His care.

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## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE KINGS. MANASSEH AND JOSIAH.

No. 1. Manasseh's Sin.

Chapter to be read—2 Chron. exxiii. (part).

NTRODUCTION. Ask children if ever have known a good man's son turn out badly? How very sad! What can be the cause? Perhaps child "spoiled" at home—too much petted and indulged.

Perhaps not punished when done wrong, mind of Eli's sons, whom God slew. (1 Sam. jii.

Remind of Eli's sons, whom God slew. (1 Sam. iii. 13.) Shall read to-day of good king Hezekiah's wicked son.

1. Manasseh's Sin. (Read 1—9.) Notice his youth at father's death—probably fond of pleasure, like all boys—probably at once courted by young nobles, etc. No guiding hand to keep straight except One. But did not seek Him. Soon went wrong.

What did he do? (1) He rebuilt the idols. Remind of Hezekiah's work of destruction—pulling down images—destroying groves, etc., of false gods. Even Brazen Serpents, because worshipped, put up again, even in Jerusalem, and in the Temple itself. (2) He brought in strange gods. What were these new gods? Sacrifices to cruel god of fire, Moloch

(Jer. xxxii. 35); also to iniquitous Astarte, called Queen of Heaven (Jer. vii. 18); worshipped sun, moon, and stars, contrary to express warning (Deut. xvii. 3). Besides all this, introduced witchcraft, etc. Point out effect of all this. Bad example of young king very infectious. Illustrate by contagion of small-pox or scarlatina quickly spreading in a city. So did sin in Jerusalem—people quickly began to "err" (ver. 9). Yet these same people rejoiced when Hezekiah destroyed idols, For account of sad state of Jerusalem, see Zeph. 1—4.

People of Judah now became "worse than the heathen." Yet how often had been warned, taught, and forgiven. Illustrate by a stream kept in between walls—when overflows in a flood does more damage than if it had not been restrained. So will it be with us; if we do not repent, the heathen will fare better than us (Luke xii. 47) at the judgment-day.

II. Manasseh's Warning. (Read 2 Kings xxi. 10—16.) Remind how God always gives warning and time for repentance; e.g., Pharaoh had ten chances (plagues) before he was destroyed in Red Sea. So prophets sent to king and people. Did they hearken? No; king killed the prophets—Isaiah believed to be amongst the number—"sawn asunder" (Heb. xi. 37). Describe state of Jerusalem—prophets preaching—people hooting, stoning, etc.—regular reign of terror—streets flowing with blood.

LESSON. The quick spread of sin. See importance of stopping at once—beginning well when young. Contrast Samuel growing in grace, and Manasseh growing in sin. Let each child ask "How am I living? and what is my example?"

No. 2. Manasseh's Sorrow.

Chapter to be read—2 Chron. axxiii. (part). Introduction. Remind how sin always brings punishment. Parents often punish by shutting children out from the others. So God often punishes by banishing from country; e.g., Cain sent away from home. Manasseh punished thus also. Describe dreaded Assyrians once more in Jerusalem—God no longer helps, as did in Hezekiah's reign—people

powerless to resist—captains of Assyrians seize king (ver. 11), bind him with chains, carry off to Babylon. Sad sight to see any slave or prisoner in chains; but what disgrace for king of great country to be punished thus because of idolatry. Yet shall see that all turned out for his good.

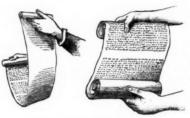
I. THE KING REPENTANT.
(Read verses 12, 13.) Picture

Manasseh in far distant country. (Show Babylon on map.) Probably working as slave in irons (as convicts may be seen at Chatham, etc.). What would he think about? His home. Contrast between present condition and past wealth and comfort in palace. His country. Would see how badly he had governed, and remember the peace and quietness of his father's reign; but more than this—began to think of his God. Had neglected, insulted, wronged Him when in prosperity; calls upon Him now in trouble, and is heard.

Very similar to parable of Prodigal Son (Luke xv. 17, 18). In trouble in a strange land, thinks of his home and of God, confesses, returns, is pardoned and restored. Can God pardon Manasseh after such awful sins? Yes, because repentance is sincere, not like Ahab, who was sorry and sinned again. Manasseh's repentance lasting; he humbled himself greatly, prayed, and was forgiven (Psalm xxxii. 1).

II. THE KING RESTORED. (Read 13—20.) Not told how king got back to Jerusalem. What did he do at once? Took away the strange gods and the idel out of the Temple—tried to undo all his past mischief. Could he do so? No; some taught idelatry by him would be dead—gone to last account; still did what he could.

Began work of reformation; repaired altar of God



ROLLS OF PARCHMENT (EASTERN).

—offered sacrifices—commanded people to serve God —i.e., used all his influence for good,

Once more Jerusalem happy, peaceful, prosperous. King and people serving God (Ps. cxliv, 15).

LESSONS. (1) The benefit of affliction. Manasseh when prosperous forsook God—in time of trouble sought Him. This the design of affliction (Ps. exix. 67). May it be so with us.

(2) The blessedness of true repentance. God's ear always open to true prayer. Angels rejoice over sinner that repents (Luke xv. 10).

# No. 3. Good King Josiah-I.

Read 2 Kings xxii., xxiii., and 2 Chron xxxiv. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Often in summer days alternately fine and wet; so in history of kingdom of Judah, alternately good and bad records. Manasseh's reformation followed by great wickedness of his son Amon; short reign, two years; yet much evil. Slain by his own servants. Now once more brightness in the land.

I. THE KING'S CHARACTER. (Read xxii. 1 and 2; xxiii. 25.) How young to begin to reign. Only eight years old; too young to have learnt much evil from his father's example. Illustrate by story of Mungo Park finding little piece of green moss in midst of desert; so this child being preserved from evil was to prove best of all kings of Judah. haps been taught by prophet Jeremiah, who lived now; perhaps been taught by mother, Jedidah (xxii. 1), to read law of God. What is said of him? "Turned not aside to right hand or left," i.e., was upright. walked straight on in path of God's commandments. Remind how a little turning along a wrong path soon leads astray (Ps. i. 1). Josiah kept straight on, chose good companions, and feared God from his youth.

II. THE KING'S WORK. (Read 2 Chron xxxiv. 3-13.) Could do very little as a child; but as soon as possible began work of reformation. At sixteen is found seeking earnestly after God; at twenty begins the good work in earnest. What had he to do? Breaks downidols, groves, etc., all over his dominions; but goes also to Israel. Remind of man of God from Judah who had prophesied against the altar at Bethel to Jeroboam more than three hundred years before (1 Kings xiii, 2). God's word now come true. (2 Kings xxiii. 15.) Not enough to put down idolatry, must restore worship of God; not enough to pull up weed, must also plant good seed. So king collected money, and sent workmen to repair and restore the House of God. But building not enough without service, so priests and Levites collected. Sacrifices and music all set in order (ver. 12); songs of praise would sound in the Temple once more.

LESSONS. (1) Begin early to serve God. How beautiful to give whole life to God's service (Prov. viii. 17). What opportunities of being taught to serve

God children have now in Sunday-schools, children's services, etc. Remind how Jesus called little children to Him. (2) Be earnest in working for God. Never allow sin; always stop bad language, etc.; not be afraid of ridicule. God can keep us safe, as He did Josiah.

## No. 4. GOOD KING JOSIAH-II.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. xxxiv., xxxv. (parts of). Introduction. Remind how Josiah set about making collection to repair Temple—work now begun. Workmen would begin to clear away all accumulation of rubbish, remains of broken idols in courts, etc. Priests themselves helping in the work. Great excitement one day. Describe Hilkiah the priest finding roll of parchment covered with dust, wondering what it is; calling priests and scribes to look at it; discovers that it is a copy of the Law—perhaps the very same which Moses wrote. (See Deut. xxxi. 24—26.) Shaphan the scribe takes charge, and sends word to the king.

I. THE KING'S BIBLE, (Read xxxiv. 19-32.) Describe the priest going to the king; the roll carefully opened, and read. What does the king do? Why rend his clothes? Token of mourning for the sins committed by his people. Wants to learn more. whom does he send? Remind how other women had been prophetesses-e.g., Miriam (Exodus xv. 20), Deborah (Judges iv. 4). What does Huldah answer? Notice God's message of anger against wicked people; forewarning of judgments soon coming; but message of mercy to the king, because of his piety. Remind how this is the character of the whole Bible-words of warning to the wicked, of mercy to the righteous (e.g., Ezekiel xxxiii. 11-13). Picture the people collected in the Temple; king stands on raised platform by a pillar (2 Kings xi. 14); people near, many for first time. Great impression made; king and all the people make covenant together to serve God.

II. The King's Passover. (Read xxxv. 1—19.) Not enough to read God's law; must also do it (James i. 22). What was the great annual festival? So a solemn passover kept once more. Notice how carefully everything done—ark put back into its place of Holy of Holies; lambs without blemish provided for the sacrifice; priests and Levites all properly arranged; singers and porters in their places (verse 15); all must be well done, as befits the worship of God. This a very solemn feast—more so since time of Samuel (verse 18). But alas! there was never another such in Judah.

Lessons. (1) The value of God's Word. Every child now has own Bible. Are they dusty on shelf, or read, valued, attended to? By God's Word are made wise unto salvation. (2) The value of God's ordinances. Have seen in all these lessons true religion connected with love for God's house and ordinances. Can we say with David, "I was glad," etc. (Ps. exxii. 1)?

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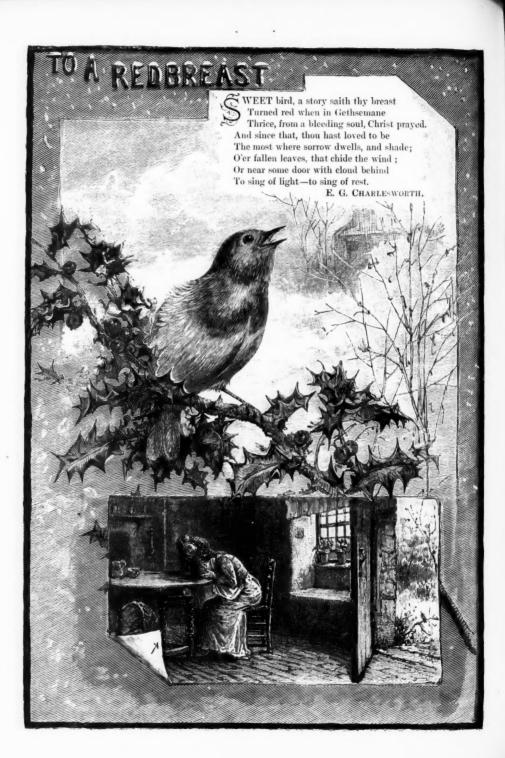
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VIIM



## HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.





LONG list of "Heroes of faith" will be found in one of the chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in that list we find the name of the patriarch Noah. If we might imagine these men and women (for there are women amongst them) to be statues, Noah would appear, I think, in the

dress of a shipwright—with a mallet in one hand and large wooden pegs in the other, and with beams of timber lying strewn on the ground at his feet. He is looking up as if he hears a voice speaking to him out of the sky, and giving directions about the building of the Ark, and he has a calm resolved face, like that of a man who is not to be turned aside from his purpose, when once his mind has been made up.

For, if you come to think of it, Noah's task was a very difficult and a painful one. He had to stand almost alone against the whole of mankind. You will remember, I daresay, that the alliances between God's people and the worldly people had brought about more wickedness than ever existed before. There was violence, and robbery, and bloodshed on every side, until at last it became necessary for God to interfere and sweep these incorrigible offenders off the face of the earth. There was no chance, so to speak, for the earth at all—unless it could start from a new point and begin afresh.

Under these circumstances God determined to send a deluge. Not, however, immediately. He always gives warning-sometimes long warning-before He executes judgment, and it is only when men have hardened themselves against His fear, and are determined to go on in their self-willed and rebellious courses, and the case is quite hopeless, that He gives way to His wrath, and strikes. So with the world before the Flood. God allowed them long space for repentance, and used all means for bringing them to a better state of mind. And He did it in this way. He sent Noah - who was a good man, a preacher of righteousness, and one who walked with God-to warn the people of what was coming, and, besides this, to build a huge wooden ship, called the Ark -in which to find refuge for himself and his family when the Deluge came. Noah did both things, as he was bid. Like the prophet Jonah in Nineveh -only with less success-he went up and down amongst the people-month after month, year after rear-beseeching and entreating them to forsake their sins, and to flee from the wrath to come. God, he said, was angry with them on account of their sins. They must repent, and give up their evil ways, and turn to the Lord. If they did not, a deluge of waters would descend, and drown them all. When the people heard this, they laughed at him. Noah (they said) was mad-or, if not mad, he was a downright fool. Why, what signs were there of a flood? Everything was going on as usual, Spring came, and brought its buds : and summer came, and brought its flowers; and autumn came, crowned with fruits and corn; and then winter-with its snows, and cold, and rain-closed in the scene. And all this had been going on in regular order, year after year, since the very oldest of them could recollect. "Look up to the sky" (they said); "there is no change or disturbance in the heavenly bodies. Look down on the earth-there are no earthquakes, no movements there. Why do you talk about these tremendous convulsions when everything is tranquil and still, and the order of nature is unbroken?" And they laughed him to scorn. But Noah went on, quietly preaching and building. He was quite surein spite of appearances, and in spite of all that people said-that God's word would come true. And herein he sets us an example. Sometimes we get laughed at for our religious notions. People say, "Now do you really believe that? It is so very improbable!" Then, like Noah, you and I ought to be able to answer, "Yes! I do believe it. It may seem unlikely to happen, but God has said that it will happen -and God is true-and that is enough for me."

#### II.-NOAH'S FAMILY.

It was not a large one; I suppose there were three sons, Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, and their three wives, only these six persons, with Noah and his wife, who entered into the Ark; all the rest of the world rejected the warning, refused to avail themselves of the appointed way of escape, and were swept away by the rush of the flood. From this family the world begins again, makes a fresh start. Perhaps you will remember that on one occasion, when the Jews had committed the sin of worshipping the golden calf, God. Who was very angry with them, threatened to destroy them utterly, and offered Moses to make him the head and founder of a new race that should take the place of Israel. Moses, however, entreated the Lord to lay aside His wrath, and interceded for his people so effectually that they were spared, Now what was offered in the case of Moses, was actually done in the case of Noah. The whole race of mankind were destroyed except one family, and that one family became the new root of the human race.

Let us look, then, at these three sons, and what is said about them.

Two of them, we suppose, were good men; they

were like their father, men serving God and working righteousness; but the third was a scoffer. It was a sad thing that it should have been so; but just as there was a Judas amongst the Apostles, so there was a Ham in the Ark. One would have thought that a man who had escaped with his life from a terrible judgment, who had heard the rush of the water, and the roar of the waves, and the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, and had seen the corpses of the sinners against God and their own souls, floating by him on the waves of the sea, would have been made serious and earnest if he had not been so to begin with. But nothing seems to have really influenced Ham. He may have been impressed for a time, but he was not truly changed, and he soon became as careless and irreverent as he had been before, and he soon showed a sad want of respect for his aged father.

From this we may learn two things. First, that the sons of religious men are not always religious themselves, Property goes from father to son, but not grace. You may have a good example set you, and not follow it. You may be well advised by your parents, and yet turn a deaf ear to their counsel. Eli was a godly man, but he had ungodly sons. David was unhappy in his family. The son of good Hezekiah was Manasseh, who was mad after his idols, and made the streets of Jerusalem swim with innocent blood. But it would be far worse to be the ungodly child of godly parents than to follow your parents in the paths of carelessness and sin. There is some excuse for those who were badly trained; there is none for those who have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and who yet go astrav.

The next thought is that God, is very severe in His judgments upon irreverence. Remember what was said about Noah's younger son-"Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren "-a prophecy which has been fulfilled to the very letter. Yes, God is angry with those who show a want of respect for venerable and sacred things, and pronounces a curse against them. And yet what a common sin is irreverence! Some do not honour their father and mother, but disobey their commands, and sometimes cast ridicule on their parents, and make fun of them with their companions; others misbehave in the House of God-talk, whisper, giggle, try to attract the attention of their neighbours; others, again, cast jokes upon the Bible, or laugh at holy things. There are many ways of being irreverent, but God marks them all.

## III.-THE ARK.

What was the Ark? A large wooden structure, as large as or larger than the body of St. Paul's Cathedral in London; capable of containing an enormous amount of people, and animals, and food. It took a long time to build; and when the waters of the Flood went forth on the earth, it protected its inmates against the fury of the billows, and kept them quite safe until the terrible visitation was over.

It reminds us of the Lord Jesus Christ, for one or two reasons which I will proceed to mention to you.

In the first place, it was the only place of refuge in the time of judgment. When the waters first began to rise, the people in the valleys ran up the hillsides, but the waters pursued them there. Then they escaped to a higher place; but the waters followed them. Then on to the very tops of the mountains; but they were not safe even there, for the cold cruel waves rose up and swept them all away and destroyed them; and no house, no palace, no castle. was strong enough to resist the Deluge; however thick and massive its walls might be, it soon had to give way, and not one stone was left standing upon another. The only place of safety, then, was the Ark; just as, when God's judgments are on the earth, we must be "in Christ" if we would be secure from the Divine visitations. Do you think you understand me? But let me explain myself more clearly.

God is angry with sin, you know. He must be angry with sin, and He must punish it. Now, you and I are sinners. We have broken God's law, We have done what was wrong, and said what was wrong, and thought what was wrong. How, then, are we to escape punishment? There is a day of judgment coming. How are we to be delivered from that day? My dear children, there is only one way of deliverance. We must go—go now—earnestly and humbly, to God, and ask Him to forgive us for His dear Son's sake. In other words, we must take refuge in Christ; and He will be the Ark to save us in the day of God's wrath against all ungodliness and sin of men.

In the next place, men were not left to perish, but were invited over and over again to enter into the Ark and be saved. The Ark, as I have told you, was a long time-many years-in building, and during all that time Noah was engaged in warning men of the approaching judgment, and entreating them to flee from it. He said, "Repent of your sins, and forsake them, and God will forgive you. But if ye do not repent, ye shall all assuredly perish." Now this is exactly what is going on in the present day. There is Christ, like a great building (only it is a living one), ready and willing to receive all who will come, and shelter them! And preachers, and other Christian people, go about, and entreat men to enter in and be saved. They implore them to come to Christ before it is too late. They cry-"Do not delay! The tempest is coming. You don't know how soon it may be here. Death may be upon you at any moment. Oh! enter in and be saved."

Lastly, "There was a time when it was too late to find refuge in the Ark." We read that when Noah and his family had entered into the Ark, "the Lord shut him in"—that means that the door was so fastened that neither those within the Ark, nor those outside, had power to open it, however much they might wish to do so; and we can imagine that when the first outburst of the Deluge came, many poor creatures may have crowded to the door of the Ark

and clamoured to be let in. But it was too late! God had shut the door, and no one could open it. And what does Christ say in the Gospels to some people who beg to be admitted? "I tell you, I know you not whence ye are. Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity!"

IV.--BABEL.

The story of Babel is a singular one. The whole human race, we are told, had one language; everybody understood the speech of everybody else, when they moved from the place where they were settled, and journeyed to the land of Shinar, a vast and fertile plain between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. In lapse of years the little party swelled into a tribe, and the tribe grew to a large multitude of people, and then the thought occurred to them that they would form themselves into a vast confederacy, and become great. They saw clearly that mighty works, such as bring fame to the doers of them, were only to be accomplished by the united energies of a large body of men; and so they determined to remain where they were, and to combine for the purpose of founding an extensive and mighty empire. Was there anything wrong in this determination? Yes. It was opposed to the will of God. God intended the human race to spread itself over the face of the earth, but these men said, "This is what we will not do. We will not be dispersed abroad; for if we are, we shall not become great and glorious. We can only be great, and do great works, by keeping together. So keep together we will."

And they began to build. Other countries have stone and marble quarries, but in this vast plain there was nothing of the kind, only the earth, which they burnt into bricks, and slime or bitumen for mortar. But with these bricks they erected magnificent edifices, and, amongst other things, a huge tower, probably intended for purposes of idolatrous worship. And their work was making rapid strides, and they were filled with pride of heart.

Now it is clear that if they had been allowed to go on without any interference, they might have proceeded great lengths in the way of audacious enterprise; and the earth might again have been filled with violence and crime. So God put a stop to their work. He made it impossible for one man to understand another's speech; or, rather, He caused one party to speak one language, and another another, so that their united labour became impossible, and they were obliged to give up their enterprise. Probably, too, they felt that God's finger was in the matter, and that He was punishing them for their opposition to His direct commands; and this feeling made them more ready to disperse. Anyhow, they did disperse. Those who understood each other went off together, one party in one direction, and another party in another; and thus, in process of time, the whole earth, as God intended, was overspread by the

It is worth while observing that this attempt at establishing an universal empire has been frequently repeated in the history of the human race, and has always, in the end, come to nothing. There have been the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman empires, of which you have heard. All were the result of a desire to be independent of God: to be secure without His protection: to accomplish great things without His help. Men have said, at various times, and in various ways, "Come on. Let us build a city, and a tower that shall reach unto heaven," and they have been successful to a certain point. Huge world-empires have towered up and cast their shadow over the earth. But presently God interfered, and the whole thing passed away like a dream. Only one Kingdom abides. Do you know which that is? Just think, Of Whom is it said by Daniel the prophet, that "His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away; and His Kingdom that which shall not be destroyed"!

#### SHORT ARROWS.

WHO WILL HELP?



HERE are many ladies who would assist in making little things for distribution amongst the sailors if the means were only pointed out. No doubt most of our readers remember the exhibition of bags to contain books for sailors' reading, and many numerous beautiful, as well as useful, specimens found their way to the Thames

Church Mission. Several lady-helpers assisted Mr. Mather, the courteous secretary of the Mission; and although skilful feminine fingers, to our knowledge, are busily employed in making these bags, and ornamenting them daintily, some more lady-helpers are required. Will not some of our readers help? Some cannot spare the time, doubtless, to

do all this; but there is still an opportunity. Bags such as these require filling. Sailors are thankful for books and magazines. No one who has been for days at sea will underrate the benefits conferred upon a sailor when a few books are bestowed to while away his spare time. Book-bags first, books afterwards. There are plenty of volumes lying idle upon some people's shelves; and Mr. Mather, 31, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C., will, we are sure, be glad to receive any contributions towards the excellent Mission he represents.

## OUR FEMALE WORKERS.

Lately we have heard—and are glad to hear—that efforts for the amelioration of London shop-

women and girls are making steady progress. More than once in these columns we have advocated their cause, and we learn with pleasure that the effort made by Mrs. Fisher to institute a daily prayer meeting in the City-at 186, Aldersgate Street-is successful. To the credit of the young women be it said, they spare a portion of the time allotted to them for their mid-day meal for these meetings. Day by day hundreds of girls make their way to the rooms; and when we consider the nature of their occupation and the circumstances in which they are placed, the self-denial for Christ's sake is eminently praiseworthy. are many temptations awaiting girls in our great city, and a young woman may be led to take the first step unconsciously. So we cannot too warmly welcome the kind and Christian efforts made to direct their steps aright.

#### HOW TO ASSIST THE WORKERS.

But one may say, "A girl need not go about all dinner-time. Why does not she remain in the house and escape temptation?" To such an one-if there be such an one-we would reply: The work-rooms are generally closed for an hour, and, if they were not, the atmosphere of the workshop is poisonous in many cases. We have before us a communication from Mrs. Fisher, and from it we gather the news that a suitable place is being prepared for the accommodation of our shopwomen; a place in which they can eat, rest, and enjoy their meals. Some rooms have been taken, but of course assistance is needed. So many kind hands are always ready to be extended if the direction be indicated. In these rooms in Cross Key Square, Little Britain, shelter and rest are found. By assisting in this good work many a poor girl may be saved from wandering away from the fold. Many a stranger, poor and helpless, may be taken in and housed; and we must not forget the gracious words which tell us that, inasmuch as we do it unto one of these, the least of our brethren, we do it for Him who died to save us.

#### THE HOME FOR WORKING BOYS.

We have a Home for Boys in London, and this excellent institution has lately thrown out a protecting arm over the Woolwich district as well. So Cromwell House was added to the list of Homes in that locality, where an Industrial Institution has, we believe, for some time done good work. Let us see what this Home for Working Boys can do. Boys who cannot find employment are permitted to enter, and every effort is made to induce them to depend upon their own exertions for support. To those desirous to gain an honest livelihood these Homes offer every inducement, for the lads find their efforts supplemented by the committee; so although many of the inmates can earn enough to keep them, it is found that on the average each lad costs the funds £6 a year. When we consider that there are two hundred boys in the various Homes superintended in London, the necessity for assistance will be at once perceived. The objects of the committee are to render the lads self-reliant, and to teach them to gain their own living, as well as to guard them from the evil influence of the world at a time when the mind is only too ready to receive evil impressions, Many very prominent Christian gentlemen are on the committee, and pictures, books, or partly-worn clothing may be sent to the office of the Homes at 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

#### GOVERNESSES IN FRANCE.

We have before us a letter from Miss Pryde giving us some further information regarding the status of English governesses in Paris. We also note in a contemporary that Miss Leigh has organised successfully a work similar to that undertaken and so well carried out by Miss Pryde. The last-mentioned lady has succeeded in obtaining a room or rooms in which poor governesses can dine in comfort; but money is required to complete the arrangements, We do not think it will be long wanting for such an excellent purpose. So many are obliged to take up their work in a foreign land, and unless a saving hand is outstretched we cannot tell to what misery our countrywomen may be exposed. The address is 16, Rue de Tilsitt, Paris, where Miss Pryde has returned since we directed our readers' attention to her admirable work. Messrs, Ransome and Bouverie are the bankers. The other institution is in the Rue de Chaillot, where English ladies can pass a quiet Sunday without mixing in the frivolity of the Gay City. Religious instruction, as well as suitable refreshment, is provided for all comers, and for a trifling annual payment members can make use of the rooms during the week. These boons are greatly appreciated, and if any of our readers are-or are likely to be-in Paris, they can easily satisfy themselves as to the merits of the institutes.

## THE BOYS' HOME AT DEPTFORD.

We are glad to chronicle the continued success of this home under Mr. Fegan's management, and now that the winter is upon us the necessity for continued and continuous exertion is evident. The work has gone on during the summer. The tent services have been continued, and the house to house visitation has been successful, particularly in one locality, where a great blessing has fallen upon the people. The energetic workers hesitate not to go out into the highways and the hedges, and compet the poor boys to come in, aided by the sympathy and kindness of Christian friends. The address of the flome is 112, High Street, Deptford, S.E. We specially commend this good work to our readers.

## A HELP-MYSELF SOCIETY.

We have before us the report of the Gospel Temperance work in Southwark, and the results of the endeavours made by the superintendent appear to have been successful. In connection with this mission work is the Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial Church, erected in memory of the "faithful brethren" who united in 1616 to form a church, which has "continued faithful" for more than two hundred years. This church is situated in the New Kent Road, and the treasurer, Mr. A. Wraight, will be glad to afford any information to friends desirous of hearing more respecting it or the affiliated societies and schools, etc., in the district.

#### UNDER THE PILLOW.

Who amongst our readers has not, at one time or another, placed a little Christmas gift under the pillow of some child, and seen the joyous lighting up of the waking eyes when the present was found? We can all remember the joyous anticipation of Christmas and Santa Klaus, who filled the stocking or the basket at our bed's foot. And now we are about to tell our readers how they can render many a little sick child happy, and bring unwonted cheer into many a poor baby's heart, by spending a few pence and a few minutes of their money and their time. There is a Hospital and Pillow Mission which, particularly at this time of year, appeals to our feelings as fathers or mothers. Numbers of poor suffering children have no kind relatives to send them Christmas or New Year's cards, but the Hospital Pillow Mission has instituted a neat envelope with an apparently genuine postage-stamp, on which is printed "A Happy New Year;" and on the apparently authentic postmark which defaces the stamp is written "On earth, peace;" and "Christmas Day" in the centre. Now we can all imagine the pleasure a letter sent, or left at the hospitals for children will give to the recipient. We know what pleasure can be given to the inmates of the workhouses by some such attention; and are we, who have the means given to us, to withhold our hands? In every county of England there is a secretary (or there are secretaries) who make the necessary arrangements for the distribution of cards, flowers, or letters. Nor are these Christian efforts limited to England. To Italy, France, Belgium, etc., the Hospital Pillow Mission extends its kindly hand, and sends many a cheering voice across the sea. The "posts with letters from the King" come frequently to cheer the poor and afflicted; and not only are bodies comforted, but souls are won to Christ, and hearts are softened by the touching words addressed to them. Our space will not admit of more detailed information here; but we may add that those desirous to help in this truly blessed work-a work which claims all our Christian sympathy-should address Miss E. Steele-Elliott, 6, Mildmay Park, London, N., to whom any contributions may also be forwarded. This lady will supply printed information; and no one will read the reports without perceiving the usefulness of, and the benefits conferred by, the "Pillow Mission." Of this we are assured.

#### "THANKSGIVING."

The story of an orphan "Home" must have a strain of sadness in it, but of those we wish to notice we feel there is a more cheerful view to be taken. Mrs. Ginever has written a little volume descriptive of the three "Homes" under her superintendence, to which she devotes her energies with such success. There is no sorrow in her song. It is one of thanksgiving, and those who will peruse it will agree with us in the experience of cheerfulness it breathes. About seven years ago Mrs. Ginever began her useful work amongst the orphans, and this well-directed attempt has resulted in three separate establishments, including a total of seventy children or more, and a number of would-be immates have been refused admittance for want of accommodation.

## A GLIMPSE AT THE HOMES.

Let us just glance at these establishments, and endeavour to interest our readers in them, for there are kind hearts enough amongst our friends to sympathise with all. The Homes are all in Holleway, two of which are occupied by the afflicted of the orphans. But all are taught useful lessons to enable them to become servants, milliners, dressmakers, etc., and experience has shown that they fill these situations with benefit to themselves and their employers. They are very grateful for mercies received, and many kind friends, we understand, have opened their hands and hearts to the young orphans, making them presents, or giving their time and means to amuse them. If any one wishes to communicate with Mrs. Ginever, her address is 3, Manor Road, Holloway, N., and the visitor will not fail to be struck with the happiness she spreads around her.

#### WORK IN TEXAS.

The labourers in the distant Texan territory have met with much success, during the three months lately passed particularly. The Colporteurs report that six hundred pounds' (sterling) worth of religious literature has been eagerly received in the province, and this amongst a population more addicted to revelry and cruel sports than to reading. Twenty-four visitors, six being coloured men, made no less than 7,178 family visits, and found 1,767 of these families quite destitute of all religious books. They had a great deal to contend against, for they found that more than a thousand families they visited had no Bibles; and that, of the total mentioned, at least 1,700 other families never entered a church. But notwithstanding all these stumbling-blocks, the work is steadily and surely progressing. The Germans and Scandinavians are generally communicants, and are educating their children. Taking the poverty of the south-west districts into consideration, the demand for books is well sustained, and the condition of the coloured people hopeful; while their worship is more decorous than of old. There is much cause, therefore, for congratulation.

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#### AN APPEAL FOR THE VAUDOIS.

We have received a warm appeal from Mrs. Garnett, 1, Princess Road, Ripon, on behalf of the inhabitants of the Hautes-Alpes dwelling in the district sacred to the memory of Felix Neff, a memory dear to every Protestant. The condition of these poor people is heartrending. We who complain of a fall of snow or of bad harvests have no conception of the misery to which these faithful people are reduced. They still cling to the mountains, covered with snow as they too frequently are; the endearments of family ties, and the memory of past tradition, bind them to the rocky soil; yet their homes are almost desolate. Thanks to the efforts of Dean Fremantle their spiritual wants have been in a great measure attended to, and even into the almost inaccessible fastnesses the preachers and teachers have penetrated and have been welcomed, But the temporal condition of the inhabitants is deplorable, and merits our assistance and sympathy.

#### THE REASON FOR THE CALL.

We have mentioned the facts of the bad harvests, but for ten years this state of things has existed, and this from no fault of the inhabitants. The hand of the Lord has been heavy upon them, and their crops have failed year after year. The avalanches have not spared them, for time after time snow and stones have desolated the valleys, and the only hope of the people is in emigration. The cattle are being depleted, the grass and corn saved are not sufficient for their support, and even the small quantity of bread enjoyed by the owners has to be shared with the animals, which are accommodated in the dwellinghouses in winter. These are some of the reasons why we should endeavour to help; but there is a stronger The temptation to emigration, or to reason still. mingle with the surrounding provinces, is great. But the brave Vaudois wish to remain independent and to maintain their own religious tenets, for which their ancestors suffered. This high and holy feeling keeps them still working and hoping for happiness and relief in the desolate valleys of the Alps,

#### HOW TO HELP.

The misery which existed last year amongst these poor Protestants and Christian workers must have been seen to be credited to the full. There is a fund now being organised by the Dean of Ripon, entitled The Dean of Ripon's Dormilleuse Emigration Fund, and for this excellent object we are asked to plead. Matters are this year in even a worse state than they were last winter. The patient trust and the hopefulness of the inhabitants are gradually diminishing. Firm in their ancient faith, they have remained clinging to the Rock and defying all the breakers of superstition. If they must leave their homes, they will go forth unconquered by other doctrines, but let their departure be as little painful

as is possible. Much may be done at once to mitigate the severity of the winter, and the kind interest taken in the matter by the Dean of Ripon is sufficient guarantee that the efforts of our Christian readers will not be misdirected nor thrown away.

#### THE MISSIONS AT MELBOURNE.

We have read in a contemporary an interesting letter from Melbourne, which appears to us worthy of further circulation. It is from Dr. Singleton (of Melbourne), giving an account of the missionary labours in that city. The Mission Hall is greatly contributing to this satisfactory condition of things. and services are found to insure attendance every day-or at least six times a week-and many converts have been gained over. Dr. Singleton, though now aged, labours successfully in the gaol and amongst the poor. In his Bible-class alone there are one hundred women, and amongst the men he finds his good work appreciated. We think all will be glad to read this record, and to hear of the benefits conferred upon suffering and nearly lost humanity by the well-directed zeal of one earnest Christian gentleman. We should follow such an example, and pray, not faint, nor weary in well-doing, but continue "in labours more abundant" even to old age.

## SHELTER FOR THE LADS.

A short time ago, we called the attention of our readers to the good work performed in the north of London by Mrs. Watts-Hughes, and we have since received a communication from that lady respecting the "Shelter" she has established for lads in the winter. Let us glance at the kitchen. A number of boys rejoicing in such fantastic names as Rags, Ginger, Croppy, and Flamer, have arrived, and are struggling for a sight of the fire, and discussion waxes warm. This is at once put a stop to by the selection of a hymn, and, the singing ended, others come in, and look at books or papers till ten o'clock. Then the final hymn is given out, and the interest is great. "Mayn't we sing 104th?" says one. "No, let's have 20th;" and then a quiet request is preferred personally to the lady-"Missus, 27 is a nice 'un," So three hymns are sung, and then comes the parting "Good-night." This is the most trying part of all, for a great many of the boys who have come into the warm kitchen have no homes to go to. The lads delay their departure as long as possible, as is only natural. Those who have homes to go to are not so difficult to get rid of, but some of the others turn round after having said "good-night," and are again scated at the fire; and so on. At length the room is cleared, and they have gone for that evening. These meetings vary a good deal, for Bible-classes are held occasionally, and sometimes a singing-class; no formal teaching, but friendly conversation, with a few hymns. The Sunday afternoon and evening are given up to Bible-reading and singing. We will mention some interesting characteristics and relate a few anecdotes presently. They will show us the manner in which the boys are managed.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK.

The behaviour of the boys cannot always be depended on; for instance, once a lad came into the shelter, and, without pausing, went up to another boy, and, seizing him by the throat, was about to strike him. It was then ascertained that, like the parable of the fellow-servants, one lad owed the other a few pence, and the aggrieved one had taken the rough means aforesaid to compel payment, Hughes had some trouble to quiet the lads, but it turned out that, although they promised, and doubtless then intended, to be good, they disputed afterwards, and probably fought. This, indeed, was the case, but the opponents were found again an evening or two later sitting by the fire together, singing hymns, as if they had never fallen out. A more encouraging experience was when one of the boys after a meeting remained for conversation. He said, "I want to be good; I've been trying all the week to be good." lad was on his knees weeping in his distress, and praying for forgiveness of his sins. There can be no doubt that these efforts of the lady we have mentioned do an immense deal of good, and she sows much good seed. Still, the great want of accommodation for the young wanderers brings them into contact with evil. The lodging-houses are extremely filthy; nor is the unhealthiness the worst feature. Professional thieves are there, and tempt the lads to evil ways, and then there is little hope of their returning to the straight path. There should be some organised place in which the lads willing to do well could remain for the night, and be free from the contaminations of the others. Mrs. Hughes does much, and were she supported would doubtless do much more. Single-handed she has accomplished With our readers' assistance and great things. sympathy she will crown her work, and bring the poor wanderers back to the fold. From the letter before us we find that matters are steadily improving, and rooms have been provided. Did space admit of it, we could adduce instances of the great good already done. One lad is now an errand-boy; others have obtained situations, and the wildest lad of all the class is now the smartest and best-behaved. We are sure such examples will not be thrown away; and when we add that Mrs. Hughes' address is 19, Compton Terrace, London, N., we hope our readers will do their best to strengthen her hands for her good work.

## A SEVEN YEARS' RECORD.

New Guinea would not at first sight appear a very promising locality for missionary enterprise, but when our readers learn what has been done in a period of seven years in a barren land, we think all will acknowledge the Mighty Power that has been at work there. In the first place, the "King's servants" have been enabled to establish no less than thirty mission stations on six hundred miles of the coast line, gaining the confidence of the inhabitants, and doing a good work as the preachers proceeded. That in itself would be a record of faithful service; but more than that has been successfully accomplished. Four languages most understanded of the people have been reduced to writing, school-books have been translated into these tongues, the catechism has been brought within the reach of the tribes, and finally, the Rev. S. Macfarlane has delivered to the people the whole of the Gospel according to St. Mark in their own language. This triumph of Christian energy has at last been worthily crowned by the erection of many chapels where the inhabitants may hear and receive the Word. We are glad to learn that the work thus began has been continued with every appearance of a still greater success in future years.

#### A NOBLE DEED.

During the terrible gale in October, a grand instance of heroism was reported. The Cyprian, totally disabled, had struck upon the rocks off the Welsh Nearly two miles of angry sea lay between the vessel and the shore, on which were gathered crowds of spectators, powerless to render aid; yet one by one the crew took their only chance of safety, and trusted themselves to the billows. Then (so ran the story) the captain, cool and brave to the last, stood with his life-belt on ready to plunge into the sea; but, turning round, he saw a little stowaway, who had been forgotten during that terrible night of battling with the storm. Without a moment's hesitation, Captain John Strachan took off his belt, Then both struck out and fastened it on the boy. for the shore—to prove the shore of life to the boy, of death to the self-sacrificing master of the vessel, The story was at once placed on record in the following sonnet :-

#### THE CAPTAIN OF THE "CYPRIAN."

On board the Cyprian, hearts began to quail. With steering-gear a wreck, each sail a shred, The fires all quenched, right on the rocks ahead The battered hulk was driven by the gale. And one man's courage did not, could not fail. "Let each look to hinself," the captain said; "Trust to your belts, and from an ocean bed God save you all, for man's of no avail." Last of his crew, the captain turned to go, And saw a wan pinched figure by his side—A little stowaway. "Here, lad," he cried, "Put on this belt; you'll want it most, I know." Then both leaped boldly in the surf, and lo! A stowaway was saved, a hero died.

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# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

25. Who was Teresh, and in what way did she provide the means for her husband's death?

26. What is mentioned as being the royal apparel of Persia?"

27. What simile is used by the Wise Man to express the vain hope of the hypocrite?

28. Quote a passage from which we may infer that the disease was leprosy, from which Job suffered.

29. What places are generally understood as being mentioned in the passage, "The kings of Tarshish and the Isles shall bring presents"?

30. What event in our Lord's life is mentioned as being specially remembered by His disciples after His ascension?

31. What is understood by the expression, "Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield"?

32. What is the meaning of the term "Lucifer," and to what city was it applied?

33. Quote a proverb which illustrates the value of self-restraint,

34. Whence cometh the well-known saying, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness"?

35. What constellations of the northern hemisphere are mentioned in the Book of Job?

36. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Quote a parallel passage from the Book of Job.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

13. Matt. xiii. 35; Ps. lxxviii. 2.

14. The conspiracy by two chamberlains against the life of king Ahasuerus (Esther ii. 21),

15. It was arranged that the rulers of the people should dwell in Jerusalem, also as many as were willing to do so, and a tenth part of all the others chosen by lot (Neh. xi. 1, 2).

16. St. Paul says, "And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve" (1 Cor. xv. 5).

17. Tychicus and Onesimus (Col. iv. 7, 9).

t 18. It probably refers to the method of putting a thorn or piece of wood through the nostrils or lips, and thus leading the prisoner along like an animal; whilst his hands were bound behind him. (See prayer of Manasses, "I am bound down with many iron bands that I cannot lift up mine head," and 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11).

 It is stated that in the rebuilding of Jerusalem, Shallum, the ruler of Mizpah, repaired the wall of the pool (Neh. iii. 15).

20. Neh. ii. 14.

21. Neh. ii. 10, and vi. 1, 2.

22. Neb. vii. 66, 67.

 To the family of Aaron, of the tribe of Levi (Jer. i. 1).

24. Matt. xxvi, 52.

# JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

## PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO FEAR GOD.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant (Ps. xxv. 14).

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine (Ps. xxxiii, 18, 19).

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him (Ps. xxxiv. 7—9).

Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels (Malachi iii, 16, 17).

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways (Ps. exxviii. 1).

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him (Ps. exlv. 19),

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him (Ps. exlvii, 11).

In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and His children shall have a place of refuge (Prov. xiv. 26).

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him (Ps. eiii. 11, 13, 17).

Unto you that fear My Name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings (Mal. iv. 2).



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times, have as much method as their uniform movements. At one time comets were considered capricious in their coming and their departure, and were regarded as portents of disorder and ill, rather than creatures of law. Byron sings of

> A pathless comet and a curse, The menace of the universe.

But now, it is known of some, and may be inferred of all, that they are as obedient to law as

the planets themselves.

Another illustration of law we have in the elliptic movements of the planetary bodies. We owe to Kepler the discovery of the fact that they all move in elliptic orbits; that if you draw a line from the planet to the sun, the areas described by that line in its motion round the sun are proportional to the times employed in the motion, and that the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the distance. The first of these is a law of forms, the other two are laws of numbers. By their mutual attractions, the planets sometimes produce disturbance among themselves. Through observing the irregular movements of Uranus, the astronomers discovered Neptune; yet even at such times, order reigns. The primal law of gravitation, discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that law which keeps all the stars in their places, and regulates the descent of a snowflake, abides for

Law and order are seen in the motions of the double stars. In many parts of the heavens two or more stars are seen apparently near each other, and mutually connected as part of a system. In some cases, these companion stars revolve round each other; in other cases, two or more revolve round a common centre. They are at a much greater distance from each other than the farthest planet of our system is from the sun. The period of their revolution varies from thirty to upwards of seven hundred years. Yet they all travel according to fixed law. And this reign of law is observable in the most remote part of the heavens, as much as in the nearer. Every fresh discovery reveals its existence and operation. Before the construction of Lord Rosse's telescope, it was thought that astronomers had stretched their vision to nearly ten thousand billions of miles. The vision still lengthens, yet nowhere within this wide knowable space is there the semblance of chance, lawlessness, or confusion.

The stars remind us of the beauty and grandeur of creation. In the spheroid shape of the planets and their satellites we have beauty of form. Then we have degrees of magnitude and brightness. It requires the light of a hundred stars of the sixth magnitude to make that of one of the first magnitude. One star differeth from another star in glory. There is variety of colour as well as of size and lustre. To the naked eye they all seem white—seen through a telescope they appear of

sundry hues. In some countries, no telescope is necessary to show the difference. "Through the clear transparent atmosphere of a Syrian night, without any optical aid whatever, one star is seen to shine like an emerald, another like a ruby, a third like a sapphire, and a fourth like a topaz—the whole nocturnal heavens appearing to sparkle with a blaze of jewels." There are individual stars, each shining in a splendour all its own.

Is there anywhere a sight of more superb loveliness than you behold, when

Meek Diana's crest Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest. A single star is at her side, and reigns With her o'er half the lovely heaven?

For some, the stars of a frosty night in winter have a special charm; while others love to gaze on those "of the summer night far in the azure deep." In many cases, there are starry clusters, which hang in the heavens like fruit in the tree. Such clusters are more numerous in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. Some are extremely irregular in shape, while others show regular forms of a round, spiral, or other tendency. The Great Bear is a grand and striking constellation. Pleiades glitters and quivers with radiance like a breast-plate of jewels. Orion, with his brazen girdle, is not only the most glorious constellation in the heavens; he is also one of the few visible in all parts of the habitable globe.

The stars witness for God. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Sun, and moon, and stars of light praise Him:—

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is Divine."

An atheistic leader of the French Revolution said one day to a Christian villager, "We are going to pull your church-tower down, so that you may have nothing left to remind you of God, or religion." "You will not only have to pull down the church-tower," said the man, "you will also have to blot out the stars, before you can destroy all that reminds us of God. They speak to us of Him."

They speak of His living, all-pervading presence; and so illustrate Christ's words, "My Father worketh hitherto." • He upholds them by the constant acting of His power. He has put the golden bracelet on the arm of night, and keeps it there, so that none can take it off. A child, who had

been taught that God was the Universal Creator, was watching the approach of twilight, when all at once, just where the blue melted into the faint golden mellowness of the last tint of sun-set, there stood a star. "Father," she exclaimed, clapping her hands with delight, "God has made a star!" That child's impression of the present activity of Divine power had more of truth than

many a modern speculation.

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The stars bear witness to God's condescension While they speak of His majesty and power, they speak at the same time of our When God would teach Job his insignificance, He says :- "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" The Psalmist learnt the littleness of man from this open book. "When I consider Thy heavens," he says, "the works of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Yet the power that made and

upholds the stars, made and upholds man. How beautifully Scripture couples God's thoughtful regard for man with His government of the stars. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by their names."

One last word. Though the stars have been shining for ages, they must one day be quenched in darkness. Thousands of years have passed, generations of men have come and gone, since

they first began to pour their light.

But the day of their destruction cometh; the day in which, though they are now fast anchored in the vast abyss of space, they shall be driven from their anchorage.

From the thought of this ruin and desolation let us turn with thankful hope and joy to that of our

own immortality-

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; But we shall flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amidst the war of elements, The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC. )

CHAPTER XVI.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVE,



ATHER and son were alone together - the son pale, but with such a look of determination in his face as no one had ever seen there before; the father trying to fight downhisirritation and anger, for, displeased as he now was with his eldest and favourite child, he did not wish to alienate his affections.

For a few moments neither spoke; then Mr. Lacy said, with forced calmness, "Of course you mean You have acted imprunothing serious, Herbert. dently-I am ready to admit that-and, if you were bound to go in for a little flirtation, like your neighbours, it would have been better to choose some other object on which-

He was not suffered to conclude. Herbert rose to

his feet, "Before you go further," he said, "I ought to tell you that the young lady who was in your study just now is my betrothed wife."

"Nonsense! my dear boy, nonsense!"

"It is the fact, father. If you do not approve of the step I have taken, I am sorry; but I hope you will pardon me for saying that I am now of an age to judge for myself in such a matter."

Mr. Lacy frowned. Herbert had one of the gentlest of dispositions. From his childhood up he had been amiable and submissive, and it was natural, perhaps, that when, at the most important crisis ofhis life, he showed sudden symptoms of possessing a will and judgment of his own, his father should feel bitterly disappointed and annoyed.

But still he tried to hold himself in check.

"That is all very well," he said temperately. "Let us say that you are old enough-yes, and experienced enough-to judge for yourself; there is still another question to be considered-ways and means. Even lovers can't live upon air."

"If I had not considered that question, sir," replied the young man, proudly, "I should not venture to speak to you as I do now. But the fact is that I maintain my right to choose for myself, principally on the plea that I ask no one for anything. From this day I give up my allowance. I have hitherto worked for the love of art-now I will work for a living too. The woman I have chosen is also an

artist. We shall have no difficulty, I am sure, in earning sufficient money for our support."

By this time Mr. Lacy was really angry.

"Then I am nothing," he cried out, "that my plans for you should be upset, my hopes ruined, that we should be separated-for I vow that, if you persist in your present course of action, all is over between us for ever-this is nothing in comparison with the indulgence of a romantic fancy that sprang up in a day! Well! I have heard of the ingratitude of children-

"My dear father," interrupted Herbert, "do try and look at things reasonably. I have told you many times that I was not the man for the career you have planned for me. I have no ambition, and, with my weak lungs and frequent illnesses, where do you think I should be in Parliament? I assure you I was never fit for a public life. Of course, it pains me to know that I have disappointed your hopes; but the fault is Nature's, not mine. Douglas is blessed with a good constitution; you will make something of him.'

"Douglas!" echoed Mr. Lacy, angrily; and then, checking himself, he condescended to plead with his "Sit down, Herbert," he said; rebellious son. "there-near me-that has been your place for so many years, it would break my heart to think that you could never occupy it again. I have been a good father to you, have I not?"

"The best, and most indulgent."

"Then, for this once, give way to me. Promise not to see her for a year. Come abroad with me; that will distract your mind; there are more women than one in the world."

"Only one for me."

"That is what all young fools say, as soon as ever they think themselves in love. Why, you silly boy, a man can be in love half a dozen times, and each time he thinks he was never in love before."

"Men are not all of a constant nature," said Herbert, smiling.

"They all think themselves constant, while the humour holds them. Come, I see you are turning the matter over. Make up your mind to act like a man of the world. We will do nothing unhandsome to her, you know. I daresay she is not so much to blame as I thought at first. Break it off by degrees, and then settle a nice little round sum upon her. I don't mind paying for your follies, my boy, so long as they are not carried too far. She will get a husband in her own rank of life; and yougracious, Herbert! Are you mad?

" Nearly, I think," said the young man. He was breathing heavily, like one who labours under the weight of a strong emotion severely repressed. He rose from his seat again, and stood before his father. "I am your son," he said, "and I have to thank you for many things. I will try to hold myself in check; but never speak to me again as you have just spoken. You strengthen me in my determination. When a lady-and such a lady-can be so insultingly thought of, simply because she is a poor governess, the man who loves and respects her beyond everything in the world must feel that it is high time he should protect her from humiliation."

"By making her an artisan instead of a governess Glorious protection!" said Mr. Lacy, sneeringly.

"The wife of an artisan-yes! Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Your mind is made up?"

"Entirely!"

"And you are ready to take the consequences?"

"You shall not escape them!" said Mr. Lacy,

"Good-night!" said Herbert. "I suppose we shall not meet again for some time."

" If you marry that woman, we shall never meet

"It must be as you will," said Herbert, with a sadness of intonation which was more on his father's account than his own.

After what had passed he felt that he had no right so much as to sleep under his father's roof. He wrote a note, therefore, requesting Mrs. Simpson to give it to Miss Maffeo the first thing in the morning, and returned to his cottage lodgings,

That note did not reach Adela. In the morning, when Herbert called at his father's house, hoping to make arrangements to find his betrothed wife a home, until such time as he could make her life entirely his care, Mrs, Simpson met him and gave him back his note, with one from Adela, The good motherly woman had tears in her eyes.

"Miss Maffy's gone!" she said. "She went away last night, late. Says she, 'We'll both think better separate.' Don't look at me so, Mr. Herbert-you'll break my heart, you will. The Lord, He knows what's best for us all; and if it's to be, you'll be brought together again, never fear!"

This, to a man on the borders of despair, was but poor consolation. Herbert, however, took Adela's letter and read it.

MY DEAREST [so it ran],-Forgive me if in my heart I reproached you at first. Everything was so strange and sudden. I do not now. I can understand how the mistake first arose, and how, day after day, the task of confessing who and what you were became harder. But you will see that the discovery of your name and position makes everything different to me. I have been thinking-thinking-I am thinking still, and I cannot come to any fixed resolve except one. I must leave this house at once, and, dearest, I must say good-bye to you. Of what it will be best and wisest to do, I think we shall judge best apart.

Who knows whether our separation must be for ever? As I write the words "for ever," it seems as if my heart must break. But hearts do not break so I shall live, and, I hope, live a useful life, even if we both determine that it will be wisest to bury our dear love in oblivion, and see each other no more. Herbert, my beloved, if my letter seems cold, prudent, or indifferent, forgive me. God knows that I wish to do what is best for your dear sake alone. To Him I com-

mit our cause.

When Herbert had read this letter, he sat, for a

few minutes, like one stunned. Then he rang for the housekeeper.

"When and how did Miss Maffeo go?" he asked.

"It was while you and Mr. Lacy were shut up in

"Sir, she made me promise faithful, 'You mustn't say a word, Mrs. Simpson,' says she, and her pretty eyes full of tears. 'It's for his sake I do it,' she says. And, sir, if you'll take the advice of an old



"He pulled up his horses and looked at her in amazement."-p. 201.

the study," replied Mrs. Simpson. "She were on foot, with a little bundle in her hand."

"Did she tell you where she was going?"

"Never a word, sir; only, says she, 'I'll be far from this to-morrow morning, Mrs. Simpson.'"

"And don't you think it was rather unfriendly of you not to let me know of this yesterday night?" asked Herbert, reproachfully. woman as has known you all your life, don't you go and do nothing precipitated. She's a sensible young lady, is our Miss Maffy. I've been watching of her this six months. She's not one to go and drown herself, bless you! She'll do as she says—live retired in some quiet place, and puzzle it out. Where two ways meet, 't ain't so easy to fix on the right one straight off, You

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just do the same, sir, a-begging your pardon for

"But you don't seem to understand, Mrs. Simpson. There is nothing for me to think or puzzle out. Miss Maffeo is my betrothed wife."

"She engaged herself to you unknowing of your position, Mr. Herbert. If so be as it had been the other way round-if she thought you rich, and you turned out poor-you could not have been surprised at her taking time to consider. But, if you'll excuse me, sir, when she asks for time, you're bound to give it her. She don't want for nothing, not at the present moment, leastways, and where she's going she's amongst friends. There, if I've let the cat out of the bag I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. You're too much of a gentleman, Mr. Herbert, to take advantage."

"She has friends on the Devonshire coast-nowhere else," said Herbert. He thanked Mrs. Simpson for her advice, and returned to his solitary "Adela wishes it, so I will stay here lodgings. until I can bear the separation no longer," he said to

Mr. Lacy heard in the house that Adela had gone, and sent a friendly message to his son, begging him to return to his home.

"If you will consent to my engagement," he wrote, "I will return at once."

To this his father did not reply, and on the following day Bracklesby Manor House was empty again, Mr. Lacy having started to rejoin his family on the Continent.

We return to Adela. Naturally her first thought, on that terrible night when she recognised that Bracklesby Manor House could no longer shelter her, was of the only home she had ever known-the little fishing-village where her early years were spent.

That evening she walked to the Lyndhurst Station, and put up at the station inn. Early on the following morning she started for the west coast, and, late at night, when the stars were out and the moon was shining brilliantly, she was put down, with her little bundle, at a wayside station about four miles from Coombe. Late as it was, she determined to walk the distance. She was not yet sure about what she would do, for Sally Geen was still at the castle, carekeeper now for Lady Mountmorris's successor, and Adela did not like to present herself there at so unseasonable an hour. But at Coombe she was sure she would feel at home anywhere.

She walked rapidly, but when she reached the outskirts of the village she found that nothing was stirring. The fishermen were in their boats under the starlight; their wives were dreaming of their safe return, for the terrible sea was calmer than a summer lake, and no one needed to watch or weep.

There were several cottages here, in which, as Adela knew, she would be received with the warmest welcome, Most of the people in Coombe had known her from her babyhood; all who knew her loved her; before she left she had been pressed again and again to come and see her old friends as soon as ever she could. But she did not wish to disturb them, and she shrank from answering the questions which would be poured out at her sudden and strange appearance at so late an hour.

Thinking, she passed the little row of huts. A dog at one door barked. She called him by his name. "Hush, Jock, hush! We mustn't awake them," for Jock was an old friend. When he recognised her voice he whined for gladness, licked her hands, and followed her down the cliff. This was like a welcome back to the dear old days of her childhood, but it made Adela's throat swell and her eyes fill with

"So many things have happened since you and I were young, Jock," she said. He wagged his tail knowingly, and looked up into her face with wistful eyes. Then she tried to send him back to the village, but Jock, who was almost toothless, and who did not sleep so well as he had done once, had been much bored by his own society. He disapproved of the villagers' stupid habit of going to bed so early; and now he had found one sensible person, and that person an old friend, he did not intend to be sent about his business,

"Well, if you will stay with me, I suppose you must, Jock," said Adela. "But now, old fellow, we must look for a bed. What do you think-our cave, or the arm-chair in the rocks?"

She interpreted Jock's wag of the tail as indicating a preference for the arm-chair amongst the rocks. This was a haunt well known to both of them-a singular arrangement of the rocks down upon the sea shore. It was far from the little pier and landing-stage, therefore very lonely; and so steep was the path which led down to it, so rugged was the shore in its immediate neighbourhood, that few had any idea how soft and white was the sand which formed its carpet, or how lovely a restingplace it made when the winds were high or the rays of the sun were too scoreling for pleasure.

But Adela, the child of sea and wind, knew this solitary nook well. She had visited it all hours of the day, and of the night. Hither she had come on the occasions, rare it must be confessed, when any of the good people about her in her childhood were cross or rough, or when she was naughty herself, and wished to feel good again, or when, as not seldom happened, her thoughts became too large and too puzzling for her young brain.

And now it seemed almost natural, a thing indeed to be expected, that she should bring to her old haunt the perplexity and sorrow of her womanhood. Up to this excitement and rapid travelling had numbed the terrible feeling of loss, pain, and uncertainty which, when Adela first made the discovery of Herbert's parentage, had seemed almost more than her heart could bear. She had been so happy; she had looked forward with so glad a hope, so high a courage. The life of patient industry and lovely recreation they had planned together was sweeter to her heart than any visions which her girlish thoughts had ever framed. Over and over again she had said to herself, "I could never have imagined anything so beautiful as this." And in a moment all was gone. Her Herbert belonged to another world, not hers. Should he persist in making her life his care, he would sacrifice everything, money, home, friends, ambition. While she had been rejoicing in the belief that they stood together on the same platform, both workers, both toiling with their own hands and brains for a subsistence, they were in reality leagues apart.

What was she to do? She had accomplished the difficult descent. She sat in her dear old solitary nook, the soft, mysterious murmur of the waves in her ear, as they washed the tiny pebbles ashore; overhead the moonlight; away in the distance a fleet of fishing-boats, like dark-winged birds upon the sea, and the faithful Jock at her feet.

What was she to do? "I cannot decide; I cannot even think," she cried out. "His love has made me weak. Oh! my darling, you will miss me so. Will you think I do not care for you, Herbert? Perhaps that would be best—best for you, my only love. If you were strong, as other men are, and able to win your way to success through hardship, I should not care one jot. But you are not. Oh! my love! It would be terrible—too terrible; it would be more than my heart could endure, to see you suffer for me. But, perhaps, you are suffering now. Darling, darling, if my voice could only reach you!"

Then she pressed her hands to her breast, for sobs were stifling her. But tears and solitude, and the sweet stillness of everything, the sobbing of the sea, which seemed to have some mystic partnership in her woe, the fresh midnight breeze and the light of moon and stars, which she had loved from her childhood ardently, began to have a soothing effect upon her.

Old thoughts and pious memories of those childish days, when "heaven lies about us," came crowding upon Adela's mind.

"I had forgotten," she said to herself, penitently. Yes, she had forgotten Him, the Father who is never very far from any of us. But now she remembered, and, like a little child falling, with its

Weight of cares Upon the great world's altar-stairs, That slope through darkness up to God,

this young girl lifted up to Heaven the pitiful "cry of the human."

She could say very little. Her prayer was no more than the infant's  $\operatorname{cry--}$ 

"Have pity, oh, my God! Help me to do right!"
This over and over again, as though she would bind the thought of right to her soul with chains as strong as eternity.

And if the heavens did not open, as of old time to the patriarch, if on "the great world's altar-stairs" no white-robed messengers came and went, yet was her prayer answered. For a great peace stole over her troubled heart, and her wearied brain ceased to throb in painful perplexity. Then, after a few moments, her eyelids drooped, and such a sleep as she had not known for long wrapped her senses in forgetfulness,

## CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE TO THE RESCUE,

The appearance of Adela on the following morning caused great excitement in the little village of Coombe. Questions by the hundred were poured out by the women, but the men soon perceived that she did not care to be questioned, and ordered that she should be let alone. The Devonshire fisherman is not given to many words, and he respects reticence in a woman. To Sally, whom Adela visited on that first morning, she only said that circumstances had made it impossible for her to stay at the Lacys'. Sally immediately concluded that some gentleman in the family had made himself in some way displeasing to her foster-child, and she commended Adela for her spirit.

"I'll live to see you take your own place yet," said the fisherman's widow; "but seeing that there be a place for you somewhere, I say you have right enough to hold your head high."

"I suppose there is a place for every one of us in the world," Adela replied, with a feeble effort to smile; "and I suppose I shall fit into my particular nook some day; but just now I must find a lodging, and I must find work."

Sally thought for a few moments,

"There's some decent enough folks taken the cottage," she said presently. "Jim Hart—you'll remember him. He married Susan Wright's girl in the spring. She had a few pounds in savings bank, so had he, and their things be fine and new."

Adela knew that by the cottage Sally meant their old home.

"I think I should like to have a room there," she

They went to the cliff together; found Mrs. Hart, a comely young woman, bustling about to tidy her place, and soon made arrangements for Adela's board and lodging.

After that Adela bade Sally good-bye; called the faithful Jock, and started for a long walk by the cliffs, westward. She had the feeling that day that she must get severely bodily tired, or that she would never be able to rest. She could not lose the sorrowful impression of Herbert's face as she had last seen it. She could not conquer the intense desire to know how he was, what he was doing, if he was grieved and vexed with her for her abrupt departure.

That evening she wrote a letter to Mrs. Simpson, the housekeeper at Bracklesby, "I have not quite so much resolution as I thought," she wrote. "Don't be afraid, dear Mrs. Simpson, I can keep away—I wild keep away; but I must hear how your young master is. Add to your many kindnesses by sending me one

line. If you are able to say he is well, I shall, perhaps, find heart to sleep and eat, and set about something."

Four dreary days passed away before she received an answer to this. It was from no unkindness on the part of Mrs. Simpson—rather the reverse. Herbert was ill. She had been to nurse him in his cottage lodgings, and she was afraid to write until she could give a favourable report.

But he began to mend slowly, and she sent word that Mr. Herbert had certainly not been well. Miss Maffeo had, of course, heard that he was delicate. He was better, however, and it was said in the neighbourhood that he would soon join his family in Switzerland.

Over this letter Adela tried hard to rejoice. Herbert had felt, as she had done, the pang of separation; but now he was recovering. He had recognised the inevitable, and had made up his mind to face it courageously. She must do the same. She tried to take up her former occupations. Mrs. Simpson, at her request, had sent her boxes to the Castle. She unpacked a few books and drawing and working materials. She wandered about the coast, sketching pretty points of view. She made a little botanical collection, and tried to take a scientific interest in the shelves and the rocks. She read desperately hard books, setting herself to master them as if her life depended upon it. She also entered into the lift of the fisher-folk, and tried to make some return for their long kindness to her by rendering them many a little thoughtful service.

So six long weeks passed. The glorious summer went by; the purple heather faded on the downs above the sea; there were gorgeous sunsets, of crimson and gold; and a broad yellow harvest-moon hung above the golden fields of grain that were ready for the sickle. As the year advanced, Adela's heart sank.

"I think I ought to find another place," she said on one of these days to Sally, who had been moaning over her pale cheeks. "I have too much time to think here."

"And it isn't the kind of life for such as you,"
Sally replied. "But there! you be safe at Coombe,
and that's more than you'd be in the wicked world.
Hev you spoken to Mr. Sargent, the minister, lass?"

"I spoke to him yesterday. He has told me of something."

"Be it governessing?"

"No, Sally; I'm afraid I could not manage that again yet. They want a nurse at the Children's Hospital in London. I think of going into training for the post. You don't look satisfied; but you see, Sally dear, I must do something useful, and something I can manage; and it is only when I am with children that my mind is at all free."

Sally shook her head despondently; but she could not suggest anything better. "The minister's a wise man," she said; "may-be it's a call; but you're not the sort to spend a lifetime over sick folks' beds, even if they be children, and as pretty as angels, Miss

Addy. Wait a bit longer here; you've not had time to recover like."

This advice Adela was compelled to take, since there appeared to be no vacancy in the training-school for nursing, to which Andrew Sargent had applied on her behalf. In the course of a month or two, the principal wrote, they might have room for another pupil. At the moment she could enter into no arrangement.

It had been Adela's own desire to leave Coombe, yet when this news came it seemed to her like a reprieve. To go into the world again was like losing herself—putting the inevitable between her future and her past.

The nights were the times when she suffered most, for then there was nothing to distract her mind from her trouble; then Herbert's face, as she had seen it last—so pale, so resolute and sad—would haunt her, and she would question the wisdom of the course she had taken—for night he not look upon her flight as a desertion? Was it right or fair of her to take the law into her own hands, and leave him without warning? Might it not be that, while thinking to save his life, she was actually ruining it?

On one of these autumn nights thought became too hard and bitter for her to endure. She tossed about till dawn, and very early in the morning crept down the little ladder which led to her eyric, crossed the kitchen on tip-toe, and went out. The sky was grey, the wind swept keenly by, and the waves of the sea beat restlessly against the rocks. It was a dreary scene, and the young girl, as she stood looking out with her pale cheeks and heavy sleep-hungry eyes, was a figure singularly in harmony with it.

Both the morning and the woman looked as if they wanted the sun to kiss them into life. But the fresh morning air had always an invigorating effect upon Adela. After she had drawn two or three deep breaths she went in search of her bonnet and shawl, and started for a walk along the cliffs. She tried to rally herself out of her depression. "It's really absurd," she said, half-aloud, "to be so dependent as I am now upon the weather."

Then, as the clouds lifted, showing tracts of pale colour in the east, she reflected that after all the day was not so much in fault, and hurried on, hoping by rapidity of movement to stifle the thoughts which were maddening her. She climbed the steep path that led to the downs. The valleys were in deepest shadow; but a hill-top here and there caught the first rays of the sun and shone like a beacon.

Adela did not stop to notice anything. She felt that morning like a hunted creature, pursued by some vengeful fate.

As she passed the row of fisher-huts on the cliff, Jock, who always slept with one eye open, joined her, and she was glad. Even the company of this dumb creature was some distraction to her torturing fancies. Presently they gained the high road. To the left hand was a lovely wooded valley, separated from the road by a low fence; to the right were the rolling downs and the sea,

Jock ran hither and thither, barking, sniffing at trees and roots, rushing through groups of half-awake sheep, with a subtle pretence of not seeing them, and behaving generally as if he believed that this morning's walk had been got up for his special entertainment.

Adela watched him absently. His gambols were beginning to take her mind from her sad thoughts. All at once he stood still, gave a short quick bark, and disappeared in the wooded valley. Supposing he had scented a rabbit, and was hunting it, Adela called him back sharply. She heard his whine far below her.

"Now the silly creature has been caught in a trap," she said, and, leaping over the fence which separated the road from the wooded slope, she clambered down after him, not without difficulty. "Jock," she cried out, as she went, "you silly old dog, where are you?"

He answered by a short sharp bark. She followed the direction of the sound. For one moment she paused to look down through the greenery. Could there be a lovelier spot in all the world than this open green glade by the flashing river? One glorious beech, its light foliage yellowing already with the dying year, rose in the midst, and beneath the beech, seated on a variegated carpet of green and crimson moss and brown leaves, was a tiny woodman's hut; and as for the view the hut commanded, how lovely it was, with the flashing white cascade for a central point, and on either side of the river rocks piled up fantastically, their every crevice filled with trailing grasses, ferns, yellow poppies, and wild vetches, with a dark mysterious-looking pool down below, and overhead a green firmament beneath the blue!

Adela sighed. Beautiful places had often now a saddening effect upon her mind. She was thinking of how lovely a home she and Herbert could have made in such a spot as this.

By this time she had lost sight of Jock, but she went on, calling him as she went.

All at once he darted out from the hut, flew at her, caught her dress in his mouth, and darted in again, barking.

Adela's heart beat a little faster than usual, for she now felt convinced that Jock's singular behaviour meant something. She went round to the front of the hut, then, detecting the sound of movement inside, held back nervously.

Jock barked again, a joyous bark this time, and, with a great and terrible cry, Adela sprang forward.

White, gaunt, haggard, with a look of hunger in his face, and his slender frame unnaturally bent, her Herbert stood before her. Then Herbert spoke—feebly, with eyes of fond reproach fixed on Adela's face—

"Why did you leave me, dear? Don't you know I cannot live without you?"

"What have you been doing?" she cried out.
"What have you been doing? You look so ill."

"And your beautiful colour has all gone, my Adela. Were you so silly as to leave your poor lover, and then fret yourself to death about him?"

"Herbert, I cannot have you talk. Come away with me. You must be looked after at once. Oh, dear! I think my heart will break. And were you really out there all night, my poor darling?"

"I arrived yesterday evening. I got as far as this, and I could get no further. Somebody told me Coombe was two miles away."

"Stay here. I will fetch a carriage or cart. Oh, Jock! you best of clever dogs, to find him! I will love you for ever and ever. Herbert, I hear wheels. Let me run; it will take me exactly two minutes to reach the top of the hill. Do not hold me so fast. My beloved, I give you my word I will never forsake you again."

"Your hand on that, Adela!"

She gave her hand, and she gave her lips; but her heart was aching all the time, he looked so much more like dying than living.

When they had thus greeted one another, he consented that she should leave him, to seek for help, and now her feet outran her thoughts. In less time than it takes to write, she was clambering from root to root, clutching at the long grasses and tufts of faded bracken to help her ascent, swinging herself along by the low branches of the trees that clothed the hillside. It did not actually take her much more than two minutes to reach the fence that separated the valley from the road. Then she paused for a few seconds, struggling for breath. A great heavy waggon came lumbering along the road. She began to make frantic gestures to the waggoner to hasten on. appearance would have been quite enough to stop him had she said never a word. Bareheaded, wildeyed, her dress hanging in tatters, her hands torn with brambles and thorns, breathless, and with the richest red colour in her cheeks and lips, Adela presented as great a contrast to the quiet, sedate, melancholy-looking girl, who for the last few weeks had been haunting these valleys and downs, as can possibly be imagined.

Joe Dale, the ancient waggoner, was, as it happened, an old friend of hers. He pulled up his horses and looked at her in amazement.

" If it bean't Addy Maffie," he ejaculated, slowly.
"What be it, lass?"

"Oh, Joe," she cried, "I am so glad to see you. There is a gentleman here who is ill. He was out all night. When I went for a walk early this morning I found him. He can't walk as far as Coombe; you must take him. Dear Joe, I know you have a kind heart; you were always so good to me. Let me stand by your horses, while you go and help him up,

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<sup>&</sup>quot;Herbert!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Adela!"

That was all they could say for the first few moments, the wonder, almost terror, of this instant was so great,

Do you see, he is trying to climb the hill? Joe, if you love me, make haste. He will kill himself."

The old man, who had been one of Jan Geen's greatest friends, looked from Adela to the hill, then back again, gave utterance to a long low whistle, passed his hand over his mouth, and smiled; after which preliminaries he addressed an authoritative "Whoa!" to his horses and crossed the fence. Adela was in a fever. She thought her old friend the most hard-hearted person in the world for not rushing down the hill as she had rushed up it. She followed Joe, however, and was comforted to find that, slowly as he appeared to move, she could not keep up with him.

Herbert looked very worn when they reached him, but there was an expression of utter happiness in his

face.

"I am ever so much better," he said to Adela; "but that hill was almost too much for me."

She told him he ought not to have attempted it; he might have known she would be back in no time; and after that she would allow not another word until they were both seated safely in the waggon. Jock went triumphantly before them, barking defiance at every creature of his own species that he met; the waggoner, cracking his whip thoughtfully, from time to time walked beside his team; the lovers were perched high on the waggoner's seat, and the morning glory of sea and sky and hills, mantled with colour, was before them. Since the world began was there ever such a lovely beginning of bliss?

Adela thought not; others have thought the same before. They were put down, at her request, by the gate which was nearest to the side-entrance of the Castle.

"We must walk a little way," Adela said anxiously to Herbert; "do you think you are able for it?"

He professed himself able for everything.

"Come, then," she said, linking her arm in his. She was glad it was early, and few people were about the place. She did not wish that they should be looked at; she could not have borne, she thought, that any one should question her or him. In fact, that little transit through garden and yard was the worst part of the whole journey. Fortunately, Herbert was passive; he gave himself into her hands without reserve. They entered the house by a side-door, which was happily open. Sally Geen's little housekeeper's room was close by. Adela peeped in; no one was there, not even Sally; but a snowy cloth was on the table, and Sally's breakfast of toast and butter, eggs and tea stood ready.

Sally herself was out in the yard bargaining with a farmer's wife for some hens.

"I am desperately hungry, and so are you, I know, my poor darling," said Adela, looking at her lover tremulously. "Don't say you are not. That would be cruel to me."

"I ought to be," he said. "I thought I was."

To please her, he drank a cup of tea, and ate some toast. Then Adela heard Sally's step and voice, ran out, and stood at the door of her room, holding it shut,

That she should come to breakfast with her fostermother was no surprising matter. But Sally, like Joe, was astonished by her appearance. She stopped short, sent away the young servant, whom she had been lecturing; and asked Adela if anything was the matter.

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"Yes," said the girl, in a low voice, with hurried accents. "The man I love is in there. Dear Sally, don't look so seared. I brought him here to you that he might be taken care of. He came to look for me; he has been out all night. I am afraid he is very ill. This is the only place about where he could be looked after properly."

"But, Addy, my lass-"

"Sally, I know you have a master. If you had a hundred masters, it would be just the same. You could not allow him to die, you know. I am afraid he will die in any case" (she burst into tears); "but you and I will do what we can to prevent it. Now come, we must waste no more time."

They did not. A doctor was sent for. Herbert was put to bed. He had never rightly recovered from the shock he had experienced on the evening of his encounter with Mr. Gaveston Smith. Disappointment and loneliness had prevented him from rallying, as he generally did, after such attacks. Lying alone in his cottage lodgings, it had occurred to him suddenly that if Adela knew his condition, she would return to him in spite of everything. He determined to find her.

When he rose from his bed, and dressed feebly, it is probable that the fever from which he was suffering was still in his blood. But he accomplished the journey safely, and set out to walk in the direction, where, as he was told, the little village of Coombe was to be found. There, in the evening of the day before Adela found him, his strength failed.

He had taken the valley-road. As the day waned, he came upon the fairy-like glade by the river, saw the woodman's hut, and crept into it to die, as he thought

He might have died, had not Jock found him in time; and it was pitiful to see how Adela, so soon as she was told that there was hope of Herbert's recovery, took ragged Jock in her arms, and kissed him, and wept over him, and talked such sweet nonsense to him that the old dog, though he did not altogther object to it, certainly thought her head was turned.

The romantic story was soon known through the village, and beyond it. Even Sally's master, a dry old bachelor, wrote to his housekeeper, and commended what she had done, begging that the young gentleman might continue to have every attention, "and if they marry, as I suppose they will now," he wrote, "let me know the day. The young lady is my poor cousin's adopted daughter. If she permit, I will give her away."

Sir Wilfrid Mountmorris kept his word. When Herbert recovered, and the eve of the wedding arrived, he went himself, with a kind old maiden sister, to Seaford Castle, and received the bride as his guest. They took her to the church in their fine old family coach. Herbert walked there quietly from the cottage where he had spent the past few days; and after the ceremony, when they were driving away to the small house at no great distance, which the artist had been preparing for his bride, the good-natured baronet put an envelope in Adela's hand, which was found to contain no less than a hundred pounds.

"To prevent a pair of foolish young people from starving in Arcadia," he wrote.

So, all things taken into consideration, Adela's marriage was not wanting in honour or observance.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

QUIET DAYS

It is very seldom in this world that our expectations are fully gratified. In most cases the real falls wofully short of the ideal. But for once real and ideal touched.

On their wedding-day Herbert and Adela entered upon a life together, which charmingly realised the picture they had imaged when she was a poor governess and he, as she supposed, an artist working for his livelihood.

They had their picturesque little cottage within sound of the sea; their small vegetable and flowergarden, which their own hands tended; the tiny studio under the roof, with loveliest outlook at all seasons, where he wrought with his tools and she with needle and pencil; one tidy village maiden, whom Adela had known from infancy, to wait upon them; a rough little pony and a small spring cart to be used for shopping in the town, and for excursions on days of festival; and a little boat in a rocky cove, of which they made use when their imagination lated, and they needed to be inspired or stimulated.

Their greatest anxiety was Herbert's health, which continued delicate; but their regular life, with its daily but not too severe labour, had a restorative effect upon him. The doctor who had attended Herbert during his illness made Adela very happy by saying that no life could be better fitted to strengthen such a constitution as her husband's.

Even about "ways and means," that terribly vexed question, these favoured beings had no uneasiness. Sir Wilfrid Mountmorris's wedding gift, their joint savings, and the money bequeathed to Adela by her first patroness, more than sufficed for their wants during the ear.', days. Meanwhile, the artistic tastes of both developed, and, as Herbert had good introductions amongst the buying public, the day came when his wife's embroideries and his own carvings never failed to find a market.

It was well they had these resources, for Mr. Lacy kept his word. Between him and his eldest and favourite child the separation was as great as if death had already divided them. When there came the letter which announced Herbert's marriage, he openly declared his intention of making Douglas his heir, and sternly forbade any member of his family from holding communication of any kind with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lacy.

His wife and eldest daughter obeyed him. Ada at once declared her intention of acting for herself, and a long and affectionate correspondence was carried on between her and Adela, who was not, of course, told of Mr. Lacy's prohibition. But Ada's father never knew she had disobeyed him in the matter, and Mrs. Lacy stood too much in awe of her headstrong young daughter to interfere with her freedom of action. Even had she desired to thwart her generally, she might have hesitated here, for Ada was always gentler, better, and more submissive, when she had just received a letter from her brother or sister in Devonshire, than she was at any other time,

And, in fact, as weeks glided into months, and months into years, Mrs. Lacy became more incapable of managing her children and her house. "I cannot think what has come over poor mother," Ada wrote. "She has grown so thin, and she cares for nothing."

In Adela's answer she urged strongly upon Ada that she should show great love and tenderness to her mother. The young girl took her advice; then for some time Adela did not hear from Bracklesby At last-she and Herbert had then been married for about three years-there came a letter with a deep black border. It was from Ada, announcing her mother's death. "And I can never be too thankful," wrote the young girl, "that I took your advice. Poor mother depended upon me so at the last. She was helpless for a long time; and she could not bear any one but me about her. That is a comfort to think of now." After a few particulars regarding her mother's end, she said, "I think, bythe-by, that you do not yet know about Emily. She is engaged to be married to a certain Sir Francis Torrington. It is supposed to be a good match, and I believe papa is very well pleased. He is rich, of fairly good family, tolerable appearance, and immense stupidity. I don't dislike him, because there 's nothing about him definite enough to provoke such a feeling, nor could any one in their senses like him. Emily seems to be about as neutral as I am with regard to him; but then, as you know, she never had my craving for positive sensations. The principal way in which it affects me is that, when she marries-in about six months' time, I expect—I shall be undisputed mistress here, and I mean to refurnish and redecorate after my own ideas. I wish I had you and my dear old Herbert at hand to help my taste. I introduce Herbert's name sometimes in conversation with papa. I even ventured to tell him the other day about the birth of your little girl; but he shows not the slightest sign of relenting. Never mind! you and he are amongst the fortunate. You can make your own way. You love each other, and you want nothing from any of us. I hope Herbert

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will not think me silly if I say that I do believe it is partly his success in gaining an independence, which keeps papa so bitter against him. If you had been obliged to appeal to his compassion, he might possibly have forgiven you. Now, my most respected Mentor, do not say this is treason against my father. I do not mean it unkindly."

Adela wrote back with sympathy and condolence. Then, after another interval, came news of the preparations for Emily's marriage, and amusing anecdotes illustrative of Sir Francis Torrington's innmense stupidity. "I shall never marry a Sir anything," wrote the lively girl, "and certainly not a Sir who considers his Sir-dom all-sufficient for the purposes of life. I have a weakness for real men."

"And she will marry a man indeed," said Herbert, who took great delight in his sister's bright letters, " if she marries at all. Poor little Ada! I think most

men would be afraid of her."

"Not if they happen to be gifted with the very smallest knowledge of human nature," said Adela. "Ada will make a first-rate wife."

"To an idle gentleman?"

"She will only marry a worker."

"I hope so," Herbert replied.

The letters now became more frequent. Emily was married, Ada was mistress of her father's house, and the grand work of re-decorating and re-furnishing Bracklesby according to modern ideas was in full swing. "It will all be Herbert's some day," Ada wrote; "that stands to reason; our father could not possibly hold out. I think I see signs of a renewed intimacy with the De Montmorencys, who, you know, are Herbert's relatives on his mother's side. This must make paps wish to be reconciled with his eldest son. So, as everything will be yours, you ought to give me your advice."

Adela wrote, at Herbert's dictation, that he neither expected, nor wished, ever to inherit Bracklesby.

This displeased Ada, and she did not write for some little time. At last, however, there came a very thick letter in the familiar hand. The improvements at Bracklesby were still going on, and Ada wrote she had never enjoyed anything so much in her life as the task of superintending them. "I am convinced I have a talent in this line," she wrote. "I have the most novel ideas; they come to me generally at night, and I jump up and put them upon paper at once. Then we carry them into execution, and not one of them has been a failure. When I say 'we,' I allude to myself and the workmen. Their superintendent-manager of the artistic department in the firm working for us-is a gentleman-like person, of excellent address, not at all displeasing in his appearance, and extremely intelligent. He and I have long conversations together. I can put the utmost confidence in him; he never makes a mistake or does anything stupid. I fancy, from his appearance and manners, that he is well born. I mean to ask him to tell me his history some of these days."

A week later another letter came,

"I am so happy," wrote the girl; "full of business from morning till night. I seem to have got out into another world. To me it is a perfect delight to be amongst really busy people. I have heard the British workman abused. I should just like you to see how these grand fellows work. But then, Mr. Hartley and I are always about, encouraging, supervising, and preventing mistakes. Mr. Hartley is the manager, whom I mentioned in my last letter. The worst of it is that one cannot go on for ever decorating and furnishing a single house, however large it may be, and what I shall do when all this delightful business is over I really cannot imagine."

"Poor little Ada! she wants a nook in the world very badly," Herbert observed, when he read this

letter.

"And I think she will find it soon," replied Adela, who began to have vague suspicions. They were so vague, however, that she dared say or do nothing. She wrote to Ada a letter full of the most friendly

sympathy, and waited for further news.

This time several weeks slipped by before the young girl wrote again. In the meantime a boy was born to the little cottage home; a small Herbert, with his mother's eyes and hair, and his father's look in his face-an extraordinary and altogether marvellous creature, the possession of which made Adela's cup seem to overflow with gladness. This event was published in the morning papers, for Herbert said, "It is right both to my father and my son that it should be known to everybody." The announcement had one effect, at least; it brought from Ada a letter of congratulation, which was a letter of confession as well. "I wonder what Herbert will say," she wrote, "when he hears that I am engaged to be marriednot to a mock-working man like himself, but to a real working man. Can you guess? Yes, I am sure you can! It is Mr. Hartley-Joseph, by-the-by, is his Christian name. Let me say, par parenthèse, that I never intend to call him Joe. Adela, dear, I am jesting with my eyes full of tears. Papa, of course, casts me off. I never expected him to do anything else, and I have been lectured, cajoled, threatened, abused in turns, by every one who knows me, till I am sick and tired. Mrs. Merton has dared to say that it is positively indecent. Fortunately, when she made the remark, I was still mistress of my father's drawingroom, and I had the satisfaction of showing my lady out. But, after all, is it so dreadful a thing that I have done? Joseph is a perfect gentleman in all his ways. He is clever, intelligent - even accomplished. He draws admirably, plays the violin to perfection, and has the most perfect taste. Certainly he neither dances nor rides (except occasionally on a bicycle), and I gather, from what he says, that he has never But is this dishandled a gun in his life. graceful ignorance? I may be uncommonly stupid, but I am under the impression that it is creditable to him. Joseph's father was a naval officer in Her Majesty's service, who died young, leaving his wife and child with a very small provision. Mrs. Hartley could not afford to educate her son as a gentleman, and she apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker. Joseph made up his mind that, if he was to be a mechanic, he would be a good mechanic, and he would consent to

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mained between us for ever. Save for a little more encouragement than I would have given to one supposed to be of my own standing, Joseph would never have asked me the important question."



"The stranger . . . bowed and offered his hand,"-p. 206.

no half-and-half life—a gentleman now and a mechanic then. For my own part I think that there was something fine in this. But he is a working man, I am told, and I am a young lady, and a whole world of conventionalities, politenesses, and proprieties ought, by rights, to lie between us. I only know that, but for the fact that I am pretty audacious when I make up my mind to anything, this disagreeable world would have re-

Thus far husband and wife had read together without remark. Then Herbert put down the letter.

"I wonder," he said, smiling at his wife, "if your thoughts and mine have taken the same direction."

"I think they have," replied Adela. "You would like to invite Ada here, and see her Joseph for yourself."

"Right, as usual, little wife."

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But, after Herbert had spoken, he looked away, and there came a serious expression into his face.

"If I were like other men," he said, gravely, "I would not hesitate for a moment,"

"Herbert, darling," cried his wife, "do not speak

so; you will break my heart."

Adela's voice trembled, and the tears filled her eyes. She knew too well what her husband meant. Though much stronger than he had ever been before, Herbert did not believe his life would be long, and the question whether it would be right and prudent for his wife's and children's sakes in the future to do anything which might serve to widen the breach between himself and his father had naturally arisen in his mind.

"Dearest," he said, softly, "we shall have to face it some day."

"You are feeling worse, Herbert?" she faltered.

"Not worse, at present. But to return to Ada. I am possessed with an idea that this marriage will be the poor child's salvation; and, with all her faults, she is a noble creature. It is a pity she should be spoiled. If we could only see the man before we write to her again——"

"Let us ask him to pay us a visit,"

"We do not know his address, and to take such a step would be to put ourselves at once on Ada's side. She may be wrong, you know. Mr. Hartley may be——"

"Mammy, mammy! look! dere's a man!" interrupted the little two and a half years old daughter, who was standing on her tiny arm-chair beside the window. Adela looked out.

"Yes, Herbert; a gentleman," visitors were rare at the cottage, "come to see your carvings, most likely."

"I will take him to the work-room," said Herbert, rising.

A quarter of an hour later Herbert returned to his wife's sitting-room with so radiant a face that she thought he must have been making an unusually good sale.

"What have you done with the gentleman?" she asked.

"He is in my work-room," was the answer. "I want you to see and speak to him. Take careful note of everything. Give me your impressions faithfully when he has gone."

This was a solemn preamble to an introduc-

Supposing, however, that the visitor was some person of note, Adela asked no questions, but followed her husband to his work-room.

He was standing near the window when she went. The first thing that struck her was his size. She thought their little studio had never seemed so small before.

Herbert introduced her, and the stranger turning in her direction a deeply bronzed face, which Adela thought not handsome, but unusually interesting, bowed and offered his hand.

"A traveller or man of science," was Adela's conclusion, when she had exchanged a few words with their visitor; "certainly not an ordinary person," was her further mental comment,

(To be continued.)

## CONSECRATED WOMANLY GENIUS.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.



the roll of honoured names connected with the great religious revival of the eighteenth century, that of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, holds a worthy place. The century was very young when she first saw the light. Lady Selina was born on August 24th, 1707, being the second daughter of Washington Shirley, Earl Ferrers. This ancient family

traced its pedigree up to the reign of Edward the Confessor; and had been allied to the royal family of England by marriage. As a very young child the little Selina was very thoughtful, and accustomed herself to pray over every difficulty and worry. At nine years of age she was much impressed by the spectacle of a child's funeral, and falling

on her knees, she offered up an carnest supplication that her last hour might be a happy one. This serious spirit distinguished her during all those early years of girlhood and young woman-

Lady Selina Shirley was married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, in June, 1728, and still exemplified in her changed position the same serious habits. She attended to the wants of the poor on her husband's estates, statedly performed her religious duties in private, and constantly attended on public worship. She was presented at Court, and took some part in the fashionable amusements of the day, but never with any real relish. She always felt too deeply the responsibilities of existence to do this, and strove to work out her own salvation thus, "with fear and trembling."

But the light of evangelical truth was to dawn on her heart and life. The preaching of White-

field and the Wesleys became matter of public notoriety and wonder, and the ladies of the house of Hastings, the Countess' sisters-in-law, hastened to listen to the new doctrines. Lady Margaret Hastings first received the truth "in the love of it," and hesitated not to use her influence with Lady Huntingdon to lead her in the same path. In conversation one day, the former lady remarked that, "since she had known and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." The Countess pondered over this continually, and feeling more and more her sinful and lost condition before God, strove to effect a reconciliation to Him by her own works and self-denying austerities. She practised these for some time, seeking justification by them; but the more she strove the more she felt how sinful and unworthy she was before the eyes of Him who reads the secrets of all hearts.

Shortly after this she fell dangerously ill, and was brought to the brink of the grave. Death became a terror to her, and the morality and good works upon which she had hitherto relied, now presented themselves to her mind as "sandy foundations." "Her best righteousness," says her biographer, "now appeared to be but 'filthy rags,' which, so far from justifying her before God, increased her condemnation. The remorse which before attended conscience on account of sin, respected only the outward actions of her life; but now she saw that her heart was 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' and that 'the thoughts of man's heart are only evil continually.' When upon the point of perishing, the words of Lady Margaret came again to mind, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing every other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. From her bed she lifted up her heart to the Saviour with this prayer, and immediately all her distress and fears were removed, and she was filled with joy and peace in believing."

With the dawn of new peace, and marvellous blessedness, came a sense of new responsibilities, and important duties. Lady Huntingdon never dreamt of being ashamed of her Lord and Master, or of hiding the gift she had received under a She determined to become more selfdenying, more charitable, more constant in good works, and more earnest for the salvation of others. As soon as she rose from her bed of sickness, she sent a message to the Wesleys, assuring them of her sympathy with them, and of her desire to co-operate with them in the glorious work of saving sinners. She also These attended closely on Whitefield's ministry. preachers were most unpopular; the term "Methodist" was applied to them, in reproach and contempt; while fashionable society looked down upon them as half-mad enthusiasts. But the prospect of being classed with them in this Methodism, and enthusiasm, or of sharing in their contumely, did not restrain her. She attended the preaching also of the Wesleys, in Fetter Lane, very frequently accompanied by her noble husband, who although not possessing the views held by his wife, respected sterling piety. Not content with securing her husband's attendance at these services, she endeavoured to persuade her distinguished friends and acquaintances to listen to the preachers as well. In many cases she received polite yet sneering denials to her invitations; but in others she succeeded; and not a few were brought to the Cross, in weeping penitence, as the result of her efforts. The Duchess of Buckingham, although she went to hear, wrote thus, in response to Lady Huntingdon's invitation:-"I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinetured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.

Notwithstanding the opprobrium cast upon the preachers, they were frequently entertained at Donnington Park, as honoured guests. When in this country home, she ministered liberally and lovingly to the spiritual and temporal needs of all on the estate, both workmen and tenants. As is usually the case, however, wherever great piety and great influence exist, enemies arose, to mar, if possible, her influence, and to prejudice "the powers that be" against her. Still, although spoken against by some, she was secretly honoured. Her biographer tells us :- "One day at court, the Prince of Wales inquired of Lady Charlotte Edwin, where Lady Huntingdon was, that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and turning to Lady Charlotte, said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me with her, up to heaven.

About this time, the Countess passed through severe trials. Two sons, aged respectively eleven and fourteen years, were cut off by small-pox, and within two or three years after, the Earl, her husband, was cut off, leaving her a widow, with two sons and two daughters to educate. These bereavements only served to bind her more closely to Him who has promised to be a "husband to the

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widow, and a Father to the fatherless." She strove by sympathy and actual work to further God's cause among the people; and to the end that she might reach her neighbours and acquaintances more effectually, appointed the Rev. Geo. Whitefield to be her chaplain. On two days weekly, Lady Huntingdon's drawing-rooms were filled with the nobility, to listen to his stirring appeals; and on one day weekly he preached in the kitchen to the poor. Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke were among the company who attended these drawing-room meetings, and although these gentlemen themselves

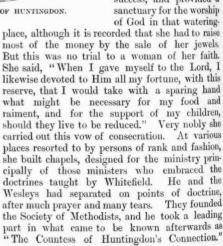
resisted the power of the Word, yet it is recorded that several of their relatives and friends yielded to the claims of the Gospel, and lived exemplary and Christian lives. In consequence, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Fanny Shirley afterwards opened their houses in London and Bath for At the preaching. coming of age of her son, the young Earl of Huntingdon, the Countess vacated Donnington Hall, and went to reside in Ashby. After this she moved her residence to Bristol, London, Bath, and other places, but in all these temporary habitations she kept before her the great object of serving Christ, and furthering His cause. To her charity, Dr. Doddridge bore witness:-

"Lady Huntingdon," said he, "is quite a mother to the poor-she visits them, and prays with them in their sicknesses; and they leave their children to her for a legacy when they die, and she takes care of them." With all these duties, she maintained constant communication with ministers of various denominations, from the Archbishop of Canterbury downward, respecting the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. To one of these dignitaries, Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, she wrote several times, seriously reproving him for the balls and fashionable routs then given by him at the episcopal palace. But instead of receiving this proof kindly and meekly, Dr. Cornwallis violently abused her ladyship, and caused a complaint to be brought before the young king, George III. As usual, Lady Huntingdon confidently appealed to royalty for that protection which seemed denied her at the hands

of the Episcopal bench. After hearing what the Countess had to say, George III. replied:—"I have been told so many odd stories of your ladyship that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women; and I am happy in having an opportunity of assuring your ladyship of the very good opinion I have of you, and how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal, and your abilities, which cannot be consecrated to a nobler purpose." The king further wrote a severe letter to the Archbishop, admonishing him as to his conduct, and remarked to one of the bishops that,

"He wished there were a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom." Thus for her faithfulness she was honoured by the highest authority in the land.

Lady Huntingdon included in the list of her ministerial and clerical friends and fellow-labourers, Romaine, Venn, Fletcher, Grimshaw, Berridge, Townshend, Haweis, Toplady, and many other learned and pious divines. She recognised all who strove to win souls for Christ as "fellow-helpers," and consecrated her time, her means, and her personal influence to the same She laboured object. among the soldiers at Brighton with much success, and provided a





SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S DRAWING-ROOM.

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This circumstance, united with the presence of great need, at any place, impelled her to build chapels, and invite good and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ to come and preach in them. In this way she obtained the frequent services of the preachers before named, while other noted men, such as Matthew and Mark Wilks, Mr. Hawkesworth, John Clayton, and others, commenced their ministry in that connection. Rowland Hill will be remembered as a distinguished minister of that body. It was her ladyship's desire that the Church of England liturgy should be read in her chapels; and this custom is continued down to the present day.

Chapel-building led to the erection of a college, in order to train labourers. The Countess wrote, "I know not which way to turn, I have so many applications from the people in various parts of the kingdom for more labourers." This college was founded at Trevecca, in North Wales, and opened by the Rev. George Whitefield, on August 24th, 1768; with the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, for its first president. This college was transferred to Cheshunt, in August, 1792, and still exists for the training of young men for the Christian ministry. To this day, it is a rule of the College that the students educated there shall be left free in their choice of the denomination of Christians among whom they may prefer to exercise their ministry. The Countess built sixty-four chapels in all, and created a trust for the support of her college and chapels, after her decease. Not only thus was she a public benefactor, but she expended large sums, in private charities, of which no account could ever be taken. It is calculated that she gave to various public undertakings, and private charities, upwards of a hundred thousand pounds; besides spending many years in the most devoted personal Christian service.

At last, however, her time came to depart. In November, 1790, when the Countess had passed her eighty-third birthday, she broke a blood-vessel, and was in imminent danger of speedy death. But she was quite patient, collected, and happy. "All is well-well for ever," she said to her friends, who collected in alarm round her. She was then residing at Spafields, London, and although reduced to very feeble health, she employed herself much in planning missionary undertakings to the heathen, as well as in her ministerial engagements at home. Indeed, the correspondence and anxieties connected with these matters were often overpowering. Yet, when on her dying bed, her humility was most profound. She said, "How little could anything of mine give a moment's rest to the departing soul; so much sin and self mixed with the best; and always so short of what we owe. Let me be found accepted in the Beloved, and complete in Him."

In the midst of exceeding peace and joy, she passed away, to join the angel-band who serve Him, who was her Master, in His temple, without pain, or weariness, or misrepresentation. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was one of the few rich and noble, who followed the Lord fully, and whose memory shines out as a bright star in the annals of Christian England.

EMMA R. PITMAN.

#### HELPS TO PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

TO THE YOUNG.



FEW words to you, my friends, will not, I trust, be out of place. They shall be kind words, the words of one who remembers that he was once young himself, and who knows something of the difficulties which usually belong to Christian Boyhood and Christian Girlhood. To be a young disciple of

hood. To be a young disciple of Christ is perhaps somewhat rare, but there is an untold blessing belonging to such a character; for not only is it possible to seek the Saviour, and to find Him early in the dawn of life, but there is a promise that such will obtain the special favour of God. We read in Scripture of a Samuel and a Timothy, who gave their young hearts to the Lord before the world filled them with its deadly poison. And happy will it be if such is your case, happy if you are

disposed to give your best and freshest days to the service of Him Who has so high a claim upon you.

But although it is a happy thing to serve God, it is no easy thing. The world is against us. Everything around us seems to draw us the other way. Many of our friends are often hinderers to us, instead of being helpers. Satan, too will not be content to lose his hold of us. Ay, and there is within us a treacherous heart which is ever ready to depart from God—far more ready to do evil than to do right. Do you not, then, need a strength greater than your own? Do you not want help from above to enable you to succeed? You are like one who has to swim against the stream; like a bird that would take a high flight, but has a weight upon its wings, which hinders it from soaring upwards. Let me then take you by the hand, and give you a little seasonable advice.

Give me your confidence, and let me whisper a

few timely words in your ear.

To begin with, I would counsel you to pray much. For it is prayer that brings down a blessing from above. Prayer unites us with God; prayer brings Jesus to our side; prayer gives us a new strength to overcome the world; prayer is the shield which turns aside the attacks of Satan.

Ever since you were a little child, I daresay it has always been your custom to kneel down and say some prayer or other-some words, perhaps, which your mother taught you, and which you have never forgotten. These words may be now of too childish a character. You may have outgrown them, and you now require something a little more advanced. Or the words which you use may be good words and right words, and yet if they come not from your heart they are worthless. Have you not often repeated them carelessly, and as a mere form? Have you not too often uttered the words when your heart was occupied with other things? You do not like to give up Prayer; but oh, what a poor unmeaning thing it often is; it never reaches the ear of God; it never prevails with Him.

Now let your prayers be real. Speak earnestly to God as your Father and your Friend. Shall I recommend you to use a written form of prayer, or to speak out the simple wants and feelings of your heart, expressing yourself in your own words? It matters not, so that you speak from your heart. Some prefer the one, and some the other, plan. Both are acceptable to God, so long as you pray

with real earnestness.

I would also advise you to make a practice of reading the Bible daily. Ever so small a portion, if it be read devoutly and reverently, will do you good; it will feed your soul, and be a kind of spiritual meal. Your Bible reading should be at a fixed time, and you should let nothing interfere with it; for to deprive your soul of this means of grace is to starve it. And when you read, ask God to give you His Holy Spirit to teach you, and to bring home the precious truths of His word to your heart.

Let your Sundays be days of special profit and special enjoyment. Learn to love God's House, and to take a delight in His worship. A Sunday well spent will give a right tone to every day that follows. And further, if you have become a full member of the Church, come often to that Holy Communion which the Saviour has provided for

your spiritual health and growth.

I have two or three more things yet to say. Never be ashamed of being thought religious. Never chime in with those who are disposed to speak lightly and irreverently of holy things. Own Christ as your Master, and let it be plainly seen that you are His. Choose religious boys and girls for your companions; for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so sharpeneth a man the

countenance of his friend." Always kneel in church, whether those about you do so or not. Look upon your clergyman as the friend whom God has sent to teach you, and to help you on your way to heaven. Never waste your money; for you are God's steward. Never waste your opportunities; for they may never return. And never waste your time; for we have none to spare, and there is much to be done in our short lives.

Some will say to you, "There is time enough yet to think of another world. Enjoy this world for the present, and think of the future world a few years hence." Another will perhaps say, "Religion is not for the young and strong, but for the ailing and for the aged." But hearken not to such evil counsellors. Religion is for all alike, young and old, sick and healthy. And the sooner we heartily enter upon it the better.

And now I have done, as far as advice goes. What I desire for you is this: That you may be, not a grave, dull, and sorrowful Christian, but an earnest, holy, happy, and rejoicing Christian. I want you to be as happy as the day is long, but not to build up that kind of happiness which is like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," flaring up for an instant, and then passing away; but a happiness which will last and endure for ever.

I now commend you to God. May He bless you and take you into His holy keeping, shielding you from every danger, and making you to shine as a bright light in the midst of this dark world!

#### PRAYERS.

O Heavenly Father, look upon Thy poor weak servant, and give me health and strength from above. The way is difficult, but Thou canst make it easy. Show me the right path, and enable me to walk in it. Thou, O Saviour, hast led the way; oh, that I may follow Thy steps! I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast received me into Thy Church; make me a true and faithful member of Teach me how to pray. Pardon my past unworthy prayers, my wandering thoughts, and my want of faith in drawing near to Thee. Make the reading of Thy Word profitable to me. Be Thou Thyself my Instructor. What I know not, teach Thou me. Make Thy own day and Thy own house the joy and rejoicing of my heart. Give me a devout mind when I enter Thy courts, and may I come away refreshed and strengthened for my daily duties. Hear me, Heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake. AMEN.

Make me, O God, very watchful in my intercourse with others. In my family make me gentle and loving. In the world may I ever show a Christian spirit. May I be just and honest and truthful in all my dealings, anxious to be useful, and endeavouring to make others happy. Enable me to serve Thee here, and fit me day by day for Thy presence in heaven. Grant this for

Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

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## HOW THE DEBT WAS PAID.

A STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC.

CHAPTER I



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HE moon rode high, the stars gleamed and glittered in the broad light heavens, the waters of the Channel rippled and sparkled in the distance. It was a lovely night.

Ella hurried along the lonely road towards her pretty country home. She had been spending the evening with a sick friend.

"Oh, yes!" she murmured to herself, "I am determined to do it-all being well, that is! And how much, and how well people can do, when they are really determined!" . . . "There are a good many of us," she went on, standing still for a moment, in the earnestness of her cogitations, and seeming to be examining the flowers that grew in the hedge-bank that was on her left hand-"There are a good many of us, and not one is doing anything. If the boys were but older! never mind! Wishing is of no use; we must work. . . Yes, the money must be had, and we must earn it ourselves. Poor darling papa! how pleased he will be! . . . But how shall we earn it? Thirty-five pounds! And within a month, papa says, it must be paid. . . . They will all laugh at the very idea, I daresay. And I am sure I cannot myself see, at this present moment, how we are to get even five pounds, let alone thirty-five!

A pause, Ella was thinking deeply. But soon she continued—

"However, one thing I know, and that is that we must and will get the whole sum, and within the time, too, in one way or another"—and now there came a gentle reverence into her voice, as she added — "always if it pleases God. And I will ask Him to help us—again and again, as the Bible says that He likes to be asked; and He will help us."

Another pause. She was by this time hurrying on her way again. She had heard a little creaking and crackling, as of footsteps, on the other side of the hedge by which she walked; and for a moment the sound had alarmed her; but she had quickly forgotten it in following out her new and all-absorbing subject of thought.

"I am only a commonplace girl," she went on, once more. "I have no great talents to work upon;

but if I am really and truly and steadily determined, that may perhaps stand me in good stead. . . . Yes, father dear, I am young and foolish, I know; but I think I shall be able to help you, for all that. At least, I will try—from this very night—and with all my might! And I will get everybody else in the house to try; and we will—we must succeed! And then! O then!"

But now she heard that odd crackling behind the hedge again, and her soliloquy came to a sudden conclusion, and, gathering up her light skirt, she ran till she reached her own gate, and the next minute she was safely within the walls of home, sitting on the sofa in the little shabby parlour, and talking to them all—father, mother, brothers, and sisters—as they sat round the fire, with unwonted eagerness and enthusiasm.

But she had yet another listener, upon whom she certainly had not reckoned.

When she had been uttering her thoughts aloud, as she had walked along by the hedge-bank, the same listener had been walking on the other side, in the shadow.

At first he had only smiled mischievously. A handsome young fellow he was, with bearded face, battered cap, and ragged clothes. It was pleasant to him to hear a young girl's soft voice, after having spent more years than he cared to remember in the wilds of Australia, with only rough men for company; rough men who, many of them, at any rate, seemed to have lost the very memory of civilisation.

But he had grown interested. The mischievous smile had left his face; and when Ella had set off running, he had contrived, without being observed, to follow her.

And now he stood just outside, in the garden, beneath the parlour window, which was open a few inches, for the evening was warm. And with tall spikes of lavender, or great nodding white lilies brushing his face, as he bent, most unpardonably, both to listen and to observe, there he stood—as long as he pleased.

# CHAPTER II.

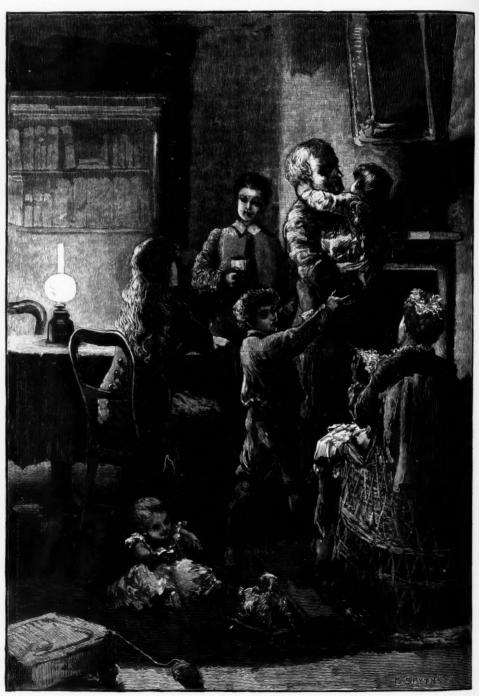
"You pay it, my child! How will you do what I, a grown man, find myself unable to do?" And Mr. Wright turned his prematurely aged and carelined face towards his daughter, and regarded her with a kind of mournful amazement.

And Ella answered, brightly, and yet tenderly—

"You have so long borne the burden and heat of the day, papa darling; no wonder, then, that you do not now feel able to do much."

And the young girl left the seat that she had taken when she entered, and went and knelt beside her father, looking up at him, and stroking his face

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"He took the little eager creatures up in his arms."-p. 213.

lovingly. And then she leaned her head against his shoulder, and continued—

"You have worked so hard, too, poor papa, so that you are at length beginning to feel quite tired out and disheartened; but I am young and strong and fresh, for I have had no hard and tiring work to do. We are all young and strong, and there are seven of us: it is time we began to work for our living. Do you hear that, boys and girls?"

And now Ella rose from her kneeling position, and stood by the table, her face kindling, her brown eyes flashing; while her mother and brothers and sisters desisted from their various employments to look at her, and to wonder what she could be going to say to them.

"And we will work for our living!" she exclaimed, with energy. "We will all work! And such a paltry miserable sum as thirty-five pounds shall trouble papa no longer. I am the eldest, and I will be leader, and set out the work—if we can all agree."

This was soon decided. They were all willing to follow where Ella led.

She talked on-eager, animated as ever-

"Nesta and I will go out to-morrow morning," said she, "and call at every house in the place, if possible, to obtain pupils for a new kind of school which we will open at once. We will teach English, and whatever else we are able; and mamma shall have a special class of girls to be instructed in cooking and housekeeping, as well as plain sewing, cutting out, etc. Every one knows that mamma is especially clever at housekeeping, and she will be sure to get plenty of pupils."

"And then we have a pretty good garden," put in Stephen, a handsome boy of fifteen, "and mother will be able to use the fruit and vegetables in the cooking lessons. And—and"—he hesitated a little, then went boldly on—"we might sell the pies and things, I should think, Ella. I would take charge of that part of the business, if you liked, and of the garden too—that is, I and the rest of us little ones together." And he smiled merrily. "There is no more disgrace," he added then, "in selling than in buying, that I can see, if only we take care not to cheat our customers."

Mother and father gave him a fond proud look, but neither spoke; and now Stanley, a bright little fellow of nine, had something to say.

"And we will weed the garden paths, Ella, and pull the radishes, and cut the mustard and cress, and make up baskets of flowers and fruit and vegetables for the market. Shall we do that?"

"That you shall," returned his sister, in pleasant encouraging tones, "if papa and mamma will allow it, at least. And we will be careful indoors, too, and save every penny we can spare, and sell whatever things we can reasonably do without, and we will not let any foolish pride stand in our way. Other people have no right whatever to interfere with us, we must remember that. And if any narrow-minded persons choose to imagine that, in

trying to do everything in our power to help our dear papa, we lower ourselves at all, we shall know what to think of them, that is all."

And now Nesta, the second daughter, had something to say, after which Ella once more continued—

"And every evening we will talk over all we have done during the day; and all the money we earn, and all the money we get in any way, we will put into a box; and when only four weeks have gone by, we hope to make papa a grand present of thirty-five pounds! And then think how joyful we shall all feel!"

The little ones were especially charmed with this bold idea, and forthwith brought out a tin box, which had been one of their joint treasures, and proceeded at once to drop in various contributions of pence and half-pence. And Stephen put in sixpence, and Nesta three shillings, and Ella a little more than that, and their mother all she could spare from her small private store: and their father a sovereign. And then he took the little eager creatures up in his arms, as they gathered round the box, exclaiming and delighted, and kissed them one after another, tears standing in his eyes the while.

After which they all knelt down together, father and mother and all, and prayed for a blessing upon their pleasant and hopeful plans.

And the watcher and listener outside went away greatly moved and impressed, as well as strengthened and braced up anew for the battle of life, which he had to fight, even as those to whom he listened. He, too, had been almost in despair. He, too, had, until now, failed, and failed again; but was that any reason why he should go on failing for the remainder of his life? No; rather it seemed to hint that he must be near the turning-point, and that welcome success would soon cheer and gladden him. And when a young girl had set him such an example of courage and determination, should he be a coward, and give way, allowing circumstances to guide him, instead of he them? No; the idea was a shame to his young manhood. He also would try what wise determination would do. He also would take opportunity by the forelock, and do with all his might whatever came to his hand to do.

#### CHAPTER III.

EVENING arrived.

The day's doings had been talked over; and, to Ella's great joy, her father had brought home five pounds to be added to the contents of the old tin box; other much smaller additions had also been made, obtained in various ways; and Ella was greatly elated. They had made an unexpectedly good beginning, she decided.

Knitting in hand (a Berlin wool comforter—she could not afford to waste a minute now), she ran down the road in the moonlight towards the home of her invalid friend, Miss Tate, and was soon sitting by her side, knitting away rapidly, and, at the same

time, giving a full account of all that she had done and planned within the last twenty-four hours,

Miss Tate was unusually well to-night, and presently it came out that she had also her little story to tell, of a change that had come over her quiet life since last evening. Her dear and only nephewalmost her only relative, indeed-had unexpectedly returned from Australia. He had been unfortunate, and declared that he was worth scarcely more than a few shillings at present.

"But," added Miss Tate, "he is strangely lighthearted, Ella, and as brave and determined as you are; and the greater the obstacles in his way, the more he seems to bristle up against them. He has been talking to me half the afternoon. You must see him, dear. I am quite sure that you would like him!"

"And so am I," returned Ella, with emphasis.

"I always like a man who is a man!"

Very nearly a month had gone by. Ella was on her way to Miss Tate's once more. The moon shone feebly from behind watery clouds this evening, and a drizzling rain was falling.

Ella carried no knitting to-night; her step was slow, and her tears were falling silently. All her energies had suddenly collapsed, and she was deter-

mined no longer.

She thought over the past happy weeks-for they had been happy. But they were over now. They had been far too sweet and fair and bright to last in a world like this, Ella told herself.

How they had all worked-her father and mother, and all the children, down to the very youngest; and how wonderfully they had prospered; and how fully and freely had their united prayer so far been answered!

The school had increased with almost unexampled rapidity; the garden had brought in double what they had expected; the class for housekeeping, cookery, etc., had proved a great success; Mr. Wright, encouraged by his children's loving help, had been more than commonly prosperous in one or two small business transactions, and had added again and again to the contents of the box; even the little ones had continued to bring their daily mites; and Ella had been the mainspring of all.

It had wanted but a few days to the time, and Ella had confidently reckoned upon having the entire sum ready, when there came a vexatious check to her efforts. Her father was suddenly called upon to pay the money at once. He had most unaccountably been mistaken-not only as to the time at which the debt fell due, but also in the amount. Fifty-five pounds, instead of thirty-five, he owed, and Ella was for the time in despair.

Her father, on the contrary, was wonderfully undisturbed and lighthearted.

"They must take what I have," he said to Ella, "and give me a little more time in which to pay the rest. Do not look so grave, dear child. You have

all done wonders; and your mother and I bless God every day that we have such good children. Why, within the last week or two, I seem to have taken a new lease of life and hope; and I feel as though I could over-ride any obstacle, however formidable. that might rise in my path; and I can laugh now at the idea of such a paltry debt having had the power to weigh me down so completely."

A growing friend-But Ella had another trouble. ship had sprung up, and quickly, between Miss Tate's newly-returned nephew, George Marsland, and herself. She had told him all her plans, and he in return had told her all his. And one day he had also told her of the evening on which he had first seen her, and how he had watched and listened at the window. And she had laughed and forgiven him; and the confession and forgiveness had been as added links in the chain of their friendship, which

had been rapidly ripening into love.

She had told him of her disappointment the evening before, and how the money would have to be paid to-day, and ought to have been ready a week before. And she had thought him silent and abstracted, and not very sympathising. And then, this morning there had come a troubled note from Miss Tate, telling that her nephew had suddenly left her; and that from a word he had let fall she thought that he must have had "quite a fortune left him by some one in Australia," or perhaps the fortune had been sent from Australia-Miss Tate's note was not very clear. But one thing was easily enough to be understood, and that was that Mr. George Marsland was returning to Sydney at once. He had left "love to all friends," but no special message to anybody. And Ella had felt hurt and offended, and finally miserably sad.

She had opened the gate, and was walking up Miss Tate's garden, when she saw a figure in the pathway. It was growing dusk, but she could not be mistaken, and she sprang joyfully towards him, crying out-" O George! George!"

The debt was paid, every penny of it. But who

had paid it? George answered the question long after his marriage with Ella, but he had managed so cleverly that no one had suspected him at the time. And that evening he only told her, as they walked up and down in the misty rain (which neither of them heeded in the least), all about his old "claim" in Australia, and how his friend and comrade whom he had left behind had promised to look after his interests, on his leaving the gold region for Sydney; and how his friend's care had now resulted in the arrival of a large sum of money. He would not return to Australia; that had been a mistake of his aunt's; and he was quite prepared to settle for life in England, if Ella would have him for a husband. If not, he declared that he could not say what might or might not become of him.

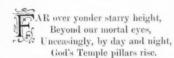
And how happy now was Ella! even though she

had not been allowed to finish her work! But our God will have His way; and we can only own that His way is always good. George and Ella and her friends had been abundantly blessed, and their brave determination owned, and good brought out of it,

though not exactly in the way they had expected. But upon this had followed more good, for they had been taught to hope and trust for the future, even in the darkest days, because the resources of our Heavenly Father are without bound or limit.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE LIVING TEMPLE.

(1 Kings vi. 7.)



No sound the wondrous work betrays, Nor axe nor hammer rings, But silently before His gaze The glorious fabric springs,

For here below the stones are found That form that building fair, Hewn in Life's quarries all around, And shaped with loving care.

On every side our hearts can hear The busy hand of fate, Through all creation far and near The strokes reverberate; Till perfect wisdom, patient toil,
Their destined end attain,
And the rough blocks of earth's poor soil
Their polished beauty gain.

Then up the winding stairs of light, To perfect fitness wrought, Into the Master-builder's sight The precious stones are brought,

There, through succeeding ages dim,
The living walls have grown,
Ascending still, and built on Him
Who is the Corner-stone;

Until an endless Sabbath rise
On work and labour past,
And beautiful in heaven's clear skies
The Temple stands at last!

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#### CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

HIS REVELATION OF GOD. (JOHN viii, 12.)

OES the man of science tell us that he cannot find in his crucible the glorious spiritual Being that we call God? How should he? It were just as rational for a surgeon to tell a jury that in his postmortem examination he has been unable to find the moral character of the affectionate father, the purioht tradesman.

to find the moral character of the affectionate father, the upright tradesman, the self-sacrificing philanthropist, the spiritual saint. How should he? Moral qualities are not found by physical analyses; purely spiritual, they appeal only to the moral sense. When the holy and loving God of the Lord Jesus Christ is set before me, it is the eye of the soul that sees and judges, that pronounces the conception true, and good, and Divine. The processes of science can demonstrate nothing concerning the character of God; only spiritual faculty can do that.

But the crowning characteristic of Christ's teaching was not only the being and presence of the personal God, but that God was a Father. He does not prove this either; He simply stands up and declares it. "Your Father in heaven" is

His characteristic phrase. In all His teachingsfrom the Sermon on the Mount to the last conversation in the upper room-it comes in like a refrain; it is as much His own phrase as "verily, verily I say unto you." He rarely calls Him God, Jehovah, the Almighty; such terms would be too lofty and distant. He says very little about His infinite attributes; He does not, like the Jewish prophets and Psalmists, declaim about the grandeur of God; He does not stand awed before God like the Jewish high priest; He does not minister to the feeling of awe, such as the sentiment of religion had come to be in the Jewish people; He did not make even God's righteousness and holiness His chief theme; He wanted to teach a larger idea of God, to inspire a more confident and tender feeling; and His great name for God was "Father; that He may bring Him very near to us, fill our lives with the sense of His loving presence. In the Sermon on the Mount alone, the designation occurs seventeen times, in His recorded sayings some two or three hundred times. He wished to make men feel that God was not merely an

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Almighty Creator, a Magisterial Ruler, but a life-giving Father; "My Father and your Father." "The Father of our spirits;" Who therefore regards us with all the special affections of a Father's heart; not destroyed because His children sin, only made sorrowful and yearning. Even to sinful men God does not become an avenging fate—a relentless law—a stern magistrate; the Father of the Prodigal is the type that Christ chooses—yearning, waiting, watching, eager, ready to go forth and welcome the penitent, and with generous love and kisses to stop even his humble confessions

If men could but think of God in this way, how they would be drawn to Him! how strong affections would work within them! how patient love would touch them! It is not that the holiness of the Father is less than that of the magistrate; it is not that He will the less enforce righteous law; it is that He has pity as wellthat He yearns towards us in helping sympathy. Our sin is His grief, our sorrow is His sorrow. It is not merely right that inspires Him, it is love. "We are His offspring," "His tender mercies are over all His works." Men had come to think of Him as merely an impersonation of law; a Being to be placated; stern, watchful, jealous; Who would not receive us so long as He had a legal excuse for not doing so, What terrible thoughts about God men have entertained; what fearful rites of worship they have devised; what sacrifices of appeasement, what self-immolations they have laid upon His altar; what austerities they have practised; how afraid of joy they have been, as if God would be angry to see us glad!

Christ wanted to destroy all such feelings towards God—to make them impossible:—to make even sinful men feel that God yearned towards them in Fatherly love; that He would make any sacrifice, even endure personal suffering, if He could but save them—bring them back to repentance and holiness. What a world it would be; what a life in the world it would be, if men would but receive this great teaching of Christ, feel that He is their Father in

heaven!

Suppose that instead of metaphysical theologies and cold scientific appreciations, men felt that the Creator of all things was a Father. "My Father made them all;" He breathed into me the breath of life. Suppose that we always felt that the orderings of life, the providence of life was in the hands of a Father; "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of." That He was the great Giver, the Provider, the Orderer of all experiences. That He "numbered the very hairs of our head," worked through natural and moral laws, but as the industrious, careful, tender father does when providing for his family; only with infinitely wiser

power and love. "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows? Are ye not better than the lilies? and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth and clotheth them." How strong and trustful we should be, even in our greatest sorrows!

Suppose we felt that God the great Father was educating His children for higher, more spiritual things; teaching them lessons, not by speaking words to them, but by making them experience things; developing virtues and powers; "meetening them for the inheritance of the saints in light," "working out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." How often God works such things by the very darkness and mystery which so puzzle us. If we could but believe in the process, and trust Him while it was working out!

Suppose that we realised the great love, self-sacrifice, magnanimity of the Father's heart in giving His Son to die for us: thought of it, not as an exaction of stern resentful feeling, not as an appeasement of wrath—which if true would make God almost repellent and hateful—but as the device of a Father's love to maintain righteousness and to produce penitence. It is this: it is not Christ's sacrifice only, it is the Father's sacrifice as well, the Father subjecting Himself to pain, to sorrow; "sparing not the only begotten Son, but freely delivering up for us all." The gift of Christ is the crowning proof of God's Fatherhood, proving how much a Father's love can do.

Suppose each of us felt that God had quickened a new spiritual life within him, given to him the spirit of adoption, enabled him to cry, "Abba, Father;" no longer a prodigal but a penitent child, brought again to obbedience and sympathy and fellowship and hope, loving Him as He loves us, bearing His image, rejoicing in His joy, preparing for his Heaven.

Suppose that in this way we all entered into the secret of His love, knew by experience what a real, a great, a tender, a joyful thing the Fatherhood of God really is. What a marvellous life of noble feelings, great inspira-tions, holy joys, and lofty hopes it would be! No man lives so greatly as the disciple of Christ. He may be deluded in his notions, but the notions themselves are wonderfully great and potent. He Who is "the life and the light of men" tells us that He comes from "the bosom of the Father." Who shall say what infinite meanings of tenderness the word carries? Comes from this great heart of love to win and bless our love! Comes a gift of the Father, a gift of infinite selfsacrifice, to lay down His life for us! There is no proof, no conception, no assurance of Fatherhood, so great as this which the death of the cross Here more than anywhere else we can cry, "Abba, Father."

Now just think of this great teaching of Jesus

Christ; compare with it any other teaching that the world has received :-- any of the teachings that would substitute something else for a personal God; any other teaching about the character and feeling of the personal God. How infinitely transcendent it is, how full of glory and of power! Can we wonder that this great teaching has filled the world, has wrought miracles on men's souls, has worked with a strange spell upon the hardest, the most selfish, the most reprobate of hearts? No truth that we know works like it. No teaching inspires such wonder, trust, and love. We feel it to be divine because it is so profoundly true. Human hearts answer to it; it is true to the greatest passions and heroisms of life; it furnishes the greatest themes of the painter, the poet, the When men want to idealise human nature, to depict its tragedies and heroisms of affections, they attempt things such as this; only this great gift of the Father's love transcends them all. It is more than human love and Fatherhood; it is love and Fatherhood in a Divine degree.

It is so great, so sublime that it must be true.

I want no other proof than simply to be told of it. All the moral admiration and sympathy of my nature confesses it. If it be not true, then the falsehood, the dream of the imagination is greater than all truth. Even its falseness does not lessen its intrinsic glory. It is the greatest idea ever presented to human thought and heart.

Imagine the teaching of Jesus Christ with the ideas of God, and of God's Fatherhood, taken out of it. It would be like an organism deprived of its vertebræ. It would fall into a shapeless lump; it would be utterly without precision or power. All its force lies here; all Christ's victories, honours, discipleship have been won by this teaching. Every thought is full of God. All the power of Jesus Christ lies in His teaching about God; and it is the greatest moral power in the world.

And oh, if it be true—if Jesus be the Son of God, if God be this Father of love and self sacrifice, reconciling the world to Himself, and you refuse to be taught to be reconciled! then there is no alternative; "Ye shall die in your sins." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation!"

## ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "WITNESSES FOR CHRIST," ETC.

HOW THE ROUGH HOUSE WAS FOUNDED BY PRAYER.



ST. NICHOLAS, HAMBURG.

HE Reformatory of John Falk, at Weimar, was the imperfect beginning of a movement which has spread largely over Germany. The work has branched out into many forms of Christian effort, and has borne manifold fruit. Foremostamong the noble workers and leaders stands Doctor Wichern, who

passed away to his eternal rest in April, 1881.

Left fatherless at an early age, the scanty

Left fatherless at an early age, the scanty means of his mother sustained him at the University, where he manifested the first fruits of that piety and consecration to God which so signally marked his career to its close. We see him now as a candidat awaiting ordination and a pastorate. He is with his mother in his native city of Hamburg, a city full of sins and sorrow. Cholera had been making fearful ravages, and

was yet striking down its victims, when, in October, 1832, Wichern and a few congenial friends met in the room of a humble schoolmaster. The men were for the most part poor, some of them artisans. They were a society for visiting the sick. Wichern had already given himself to diligent work as a Sunday-school teacher. He studied deeply the state and need of the juvenile population of large cities, gathering statistics over a wide field. He felt that the great need of the young was home, and home-like Christian influences.

One day, just before the meeting, a poor child came to him in the street, and "with outstretched hand, and begging face, and many tears, tried to kiss the hand that had never done it a benefit, crying, 'Come with me, come with me, and see for yourself.'"

Wichern could not get this child out of his thoughts. The appeal demanded an answer. He related the incident at the meeting, and pleaded so earnestly that the little band decided to establish a reformatory.

"We had only one treasure," they afterwards remarked: "the promise of our gracious Lord." They talked little, but they prayed much; and they believed. "Are you praying earnestly?" they asked one another as they met in the street. Before a month had elapsed, God began to answer

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them. A gentleman, who knew nothing of their design, gave them £15 for the poor. This was a good start. They looked round for some public man in whose name to invest the sum. They fixed on one of the senators, who told them of a Christian merchant who had bequeathed £1,000 for a reformatory, and that it should be theirs for such an object. In January of the next year they started a periodical to spread intelligence on the subject of reformatories. On the day of its first issue, a lady called and left a large donation. Servant girls began to send in their savings, and shoemakers to open their little stores, and lay the silver and gold on God's altar. Other gifts flowed in, some of them wrapped in encouraging texts of Scripture.

A

found or built. Sieveking was a man of influence and property in and around Hamburg. He presented ground. But difficulties arose. Their claim to the £1,000 was disputed, and the ground was found unsuitable for the purpose. Thanksgiving for their success was followed by prayer for Divine interposition. The £1,000 were secured, and Sieveking bethought him of a little property he had in the village of Horn. tenants were willing to surrender their lease, and though the little house was in bad con-

house must now

dition, the site was all that could be desired. The house had been built by one Ruge, which in time came to be corrupted to Ranhe, and hence the name Das Ranhe Haus, or "The Rough House." The name, then, has no proper connection with the work, nor with the raw material, though that is often rough enough.

A public meeting was called. Wichern laid his plans before the assembly. The institution was to receive no support from the State, nor from any society, but was to be sustained by the freewill offerings of sympathising Christian people. The movement was derided by some; others looked on with apprehensions of failure; while the majority, like the priest and the Levite, "passed by on the other side." But Wichern and his friends gave themselves unto prayer.

On the last day of October, 1833, just one year after the meeting in the little school-room, Wichern and his mother passed quietly into the little Rauhe Haus, and the work was begun.

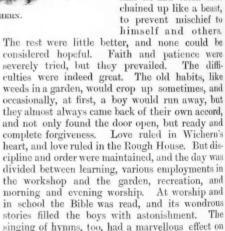
There was no public inauguration, no festival, no shouting and applauding. The only demonstration was in the two pictures Sieveking, the honoured Syndic, had hung up in the sitting room-"Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Jesus Blessing Little Children," Nothing could have been more appropriate.

Well, prayer had brought money and house. but what about children? Would the shy, restless, lawless street Arabs of Hamburg go out to the little country house to be taught and trained by the young minister? And, supposing they came, would he be able to endure constant contact with such half-savage, vicious, debased creatures? Prayer prevailed in this also.

On the 8th of November, three boys applied, and by the end of December there were twelve. They ranged from five to eighteen years of age. Eight were forsaken; four the off-spring of drunken and criminal parents; one, though only twelve years old, had been convicted of ninety-two thefts: another had escaped from prison: and a third was imbecile; while a fourth, who declared that he did not believe in a God, much less in a Saviour, a resurrection, and a judgment, was so habituated to violent passion, that he had often been to

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the rough natures of the children. Once two boys were so overcome by a hymn, that they fell

into each other's arms, and had to be removed



DR. WICHERN.

into the garden. The hymn had brought to their mind their forlorn mother. Commonly, the hymn led to the Bible, and the Bible to Christ. This was Wichern's great aim—all for Jesus, all to Jesus. The institution grew; house was added to house, family to family; workshops for the different trades, a chapel, a school-house, a printing effice, a book-store, and other buildings were erected.

In May, 1842, the first printing press was set up, the first sheet struck off being the twenty-third Psalm. Just afterwards, fire laid the city of Hamburg in ruins. The boys of the Rough House received the public thanks of the Senate for their assistance at the fire, and multitudes applied for admission to the institution. Its doors

were open, and money flowed in.

The Revolution of 1848 added many to the inmates, and they came from all parts of Germany. A pensionat was built, to receive, as into a boarding-school, the incorrigible sons of persons better off. A training-school for helpers ("brothers" they are called) was established, and these have gone forth to all parts of Germany, and to other parts of Europe, including England. The little "Rauhe Haus" has grown into a village, the different houses clustering within the grounds of fifty acres, as thousands who have gone forth from its hallowed influence cluster around the name and memory of the now sainted founder.

"How did you get all the money?" Wichern

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"At the beginning," he says, "we had to ask that question in another form. How shall we get all the money? and we had to answer it before going further. Silver and gold," he adds, "I have none; but we work, and God blesses our work. And whatever else we want we pray for, and expect out of His rich hand, in certain faith that it is a faithful and true word He spoke when He pointed us to the fowls

of the air, and the lilies of the field."

An additional house was wanted, but they had The case was laid before God. One evening, Wichern sat talking to two old friends, when one of them asked how much the house would cost. The sum was stated, and the money was promised. More was wanted to pay for windows and painting, and the exact amount came from three ladies in different towns, who had had the case laid on their minds. When the chapel was to be built there was no money, but it came in due time, several thousand marks being sent by American friends. In 1843, the lease of the tillage ground expired, and it was necessary to purchase, instead of renting. A suitable plot was procurable for 7,000 Hamburg marks, but 3,000 must be paid at once. They sought the Lord in prayer, and resolved to buy. Just as the cash was wanted, information came that a lady had left 3,000 marks to the Rough

House, and that the money was ready. The year 1853 was one of very special need; 8,000 marks were required for current expenses. "Where is now their God?" said some. "Now they will Now we shall see what will bego down. come of this fine piety, and living by faith," said others. The cloud was dark, but it had a silver lining. Prayer was heard, A statement was made of their need in the organ of the Rough House, Das Fliegende Blütter, and contributions came in from all quarters, including six silver spoons from a clergyman, a necklace from his wife, and ten half-farthings from some poor children she taught sewing, and sums large and small from rich and poor.

Of the general success of the institution,

Wichern himself shall speak :-

"A glance round the circle of those who were children in the house carries us into every region of the world. We find them in every grade and social position. One is a clergyman, another a student of theology, and another of the law; while others are teachers. We find among them officers in our German armies, agriculturists, merchants, partners in honourable firms, presidents of industrial institutions, landscape gardeners, lithographists, and artisans of every conceivable craft. One is a sea-captain, some are pilots, others are sailors, and some colonists in America and Australia. Besides those who are better off, some may be found among day-labourers, some are men-servants or women-servants, and a few only have been lost sight of."

Of the history of each house—for each has its own, and in some cases, a remarkable one—we cannot speak, nor otherwise than just name the House of the Brethren of St. John, at Berlin, towards the establishment of which, in 1858, the King and Queen of Prussia gave 10,000 crowns. Space will allow us to add only brief reference to the last days of Dr. Wichern, and of the high appreciation of his character and worth by

competent witnesses.

A sealed letter given to his family four years before his death, then to be opened, expressed his simple trust in Christ, his reliance on the merits of His blood for acceptance with God, and his confident hope that God would give him a portion according to the prayer of the great Advocate:—"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."

He was a man of great endurance, of untiring energy, of great elasticity of spirit. He exhibited, what is very unusual, a true manliness of character with great child-likeness of spirit; a deep earnestness and a constant joyfulness. He drew from the deep fountain of Divine love, and drank of the life-giving stream of his Saviour's grace. Prayer was his life-breath; faith in God his strength and weapons of war against sin. Through



VIEWS OF THE ROUGH HOUSE AT HORN.

all his conflicts the everlasting Word was his shield and tower. He could and did bear constant witness to its truth and power, even before its stoutest enemies, with courageous cheerfulness. Love was his ruling passion, and mymns of joy burst from his glad heart like waters from a fountain, and made the Rough House a place of song.

He had his personal sorrows in the loss of one son on the battle-field, and a son-in-law, Professor Friederichs, who died young. He retired from Berlin to spend his last days in peace at the Rough House. There he laid aside his work, and went to his reward, to meet some and await many more who found in the Rough House not only healthy social life and fitness for its

duties, but also Christ and salvation. Beloved by the poor, he was also esteemed by many of the rich and great. We conclude with a passage or two from a letter sent to Wichern's son by the Emperor William:—

"With heartfelt sympathy have I seen your announcement of the departure of your father

Dr. Wichern.

"An active laborious life is closed; but gratitude and blessing to the departed one remain beyond the grave. Through the works of Christian love and charity in which he put forth his whole strength, and that true piety by which he maintained a constant struggle with evil, the departed one created for himself an imperishable monument."

# THE MAN WHO HAS HIS DOUBTS.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, B.A.

T is impossible not to have doubts. We cannot help having doubts about both persons and things, and, above all, about ourselves. To go through the world placing implicit reliance on every person and everything would be the height of absurdity; and though we did once meet with a man who had so little doubt about himself, that he used to maintain he never made a mistake in his life, yet most people have at least a suspicion that they are not always right. We will go further, and say that it is even wrong not to have doubts. Shakespeare says—

The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is called The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst,

It is in the affairs of life what friction is in the world of nature. If there were no friction, we should all be slipping and tumbling about, and almost everything with us; and so, if there were no doubt, we should all be shifting and changing, without steadfastness of purpose or consistency of opinion, a weather-cock in all respects.

But the peculiarity of the character before us is not that he has doubts, such as all must have and ought to have; but that he has his doubts. There is a habit of doubting, which he has formed, that makes him view everything through a medium of hesitation and suspicion. As a vegetable has run to seed, so he has run to doubt. It is not a part of the man, but the man himself. Our friend is made up of doubts. In the quotation we have just given the great analyst of human nature speaks of modest doubt, that is—in the proper sense of the term—doubt duly restrained and kept within reasonable limits, not immoderate nor extravagant. But the man who "has his doubts" is not thus reasonable and moderate in the indulgence of them, and con-

sequently, instead of their being like "the beacon" to warn against, or "the tent" to eliminate the evil, they are like rather the will-o'-the-wisp to plunge us into it.

This habit of almost invariable doubt in small matters as well as in great is not conducive to success in business. Nothing venture, nothing have. To venture is not necessarily to be rash. The word "speculation" in reference to business, has a bad name, because it too frequently means reckless gambling. But speculation, if it means no more than a venture with a reasonable prospect of success, is what every active business man must engage in. Nay, almost every business transaction is in some sort a speculation. And, therefore, the man who "has his doubts" must needs make a very unenterprising man of business. He not only shrinks from necessary and legitimate risks, without which there can be no pushing onward in life, but his very manner and address are affected by his hesitation and doubtfulness so as to create a bad impression in those he has to do with. How much confidence of manner may command success is amusingly told in an a .. ecdote of the late Lord Abinger. He was defending a man in a very serious case; and he wound up a powerful speech by telling the jury that he felt so confident of their verdict that he should not remain any longer in court, and, suiting his action to the words, he gathered up his papers and went off. In due time the verdict was given. To the surprise of every one it was in favour of the man; but Mr. Scarlett's face peering eagerly into the court through a glass door at the critical moment showed that he had "his doubts," but had won the day by smothering them. We do not praise him for this.

How often we have met the character we are speaking of when casting about for helping hands in some new scheme for the benefit of others! We

lay the project before our friend, well aware that it is not without its faults and weak points and objections; but our friend immediately sees nothing but faults and weak points; he does hardly anything else but make objections. He is afraid of this and that; one after another, with wonderful fertility of invention, he suggests reasons why the attempt should not be made. Very likely, in some cases, the simple explanation of this is that the person we appeal to wants an excuse for not spending his money or his time. An influx of liberality into his soul, if it did not do away with his doubts, would probably set him thinking rather how he might best get over them. But we will not suppose anything so uncharitable of our friend. We will freely credit him with readiness to give, and yet his doubts, and his doubts alone, make him impracticable. We remember going, within a few hours, to two men to seek assistance in a certain undertaking of a bonû fide charitable nature. Both were liberal, kind-hearted, and friendly. One instantly gave, with hardly a question, a hundred pounds; the other gave almost as many objections. It was characteristic of the man. Oh! a wonderful wet blanket to a benevolent enterprise is the man who "has his doubts."

The habit manifests itself even in matters of pleasure. Such matters frequently involve a good deal of forethought and toil, so that a day's pleasure is sometimes a hard day's work. Indeed, high administrative abilities may be required to organise and carry out a scheme of simple amusement. We do not allude, of course, to such simple recreation as that of the poor bard-worked lawyer's clerk, who, when asked by his employer how he had enjoyed his well-earned week's holiday, confessed that he had been nowhere, seen nothing, had spent it all in bed. But when the amusement is somewhat more complicated than this. then, the man who "has his doubts" is indeed a disturbing element both to himself and others. He will anticipate, if he does not foretell failure; he will have his fears of the weather, however bright the sky and high the barometer; he will spoil half his own enjoyment by the dread of mishap at every turn, and interfere with that of others by suggesting it, "My dear friends," said a faint-hearted one to an otherwise merry boating party, who were really running no particular risks, "let me beg of you not to go on; you have no right to endanger your own and other people's lives." And then he proceeded to appeal in the most solemn manner to the fears of the more timid among the party. Perhaps the most effectual mode of silencing such an alarmist was that adopted by a mischievous sprite on that occasion, who, when the lecture was ended, quietly said, " Bow-wow."

But, in fact, the character we are speaking of has "his doubts" in reference to almost everything. They may trouble him in some things more than in others, but we cannot reckon on his being free from them in any. He has "his doubts" about his health, and about the means employed to preserve it; about the

state of his finances, and every attempt he may make to improve the same; about the sanitary condition of his house, and the proper airing of his bed, and the fact of his luggage having "really been put into the van."

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There is one way, however, in which this habit shows itself of which we would speak in terms only of seriousness and sympathy-when, that is, it affects a man's comfort in religion. Religion is meant to be a comfort to us-the greatest comfort we can possibly have ; and our religion is not what it ought to be if it is not a comfort to us, and our religion is not worth much if we are content that it should not be a comfort. Now, the great destroyer of comfort in religion is doubt. We are not going to say anything now about the more formidable and dangerous kind of doubt, the doubt that questions God; for that is not the sort of doubt that troubles the character we are considering. He does not doubt God, but rather himself. The two things are closely connected, more closely than perhaps we think. We should not be far wrong to say that if we had no doubt of God, as He has revealed Himself in all the fulness of His loving care in Christ, we should overcome our doubt about ourselves. Still, the two things are distinct. Just as it was with the Israelite on the night when the first-born in Egypt were slain. He had no doubt of God, or of what God had ordained. We do not read of one who did not do what He commanded. The paschal lamb was slain, the blood was sprinkled without delay or questioning. Yet can we not imagine it possible that some Israelite may have "had his doubts" about himself ?-had he done his part? was all rightly carried out? had he really struck the blood on the two side-posts and the upper door-post of his house? Such doubts would have affected his comfort, though not his safety; and these are the kind of doubts we are speaking of in reference to religion.

It is here, or in less important matters, a habit of doubting. Every Christian has his times of despondency and doubt, albeit God finds no pleasure in them, and they are in nowise a necessity of the Christian life. But in this case they are almost always present; the rule is to doubt, the exception to be free from doubting. Dismal is the diary of their experience which such Christians would have to record, and which some have recorded, hardly to the edification of others, except perhaps as showing how people may doubt and yet be walking heavenward. So constant is the habit that, as the miller is awake and thinks something is wrong when the creaking of his water-wheel ceases, they too fancy something must be wrong with themselves when the creaking of their doubts is for a season suspended. Bunyan has portrayed them with quaint fidelity in his "Despondency" and "Much-Afraid," who, though delivered from Doubting Castle, had their lesser doubts to the last, which they describe as "ghosts, the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after."

How far is such a character responsible for "his doubts?" that is, how far are his doubts preventible or remediable? That they are often a great plague to the man himself, a life-long trouble, acting like a drag on the wheels of life, so that they drive heavily, is most certainly the case. Equally true is it that they are a hindrance and a drag to those he is associated with. Indeed, where they affect the religious character it is difficult to tell how much harm they may do to others in the way of setting them against religion. Hume the infidel said we never met with a religious man who was not a gloomy one; and though it was enough to make a Christian sad to meet with Hume, yet if those he met with were doubting ones they did not assuredly recommend religion to him as they should have done.

Still, we will not say that the man who " has his doubts" in the matter of this life, can never chance to turn them to good account. Even a drag is not without its use. It is a good thing when going down a steep bill and with a heavy load. It may avoid an accident. On the level road of life a doubting soul may be a nuisance to us; but when, as in the whirl of business men often do, we are tempted to go too fast, then even the drag of doubt may tell with advantage. We once heard of a timid person who always "had her doubts" when she retired to rest whether somebody was not hiding under the bed, and invariably therefore lifted up the valance to see. At last, one night, there, sure enough, was the man. But she had doubted so long that it seemed at the moment quite natural to find him there, and she only exclaimed, "Why, I have been looking for you for twenty years." Her doubts were of some service

But how far, we again ask, are such doubts preventible or remediable?

In the first place, there can be no preventing and no remedy for a habit we are unconscious of ourselves. It is the commonest thing in the world to meet with persons who are very little aware of their peculiar weakness or characteristic infirmity. It is always a hard matter to know oneself. Many a man of doubtful mind has little or no idea of "his doubts," and therefore the first step towards a remedy for them may be to awake to a suspicion whether we

do not indulge in them excessively, to study the habit of our mind and see whether the tendency of it be not immediately and even causelessly to run to doubt.

To discover an infirmity, however, is not by any means to overcome it, though it must be the first step towards it. And we are disposed to think that when this habit of doubting has its rise in a constitutionally nervous temperament, there is no cure for it in this world. It will always be a trouble to us in a greater or less degree. But it will be cured, like every other troublous thing, by-and-by. And now, in this life, though it cannot be cured, it may in all cases be moderated and kept somewhat within bounds. It will loosen its hold on us as our bodily health grows stronger; for things look, oh! so differently, when the pulse is firm and the digestion sound! But if not-even then in any case, as we learn to look up more, and mix up God in everything, and dwell less on self and more on what Christ has done and can do for us, our doubts, though they may vex, shall cease to master us. Rest on God is a remedy, and all doubt is unreasonable in him who is "looking unto Jesus." "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

There is, however, a wilful indulgence of the habit of doubting for which the only remedy is a sharp reproof. The man not only has "his doubts," but likes, nay, almost enjoys, his doubts. And they grow upon him, and he is almost choked with them, like a harbour that is not cleared of the continually drifting silt. Or, if he does not like them, he makes no effort to overcome or even check them. Yet the business of life-more especially the best part of it, the business of fighting evil and doing good-drags heavily enough without being weighted and discouraged by unmanly and unkind doubts. Better is it to have a share in a score of honest efforts in some right direction, every one of which is a failure, than be nothing but a rut of doubt to help to upset one of them. The British drummer-boy who boldly told his captors he could not beat "a retreat" though he sounded "an advance," was a brave type of the character that loves to encourage others to try rather than to make them hesitate. At all events, doubt is not love, for charity "hopeth all things."

## MAGDALENE.

HO is this, with drooping head;
Who is this with faded eyes?
Stealing with that crouching tread,
As the day begins to rise?
Weary heart, I know thee now,
Bowed beneath thy burden dread:
Woful Mary, it is thou,
Come to mourn thy Sacred Dead.

Who is this, by rapture led
On such light and glancing feet,
Where, as men whose hope is fled,
Jesus' wan disciples meet?
Blissful heart, I know thee now,
Speaking words like ointment shed:
Favoured Mary, it is thou,
First to greet the Risen Dead.
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## EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.-AN OLD PICTURE.



time passed on, Chrissy began to find that definite duties, beginning and ending at definite hours, leave one very definite leisure. When there was nothing to do between seven o'clock and ten. there was really a temptation to begin remodelling one's bonnets and dresses,

and planning where a bit of embroidery might come in effectively.

"There can be no harm in that," said one very natural side of the girl's nature. The idea came to her in thinking over Aunt Kezia's observations. It seemed to offer a way of conforming to some of her aunt's suggestions without spending money — a matter on which Chrissy's mind was quite made up.

"But, then, is there any good in it?" quickly retorted her secret consciousness.

"Perhaps there is. It is right to cultivate beauty, it is right to make oneself a pleasant object in the world which God has made so beautiful. There was something in what Aunt Kezia said, though, of course, she expressed it after her own fashion."

"Quite true," returned the Mentor in Chrissy's own "But is not the beauty which God makes bosom. always that which helps, and does not hinder the highest functions of that which it adorns? And how often is there any true beauty in mere fashion? Take up any book of portraits ten years old, and what will you find? The pictures of dear old ladies in their plain dresses and muslin tippets are still pleasant to look on. So are those of ladies in trim serviceable travelling dress, and of servant women in their white caps and aprons. But when you come upon the portrait of a lady in the full fashionable costume of its date, you burst out laughing, and say, 'How funny! is it possible that people ever made themselves such guys as that?' As for making oneself a pleasant object in God's pleasant world, neither much money nor much time need be spent on compassing that object most successfully; no more, indeed, than must be spent in procuring decency and neatness. A dash of rich colour, suited to one's complexion and easily enough procurable, and a neat white ruffle, which will wash and wear for ever, are cheaper and more beautiful than a dozen fancy scarves of every unnatural hue which fancy

may dietate, or yards and yards of tawdry "frilling." No, no; it is not in making ourselves pleasant in God's pleasant world, and sweet in the eyes of our friends, that we waste our time and money, but in indulging our own vanity, and teasing our acquaintances by out-vieing them. You know it is so, Chrissy Miller. You know that at this present time it is not of your dear father's wishes, or of Miss Griffin, or Hans, or of harmony with the shadowy dignity of St. Cecilia's church, which you think about, but it is of Sophia Ackroyd, and Aunt Kezia, and your next visit to Aunt Kezia's house."

God be praised for every faithful friend, who will speak the plain truth to us; and God be doubly praised when He has given us such a faithful friend to dwell in our own hearts, and to sit in judgment on our very thoughts. And such a friend has He given to all of us, but we know it takes two to make a friendship. It is not the amount of wisdom which we hear, either without us or within us, which makes us wise, but only what we accept and live up to. Still, if we do not keep in wisdom's ways we are sure to pass out of hearing even of her voice. But if her voice speaks within us, we find ourselves surrounded by echoes of it.

A very homely oracle echoed the conclusions of Chrissy's own heart.

On one of these leisure evenings—very long and monotonous as they would seem sometimes—she took Miss Griffin out to a public picture-gallery. Miss Griffin would have been scared to have been told she was an art-critic. But she was one, nevertheless, in asmuch as she said what she thought about what she saw, instead of saying, as too many people do, what she thought ought to be said. Perhaps her simplicity was one element in her candour, for she did not know "masterpieces" from "pot-boilers," old masters from new students, except by such merits as she could recognise, and, consequently, gave forth all sorts of heresies quite innocently.

Perhaps, for the taste of those connoisseurs who dwell much on "texture," and seem to think that human incident is quite subordinate to "still life" and "fabries," poor Miss Griffin dwelt too much on the subjects of pictures. She could not bear Murillos "beggar boys," with their expression of coarse cunning, and their low tricks. She would not admire the realism of their dirt-engrained feet.

"We see too much of such things in real life. I'd sooner wash some of them than copy them," she said. She turned away with contempt from many of the Dutch interiors.

"Drunken men are an ugly sight. I would not hang on my parlour wall a representation of what I would turn off my doorstep," was her judgment; and she would add, "I do like some of the pictures of clean Dutch kitchens, with everything in them just

a model of what things ought to be, and with heaps of beautiful vegetables, and abundance of wholesome food. But there are too many of them, and there seems to be nothing going forward but eating and drinking."

She would not admire the delicate sentimentalities of Greuze. "If I saw living women like his pictures," she decided, "I should be terribly afraid they were not worth much."

But she always liked landscapes, if, as she described

and fastened into the coronal. From the ears were suspended long drop earrings. About the brow was bound a black velvet ribbon. The dress was very low, and elaborately laced. One hand was just visible, holding a book, and the wrist was clasped by a bracelet heavy as a gyve. Yet the face, when one could separate it from its grotesque surroundings, was pure and noble. The effect was like a statue of Minerva masquerading in a South Sea Islander's trappings.



"She was delighted with the gift."-p. 227.

it, "they looked like real places," no matter though the country they depicted might have no striking features, but be flat and tame. "It's worth painting," she would remark; "it's a bit of God's world, and there are hearts that remember it, and eyes that grow dim with longing to see it."

She stood still opposite a picture. It was the portrait of a lady painted in the early years of this century. From the back of the head rose an elaborate erection of hair, transfixed by a huge pin. At either side of the face, on a level with the eyes, was a highly ornate comb, beneath which the hair was arranged in drooping plaits, caught up round the ear,

The two—the old woman and the young—gazed for a moment in silence. Then Miss Griffin spoke—

"What was the artist's name?" she asked.

Chrissy had the catalogue, and replied. It was a very famous and familiar name.

"He ought to have known better," mused Miss Griffin. "And who is the lady?"

Chrissy told her. She was the daughter of a great ducal line—one which princes had feared as enemies, and sought as friends.

"Ah," said Miss Griffin, "some folks don't like to say the plain truth to these very grand people. But

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s not n, or ty of it is next will oubly riend nt on given ke a which vhich live ways her find ns of and took Miss l she s, int she what licity know from could rts of who that that artist ought to have been above that. And it's not so very long ago: it's since slavery was found out to be wicked. And there's no slavery like being driven to do work one knows would be better left undone. A very queen has no right to set a genius to draw an ugly fashion picture. He might have made a pretty speech to her, and said that he could not paint her in anything that would not give pleasure as lasting as her beauty could; and that the power of her rank should be exercised in showing people what they ought to do."

"Artists might do good if they spoke out like

that," said Chrissy.

"They do sometimes," returned Miss Griffin. "My grandfather was a rich man, and my grandmother had her portrait painted. She was a notable housewife, and a famous spinner, but on that occasion she thought she ought to array herself in a nodding head-dress and a stiff stomacher. artist had seen her in her own home, and knew what manner of woman she was. When he saw her in her fine toggery, he shook his head, and said, 'This will not do. I want to paint you-the lady who turns out the finest napery and the best preserves on the country side-the woman who looks well to the ways of her household, and eats not the bread of idleness. I want to paint your character, not the conventional madam who goes out to tea-parties and carpet-dances. You could not do those things in these garments.' And he made her put on a black bombazine, with a fine hand-worked muslin cap on her head, and a similar kerchief folded over her bosom, and hung a bunch of keys round her waist, and put her spinning-wheel in the background."

"And I must say," Miss Griffin added presently, with a humorous smile gleaming over her prim countenance, "that excellent man's advice did me a good turn which he never dreamed of at the time he gave it. For when my poor father fell into misfortune, and all his effects were sold, of course the family portraits went too. And the be-frilled be-feathered portraits, with no historical or human interest, went for the price of an old song, and may be hanging yet, smoke-dried, in the dens of the marine-store dealers who bought them. But when the auctioneer looked at my grandmother's picture, he said, 'We needn't call this a portrait; it is more, it is a subject.' And he put it down in the catalogue, 'A housewife of the good old school.' And it sold

And so Chrissy made up her mind, seeing clearly that what she should feel it was foolish to spend money upon, it must be equally foolish to spend time over. She thought she knew of better uses for her money—uses which might secure competence and independence in later life. She was not quite sure how these uses might arise. Yet, meanwhile, money was coming in but slowly, and could harmlessly accumulate while awaiting fit opportunity. But that was where money evidently differed from leisure. Leisure would not accumulate. Idle half-hours could

not be saved up till they made a whole holiday. They must be expended on the spot, or lost for ever. Chrissy could not readily see her way to a satisfactory conclusion in this matter. It required consideration; and all the while precious hours were wasting in a manner against which Chrissy's fresh energies rebelled.

What could she do? One thing occurred to her There was some needlework presently required by herself and Miss Griffin. There was no haste for it. If anything else had supervened, it could have been taken up and laid down during the ensuing winter months. Chrissy resolved to put it, as Miss Griffin expressed it, "straight through "-to work as women work when a wedding or a long journey is imminent. While she was doing that, some other task might present itself, for which she would be then found entirely disengaged. It was a narrow and lowly entrance to that best philosophy of human life, which teaches us that we must have made the utmost of every humble duty beside us before we venture to say that our lives are barren of interest, our powers thrown away, and our souls stranded on the barren sands of ennui.

And so Chrissy and her good old friend planned and cut out thriftily, and sewed substantially. For Miss Griffin had her own shrewd version of economy,

"There's no cheapness in being ill put together," she said. "Folks and fabrics wear the better for a good constitution."

It occurred to Chrissy, as she picked up the "pieces" that there were enough "left over" to make a useful little garment for the hall-porter's child, provided a certain rather quaint style of making it up was adopted.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," quoted Miss Griffin, approvingly. Chrissy's face flushed with a strange thrill of pleasure. Yes—the Divine eye—the Divine behest reached even such matters as these. She felt like a sentry on some remote outpost, who suddenly sees his general pass by with an approving word.

"I should not wonder," mused Miss Griffin, "but fashion itself actually began in thrift—in a determination to use up pieces of all shapes and colours, and to keep things strong, and make them look pretty, after they had seen a good deal of service. And then, perhaps, somebody did her patching so daintily that somebody else copied it when there was no occasion for it. It's wonderful how there is generally something good at the bottom of everything."

When that little garment was finished, Miss Griffin and Chrissy took it with them to the hallporter's own home. They had long promised him a visit, because he had a wonderful old grandmother, said to be nearly a hundred years old, and still hale and brisk.

They found the centenarian rocking her greatgrandchild's cradle. Her grandson and granddaughter stood aside in reverent gratification, feeling that the visit was paid to the old lady, and that it was due to their visitors that she should be seen at her best.

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She was delighted with the gift, yet shook her head, saying: "it was made up too fancy." (Miss Griffin and Chrissy exchanged a significant glance.) Not but what she had liked bright colours in her young days, and liked 'em still. ("Grannie can't bear to wear what she calls a dowdy shawl," put in the mother of the baby.) "But the whole world is getting too fancy now-a-days—a-beginning everything at the wrong end, thinking more o' feathers nor of flannel, and putting down bits o' carpet instead o' serubbing the floor. It's the same with everything, even with learnin'. Neither mind nor body should have victuals for ever a-standing about. Food should not be put down till there's a good appetite ready for it."

"But surely you like every one to learn to read and write," pleaded Chrissy.

'Well, yes," the old lady admitted, with a slight reluctance. "But I'd rather not, if it makes them set no value on reading and writing. I learned reading followin' my mother, an' asking her the letters on the back o' the catechism. She knew them, but she was not always sure of the words. An' I didn't learn to write till after I was married. An' I taught myself, long winter nights, when my husband was at his work, an' I did it, picking out letter by letter from the notes his master used to leave for him. I get a few good lessons at last, from a writing master, just to finish me off; I couldn't have afforded more. 'And,' says he to me, says he, 'you've done well. You happened to get a good model, an' you put your will into it. The will's the thing!' says he. And I always had a good will!" chuckled the old lady, with a pleasant egotism, surely pardonable in one so nearly putting off the armour of life.

"Well," said Miss Griffin, as she and Chrissy walked home, "it is wonderful what different people come to the same opinions, and in what different ways they get them. You heard what that good old body said? And when I was a young woman, I heard a great professor of Oriental languages say much the same thing. He was in the house of a friend of mine, talking over a young student, who did not seem getting on with his learning so well as he might. They were speaking of classes and tutors and cram-books, as they called them; and, says the professor, 'These are all very well in their place, but success is in none of them. Success is in setting yourself down to your work. Every educated man is a self-educated man,' says he."

And, thought Chrissy, "After all, why should I give up all the thoughts I had had of going through a regular course of drawing? Dear father was going to let me have lessons this winter. If he had been living, I should have gone to a morning class. I might go to an evening one now, if I left the shop very promptly, and made great haste over my tea. But no, I should not like to be bound to run off from Mr. Bisset, if he really wanted my services,

and I should not like to leave Miss Griffin alone, after all, when I know how she has been looking forward to having a companion in the long lamp-lit hours. I can certainly learn a great deal more than I know now, working on by myself. And I'll make myself stick to what a master would keep me at, and not copy landscapes and flowers, but go on drawing lines and outlines, and then practise 'from the round' on Miss Griffin's cups and candlesticks."

And this was how Chrissy found out that leisure can be stored, by converting it into something else, and that the interest on such wise investment is an ever-increasing value for any new leisure life may bring.

#### CHAPTER X.-CHRISSY'S TEMPTATION.

LOOKED at from the outside, it might have seemed a very still and monotonous life which Chrissy Miller lived through that first winter of her orphanhood. Certainly it seemed so to Sophia Ackroyd, who never had less than three parties "coming off" each week, and who felt the intervening days to be insupportably long and dreary. It seemed so, too, to Helen, who felt that her own existence would have been unendurable to her but for a glamour which was thrown over everything—a strange perilous delight, revealing in its flashes all sorts of castles looming in the common incidents of life—a visit, a letter, the badinage of thoughtless companions, into fairy gold.

But then neither Sophia nor Helen could see into the heart of Chrissy's life. In their degree, they were removed from it as the poodle is from the poet whom he sits and watches. Nay, perhaps further, for the poor dog watches in a mysterious love and reverence, while they behold only with a mean wonder, verging on a meaner contempt.

How could they guess that there was developing in Chrissy something very like a new sense—even the perception of the way in which the expression of truth and beauty may steal into the simplest and humblest material forms? How could they know that in her search for help and guidance in her homely art-studies, she had lighted on an oracle, which answered many a doubting question, and found shape for many a misty thought—had, in short, found a new friend, great and good, in the written works of a master mind? And if they could have known these facts, they could not have appreciated the exquisite delight attending them.

And there was more still. For during that winter Chrissy sounded the meaning of many a theological phrase, which she had hitherto whispered in reverent mystery, as something quite outside the experience of common life. She learned what "communion with God" is. Kneeling by her little lonely bed, pouring out her bitternesses and griefs as she would not pour them out even to Miss Griffin, lest they should make her sad, Chrissy felt her heart fill with peace and patience. Things around her did not change. She

changed herself. God's sunshine had never gone out; it was hidden because her own head was down in the dust. This raised, the brightness was there again. And she learned, too, what good Bishop Taylor calls the "practice of the presence of God," the truth which he declares to be the readiest way "to make sin to cease from among the children of men, and for men to approach to the blessed estate of the saints in heaven."

In her loss and loneliness, she found there was One ever with her to be served and pleased, as she had once striven to serve and please her father, One who could be with her as even her father could never have been, seeing the very thoughts of her heart, and leading her on to an ever purer service. And as she thus entered into some of the meaning of the Fatherhood of God, she felt a strange new human tie to the Elder Brother, who revealed it, so that she saw His life as sharing with her own life, and all lives, and interpreting their mysteries by itself. For her father's untimely death, for the wrongs done him, and the slights cast on his memory and his children, what comfort was there like Calvary, where He, who had "known no sin," did not shrink from sorrow, and shame, and death? Was she not beginning to discover a little corner of His meaning when He said-

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto

Chrissy began to feel that if the meetings in the higher life are dashed by any grudge over the partings here, then the partings cannot have fulfilled God's meaning. Even in the moments when her heart most yearned for the touch of her father's fingers on her hair, there came ever the thought, "but not for myself as I used to be then."

Is it any wonder that Chrissy would not have agreed with Sophia Ackroyd and Helen, in pronouncing her life that winter to be dull and dreary?

It was early in the spring of the following year that Chrissy, glancing over the advertisements in the morning papers, was arrested by one:—

Wanted, a well-educated youth, who can speak English and German fluently. A small beginning, with hard work, but good prospects.

And then followed an address, which Chrissy, with her long acquaintance with dim city by-ways, knew belonged to a small old-fashioned firm of Dutch origin, doing business with those States of North America where a German population predominate. She remembered their office quite well—a low building, flanking two sides of a tiny triangular court-yard. She had asked her father concerning the nationality of the quaint name, "Zachary Bilderdyk," and he had bidden her remark the way in which the worthy Dutch merchant had expressed the habits of his race, in the painful cleanliness of the mean little building, and the great green bucket, with its well-clipped evergreen, set down on neatly-

laid red tiles. He had drawn a contrast between all this homely neatness and the glaring plate-glass and dirty grandeur of most of the surrounding offices, adding that "the Bilderdyks were a respectable firm, who might be thought rather slow-going now-a-days, but whose word was as good as a bond—and better than many. He had seen Zachary Bilderdyk once on some public occasion, and he seemed a character."

Chrissy had known what that last phrase meant, from her father's lips, seeing that he never, under any circumstances, applied it to those gross exaggerations of recklessness and selfishness which have nothing to do with character, unless prefixed by the word "bad." When Chrissy had been a little girl she had asked her father what he meant by "a character." And he had said, "I mean somebody extra-good, but with the extra-goodness growing a little on one side, like a tree which is too big for the place where it is planted, and which has to reach round or stretch over something."

Chrissy remembered her father's words as she read this advertisement, and she felt as if Mr. Bilderdyk was quite an old friend.

Might not this prove a good opening for Hans Krinken? He really ought to be looking out for something better than what he was getting now—the poor pittance which is paid for sheer manual labour. He had no right to seem so settled down as he did.

And yet-and the thought struck Chrissy like a blow-there was no change which could now come to life in Shield Street which could be so much for the worse as that Hans should leave it. The Bissets were kind and good; true, but they had never known her father. Theirs were new faces, which had had no part in the finished household drama. Some of the old neighbours, too, were pleasantly familiar, but they had always stood outside. They had been going on, all unconscious, with their own business, on that terrible morning when she and Hans had crept to her father's silent room. And she and Hans knew what they knew about the Ackroyds, and the way of Mr. Miller's ruin. Nobody else knew it, or, at least, understood it, as they did. Poor Chrissy almost started, to find what strong ties are woven of companionship in sorrow and mutual comprehension of a secret. And why must it be Hans to go, when there seemed no likelihood that the Ackroyds would not remain for ever, "flourishing like a green bay-tree," said poor Chrissy, in that bitter moment.

Surely, surely, it was very nice of Hans if he was not so terribly impatient to leave old friends. And perhaps, if she told him about this, he would only think that the matter did not make any difference to anybody, and that she did not care how soon he went away. And his going would be a great loss to Mr. Bisset—he would hardly get anybody so efficient in his place. And there might be some way for Hans to stay where he was, and yet to get on. Nobodý knew

what might turn up. And perhaps, when his grandfather had so wished him to leave Germany, he might have preferred his not entering into any relations with Germans. Besides, if Hans had any intention of changing his situation, he was probably watching advertisements on his own account, and would take due notice of any which seemed likely to suit him, without any seemingly ungracious reminder from her. Besides, if he did apply for the situation, very likely he would not get it, and that might only dishearten him.

No, no! this would not do. Chrissy felt that she had got on a wrong tack—she was steering with the wind, and not on her proper course, and that may be easy sailing at the outset of a voyage, but it will never land us in the haven where we would be. It was not Chrissy's duty to study what Hans might think of her, nor what might be his duty under any circumstances which might arise. It was her duty to do the simple kindly thing. We can never act rightly and truly until we realise that we have nothing to do with the consequences of our actions, but only with their motives and their wisdom.

Yes; she would tell Hans, come what might. But as she came to this resolve she could not help feeling that it was the easier to carry out because she knew how many situations must be applied for before one is obtained!

It may seem strange, but such humbling selfrevelation is generally the Divine recompense for honest endeavour, just as self-satisfaction seems the deadly growth of sloth and indifference. "To whomsever hath, shall be given," and whoever has worthy aspirations, shall never lose sight of the unattained. Wise men say, "He who blames himself has done his best."

She told Hans about the matter while they were at work together in the shop—he lifting out a boxful of books which she had to catalogue.

"I shall certainly go after the chance," he said, in what seemed to her a rather dry and matter of fact way.

"A great many people go after every place," she observed. "You must not be disappointed if you don't get it."

"I shall not be disappointed," he answered, in the same quiet tone, bending over the chest. "I am sure to get something some day. I can't stay here always."

Chrissy's heart was beating heavily. She hoped Hans noticed no change in her voice. She could not think why it sounded so strangely. Possibly Hans was sufficiently occupied with similar cogitations of his own.

At noontide, when Hans generally went out for some lunch, he came past Chrissy's place behind the counter.

"I am going to Bilderdyk's now," he said. "Won't you wish me luck?"

"I wish you everything that is good," Chrissy answered. "You know I do, Hans. I know father would like you to do well,"

Chrissy had almost said, "to get on;" but that phrase did not chime in with what had been the fashion of her father's thoughts,

"Thank you, Miss Christina," said Hans. "A thought of one's best friend is the best omen to start with. And I am not sure what might be a disappointment."

He was gone. What did he mean by his last words? Chrissy wondered; more than they expressed, she was sure. But busy people have no time to perform vivisection on their friends' speeches, tones, and looks. Chrissy felt vexed with herself, and, somehow, pained by Hans. If she had been an idle miss, she might have indulged her sensations till they ended in a flood of tears or a fit of "nerves. But Chrissy had to make up the weekly accounts, And before she was half through her task, the mist had cleared from her spirit, the world was again the healthy work-a-day world, and she and Hans, two friends in it, who would always keep a kind thought for each other, even if they parted and never met again.

#### CHAPTER XI -TEN POUNDS.

Chrissy knew that Hans Krinken's interview with Mr. Bilderdyk could not be a very long one, but she was busy in the counting-house all the afternoon, and though he could have looked in on her there, he managed to keep out of her way till just before the time for shutting up the shop.

Even then, when they encountered each other, he did not look up at her, or appear to notice her presence, but went on steadily with the task he had in hand, to wit, the counting of sundry packets of notepaper sent in from a wholesale warehouse.

"Well, Hans?" said Chrissy, with a cheerful tone of interrogation.

"One—two—three," counted Hans, and then paused to set up a pile before he went on deliberately, "Well, Miss Chrissy——I went."

"And I'm afraid you found the vacancy filled," said Chrissy, hating herself for secretly hoping so.

"Four—five—six"—another pile was set up, silently—"seven—eight—uine. No, Miss Chrissy—I did not."

"And have you got the situation?" Chrissy inquired, anxiously.

"Ten—eleven—twelve," another piling up. "Not exactly. It is to be kept open till to-morrow for me"—some very deliberate counting—"but I shall not take it."

"Shall not take it!" echoed Chrissy, with a sudden leaping of heart and a strange revulsion of feeling, as if, after all, she would not mind so very much if he did. "But why? Is it not a real step for you? Do you not think the prospects are good?"

Hans did not answer in haste.

"It would be a real step for me," he replied.

"Not that the salary is much higher than my wages here; but if I did my duty my way would be opened up to good work and solid position in time,"

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"Av, that I should," said Hans, "Part of it would be taking charge of poor German emigrants over to America, and interpreting for them. At present, I should only have to take parties from place to place, from one accredited agent to another.

"You would like the work?" questioned Chrissy.

But as I grew accustomed to their requirements, and picked up a knowledge of the country and of business in general, if I kept my character and gave satisfaction, I should become an accredited agent myself."

"And settle in America?" asked Chrissy.

Her heart felt heavy as lead. Hans said he did not mean to take this chance, but the very sight of it seemed to show her how big the world was, and how very far people could wander away in it.

"And settle in America," Hans repeated. Chrissy stood silent. These energetic manly statements generally startle women into pitiful little remarks about loneliness, homesickness, and so forth. But Chrissy's quick wit saw that in this case these forlorn pleas, unavailing as they generally are, were entirely out of place. Hans had only been in London for a year. What was there to make it more homelike to him than any other strange place?

Perhaps Hans had not expected this utter silence. Perhaps he tried to interpret it, for he said-

"All places are lonely till we make ourselves at home in them. Wherever I go I can have nothing to leave behind yet!"

Did he expect Chrissy to contradict him? How could she? She only said, timidly-

"But you say you do not mean to go,"

"I shall not go," Hans answered.

"You don't wish to go," she said, doubtfully, "Whether I do or not, I cannot go," he said.

"But it is not decided?" she asked. "You say it is open for you till to-morrow."

"Mr. Bilderdyk wished it to be left open," said Hans, "I told him what my decision must be, but he seemed to think I might change it."

Chrissy was puzzled, and rather hurt by something in Hans' manner; and she felt that, hard as it had seemed that Hans must go away, it would not be any easier if he stayed against his will.

"Won't you change your decision?" she pleaded. " I cannot, Miss Chrissy," he replied. By this time he had made up the last pile of paper, and setting it down, he turned and walked into the store-room, leaving Chrissy standing mute, her secret wish of that morning apparently fulfilled, yet her spirit touched with strange unrest and dissatisfaction. She had done nothing to secure her own gratification -nay, she had done all she could to risk it, seeing that she had herself started Hans on his quest. Yet she had a lurking sense of remorse—something was certainly discordant, and her secret consciousness of having been out of tune herself seemed to lay the blame at her door. But what more could she do? She had tried to invite Hans' friendly confidence, generally so freely given, and for once he had repelled it with a stubborn frowardness she had never noticed in him before. It was not her fault. She tried to comfort herself with that,

Somewhat mechanically, she finished off her duties for the day. Mr. Bisset and his wife were in the parlour taking their tea, and she looked in upon them to say good evening, and went on through the shop. Hans had just closed up all but the doorleft open for her to go out. He stood, leaning against the door-post, and a street-lamp shed a strong light on his face. Its expression was not sad, but moody, almost discontented; and his voice, as he bade her good-night, had a dreary sound in it.

Chrissy walked a few paces down Shield Street: then paused, and suddenly turned.

The youth was standing where she had left him. Chrissy stepped back into the shop.

"Hans," she said, in a hurried whisper, "Hans, I know there is something wrong-something is troubling you. What is it?'

His face brightened as she spoke. The cloud broke up, but the brightness that came forth was as pathetic moonlight, not sunshine.

"What can be troubling me, Miss Chrissy?" he

"I don't know," said Chrissy, waxing braver, "But something is, I am sure. Do tell me the truth, Hans; I know you will."

"I have been a little troubled," he answered, "One may be foolish sometimes, and fancy things might be managed better for us than they are. But it passes, Miss Chrissy. It is passed."

"Won't you tell me what it was?" implored

Chrissy.

Hans was silent.

"You would really have liked to take this situation?" she urged.

"I ought to have been glad of it," he admitted, "and I wish I ought to be very glad of it," he added, more enigmatically.

"And it is kept open for you till to-morrow," cried Chrissy, "and yet you have made up your mind not to take it. Hans, it must be offered to you with some condition you do not like. But won't you think it over, even if you won't say what it is? For father thought Mr. Bilderdyk was a good man, and he may have reasons for his rules which you do not understand."

"His rules are reasonable and wise, I can see that," said Hans, quietly; "but I cannot meet them."

They were both inside the shop now, and Hans had closed the door. Only one lamp was burning, casting a dim light on the book-laden shelves and heavy packing-cases. The old place looked very much as it did on that evening when Chrissy had groped across its gloom to find her father in the counting. house. It had been her duty then to submit to silence and secrecy. But that did not seem to be her duty now. The same duties seldom return upon us, Experience must grow with our growth, or it will check it. Some people never do the duty of to-day, because they are vainly striving to do the duty they neglected yesterday; while with the wiser sort, one task accomplished generally leads to a widely varied one.

"Hans," she pleaded, "won't you tell me what it is? It cannot be any habit which Mr. Bilderdyk imposes on his people, for all your habits are good; you go to church, you do not smoke. Hans, it will be kindness to me to tell me; there are so few now who care to tell me anything about themselves. I'm not very wise, Hans, but I might think of something to help you; a very little helps one sometimes."

"If it was counsel I wanted, I would seek yours—I would indeed, Miss Chrissy," said the young man, earnestly. "But this is something quite different."

"If father had been alive, could he have helped you?" she asked.

Hans paused, then answered, "Yes."

"And would you have asked his help?" she went on, eagerly.

The pause was longer, but the answer came again, "Yes!"

"It must be something about references—or money!" cried Chrissy,

"There—there," said Hans, hastily. "It does not matter—you can never guess!"

But Chrissy was not to be so silenced now. She went on boldly—

"It cannot be references. Mr. Bisset would speak well of you, and I am sure Dr. Julius would give you a good word, and so would Miss Griffin. It must be money. Hans, do—do tell me what it is."

But Hans was stubbornly mute.

"It is about money; if it is not, Hans, at least say that,"

"It is about money, Miss Chrissy," said Hans, in a choking voice; "but it does not matter. I don't want to go. Perhaps I might not have gone if I had been able."

He moved towards the shop door, opened it, and went out. He was not going to risk more of this perilous interview. His secrets would be safer in the street. But Chrissy followed him.

"Hans," she said, timidly, "is it anything about clothes?"

Hans laughed-a painful laugh.

"No, it isn't, Miss Chrissy," he answered. "These are all I have, but Mr. Bilderdyk did not guess that, so that subject did not come up. When your father had merey on me," he went on with austere truthfulness, "I was a beggar, in beggar's rags. These clothes I wear he gave me; and I have saved money sufficient to buy more. I have got so far ahead of the world in one short year—and yet I am discontented!" he added, in a gentler tone.

"Hans," pleaded Chrissy, walking by his side, and never noticing that James and Sophia Ackroyd passed them by—"Hans, will you not tell me what this money is needed for—tell me because I am my father's daughter?"

"Women ought not to be burdened with money troubles; women like you have enough burdens of their own," said Hans.

And then he came to a dead stand-still; for he said to himself, "She ought not to be seen speaking with me in the street; she is Miss Miller, and I am only the German shop-boy." For he had observed the architect's son and daughter, and had comprehended the scorn on the young lady's face.

"I cannot leave you like this," said Chrissy; "you, whom my father liked and thought so much of"

And without a word, she turned from the thoroughfare down which they were walking—still crowded and bustling in the long spring twilight—and passed through a small iron gate which opened on her right hand. Hans could not do less than follow her.

That little iron gate led them to a quaint retreat with which Chrissy had been familiar from her earliest days. It was a broad quay running parallel with the dingy street they had just left, and it was flanked on one hand by spacious Government offices, while on the other lay the river. Thus a few steps gave them an entire change of scene and surrounding. On the street side, the Government offices were dark and mean, with rough men lounging at low doors, while all the houses round were either gloomy or sordid, and one scarcely dared to raise one's eyes to the strip of sky overhead, lest one should find one-self jostled into the mire. But to the river, the great building turned a calm and stately face.

Countless pigeons found refuge in its deep eaves and on the capitals of its pillars, and fluttered down to take their tithe of bounteous ship cargoes, fearless of the pale little city children who played about the great flight of steps, or of the feeble old city pensioners who rested themselves on thoughtfully-provided seats, and watched the vivid life of the silent highway, the big ships coming in and going out, the passenger-laden steamers passing to and fro, the picturesque hay barges with their dark red sails and fragrant freight, or else looked up at the sunset over the city, and thought deeper and sweeter thoughts than they could ever find words for.

The sun was already down; only one line of pale glory still lingered on the other side of the river, behind a magnificent pile which might have been "the cathedral" anywhere else, but in London is only "a parish church." The old people were beginning to bestir themselves; the breeze would soon blow cold, and the liveried porter would come out of the Government office to lock the gates of the quay. Chrissy knew that what she had to do must be done quickly.

"Hans," she said, "how can you shrink from speaking out to me? I am poor, like you. We must both know the same struggles and defeats—and successes too, perhaps,"

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" Perhaps that does not make it easier," muttered  ${\bf Hans.}$ 

But Chrissy did not eatch his words,

"It is so hard to be kept out of a friend's counsel just because the friend feels that one cannot help," she bewailed.

Oh, the wiles of a woman! Let no man think to escape them. The utmost that is given to him is to take care that the wiles beguile him to his good and

it is a specimen of the harm dishonest and selfish people do."

"Hans," said Chrissy, very quietly, "are you quite sure you like the work? And did Mr. Bilderdyk really think you would suit?"

"I should like the work, certainly," said Hans.
"It is a way of gaining one's living into which one could put a lot of usefulness. And Mr. Bilderdyk kindly said he thought I would suit particularly,

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"'Hans,' she said, 'how can you shrink from speaking out to me?" p. 231.

not to his hurt. Hans was fairly conquered. How could Chrissy take up his silence so, at precisely its opposite meaning? He was driven to defend himself.

"It is not that at all," he cried. "Only why should I trouble you with hearing that I must give up a chance of—of doing a great deal I should like to do, because it is one of Mr. Bilderdyk's rules, like a law of the Medes and Persians, that the youth who takes the place which is offered to me, should always pay his first passage to America himself. The rule arose because he had two or three young men in succession who hired with him simply to secure the passage, and who deserted his service directly they landed. It is quite a reasonable rule, and the necessity for

And as for the going away—well, that's the part which makes this disappointment easier."

The rough edge had gone from his voice. He was good-natured Hans once more.

"Hans," Chrissy said, breathlessly, and with shining eyes, "if it is only about ten pounds that you want, I have them ready; they are just lying by, waiting to be useful in some way." She did not leave him time to rally from his astonishment and refuse, but went on rapidly, "Because I am a woman you will not say I ought not to be a friend. Because I am a woman you will not say I must not try to carry on what my father began. You will repay me those ten pounds long before I shall need them. It is

nothing, Hans; it is no favour, it is no kindness, it is only a neighbourly service."

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"I cannot take it; it must not be," said poor Hans; "but you have done me a kindness I can never repay in offering it to me."

"So, am I to work only to buy finery, or to provide for my own old age?" cried Chrissy. "Nobody would have blamed me much if I had spent most of that money on myself, on what I do not want, and can do quite well without. But I suppose nobody will approve of my using it in any such way as this, to serve a fellow-creature, and bring happiness to myself. If you cannot accept help from a woman, Hans Krinken, it must be because you think a woman is unworthy to help you. Then I wonder why God made women at all! But in great men's lives one often reads that they were helped and served in their early days by——"

Chrissy paused in confusion; for there was something in the radiant face Hans turned upon her which recalled—what in her excitement she had rushed upon forgetful—to wit, that her sentence must end with the words, "Women who in many cases were afterwards their wives,"

Hans looked at her earnestly.

"Miss Chrissy," he said, in low solemn tones, "I will take your kindness if, after I have seen Mr, Bilderdyk to-morrow, no other way is opened for me.

But, Miss Chrissy, I, too, know all about you and your affairs—and how much, therefore, you are doing for me. This money must be——"

"It is all my own earnings since my father's death," she interrupted, "and I have a little more still, and more will be coming in every week to pay my expenses, and I need very little. It is all right,

"My life ought to be something good, after such an event as this coming into it," mused Hans. "Goodnight, Miss Chrissy. I will do my very best to get away from you—it will be quite easy—now I find you are willing to risk your fortune to send me off."

There was something in the playful words which made Chrissy's heart leap, and it danced within her all the while as she ran home to Miss Griffin's. She felt sure Hans would go now, and it was her own hand which had loosed his moorings, but the pain of parting was over—over, at least, for this ecstatic hour, though it might come back upon some lower mood.

For the soul which can make God's will its own, and cheerfully set its hand to work in the weaving of His circumstances, is master of events. There is a truth for daily use in the Divine paradox—" Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake—for the love of God and of his brother man—shall find it."

(To be continued.)

# THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

THE PLACE OF WORSHIP (continued).

EFORE THE THRONE" suggests an idea of place. It must not be conceived of under coarse forms such as we are familiar with in this lower world—not even as city-like, palacelike, garden-like, not as a sort of Jerusalem rebuilt, or as an Eden regained. Yet the representation precludes the idea

Yet the representation precludes the idea that even disembodied spirits do not live in space. They cannot be omnipresent; and therefore their personal existence must be somewhere. in some particular region and realm suited to their powers, capacities, and employments. Wherever it may be, it is where God is-where His Church is, where the Holy Spirit is, where the angels are. In what part of the universe, no one can tell. Nor can we determine the locality to be inhabited by the saints after the Resurrection. Scripture reveals a separate state. Paul speaks of being absent from the body and present with the Lord, and Christ said to a dying man, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." That assurance is to be marked off from the revelation which we find in the first Epistle to the Corinthians :- "That which thou sowest is not

quickened except it die. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." A risen body necessarily implies a fitting locality in which it can live and move and have its being-and we are irresistibly constrained to think of heaven after the resurrection as a specific place. Where? This earth purified by the last fires? We cannot tell. In some remote space amidst the planets or constellations? We cannot tell. In some abode to be hereafter created, or now in a process of formation under geological conditions beyond our conjecture? We cannot tell, Only we hold to the idea of place, now and for ever; whether we be embodied or disembodied, whether after the resurrection or before. Yet how do thoughts of places and scenes, however beautiful and fair, break down when we strive to adjust them into a framework for images of the invisible world! Imagination is baffled, the hand striving to paint is paralysed, the tongue falters in its

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songs of the better land, and the soul is lost in the ever-deepening mystery. The difficulty is great, even with the Apocalypse before us, to seize on and retain the notion of a local heaven, at once intelligible and worthy of the subject, to get out of what is vague and airy on the one side, without falling into what is too definite and detailed, perhaps even frivolous and childish, on the other.

"Before the throne" are words which give scope for associations suggested by the Bible and nature. Of Solomon's throne it is said "there was not anything like it." The same may be said, with deeper emphasis, of the mercy-seat of the Temple, incomparable for its mystic meaning, more than for its material magnificence, though it was of pure gold. And where amongst earthly thrones is the like to be found of those glorious ones of rock and snow on the Alps and the Andes? Those "great white" thrones on which Nature's Lord and King sits veiled behind the curtains of the mist-clouds, or revealed in the sunshine of noon-day. With greater force may the Hebrew adage, "there is not the like made in any kingdom," be applied to that throne round the multitude are gathered, that throne, of which a rainbow is the canopy, that throne out of which proceed lightnings, thunderings, and voices. Whether those lightnings lead us to think of the sultry flashes which bathe the horizon on a summer's night far and wide, or of the forked bolts which look like firecracks in the azure wall of heaven, the impression made is "full of glory."

II. "Before the throne" suggests the idea of high honours being conferred—the honour of a royal audience. Admission to the presence of earthly princes is sought and valued. To be received on the throne by an English king or queen is a privilege vouchsafed to certain distinguished bodies, and coveted by many more. But such things afford poor illustrations of the Divine favour conceded to those who, in the vision of St. John, are admitted to the footstool of the Divine Majesty, to speak to Him in words of praise and We well remember one very dear to usa youth just coming of age, devoted to art, full of promise as of hope, telling us, as he neared the borders of the unseen world, that he had been perfectly overwhelmed by the grandeur of the words in reference to the peerless privilege of a Divine audience, "Oh, come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." It was with an ecstasy of delight that he repeated the words, feeling that naught in Heaven or earth could be compared to communion with God. What a conception of the honour of being admitted to Divine audience had Abraham when he said, "Behold, now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, who am but dust and

What a humbling effect had the revelation of the Divine glory upon the mind of Job: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear. but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Such experiences prepare for the due appreciation of the celestial honour of standing before the throne. and speaking with God face to face. The perfect worship of the Eternal Father in the realms of bliss has been secured for the redeemed Church by the intercession of the Incarnate Son. "Father. I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world. Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee; but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." Dwelling with Christ in heaven before the throne; beholding the glory of that loved One whose redemptive work is celebrated in the celestial song, and sharing in the affection of the righteous Fatherthese uspeakable honours are secured for His followers by the Saviour's intercession.

III. "Before the throne" are words which suggest thoughts of what is called the beatific vision, There is a sight of God that is possible, and another that is impossible in this world. "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory," cried Moses-and the Lord said, "I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy. And He said, Thou canst not see My face, for there shall no man see Me and live." Moses had a revelation of Divine goodness, but he did not see the face of God. He discerned the character, but he could not behold the personal essence of Jehovah. "No man hath seen God at any time," declared Jesus Christ; "the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath revealed Him." Thus the same incarnate Lord, Who has revealed the Father to us, insists on the invisibility of Him to the children of men whilst here below, in all ages. "God is a Spirit," He told the woman of Samaria, and the Divine Spirit cannot be perceived by mortal eyes. Seen, yet unseen; known, yet unknown; revealed, yet mysterious. Such is the Eternal One with Whom we have to do. When our Great Teacher says "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," He opens up a privilege, and He promises to us a glory, which in different modes and degrees belong to His people, both in this life and the next. In this life the pure in heart can see God, can see Him in His works and ways in creation and providence, as the impure in heart never

There are discernments of infinite power. wisdom, beauty, and love, by devout and holy minds, as they contemplate the manifold phases of nature, of which no glimpse is ever caught by those of a different spiritual temperament. also faith can recognise in Christ what without faith is impossible. "Philip saith unto Him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." "Believe Me that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me." He is "the image of the invisible God," "the brightness of the Father's glory," and the believer finds in Him the grandest moral manifestation of the Creator which it is possible to enjoy in this life. Views of God, on this side the grave, are sometimes vouchsafed to sainted men of a rare order which fill them with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Instances of this may be found in the lives of Howe, Flavel, and others. But there is a sight reserved for the future, the better world. Divines have called this the beatific vision. In the lowest degree at present any perception of God must be blessed, in the highest hereafter it attains to perfect beatification. They who stand before the throne enjoy it How? It is impossible to say, except that there, whatever we have now of the moral and spiritual enjoyment of the divine, will be raised to the utmost possible degree. The raptures of devotion, misunderstood and caricatured by unspiritual minds, will, in heaven, reach an elevation unattainable at present, and unconceived by the most loving affection, and the most purified intelligence. But the beatific vision means more than a higher development of our existing consciousness. It includes what will arise from a change in the condition of our nature. Both disembodiment, and the resurrection of the body, must involve a physical revolution in modes of apprehension and enjoyment. Souls detached from material organs of sensation, must see things after a manner we cannot imagine, and the same may be said of souls existing in bodies such as St. Paul has described. To see God on the throne, according to the laws of the future life, must be an unprecedented experience, full of joyful amazement. Thought with regard to it is baffled, even as we are baffled when we attempt to conceive of some new mental faculty, some new corporeal sense. Conjecture is vain, and words to express it are entirely useless. The schoolmen ventured upon exercises of reason, and the employment of carefully selected terms to indicate those exercises, in relation to the state of departed saints; and they raised amongst other questions this most abstruse and recondite one, whether or not the beatific vision is possible before the resurrection. Those days of fruitless inquiry into mysteries beyond human ken, are

now happily passed; the limits of thought in our mortal condition are acknowledged by almost all, and the history of speculation on the theme before us is enough to teach us the folly of striving to pry into what lies on the other side of death's dark curtain.

The symbols introduced respecting the beauty and joy of those who are "before the throne" must be noticed before we conclude this chapter. They are clothed in white robes, and have palms in their hands. The imagery accords with

what we know of the Jewish Temple. White were the Levites' robes, to indicate purity, proper to the worship of God-and, touching visions of heaven, we are expressly informed "the white linen is the righteousness of the saints." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." To be truly happy we must be truly good. No one can be like the Blessed God who is not like the Holy One of Israel; and to this we must add the momentous fact, that the multitude in the celestial temple "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It is through Christ that they have become what they are. His redemption is the secret of their safety and honour. His atonement is the cause of their salvation and blessed-Their pardon is the consequence of His sacrifice: and their sanctification comes from the efficacy of His blood, which cleanses from all

Think not only of how the multitude are clothed, but also of what they carry-" palms in their hands." The Feast of Tabernacles was the joyfullest in all the year. No one, said the Jews, knew what joy is who had not shared in the Tabernacle festivities. The courts of the Temple and the roofs of the houses, the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Kedron were clothed with a sudden verdure. Firs, myrtles, pomegranates, and palms, were gathered and wreathed into arbours and bowers, presenting a contrast to the white stone buildings and the barren hills of the neighbourhood. At eventide the citrons and apples of paradise glowed amidst the green branches in the light of a thousand lamps, looking as if masses of foliage were powdered over with stars. And, at early morn, as the sun reddened the horizon, and the lamps went out, and the sacrificial lamb was killed, and the incense was burnt in the holy place, there appeared a procession of priests, marching round the altar to the sound of trumpets, and the chief of them all poured out of a golden pitcher what had been brought from Siloam's well, as the people sang "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of Salvation," and the singers "carried palms in their hands." What was counted the superlative joy of Israel is thus employed to illustrate the joy of worship in the Temple of Heaven,

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# POPULAR MALAGASY HYMNS,

AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH CHRISTIAN LIFE IN MADAGASCAR.

IN TWO PAPERS.-SECOND PAPER.



our first paper (ante, p. 177) we endeavoured to describe the intimate connection between sacred song and Christian life and experience in Madagascar during the times of the planting and the persecution of the Gospel in the island. We shall here give a few further particu-

lars as to the more recent development of Malagasy Hymnology since those times have passed

away.

For some few years after the re-opening of Madagascar to Christian effort, the original hymns prepared by the first missionaries were used unaltered and without any additions. There was a rurious mixture of old and new tunes; the former, as already mentioned, "survivals" of the early period, and a few of the latter taught by the missionaries then commencing their work. But with these there came also a number of other tunes, some picked up from barrel-organs, and dance music learned from the military bands, often most incongruous and inappropriate to the words to which they were sung; and together with these were a few native melodies. From this strange mixture of tunes for religious worship a number of most elaborate pieces were composed by certain native musical geniuses. Some of these were of great length and complexity, occasionally not without considerable ingenuity, and some merit in composition, but sometimes with a curious, and almost comical, bass accompaniment, more like the grunt of an animal than the sound of a human voice. But all were utterly unfit for congregational worship; indeed it often puzzled us how the singers themselves learned such lengthy and elaborate compositions. It was said that they sometimes sat up all night practising these pieces, for which they paid a considerable sum (for Malagasy) to the teachers. The service of praise was thus thrown almost entirely into the hands of the singers, many of whom were slaves, and were often people quite unfit for the position they occupied as leaders of religious worship. The opening of new chapels in the country, and the united congregational meetings held on the first Monday morning of every month, were the grand times of

display for these performances, so that this part of the service often became a mere singing contest, in which parties of singers from different chapels vied with each other in producing startling effects.

But what (it may be said) were the mission-aries doing meanwhile? The highly unsatisfactory state of things just described reached its climax two or three years after the burning of the national idols in 1869, when for some time there was imminent danger that the Christianity of the congregations formed previous to that date would be swamped by the flood of heathen people who then poured into the existing chapels, and into the new ones which were being built, by hundreds all over the central provinces. The missionaries were then a small band of not more than a dozen men, and we were almost overwhelmed by the work of every kind thus thrown upon us. We were painfully conscious of the evils inevitably arising from such a transitional state of society, and not least by the unedifying character of public worship, especially in places away from our immediate influence; but by teaching good tunes, by speaking upon the subject of praise in worship, and by papers and discussions in our half-yearly Congregational Union, or Church Congress, we strenuously endeavoured to guide public opinion into a more excellent way.

Two or three years previously the late Rev. R. G. Hartley had written the first rhythmical and rhymed Malagasy hymn, a composition in which the work of the Lord Jesus as the Good Shepherd was beautifully and idiomatically expressed. It will be seen from the two following verses that the accent is perfectly regular to the metre, a

dactylic one :-

Jèso Mpamònjy, Mpiàndry tokòa, Ampiveréno hanàrak' Anào, Ondry mania, manàry ny sòa, Aza avéla hiàl' aminao.

Tàomin' ny ràtsy, fitàhin-tSatàna, Efa ho làsan-ko bàbo 'zahày; Fa Hianào no mahéry mitàna, Tsy hàhavèry ny ondry irày.

Jesus the Saviour, true Shepherd (of sinners), Cause to return to go after Thee (now) Wandering sheep (all) forsaking the pasture, Do not permit them to wander from Thee.

Led by all evil, deceived by the devil, Just on the point of captivity gone, Thou art alone the All-powerful to hold us, So of the sheep shall not perish e'en one.

The Malagasy verses have a ringing smoothness of cadence which quite caught the native ear, and when, some time afterwards, they were set to the tune of "Hail to the brightness," the hymn immediately became very popular. Mr. Hartley wrote

about a dozen other excellent hymns; these were included in a new edition of the hymn-book which he edited in England, where he died early in 1870. The same number of the least meritori-

ous of the old hymns were omitted to make room for the new one, so that the figures by which the majority had been known were retained unaltered. Several of the new hymns were beautiful original compositions; others were adaptations of English ones, such as "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, "Begone, unbelief," "Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness," "I'm but a stranger here," etc. It is worthy of remark that the last hymn written by this amiable and accomplished missionary was one expressing a beautiful trust in God, and submission to His will :-

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If dark should be the way.

Jehovah, O my Lord! On Thee is all my trust; Thou only art my lamp.

What shall befall I know not.

For hidden is from me The days I yet shall live.

Which Thou hast foreordained.

Whether I long shall live.

Or soon shall pass away, My lot's ordained by

Thee. I would not choose myself.

Thy pleasure is my own,

Jehovah, O my Lord! Upon Thy word I wait, In Thee is all my trust.

Meanwhile, others were at work in the same direction. The Tonic Sol-fa system was taught by several missionaries, and before long many hundreds of the children and young people were able to sing at sight from that notation. With their quick ear and natural taste for music, they learnt rapidly, so that soon many were qualified to teach others. Several missionaries began writing hymns, some of which were published in the monthly magazine Teny Soa, and others in leaflets. Some of these were im-



ROADSIDE IN MADAGASCAR,

were printed and sold by thousands, many of them together with the tunes in Sol-fa notes; and subsequently several large editions of the hymnbook, now nearly doubled in size, were disposed of, as well as great numbers of cheap school hymnbooks, Sol-fa tunebooks, collections of anthems, etc. Many of the intelligent Christian Malagasy began under English guidance to write rhythmical hymns, some of which are quite equal to those written by Euro-A most peans. marked revival of congregational singing thus took place, and for some three or four years hymns and hymnology attracted a great deal of public attention. Several more of the classical hymns of England were put into a native dress, amongst others, "Rock of Ages," "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, "O come, all ye faithful," "Abide with me," "Thou art gone to the grave," as well as many more recent ones, such as "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," "Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise;" and

many children's hymns, including "Mothers of Salem," "Oh, that will be joyful," etc.

At the same time—that is, about seven or eight years ago-the hymns of the American revivalists, Messrs. Sankey, Phillips, and Bliss, found their way over to Madagascar, and soon became very

popular both with the Europeans and natives. It was not long before many were put into a Malagasy dress, and being sung to the same tunes as their English prototypes, speedily became among the most favourite songs of the people; so that for some years past the strains so familiar in England and America have been equally popular in Madagascar. In church and school, in the people's houses after they have eaten their evening meal, in the fields as they are at work, and as they walk along the roads at night, one constantly hears the music of "Hold the fort," "The sweet by-and-by," "What shall the harvest be?" "That will be heaven for me," "Shall we gather at the river?" and others far too numerous to mention. The musical and liquid and vowelloving Malagasy language easily adapts itself to all the varied metres of European hymns, and there seems but little difficulty in using it in any style of versification; although, from the structure of the language, and the system of suffix pronouns, the choice of rhyme-endings is less varied than in English. Herewith are specimen verses of hymns in two metres, both exactly rhythmical and rhymed, the first by an English missionary \*-a capital rendering into Malagasy of the fine missionary hymn, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed;" and the second by a young native Malagasy †-a translation of "The Lifeboat," from Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs," both hymns being sung to the same tune as their English originals:-

Faingana, rý Mpanjaka, Handráy ny lôvanào; Faingana rè, mba hàka Ny tâny hỏ Anào; Avia, hàmpifaly Ny màlahèlo fô. Afàho ný mijaly Sy àzon' ný manjo. Avia, fà misento Atỳ ny ôlonào; Ny fànjakàna énto, Fa Tômpo Hianào; Tsy misy hitomàny Eo ànatréhanào; Hiàdana ny tàny, Izày haléhanào.

Ry Kapitény! bè ny ady manjó, Efa ho rèraka sy kivy ny fó, Ka hatanjaho mba hatóky Anào, Tómpo ô, avia hamónjy ahy izao.

Ny fahavaloko aty mba reseo, Ka taomy aho mba handray rahateo Ny fiadian' avy ao aminao; Tompo o, tsinjovy aho, aza mandao.;

\* Rev. J. Richardson, to whom the Malagasy owe much for his efforts to improve their hymnology (30 hymns in the new book are of his composition); and also for the most thorough and scientific teaching of the Sol-fa system, and for the preparation of tune-books, school song-books, etc. Amongst other hymn-writers were the Revs. W. E. Cousins, R. Toy, J. A. Houlder, and G. Cousins; and among the natives Andrianity oraylona

Cousins; and among the natives, Andrianaivoravelona.

+ Rajaonary, once a pupil of the writer's, and now for some years pastor of the Ambatonakanga Memorial

Church at Antananarivo.

t These hymns may be read by English readers with little difficulty by observing the accents, and by remember-

In the promotion of this revival of congregational singing and hymnology in Madagascar the press of the mission of the Society of Friends has not been behind that of the London Missionary Society; and we have a noteworthy illustration of the way in which common Christian work makes good men overlook minor differences, in the fact that several of the new hymns were written by Friends. One of the earliest popular children's hymns was written by Joseph S. Sewell, for several years the senior member of their mission in Antanànarívo. This was a translation of "Whither, pilgrims, are you going?" The translation of "Abide with me" is also Mr. Sewell's.

An edition of a Sol-fa tune-book has lately been published, in which suitable tunes are given for every one of the 247 hymns in the enlarged hymn-book. These are very varied in character, being derived from a number of different sources, and the grave and severely classical styles are mingled with the more lively and popular ones. One or two of the old native melodies are retained to the hymns to which they have been so long sung. Some of the "Services of Song," for several years past so popular in England for Sunday-school anniversaries, festivals, and other occasions, have been put into Malagasy, the hymns being translated, together with the connective readings. The "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Samuel," have in this way been made available for Malagasy services, and have given great delight to old and young.

Thus it will be seen that in their service of praise the Malagasy congregations have already become largely one with their mother churches in England who have sent them the Gospel, for they sing numbers of the same hymns and the same tunes as we do here at home. But we may hope that with deepening Christian experience and knowledge, there will yet be a fuller and more original expression of devotional feeling in sacred song; and that many native poets will be raised up who shall do for the sacred poesy of Madagascar what Watts and Wesley, and Keble and Lyte, and a host of others, have done for English hymnology, and shall thus embody in "immortal verse" the faith, the hope, the joy, and the yet wider experiences of Malagasy JAS. SIBREE, JUN. Christianity.

ing that the vowels have the power of the letters in Italian or French, except o, which, save in the exclamation marked  $\dot{o}$ , is always like our English o in move, to, do, etc. The consonants are much the same as in English, except that y is always hard, s always s, and not like z, and j is hard like dz. In the terminal rhymes, ao is sounded like ov, ay (and ai) like eve; io, like eve; and e0 like  $a\cdot oo$ . I and y are identical, the latter being always used as a terminal

# The God of Love my Shepherd is.



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## MOTHERS IN MARYLEBONE

BY ANNE BEALE.



ME seventeen years ago, on a bright summer's day, a small procession of vans containing women of various ages, started from the schoolhouse of Christ Church, Bell Street, Marylebone, for a day's pleasure in Kew Gardens, They belonged to a Working Party, originated for their benefit.

and energetically superintended and maintained by Miss King and her friends. Some members of this party, though arrived at mature age, had never seen the country. Their expectations were accordingly great, and, unlike most great expectations, were not disappointed. The sun pierced the smoke of the teeming city when they started; the moon gleamed on her stately river as they returned.

We expect to see children mirthful under most circumstances; but we scarcely calculate on childish jollity from some fifty or sixty careworn women. Yet we had it as the vans moved on-Though somewhat restrained in the streets, it broke forth when their labyrinth was penetrated and the roads reached. Husbands and children, and therewith anxious toil, were

behind; freedom and pleasure before.

After a drive all sunshine and amusement, we were deposited at the gates of Kew Gardens. It was interesting to watch the amazement on the women's countenances at this remarkable spot. They wandered off in small parties of two or three, pausing ever and anon to gaze up at the gigantic foreign trees that astonished them. When told that their beloved Queen Victoria had voluntarily relinquished these gardens for the benefit of her subjects, and that from having been a private pleasure-ground of the royal family it had become a public resort, all were ready to exclaim, "God save the Queen!" did so exclaim at sight of the marvellous Victoria Regina named after her Majesty. If they did not fall on their knees like the famous botanist Haenke when he first saw this remarkable plant, to express their sense of the greatness of the Creator, they uplifted their eyes in wondering awe. The Water Lily house was scarcely less entrancing.

"How do they grow? was the not unnatural question.

Admiration culminated when these unlettered citizens wandered through the palm-stoves. Indeed, the "lettered" were not less amazed, for it seems like enchantment to glance down from the galleries on the feathery heads of trees, or to look up to the glazed roof at the palms of sixty or seventy feet in height that bid fair to pierce through it.

"It is like walking on velvet," said one, setting a foot timidly on the smoothly shorn lawn. "It is blessed rest," another, seating herself in a rustic chair. "I thought I was lost in a wood, till I see a peep of the Thames," a third, "I shouldn't know my way if I was here for a month," a fourth.

"I am over forty, and I was never out of London before," said a large and comely matron, "I couldn't have believed it was so beautiful. I live in Providence Place, and there are gardens," she

added, with a smile.

The hours between one and six sped only too swiftly. Had they been all zealously and conscientiously employed, they would have been insufficient even to glance through all that was There were the tropical, pine, to be seen. begonia, Cape orchid, succulent, and fern houses, the museum, with its multifarious wonders, the Arboretum, the Herbarium, all containing objects of interest; and there were the swans! it was impossible to pass them by.

But at a given hour we were to meet at the great gates by which we had entered, and some where between five and six all had assembled. We trooped off to a long room on Kew Green, where a decidedly "high tea" awaited us. It is probable that the distinctive "high tea" originated in some such gathering, for high spirits prevailed at it. Not alcoholic spirits, but the spirits engendered by air, sunshine, and exercise, their best and most laudable promoters.

The room was light and cheerful, the tables well spread, the tea good, and the viands excellent Miss King headed her tables, the Rev. Llewelyn Davies said grace, the ladies served as well as ate, and the "working pleasure party" became an

eating and drinking party.

"I am ashamed to ask for more tea, for I've had six cups already," said one. "Oh; I've had seven," and "I eight," laughed others. "Salad is such a treat this warm weather." "And meat pie, I do like meat pie," were remarks that passed.

Query-"Is tea uninebriating after all? Or is music inebriating?" A harp and violin outside our banqueting hall set every head nodding. No sooner was the meal over than all the women



MOTHERS IN MARYLEBONE,

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were frisking on the green enclosure. In the middle of the games a photographer appeared.

"Let us all be taken!" said Miss King.
And so we were, all the party, members, helpers, and guests were transferred by the declining rays of the sun to a copper plate, where they remain until this day; a little faded, perhaps, after the lapse of seventeen years, but there they are still.

Seventeen years! While the joyous groups prepare for the vans, and the said vans bear them Londonward once more, we will glance rapidly through the fate of the working party, during

that fourth part of a lifetime.

It has maintained an active existence ever since. Every Monday evening, without intermission, have Miss King and her benevolent "Lady Helpers" met the mothers and their babes. Quietly and unostentatiously this good work has kept the even tenor of its way. From eighty to a hundred names are usually on the books, though the attendance varies according to seasons and circumstances. But the party assembled in Christ Church infant schoolroom is generally a cheerful one. In the winter a good fire blazes, near which sit a few of the older members whose sight fails them, but who still like to listen to the story which is read aloud.

Immediately around the fire play as many children as the mothers are compelled to bring, and dolls and toys are provided for their delectation. While Miss King and a friend receive pence, and measure out garments at one table, another lady reads aloud to the knitters and sempstresses who surround the other. Happy the author who can write healthily and amusingly, for he or she is sure of warm appreciation by the interested and not uncritical audience. In some of the assemblies of our poorer brethren and sisters, tears are considered happy indications; here smiles are the sine quâ non. A good hearty laugh constitutes a successful evening. The fortunate writer of a pure tale would rejoice to hear the cachinnations caused by his fun, and the remarks on his characters. But the auditors are too keenly critical to care much for sensation or mawkish sentimentality. Life is real to them, and they like reality, as well as something that will teach them, under the pleasant guise of fiction, how to live well. Authors who wish to please and improve the working classes, should have a high standard of their own. It is low literature that ruins the world.

One of the reader's most attentive auditors is a blind woman. She forgets her blindness in her temporary absorption in imaginary pleasures and pains. A spectator would also forget her blindness, for she knits and sews as busily, and almost as rapidly as those who have eyesight. She was taught in her youth, she says, at the

blind-school in the Avenue Road. Her husband is also blind, and she not only performs all household offices, while he earns a precarious livelihood as hawker, but repeats to him each week what has been read at the party. The neatness and cleanliness of their one small room on the area floor of a thickly-peopled house in Marylebone are as remarkable as her seams. Indeed, when one watches the cheerful faces and tidy dress of most of the workers, they all appear remarkable. And the seventeen years' steady work and growth of this party has tended to foster the tidiness, by encouraging to saving and self-reliance instead of

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dependence on charity.

It is difficult to imagine that most of its members inhabit, with their husbands and children. one small room. A house-to-house visitation of the abodes of these women alone serves to show the overcrowded state of London. There is one delicate-looking and well-mannered, whose husband has left her with two children to support, and who tenant a room so small that the one bed. stead seems to have outgrown it. Still, on the bed reclines one of the children in spinal complaint. Another, bright-faced enough, has a room on the ground floor, so full of children and furniture that one wonders where her husband, an industrious wood-chopper, finds room for the soles of his feet when he comes home. Some dwell in "marble halls" by comparison. Our friend of Providence Place has a sumptuous apartment, papered and pictured and well furnished, but damp. Another denizen of that happily-named locality possesses two rooms, but to reach them you must mount a perpendicular staircase, which is resolved to break your neck if it can. Should it be unbroken, however, you are rewarded by something approaching the paradisiacal, for flowers bloom in red pots, books and pictures appear, and rosy children greet you. But, alas! Providence Place is doomed, and the inhabitants are asking, "Whither shall we flee?" May they find a refuge in the comfortable, wellappointed, well-ventilated model houses built at no great distance, near the huge Board Schools.

We might thread the mazes of poor streets and dark alleys that surround Christ Church for many an hour—indeed, many a day, and all day—and happen on scenes that would certainly not brighten these pages; but we prefer to end as we began, cheerfully. Summer treats, with their vans and rooms to be hired, are expensive diversions; there has been none since the one described; but our working party has never failed to have its

winter rejoicings.

We will intrude on one of them. The large pillar-supported subterranean schoolroom is festively decorated with evergreens and flowers, and has a small Christmas-tree at one end. By halfpast six, over a hundred guests are seated; for, at this feast, the husbands are bidden. The tables for the general supper are placed round the room, but there is one in the centre reserved for special visitors, and lighted by special candelabra. Here sit a dozen of the oldest members of the working party, most of whom have clung to it from its infancy to this, its maturity, and some of whom were among the guests at Kew. "Ah!" they say, "I never enjoyed a day in my life so much as that!" We miss from the seat of honour Mrs. Todd, in her military cloak, who was wont to occupy it as one born to command; but the seat is filled by another, and we cry, "The queen is dead, long live the queen!"

As at Kew, so here, cheerfulness prevails. We have all put on our best tempers with our best gowns, and none look happier or neater than the blind woman and her blind husband, who ask to be taken to feel the Christmas tree and its ornaments, she and others of the party never having before been present where one was exhibited.

A good meal is certainly an elixir. Our daylabourers and their wives have it written in their placid faces when they finally lay down their knives and forks with a sigh, turn their cups upside down, and say with the poet—

"And wasn't I sorry when I'd had enough!"

No wonder that the members of the working party presented a testimonial to Miss King some years back, which she bears on her wrist to-night, in the shape of a bracelet. No sooner are the bodily wants supplied, and the tables cleared, than the intellectual are ministered to. "Music, heavenly maid," is now the lady helper.

The musical feast prepared to-night is not inferior to the previous banquet, and the songs and pieces chosen are appreciated and applauded. There are some fifteen infants, of whom the babes in arms join in the choruses, and the two-year-olds dance to the tunes. It is pretty to see the latter holding up

their little frocks and moving their tiny feet like ball-room misses.

The crowning delight of the evening is an enormous red stocking, full of presents, all of which are ticketed and drawn for. The Rev. Llewelyn Davies is the fortunate distributor. How it is made to contain over a hundred gifts is inconceivable. Garibaldi-bodies, knitted scarves and cuffs, aprons, petticoats, mats, dolls, pictures, brushes, stockings, gridirons, ornaments, even blankets and blacking-brushes rise from its capacious foot and leg, and are claimed by the holders of the duplicate tickets. The directress has the organ of organisation, for "the triple alliance" of men, women, and children are severally dealt with, each receiving a gift suitable to sex and age. "All triple things are perfect," say the French, so we have three magnificent patchwork quilts, the joyful possessors of which are reckoned the "fairy godchildren" of the

This, like all sublunary bliss, must draw to an end, so, when the many-hued and carefully tesselated quilts are folded, and quiet secured, the pastor of these poor but grateful sheep gives out Ken's Evening Hymn, and we conclude with those time-honoured words, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and the Benediction.

If it be asked why this sketch has been written, the answer is ready. Not to blazon forth private benevolence, which is neither desired nor desirable, not to crave donations, since the funds are just adequate for the demands, but to encourage the charitable, who are apt to be discouraged, to "help those who will help themselves," by their countenance, example, and Christian sympathy. Let them adopt the following motto, which hangs at the top of the room we are about to leave:— "Christ Church Working Party, established 1858. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'"

#### THE HEAVENWARD PILGRIMAGE.

HE way is dark, the night is long,
The tempest rages overhead;
But if by Thee my steps are led,
My heart shall blossom into song.

What though the journey toilsome be, With thorns beset on every side? What are my wounds to His who died, My pains to Christ's Gethsemane?

Take Thou my hand, and I will go Where'er Thy Spirit leadeth me; I would not live except in Thee; There is no life, save this, below.

Thou makest man the heir of all, Brother of Christ and Son of God, And shall he, of this kingly blood, Down to the dust despairing fall?

Forgive the doubt; sustain my feet,
Till to the golden gates I come,
Then of Thy grace receive me home,
The heavenward pilgrimage complete,

G. BARNETT SMITH.

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"I took a sovereign out of my purse, and explained to them its value."-p. 245,

#### "SEEK OUT DONALD."

# A STORY FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.-MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.



I was passing through one of the leading thoroughfares of the great metropolis, my attention was arrested by several placards posted on the walls at different corners of the street. The words

A SACKFUL OF SOVEREIGNS"

were printed upon them in large and gilded letters, to

attract the attention of all passers-by.

It was the announcement of the last production from the pen of a well-known author of a new story to be published in the course of the ensuing week.

A circle of poor little children on their way back

from school had gathered round one of these placards to look at the fine gold letters. The elder of the children, a sharp clever-looking boy of about ten years old, evidently proud of his superior knowledge, was spelling the words out loud to his companions, but a sore puzzle it was to them all to understand what kind of thing was in the sack.

Poor children! the golden coin had never existed even in their imagination, and their combined guesses as to what the sack of sovereigns could possibly mean were ineffectual to make the matter clear to their minds.

"I have it, Jemmy!" said a rosy-cheeked little damsel of some six or seven years old; "don't you remember what the minister said in church last Sunday?—something; what was it?"—putting her little hand up to her head, trying to remember. "Yes, it was in his prayers; he said, 'Our gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria'—of course, that is it; it is the sack the Queen sits on. I've found it out before any of you;" and she clapped her hands in delight.

"Nonsense, Nelly, you little stupid!" replied Jemmy; "that is not it at all. The Queen sits upon the throne, not on a sack like what mother puts the potatoes in." This learned remark brought down a peal of laughter, from all the children; poor Nelly struggling all the time to hide the tears she could not repress at being thus jeered at,

"Oh, what does a sovereign mean?" continued Jemmy, his clear blue eyes looking inquiringly into mine as he caught me listening to their conversation, and as if expecting an answer there.

"My little boy," I replied, "I will tell what you want to know, but not here. Come with me to my house, where I will show you what a sovereign is."

"Lady, lady, let me come too," poured forth at once from more than six childish voices, while Nelly, drying her tears, had slipped her hand confidingly into mine.

In a short time my little band of newly-made friends were round my kitchen fire, eagerly devouring some bread and milk, after which I had promised them the explanation of the sovereigns, but on condition that they should each first tell me their names and all about their homes. Finding themselves thus encouraged, I was soon in possession of the family history of many of them. But I shall only have occasion to speak in this story of Jemmy, his sister Nelly, and Pigeon, the homeless boy. It was Jemmy who brought the latter to my notice when I was dividing the bread and milk amongst the children.

"Oh, lady!" he called out, seizing my arm, "give Pigeon the largest share; he has no father nor mother, no place to go to, so he sleeps on door-steps or in the streets, and when he sees the bobbies coming he climbs up on the roofs and lies there. That is why we call him Pigeon; and he comes to the school with me now, and he likes it well; don't you Pidgey?"

"Yes, Jennny," said Pidgey, "because I get there a scrap of fire to warm me when I am cold, and a bit of bread to eat; but I don't care to learn, and I don't listen to one word the teacher says."

And, turning over head and heels, the little urchin, before any one could stop him, had jumped across the kitchen table almost into the fire.

"Oh, do please forgive him, lady dear," said Jemmy; "he is so wild, but he has had no one to teach him better, and it is little more than a month since he has been coming to school with me. You won't annoy the lady again, will you, Pidgey dear?"

"No," said the boy, "I am sorry; but I want to hear all about the sovereigns."

"Yes! yes!" said Jemmy and Nelly, and all the children together; "let us hear about the sovereigns."

A pretty group they formed as they clustered around me—Jemmy, with his fair hair and bright blue eyes, and well-darned jacket—showing the work of a thrifty tidy mother—forming a strong contrast to Pidgey, with his dark eyes and hair and swarthy complexion and neglected appearance, his wretched rags, which scarcely held together, telling their own forlorn tale.

"Now, will you be good, Pidgey," I said to him, "while I am speaking?"

"He will try," said Jemmy, answering for him.

And the two boys looked up steadfastly at me— Jemmy with his arm round Pidgey's waist, as if claiming a guardianship over him.

And now—fulfilling my promise—I took a sovereign out of my purse, and explained to them its value, and I told them that the head impressed on the coin was the picture of our "gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria," and in consequence called a sovereign, and that little Nelly was not altogether wrong, for though the Queen did not sit on the sack, but on the throne, she was sovereign of all England, and wore a crown on her head.

The children listened with breathless attention and awe, and took the sovereign in their hands as if they were afraid to touch it; but when it came to Pidgey's turn to look at it, he treated it with far less respect. Taking his arm away from Jemmy's, he threw the sovereign up in the air, saying, "Lor! my copper pieces I get when I sell my matches are much bigger than this 'ere one. When the gentlemen buys them from me, and I turn head-over-heels, many a one calls after me, and says, 'Well done, boy! here is another copper for you;' but, bless you! they are twice the size of this."

"But this is worth much more, the lady says," replied Jemmy; "and look how bright it shines. It is not fit for poor boys like you and me to play with. Give it back to the lady."

"Yes, Jemmy, I said," taking the money from him. "Gold is very precious; but there is something more precious than gold, even more precious than the gold on the crowns of the angels in heaven. Do you know Who that is? It is the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who died on the cross to save little children like you, and bring you to heaven. Did you ever hear of Him, Jemmy?"

"Yes," said Jemmy, looking very solemn; "mother says He loves little children, and tells them to come unto Him, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven; so Nelly and I pray to Him every morning and evening at mother's knee; and we say the hymn—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my simplicity; Suffer me to come to Thee."

Nelly had joined in with Jemmy as he repeated each word with distinct clearness, their little hands reverently crossed, showing their simple faith to be indeed more precious than the gold we had been speaking of. It was evident that in the hearts of these little ones the good seed had been early sown, and I prayed that it might fall on good ground and not be choked, as they grew up, by the temptations of the world which was before them.

It was now time for them to go home, and having promised Jemmy that I would pay his mother an early visit, they left me with joyous hearts, none of us knowing the dark shadows that would soon come over the two who were then the brightest and happiest.

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CHAPTER II.—"THEY HAD ON THEIR HEADS CROWNS OF GOLD."

In a top room on the third floor of an old decayed house in a crowded alley lived Jemmy and his mother. I had some difficulty in making out the place, for though Jemmy had told me to turn first to the right, then to the left, the turns seemed endless, and the neighbours, all apparently a low class of people, were little inclined to give me any assistance. At last I found what I took to be the house, and knocking at the door I inquired if Mrs, Sumners lived there. Immediately a little face I had seen before peeped out at the top window to see who was there, and in another moment my friend Jemmy was at my side, but so changed since I last saw him, only a few weeks before, I almost failed to recognise him, He was no longer the sunny bright little fellow who had so attracted my attention and enlisted my interest at our first meeting. The cloud had burst over the sunshine of that young life. Nelly, his darling little Nelly, was ill.

"Oh, lady! I am so glad you are come," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "I have been watching for you for so many days. I told mother if you were

here, I knew Nelly would get well."

Before I could look round, he was at the top of the house; while, with slower steps, I followed him up the rickety staircase. As Jemmy opened the door of their room, I saw with one glance how clean and tidy everything was in it, a bright spot, as it were, in the midst of the unhealthy smoke and dirt with which the house was surrounded. Poor Jemmy, he was so sure, now I had come, that Nelly would recover, his eyes beamed brightly once more.

But, alas! as I looked at Nelly's sunken face and lustrous eyes, I knew that the Reaper Death was there, and that before long for the Lord of Paradise he would bind this tender floweret in his sheaf; but I little thought how soon the end would be. Kneeling by Nelly's bedside was her mother, unconscious of my presence till roused by Jemmy. "Mammy! mammy!" he called out; "here is the lady, and

Nelly is going to get well!"

As the poor woman rose from her knees to welcome me, she appeared just what I had expected of Jemmy's mother—one who had evidently known better days, and not born to the sad position in which I now found her. She thanked me heartily for coming, but was so prostrate from grief she could hardly speak. She told me her children had come back to her so happy after seeing me, and that Nelly could afterwards speak of nothing but of the golden crowns I had told her about, and that a few days after they had been with me Nelly had caught the fever which was going in the neighbourhood. "The doctor says nothing can save her; he can do no more. My darling is leaving me! God's will be done."

"Mammy! mammy!" called out the poor little sufferer, "come to me! come to me! I see the sovereigns shining so bright which the lady told Jemmy and Pidgey and me all about, but she said there was something much nicer still. What can it be?" and she moaned and tossed in her bed in the delirium of fever.

Then, suddenly raising herself, and with her large

eyes fixed upwards, she exclaimed-

"Now I know. It is the angels, with crowns of gold upon their heads, much brighter than the sovereigns. They are beckoning to me to come to them. Don't keep me here, mammy. Jesus wants me. He has a crown all ready for Nelly. Let me put it on. Mammy, help me up, I cannot reach it," and, while straining her little arms to catch, as she thought, the golden crown, she was carried by the angels to the home above.

The Saviour, to Whom these little ones had been brought, had taken the last-born, bought with His precious blood, into the fold with Himself before it had time to stray away on the bare and rugged path. There was deep silence in the humble room. The ground we stood on was holy ground. "One like the Son of Man" was with the sorrowing mother in the fiery furnace, giving her a strength which He alone can impart to those who trust in Him.

It was hard for Jemmy to understand what had happened. His mother's strange calmness had made him believe that Nelly was only sleeping.

"Hush!" he said to me in a low whisper. "She is asleep, lady; we must not disturb her." And he looked at the little form that was lying still.

"No, my child," I said to him; "Nelly is not asleep; she is with the angels in heaven."

"But may I not go to her?"

"Not yet, Jemmy dear; by-and-by. God wishes you to be a little longer on earth, to serve and love Him here, and then to dwell with Him hereafter for ever and ever, and where you and Nelly shall never be parted."

The truth at last dawned upon Jemmy's mind—Nelly was dead. He knew she was very ill—that he saw his mother crying bitterly. He had heard what the doctor had said, but his heart had been quite cheered when I arrived, for he thought Nelly would then get well again. But now he understood it all. His darling little sister, his much-loved playmate, she has left him, and he is never to see her again; and in an agony of tears he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed as if his little heart would break.

"Jemmy dear," I said, gently, "remember your mother; you are all she has left now."

As I said this the brave boy roused himself, and, quickly drying his tears, he threw himself into his mother's arms, and said—

"Manmy, I will never be naughty any more. I will pray to God to make me good and bring me where Nelly is."

I left them alone. They knelt together round Nelly's bed, and the broken words I heard were—

> "Thy will be done on earth, As it is in Heaven."

> > (To be continued.)

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

L-THE FRIEND OF GOD-HIS CALL (Genesis xii.).



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ANY many hundreds of years ago—long, indeed, before the birth of Christ—there was a great commotion in "Ur of the Chaldees." A family that had been settled there from remote generations, said that they had received a message from God—the great God of all, and that in obedience

to it they were about to leave their homes and become wanderers on the face of the earth. Most probably it was one of the family—a man of the name of Abram—who influenced the rest. He, it appears, had been led to see the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and to worship the living and true God; and he had persuaded some of his relatives to think with him, and to act with him, and accordingly it came to pass that when he told them that it was the Divine will that he should leave his native land, they expressed their readiness to accompany him, and share his fortunes.

So there they are, packing up and getting ready to start—not, indeed, the whole clan, but part of it—the old man Terah, Abram's father, and a younger man, called Lot, Abram's nephew, and Abram's wife, Sarai, and a good many servants and dependents, with their tents, and baggage, and cattle. And after a while they move off, amidst the regrets of some and the derision of others, who think them almost out of their senses to follow a voice.

Presently they arrive at a place called Haran, and there old Terah dies, and Abram is left the head of the family.

It was some time, I think, before Abram received another communication from God; but at length a message came. In the first instance, Abram had been told to leave his kindred and his native land, and to go forth, not knowing whither he went—to go to some land that God would show him. Now the land is pointed out. He is to move to Canaan; and, in obedience to the command, he gathers all together, and moves at once into the country. At the same time he receives a promise—"I will make of thee a great nation." "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Now, as we watch Abram, travelling down from the north slowly with his encampment, and then crossing the Jordan, and settling down, first in one spot and then in another, in the fertile land of Canaan—let us think a little about him.

He had been, we suppose, a worshipper of idols; at all events, he had been brought up in the midst of idolatry. But God had revealed Himself to him, and Abram knew God. This is what we notice first.

In the next place, we notice his age. He is not a young man. When he left Haran to enter into Canaan, he was seventy-five. Seventy-five years then, it is true, was not the same thing as seventyfive years now. Still, Abram was old, and men who are old are unwilling to change, unwilling to leave their friends, unwilling to move to new places and new scenes, from those to which they have been so long accustomed. It is difficult, you know, to transplant a long-rooted tree. Abram, however, was obedient to the Heavenly command, and tore himself away at his advanced age from all his former associations, and entered upon a wandering life. Consider again. God had told him that he should become a great and important nation. And yet at seventy-five he had no child. How was it likely that he should be the father, the ancestor, of a great multitude?

Now, what strikes you as the most conspicuous quality in Abram? Why, his faith, of course. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, he believed that what God had said must be true. He was to be the progenitor of a vast nation. It seemed unlikely; but he believed it—because God had said it. His descendants were to be possessors of the fair land of Canaan. It seemed unlikely; but he believed it—because God had said it. And so he was called the "Father of the Faithful."

### II.-ABRAM, LOT, AND MELCHISEDEC.

Lot, as you will remember, was the nephew of Abram; but he was a man of a very different temper. Good at heart, a true servant of God (for the Scripture calls him "righteous Lot") he had yet very serious faults. He cared too much about himself, and too much about his own worldly interests. He was too anxious to "get on," and the consequence was that he lost at last all his earthly possessions, and was obliged to fly for his very life out of the city in which he had taken up his abode.

But let me tell you the story, or part of it.

Abram, we are told, became a prosperous man. He was "rich in cattle, and silver, and gold." In this prosperity his nephew shared. Lot had flocks and herds and tents, and by-and-by, these possessions grew to such a size that there was not sufficient room for them in the place in which they had settled down together. Abram's herdsmen and Lot's herdsmen began to quarrel, and, I suppose, to fight about the pastures for their cattle; and much that was unseemly took place. Abram felt that all this must be put a stop to, so he called his nephew to a sort of conference, and talked the matter over seriously with him. They were "brethren," he said—that is, near relatives; and the wicked heathen round them must not be allowed to see strife and contention going on amongst

those who professed to love and to serve God. "Now," said he, "we must separate; do you take your choice. I will choose after you. Select what you think the best part of the country, and settle there. I shall be

content with what you leave."

Now, if Lot had been a generous man, he would not have consented thus to take precedence of his old uncle. He would have felt that Abram ought to have chosen first, and that he should have taken what was left. But the temptation was too great for him. He jumped at the opportunity, and chose for himself the well-watered plain of the Jordan, not heeding the fact that by going there he would be brought into the neighbourhood of some of the very wickedest people in the whole world.

When he was there his first trouble came (his last was the utter destruction of all his property in the overthrow of Sodom). Some chieftains from the north-probably from Mesopotamia, Persia, and other countries thereabout-being angry with the kings who reigned in these Cities of the Plain, attacked them with a great force, and beat them in battle, and drove off an immense quantity of booty and captives. Amongst the captives was Lot. Abram heard of what had happened. He was not a fighting man by profession, but he could fight when it was necessary to do so; and he armed himself and his servants, and, with some auxiliaries, pursued after the host; overtook them by night; smote and routed them; and recovered all the goods and all the captives, Lot as well as the rest, and brought them back.

As he was returning, two persons met him-very different persons, Melchisedee, the king of Salem, and the king of Sodom. The latter made a generous offer-if he really meant it. He begged Abram to keep all the spoil, and only to restore the captives. But Abram did not like the man, and would take nothing at his hands. Besides, he was too generous to accept handsome presents, when he was rich enough already. And he would not accept so much as a shoestring from the king of Sodom. Towards Melchisedec, however, he acted differently. Who Melchisedec was it is hard to say; but he was obviously very good; and, besides being very good, was both a king and a priest of the Most High God. The Bible tells us that he was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ, We do not really know very much more about him. Before him, as his superior, Abram humbled himself. He received bread and wive at his hands; he received his blessing; and showed his respect and reverence for him by giving him tithes of all. I suppose that in Melchisedec Abram was really paying homage to Jesus Christ.

#### III.-THE INTERCESSION OF ABRAHAM.

By this time God had changed Abram's name, and he is now, not Abram, but Abraham—i.c., "father of a multitude."

One day as Abraham was sitting in his tent-door, in the heat of the day, he saw three persons-approaching. Two of them were of a stately and majestic figure, but the third was especially so. To him Abraham addressed himself, offering him hospitality, and begging him and his companions to sit down under the tree and rest, while some refreshment was being prepared for them. He consented, and all three sat down. Abraham waited on them, and they ate their meal.

After a while the three men, as they seemed to be, rose up from the table, and moved in the direction of Sodom, and Abraham accompanied them—not, I suppose, to point out to them the road, but to show them all proper respect. Soon it appeared that two of the men were angels, and that the other was no less than the Son of God Himself. The angels went on towards the wicked city of the plain, but the third figure stood still with Abraham, watching them as they moved away.

Then the Lord told Abraham what He intended to do. Abraham was His friend; and He would not keep His purposes secret from him. He was about to destroy Sodom; to pour out a tempest of fire and brimstone upon it; and, by one tremendous blow, to strike it out of the earth. The city was so wicked, so hopelessly, so incurably wicked—that the thing must be done.

Then Abraham was full of pity. He was as much horror-stricken, of course, as anybody at the foulness of the place—he knew what Sodom was; but then it seemed so sad that hundreds and hundreds of men and women, creatures formed like himself, and capable, it might be, of better things, should perish utterly, in this fearful way, without any hope of escape. And then he thought that there might be some righteous in the city, and that, if so, it would be hard to involve them in the common destruction. Perhaps the Lord would spare the whole place for the sake of the righteous that were in it. What shall he do? He will venture to intercede with the Lord for the inhabitants of Sodom.

See him, then, kneeling down before that majestic yet kindly figure! He says he is sure that the Lord will not destroy the righteous with the wicked; that were not just, he thinks; and he is assured that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Perhaps there are fifty righteous within the city. Will not the Lord spare the city for the sake of those fifty righteous? Yes, the Lord will do so. If there are fifty righteous, then Sodom shall be spared. Then it occurs to Abraham that it may be that he has pitched the number too high; the place is very bad, there may not be fifty good people in it. And so he diminishes the number, and pleads again. And afterwards he diminishes the number, and pleads again, until at last he comes down to ten; and hears the Lord say, "I will not destroy it for ten's sake." Here Abraham stopped, thinking that, with Lot's family, there were certain to be ten good people in Sodom; or, perhaps, feeling that he must not presume to press the matter any further.

But after all his intercession Sodom was destroyed. It was too corrupt to be allowed to remain and pollute the earth.

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Now, it is clear that the Lord was pleased with the intercession of Abraham, and encouraged him to proceed step after step. And if it had been possible, the city would have been spared. And it is clear, also, that in pleading for wicked people, as it is the duty and privilege of Christians to do, they must be careful to submit their desires to the Divine will. God is far more anxious to spare than they are to induce Him to spare; but sometimes he must strike.

#### IV.-ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

When Abraham was a hundred years old, Isaac, his son, was born. Isaac grew up to be a young man of twenty-five, when the following circumstance happened.

One night, as I think, Abraham heard the voice of God, directing him to take Isaac, and offer him up as a burnt-offering on a certain mountain. The command was a very strange one. Isaac was a good obedient son; he was the son of Abraham's love; the old man was very fond of him; and besides this, the promises of God were to be fulfilled in Isaac. If Isaac were put to death, how could Abraham become the father of a multitude of nations? However, there could be no doubt that it was the voice of God that had spoken to him. Abraham knew it too well to be mistaken; and he felt that what he had to do was to obey. He would consult nobody. He could not dare to speak about the matter to Sarah, his He could only obey. The wife, Isaac's mother. next morning he got up early, and, taking two of his servants with him, and Isaac, his son, he set out in the direction of the mountain which God had told him of.

It was a long journey; and what a sad one! Think of the feelings in the poor father's heart! What a conflict there must have been! Perhaps be almost doubted sometimes if the command could have come from God. And then—how could be tell the matter to Isaac?

It was a terrible time. We can only just imagine

the grief, the perplexity, the horror of it; and yet, through it all, there was the firm resolve to obey God, at any cost. The whole of that second day was spent in journeying-the old man riding on in strange sad silence, Isaac pacing by his side, and wondering what was amiss with his father. The next day, the mountain appears in the distance; at last they reach the foot of it; and, leaving their servants there, Abraham and his son begin to ascend the height. At the top, Abraham must have unfolded the Divine command, and Isaac must have prepared himself to submit. He could have resisted if he liked, for his father was old, and he a young man of twenty-five, in the fulness of health and vigour; but he did not. He consented to be bound, and stretched on the wood-and then-just as Abraham was taking the sacrificial knife to slay his son, the word of the Lord was heard, and the act was interrupted. Abraham had sacrificed his will, but he was not called upon to sacrifice his son.

I cannot but think, my dear children, that we have here a most remarkable, and certainly a most touching representation of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross. Christ was a willing victim He laid His life down of Himself; no one took it from Him. He died freely and willingly, that we might live. Then He carried the Cross Himself up the mountain side, as Isaac carried the wood of the sacrifice.

But there is another thought that occurs to me. In the Bible we are told the "Lord spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." If so, Abraham, in his grief and distress, seems to represent God the Father. I know I am speaking of what I can only very imperfectly understand. I must be careful not to go beyond the language of Scripture; but it does seem to me as if it cost God something to part with His well-beloved, His only begotten Son, when the redemption of man was to be accomplished. Oh, then, do think of the wonderful love of God! How, like the love of Christ, "it passeth knowledge." Think, dear children, of the love of God the Father, and be thankful.

# THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

T.

SNOWDROPS.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."
-St. Matthew v. 8.

HROUGH the mantle of the snow,
Through the earth that lies below,
New Year blossoms seek the light—
Little snowdrops pure and white.

Fair in form and fair in face, Full of purity and grace, Little blossoms sweet and true. May we strive to copy you!—

Pure in heart in every way, Pure in all we do or say, Pure in all we think or write, Pure in God's most holy sight!

May we ever strive to be Nearer perfect purity, Till to us the blessing's given, And we see our God in heaven! TT.

FEATHERED SUPPLIANTS.

"God feedeth them."—ST. LUKE XII. 24.

WHEN winter's here, we scatter crumbs
Upon the frozen ground,
And, swift of wing, each feathered thing
Flies in from all around;
The songsters of the summer time,
The sparrows of the town,
Strange birds that fly from northern clime,
They all come fluttering down.

And every morn, so sad and cold,
Our feathered friends will sit;
Though snow may fall upon them all,
They will not move a bit.
But soon they are no longer dumb:
The window's opened wide,
And, twittering their thanks, they come
In flocks from every side.

We love the birds for their own sake,
But most, because it 's true
He who will love our God above
Must love His creatures too.
And when we daily scatter food
Upon the window-sill,
The Father's plans, so wise and good,
We're helping to fulfil.



III

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—St. LUKE XV. 18, 19.

FULL of a spirit of unrest,
Weary of lingering in the nest,
Of living in his father's sight,
Obeying him and doing right,
A son left home and kin behind,
New pleasures and new life to find.

He set out for a distant land; Nor did he go with empty hand, For, ere he went, of all he had His father gave him half: then, sad And full of fears, and sick at heart, He saw his much-loved son depart,

Far from his father's watchful care, That long had kept him everywhere, The son soon spent in evil ways His whole possessions. Then came days Of famine in the land, and he Was sick with want and poverty.

A hireling, watching swine, he sought
To eat the husks o'er which they fought;
For none gave to him. Then, at last,
He thought once more of all the past,
And, seeing clearly all his sin,
Scarce hoped forgiveness he might win.

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We too have sinned. Oh, may our cries Be like to his! May we arise And go unto our God and say, "We are not worthy, Lord, to-day (So constantly have we done ill) That Thou shouldst call us children still."



IV.

WAITING TO FORGIVE.

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—St. Luke xv. 20.

Weary and worn, the prodigal Returned to home, returned to all That he had left with laugh and scoff; And when he was a great way off, His father saw the long-lost one, And ran with joy to meet his son.

He waited not until he heard
The sorrowing sigh, the humble word
Confessing all the wrong things done
He ran at once to meet his son,
And though he was "the prodigal,"
He kissed him and forgave him all.

And when the son, with humbled head The words of penitence had said, His father bade the servants bring The very best of everything For this, his son, lost long before, But now returned to home once more.

So dealt the father, and just thus Does our dear Father deal with us. If we but turn from sin that harms, Our Father stands with loving arms, Ready to welcome us and say, "My child has come to Me to-day!"

GEORGE WEATHERLY.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE KINGS. THE END OF THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH.

No. 1. DEATH OF JOSIAH.

Chapters to be read—2 Kings xxiii., 2 Chron. xxxiv., xxxv. (parts of).

NTRODUCTION. Coming now to end of these stories; our last lessons about a good king; who was he? in this lesson have account of Josiah's death.

Many death-bed scenes of good men in
Bible. Jacob in Egypt blessing his
twelve sons (Gen. xlix.), King David after
troubled life blessing Solomon. If had choice
all would probably wish to die so, at home, quietly,

children around, etc. Josiah did not.

I. Josiah Fulfils Prophecy, (Read 2 Kings xxiii. 15-20.) Remind how earnest Josiah was in putting down idolatry; searched all over his own kingdom; then went through rest of country, where kings of Israel had reigned; none there now; kingdom come to end; country mostly desolate. What place did he come to? Evidently wanted to seek out the source of all the mischief. What did he find at Bethel still? Jeroboam had made Israel to sin, and Judah had followed evil example. Picture the scene. King pulling down altar; helping with his own hands; the grove burnt; all utterly consumed; stamped to pieces. Then king turning to the tombs, causing bones of false priests to be brought out and thrown on the pyre, as if to exterminate all traces of the great sin, But whose bones did he spare? The old prophet foretold this event 300 years before (1 Kings xiii. 2), even naming the king. The prophecy fulfilled at last. God's word come true. King continues journey through all Samaria. Same scene everywhere; altars pulled down; priests' bones burnt. But, alas! it is too late. Idolatry sunk into very heart of people. Beginning of sin like letting out of water; most difficult to stop. Might burn the bones; could not put away the effect of the sin.

LESSON, Avoid beginnings of sin. Cannot tell how it may grow; may be impossible to stop it.

II. JOSIAH'S DEATH. (Read 2 Chron. XXXV. 20-27.) Now come to end of this good king; idolatry put down; temple re-opened; Passover restored; sacrifices re-established; his work done and well done; comes last scene; sad should not have peaceable end, but die in battle; what was the cause? Show by map mutual situation of Egypt and Assyria. Necho going up from the south, along coast route, to meet Assyrian troops at Charchemish, in North Assyria, stopped by Josiah. Notice Necho's reproof to Josiah; heathen king acknowledging control of Supreme God. Describe the scene; the king in war-chariot, fully armed (N.B., disguised, ver. 22, means equipped); aimed at by Egyptian archers; wounded; hastily borne off the field; buried in sepulchre of the kings.

What a sad ending to a glorious reign! First of

kings of Judah to fall in battle. First to leave his land at mercy of foreign foe. No wonder great lamentation; solemn dirges sung; but remember, he died fighting in opposition to message from God, and consequences ruinous to nation.

LESSON. Distrust self. Josiah acted on own impulse, without seeking counsel of God; had fatal result. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." Rather, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths (Prov. iii. 6)."

# No. 2. Jehoahaz and Jehoiakim.

Chapters to be read—2 Kings xxiii., xxiv. (parts of). INTRODUCTION. Ended last lesson with Josiah's death and burial, and lamentation made for him. Mournful death of last warrior king—thought so sad that was ordered to be commemorated yearly (2 Chron. xxxv. 25). References to it may be seen in Jer. xxii. 10, 13, and Zech. xii. 11. After his death events succeeded rapidly till kingdom came to an end.

I. JEHOAHAZ. (Read xxiii. 31—35.) Eldest son would naturally expect to succeed to throne. No reason given why did not do so. Who made Jehoahaz king? Name formerly was Shallum (Jer. xxii. 11); new name means "the Lord possesses," but, alas! name and character did not agree. Was anointed king according to old and pious custom, as David, Saul, Solomon etc. Perhaps felt solemnity of being crowned and anointed; but then, followed evil example of grandfather Amon and his father Manasseh; "did evil as all his fathers."

Pharaoh appears once more; had been victorious at Megiddo; probably brought all Syria under his rule; now sends for Jehoahaz, takes him prisoner and sends him to Egypt. Also does two things to the kingdom—exacts a tribute, and sets up another king, Eliakim, elder brother of Jehoahaz; evidently claiming by these acts to be superior lord.

Lesson. Wickedness brings its own punishment.
"God is angry with the wicked every day." He must punish sin. As then, so now. Therefore repent before it is too late.

II. Jeholakim. (Read xxiii. 36, xxiv. 7.) Began reign in prime of life; character fully formed, for good or evil. Alas! same story repeated, "did evil." During first part of reign his brother Jehoahaz a prisoner. Did he ever return? (See Jer. xxii. 11, 12.) This sad fate might been a warning to Jehoiakim, but not so. He chose evil, and followed it willingly. Now comes invasion of king of Babylon. He defeated armies of Pharaoh-necho, and Jehoiakim became his servant, i.e., paid him tribute; but then rebelled, possibly hoping Nebuchadnezzar's other wars would prevent his attacking him. But, meanwhile, what other enemies came against Judah? (ver. 2.) Probably these employed by Nebuchadnezzar

till he could come himself. Still, at whose command did they come? Could have prevailed nothing except by word of the Lord, Remind how sentence was pronounced in reign of Manasseh (2 Kings xxi, 12, 15). And for his sins all these calamities were sent as punishments.

Lesson. Folly of neglecting warnings. This king's fate exactly same as his brother's. Let us take care lest fall by same example of unbelief (Heb. iv. 10).

# No. 3. JEHOLACHIN.

Chapter to be read-2 Kings axiv. (part of). INTRODUCTION, Jeremiah always calls this king either Coniah (Jer. xxii., 24), or Jeconiah (xxiv. 1). Not much difference in the Hebrew words. Jehoiachin means "Jehovah will establish;" shortened form Coniah means "Jehovah establishes," as if he meant, "He will not establish this prince."

I. HIS SIN. (Read 8-11.) No change-"like father, like son." Josephus, the Jewish historian, says he was a just and mild prince, possibly, yet made no effort at a national repentance. Continued in same general course of conduct as his father, with

same results.

Now comes the beginning of the end. Two previous kings gone to Babylon as exiles. How shall he escape? Once more Jerusalem besieged by Assyrians. When had they come up before? How had Hezekiah resisted them? First, by bribes, but then by prayer and faith. Which was most effectual? Remind of defeat of host by angel of the Lord (2 Kings xviii, 35), This king does nothing. Probably feels utter uselessness of anything he can do. First Nebuchadnezzar sends an army, and then comes himself. The temple still open. Prayer might have been made. Prayer would have been heard. Never too late to pray. But king does nothing. Yields at once. "Jehoiachin went out" (see 12)-i.e., surrendered at once, Who besides him? What a sad sight! The king and his mother, all the princes, nobles, officers, yielding themselves up at once as prisoners of war.

II, HIS BANISHMENT. (Read 13-16.) What a shocking break-up at Jerusalem! Three classes of people taken captives-(1) upper class; comparing verses 14 and 16, find were 3,000 princes, priests, elders; (2) soldiers, about 7,000, and (3) artisans, 1,000. These would make up most important part of population. Artisans would be most useful in constructing Assyrian king's great buildings. Also took now all the vessels of gold-the altar, ark, table of shewbread, etc., cutting them up to strip off the gold. So ruin of Jerusalem and Temple almost

The degradation of sin. King could not raise himself to prayer, bribes, or efforts. Become utterly demoralised. So sin creeps on till overpowers whole moral sense. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,"

No. 4. ZEDEKIAH.

Chapters to be read-2 Kings xxiv. (part of) and xxv. I. THE END OF THE KINGS, (Read xxiv. 17-20.) Have come now to end of history of Judah. Last king reigned three months. Carried to Babylon at early age of eighteen. His uncle now appointed to succeed him. Gets name of Zedekiah, meaning "the Lord our righteousness," probably hoping for blessings promised to reign of king with that name (Jer. xxiii, 5-8). His reign much mixed up with life of prophet Jeremiah. His chief sins were (1) his refusal to be guided by Jeremiah, although acknowledging him as true prophet (2 Cor. xxxvi, 12, Jer. xxxvii. 2), and (2) breaking his oath of subjection to Nebuchadnezzar (2 Chron, xxxvi. 13). Had sent em. bassy to Nebuchadnezzar (Jer. xxix. 3), and visited him afterwards (Jer. li. 59), doubtless to try and get restoration of the captives—the best blood of Jerusalem-and the treasures-but all in vain-Jehoiachin not even released from prison (Jer. lii. 31). So he plots with neighbouring kings, and then with prince of Egypt (Ezek, xvii. 15), and finally in ninth year openly revolted. Now Nebuchadnezzar comes up to Jerusalem to besiege it, and completely subdue his vassal,

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II. THE END OF JERUSALEM. (Read xxv. 1-17.) Here have all the horrors of a siege. Vast army round the beautiful city-forts or movable towers with battering-rams brought to bear on it. Siege lasted year and a half, till at last yielded to famine. For full details of horrors see Lamentations of Jeremiah, written just after, e.g., noblewoman searching for offal (Lam. iv. 5), children devoured by parents (iv. 3, 4, 10), a third part of people died (Ezek, v. 12). At last breach made by rams-walls entered, city taken-king and guards fled, pursued, taken. King's sons slain-his own eyes put out-thus fulfilling prophecies that he should be carried to Babylon (Jer. xxxii. 5), but not see it (Ezek, xii, 13). There was kept close prisoner till he died (Jer. lii, 11). Now follows total destruction of Jerusalem-Solomon's beautiful Temple-his palace-all the great houses burned with fire-the walls of the city razed-the treasures of the Temple all seized and taken away. Was ever work of destruction so complete?

LESSONS. Have now finished stories of the kings. Traced them from Saul, the first, who began so well; David, the "man after God's own heart;" Solomon, who fell away so fearfully, down to Jehoiachin, the last, who died in exile. Can learn certain great lessons running through all. (1) God's hatred of sin. Over and over again have seen God's anger at sin, and His certain punishment following. He is the same still. Let us search out our consciences, and see what sin in us lies, and ask for grace to put it away. (2) God's pardoning mercy. David, Hezekiah, Manasseh repented, and were forgiven. This mercy still avails. Forgiveness doubly assured to us since death of Christ, but only upon full and true

repentance.

# SHORT ARROWS.

## A HAPPY HOME.

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In a most picturesque district near Glasgow, there stands a Home, to which we desire to call attention. It is a Home for Incurables.

No one will come away from that house at

Broomhill unimpressed, when the cheerful appearance of the residents, and the kind interest of the matron in all concerning it, are remembered. The inmates are in no way desirous to obtain assistance without, in a manner, working for it. If any one-and there are many people-wishes to send something to a bazaar or a fancy fair for charitable purposes, and yet may not possess the time to devote to the required work, there is an opportunity here at Broomhill for the would-be assistant. She can send a sum to the Home, and the poor sufferers will gladly execute any work, and so contribute to their own support, which they are very anxious to do. If those who are in good health will strive to realise the blessings they enjoy, almost unheedingly in so many instances, and will contrast their happiness with the lot of those poor sufferers in the Home near Glasgow, that institution would never languish for want of funds. It is proposed to add to the Home, and ever so small a donation will prove of use, if forwarded to the Secretary, 68, Bath Street, Glasgow.

### HOW WORK PROSPERS IN SPAIN.

From a communication which we have lately seen, we are enabled to put on record some very pleasing facts, as garnered by Miss Murray respecting the Spanish Missions. One anecdote shows how this lady's influence is spreading among the people. A young girl wished particularly to go out on a Sunday, and asked permission to do so. Of course the occasion was a festive one, and it was scarcely to be expected that the girl would be able to leave the party. But, greatly to the teacher's delight and gratification, the Spanish girl came away from the dinner to attend her Sunday-school in the afternoon, thereby showing how firm a hold her duties had taken upon her heart and conscience; and also spoke well for her There is another case mentioned, that of a man who had for some time been attending the He was very depressed at times, and on one occasion his heart was opened, and not only did he then embrace the faith, but he persuaded his wife to listen; and so both became regular attendants. These are not the only encouraging signs of the spread of the Gospel. Many and many a Bible has been distributed and willingly received by all sorts and conditions of men. A girls' school is urgently needed, and many are the requests that come for such an establishment. This is the result of the efforts made at Figueras, and is chiefly owing to Miss Murray's energy and devotion, with a firm trust in Providence which has never yet failed her.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

On the subject of Indian work we have before us a great mass of evidence concerning the Zenanas and many other most interesting topics. We may first see how the machinery is set up and put in motion. There are, according to the statistics in our possession, thirty-four missionary societies in India, some of which support missions in more than one district, Besides these publicly supported institutions, there are ten private and independent missions, bearing a part in the great work. Of the societies, the United States and Great Britain between them are responsible for twenty-five, the balance being in favour of England. The others, with one exception, are traceable to the various nations on the continent of Europe, The total number of missionaries employed is 689; nearly half having been in India ten years, and some are natives of India; that is, they were born there of European parents. The greater number are natives of Great Britain. There are 116 from Continental nations, 117 from the United States, 17 from Canada, 1 West Indian. Those from the States are mostly from Ohio and New York and Pennsylvania. Thus we see that in the good work England still maintains her supremacy, as becomes such a favoured nationparticularly in her own dominions-but great honour is due to our transatlantic brethren for their efforts and their success.

## PHYSICIANS IN INDIA.

We have above given a few statistics respecting the arrangements made for the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants of India. We will now at greater length consider the supply of doctors for the bodily ailments of the Hindoos-men and women-and then mention the Zenana Mission work, which it is so very desirable should combine both qualities-bodily and spiritual care-in the Zenanas. Female medical missions have more than once been advocated in these columns, and no one with any acquaintance with all the circumstances of the case will wonder at our own persistence in this matter. But not every lady who is desirous to work for the good cause will suitand we may venture to give these earnest workers a word of advice, with the authority of a practical acquaintance with the subject. In the first place, a thorough knowledge of medicine is required, and steadiness of nerve, with self-reliance and self-possession, are equally necessary. We are in no way underrating the praiseworthy efforts of so many Christian sisters, but a teacher only, however earnest, is not nearly so useful or successful. Let us see what the English lady-doctor will have to contend against. There are native doctors who will bring all their arts to bear, in accordance with superstition, and with the consent of the parents of the patient, besides the dislike the native doctor almost invariably brings to bear against the European Hakim. There are numerous old women who detest the physician from England, with a large company of Fakirs who "practise incantations," and give medicine promiscuously and without any special acquaintance with the disease. These Indian practitioners do not really enter the Zenanas. The patient meets the doctor half-way. He is of course quite unable to see her face, but he can see her tongue and feel her pulse, and may bleed her from the arm or foot.

#### A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

A lady practitioner-an American-has given an outline of her experience in India, which is worth quoting with reference to the foregoing. Mrs. Mansell was called, only as a last resource, by a beautiful Mohammedan woman, who had been almost bled to death by the Hakims. Sometimes the lady was cheated. She was called in on one occasion when a woman was suffering from cancer. She told her her ailment, and prescribed. A native doctor had concealed himself with a view to ascertain the illness, and when the lady-doctor had departed he was enabled to tell the native woman her malady, and prescribe for her. He made a great deal of money before she died, The inhabitants of the Himalayas say there are only four diseases, viz., fevers, cholera, small-pox, and "the will of God." All who have the last-named die. Those who survive must have fever, cholera, or small-pox. And small-pox is so common, that if a native woman be asked whether her child has had the disease, she will almost invariably reply in the affirmative; or, if "ot, she will say, "Not yet," with a pleasant and cheerful smile, as if the malady were a blessing. One Hindoo gentleman said, "I have been especially honoured since last meeting you, Sitla-debi has taken away my two boys." He meant that small-pox had carried off his sons. These few notes may be interesting to those who contemplate proceeding to India as Zenana or other medical missionaries,

### "EYES TO THE BLIND."

Under the above title an "inmate" has written to plead the cause of a Happy Home for the Blind, 52, Webber Road, S.E. These unfortunate artisans and others, who have lost their sight, are sheltered, and Mr. Hampton seeks, as far as his means allow, to alleviate their misery and want. There is also a mission for the blind, and a free tea, on Sundays; and on Tuesdays, a singing-class. Every person receives, on these occasions, a few pence and a loaf. On Thursdays the blind mothers are assembled, to mend their clothing and have tea; and on Fridays they are taught to read. When we consider that during the year all this work is car-

ried on, in addition to a system of visiting at the homes of the poor, and outdoor relief, we are surprised that Mr. Hampton has accomplished so much. We are sure he will obtain support from the charitable and well-disposed.

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#### GOOD INFLUENCE.

When the Earl of Shaftesbury was pleading for and approving the excellent work done by Mrs. Mac. pherson and her assistants in the rescue of children. he repeated some anecdotes of his own experience, which are well worth transcribing. They illustrate the good result from sowing good seed, and which surely will come up and bear good fruit, even if at times it be scattered in a poor soil. Lord Shaftesbury said that oftentimes the little children rescued and taught by means of Sunday-schools and ragged schools become missionaries in their homes. He gave an instance of a woman who was in the habit of using terribly bad language, and yet she made no objection, as some might have done, to the children attending Sunday-school. On several occasions her children begged her not to use such dreadful language, and they would strike up a hymn to try to influence her. They succeeded. The woman became quite changed. and she herself subsequently related the facts to the Earl of Shaftesbury, adding, "I tell you, sir, I couldn't stand it any longer." Thus, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," praise was perfected.

#### A "ROUND ROBIN."

Another very interesting incident was subsequently related by the Earl. One day he received what is termed a "round robin" from a number of thieves, requesting him to meet them at a certain place. The Earl kept the appointment, and met these desperate men. They one and all said they had decided to give up their evil ways, and requested Lord Shaftesbury to assist them to emigrate. He did so, and several proceeded to Canada. Some years after, the third son of the Earl was travelling in Canada, and happened upon a very tidy-looking farmhouse. He asked and obtained the desired refreshment, and was about to proceed, when, as he took up his small portmanteau, his name was noticed upon it. It was at once recognised joyfully, and great excitement ensued when the traveller was discovered to be the son of the kind-hearted nobleman who had sent the farmer out to Canada from his sinful surroundings, to become a respectable and respected member of society. No doubt there are many other like instances; but these will convince many who need conviction that "Bread cast upon the waters is not lost; ye shall find it after many days."

#### A BLESSED WORK.

These remarks bring us to a brief consideration of the means adopted by Miss Macpherson for the reclamation and conversion of her fellow-creatures, a work which is greatly blessed. In the new Home this lady proposes to train young women in real mission work, and for the position of nursemaids in England-the Home being in Hackney-who will have the care of the destitute children who are sent over to Canada, as we have already chronicled in these columns. The great secret of the success already achieved is personal inspection and attention to details. The knowledge of each individual received is the result of constant study of character. It is hard work, but how much better is it to become acquainted with the virgin soil in which the planting of good ideas and the sowing of good seed is to take place, than to cast the seed broadcast and at random into uncultivated ground. The little ones are motherless, and the great want of this parental care is supplied by the good ladies who superintend the Home.

#### A REST FOR STRANGERS IN GREECE.

We are glad to learn that the "Rest" at the Piraus has been moved to better quarters. The library has received a considerable accession of volumes presented by professors of the Athens University. It may be that some few pounds will be required to continue the work and keep the accommodation up to the anticipated level. But any who have been hitherto supporters, and who have helped at home and abroad to bring the "Rest" to its present condition will no doubt again interest themselves, and those who have benefited by it will surely come forward and help to maintain its efficiency.

### A GOOD REPORT.

A most sympathetic work has been for some years carried on by Mrs. Hilton in Stepney, and a success has been achieved deserving of all commendation. This lady has lately published her tenth annual report, and many interesting facts may be gathered from it. We may be permitted to mention a few. This institution, so ably presided over by Mrs. Hilton, is a Home, and with a Crèche, into which a grand total of two thousand and fifty children have been from time to time received. During the last year sixty-four cases have been received into the Home. A hundred children are daily admitted into "In the Home there are thirty-seven, besides seven little girls, training as nursemaids." The staff of helpers is well maintained, and the institution being of purely unsectarian character, commends it to all denominations of Christians. There are some cots still to be adopted. For fifteen pounds a year a child can be provided for in the Home; for six pounds in the Crèche. But the great need is a settled income. It is perhaps owing to the very quiet manner in which the institution is managed that many people are unaware of its unobtrusive existence. This is a good report, and we trust our readers will get it for themselves from Mrs. Hilton,

12, Stepney Causeway, London, E., and see from it the working of the institution,

#### A GREAT ASSISTANCE.

An incident connected with the above institution is related in the report, which will tend to strengthen the estimation in which the Crèche has been held, A man was sent to the hospital to undergo an operation, and at that very time his wife was struck down by serious illness, and was obliged to be sent to the hospital, too. The children were, of course, left unprotected. There were four-a boy and girl and twin babies a few weeks old-deprived of a mother's care. After a while, while one child was cared for in the Crèche, the mother returned, recovered—the father was sent home to die. A piteous appeal from the poor wife was promptly answered by Mrs. Hilton. The husband was cared for physically and spiritually till he died. One, the surviving babe, was received into the Crèche, and the girl was taken into the Home, Thus, mercifully lightened of her burthens, the poor widow has been enabled to go out and seek work or perform it, and she is no longer bowed down by such distressing circumstances as might otherwise have proved too much for her. The lad is now able to attend school, and qualify himself for business hereafter. So this good work progresses. The above incident is one of many interesting, even touching narratives, in the report we have mentioned.

# THE MEDICAL MISSION AT BRIGHTON.

Nine months or a little more have elapsed since the previous report was issued, and during that period no less than 4,407 people had attended in the Mission Rooms in Edward Street for advice and medicine for spiritual and bodily help in their need. When the body is brought low through sickness, the mind is often in a state to appreciate the mercies hitherto enjoyed, and to turn to the Giver of all Good. It is at such a time that the healer of the body will pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, will endeavour to open the eyes of the blind, and teach them to walk in the paths of peace without fear. The missionary is thus working very successfully, and indicating to all who come to him the Great Healer, the true Physician. Will we not assist his endeavours by our alms? In addition to the thousands thus cared for, the missionary has paid visits to many hundreds who were unable to attend at the rooms, and one hundred and twenty special cases were attended by the nurse. Of course, money will be needed during the winter, but those who are unable to forward it may, perhaps, send any worn clothing or blankets, which will be very welcome, for distribution. Any parcel or remittance for this increasingly good work should be addressed to the Missionary, Alston Villa, College Road, Brighton, by whom they will be thankfully received and suitably

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# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

- Give the name of the Jew who became prime minister of a great foreign nation.
- 38. What ghost scene is mentioned in the Book of Job?
- Quote a passage wherein worshipping of saints is mentioned as being practised in olden times.
- 40. Quote the words of Job in which he sets forth the need of a mediator for man.
- 41. Which of the prophecies of Isaiah has the date of its delivery given?
- 42. "On all their heads shall be baldness, and every beard cut off." What custom is referred to in this passage?
- 43. What class of Jews was forbidden the use of these outward signs of grief?
- 44. What ceremonial of the Jews was referred to by our Lord in the words, "Every sacrifice shall be salted with salt"?
- 45. On what occasion did Jesus, when casting out an evil spirit, forbid it to enter into the person again?
- 46. What miracles did St. Paul perform at Ephesus? Quote passage.
- 47. How many times is the word "conscience" used in the New Testament, and by whom?
- 48. In what book of the New Testament do we find those well-known words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"?
- 49. Quote a passage in which St. Paul speaks of the manna in the wilderness as "spiritual food,"

- ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.
- 25. She was the wife of Haman, and urged her husband to build a gallows upon which Mordecai should be hanged, but upon which her husband was himself hanged (Esther v. 14).
- 26. Blue (violet), and white; as we find recorded in the dress of Mordecai (Esther viii. 15).
  - 27. A broken spider's web (Job viii, 14),
- 28. "My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome (Job vii. 5).
- 29. Tartessus, in the south of Spain, and the Islands of the Mediterranean Sea (Ps. lxxii. 10).
- 30. The triumphal entry into Jerusalem (John xii. 16).
- 31. The custom of anointing the shields with oil before going into battle (Isa. xxi. 5).
- 32. It means "light-bringer," or "day star," and was applied to Babylon as the bright and glorious city of the East (Isa. xiv. 12).
- "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles" (Prov. xxi. 23).
- 34. From the Book of Proverbs, where it says, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy" (Prov xiv. 10).
- 35. Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades (Job ix. 9).
- 36. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty" (Job v. 17).

# JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

## JEWELS FOR THE OBEDIENT.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies (Ps. xxv. 10).

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them (Ps. ciii. 17, 18).

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep His testimonies (Ps. exix. 1, 2).

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land (Isa. i. 19).

Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother (Matt. xii. 50).

If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love (John xv. 10).

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (Rom. viii. 1).

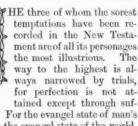
Whose looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed (James i. 25).

He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (James ii. 17).

# SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE OF THE WAY

TEMPTATION AND RESCUE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A.



life, like the evangel state of the world, is reached through the one path, in the midst of which is standing our ancient foe. The Delectable Mountains, and Immanuel's Land, and the Celestial City lie beyond his stronghold.

The three temptations to which I have alluded prove this. Each of them marks a distinct crisis in its victim's career.

The first in time, as it was paramount in importance, was of course the temptation of our Lord; but we must not overlook the fact that there were three periods of temptation, not merely three individual temptations in the wilderness, but two sets of temptation besides these. The wilderness temptation was the personal contest with the wicked one. It appealed to the sin that was deepest of all sins—the sin of selfishness, and it presented the idea of the selfish gratification of hunger to One who was fasting; of selfish spiritual pride to One who was strong in His Father's faith; and of a selfish method of success to One who had come to work hard, to suffer keenly, and to wait long for the grand design He had in view.

But later on a different trial of fidelity to His purpose was attempted. At thirty years the Son of Man had to decide upon His life-work; at three-and-thirty He had to choose the kind of result which that work should secure. Was His Kingdom to be of this world, or of another? They gathered around to make Him a king. Should He yield then to this ambitious prospect, or in other words, should He love the world, and the things of the world? When the answer was determined, a new period of His life began. The previous period worked up to that popular influence, the period which followed worked down to the cross, And this period brought its own eculiar temptation—that of physical cowardice. Will the Prince of the House of David, Who refused to be a king, and the Preacher who refused to be selfish, have the pluck and the bravery, the steadfastness and the principle to work

out the bitter end? Is there no resort to human influence which will overrun the dominion of evil? What power should there exist in death, and what magic lurk in a cross? In Gethsemane that question was answered, and the battle of human bravery was fought, and the third last period of Christ's life closed, only to open, at God's unhurried hour, into the glory and power of the Resurrection.

The remedies, too, which He used were peculiar to each temptation. In the first, He wielded the sword of the Spirit; in the second, flight became a splendid self-denial; while in the third, a resolute resignation to the will of His Father exhibited the strength that was strong in death.

The temptation of St. Peter was, like Christ's, cleverly adapted to his character. If Peter was anything, he was bold; but boldness is not courage, and even courage is not always wise. And when the temptation came, it proved to him the impotence of his boast, and drove him out of selfreliance into the truer manliness of Jesus Christ, Ten thousand English Christians would prove as false to-day as he was then. He would be near to Jesus, not to show his loyalty, or to alleviate his Master's pain, but to see with his own eyes the events which were in store. He would be true and leal; but, like many, he would purchase the truth cheap, and wear his loyalty at little expense. He would be a Christian in the world without showing it; he would have both the benefits of sin and the consolations of holi-

But how different this trial from his Master's, Peter had not the satisfaction of

> That stern joy which warriors feel, In formen worthy of their steel.

It was not the populace—sons of Abraham—which confronted him, nor Satan, prince of aërial powers, but a wretched menial and a low provincial soldier: and he fell withal.

Different, too, from both of these, and altogether peculiar to himself, was the temptation of St. Paul. He had been honoured by success more brilliant than Christ's, and he had crucified an old man that was strong to dare, to persevere, and to accomplish. He had risen into a spiritual joy that flesh could scarcely brook, and been drawn upwards to look upon visions that out-rivalled those of Patmos. The serenity of his own spirit, and the special favours of His God might well exalt the noble self-consciousness of the chief Apostle.

But alongside of that attainment stole the trial.

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He that was not behind any other Apostle, why should he not think himself really the first? Greatest in intellect, and purest in spirit, and strongest in faith, why should he not assert his position, and demand the supreme control of the

Church of God?

Now with the temptation came an equally singular rescue. God Himself came to his aid. Isaiah's prophecy was fulfilled, for Paul had entered the deep waters, and his Father's presence was with him. It was to him a new, and hitherto in the world an unspoken pledge which he received. God is better than the Church, better than influence, better than even success in saving souls; and the strength of the Lord is made perfect in the weakness of His workers, whether they be renowned as St. Paul, or obscure as the meanest elder in Ephesus or Corinth.

These I think are the three classes of temptation which the New Testament presents to us. They are remarkable as well for the difference among themselves, as for the various methods by which they were successful or subdued. Peter, who felt his own strength, is deserted: Christ is alone until the trial is past. Paul is accompanied by God while it approaches, and consoled by Him

when it is gone.

Nor are we now placed under any arithmetical order or extent of temptation. Every leaf in the forest has its own peculiarity, as it has its own identity. A different heart throbbed in the breast of every one of the million men employed by the ancient despot, and so is it with all of us. A different eye, a different soul does every Christian now present to His God. Hence it comes that no two stories of temptation can be alike, and the probability is that the means of rescue or escape are in each temptation entirely new. In spiritual things as in material, the work of creation still goes on. Every one then must nerve himself and burnish his weapons for his own contest, and keep his own watch, and offer his own prayer. He is a soldier; he is bound to prove that he is a hero as

And yet we may discover some common qualities in all these temptations, and even some laws by the knowledge of which temptation may be anticipated and averted.

There are three great sources from which temp-

tation may be expected.

1. The first of these is the sin that lies yet within us, and manifests itself in evil tempers and dispositions, and desires. A bad temper is indeed one of Satan's plagues. If it be quick, it drives us into much folly, much injustice and wrong, and many a bitter and enduring regret. If it be sullen, it levels us with the unreasoning and ignorant; it attests a base and unredeemed selfishness; and it mars the comfort of the present, for it is easily provoked; and the hope of

the future, for it burdens the spirit with darkened memories and unsleeping fears.

Wicked dispositions take the double shape of desires which are wrong in themselves, and of those which are wrong only in the particular exercise to which they are seduced. And many an one has asked himself in the midst of his difficulty how desires which belong to nature can be rooted out, or sometimes even demanded an explanation of the sin that can sleep within them. This temptation is more insidious than temper, for it is more easily excited and it is more difficult to escape. In a man's narrowest loneliness, when deep slumber steeps every other foe, this one approaches. Its appearance is of the fairest, its presence of the sweetest, its promise of the best. It has the skill to banish all other thought, to forbid prayer and to stifle faith. It flings its arms-hot and passionatearound our necks, its eyes look clear into ours and dazzle us with brilliance. It suggests ambition, pleasures, and methods which we dare not tell; which we would not whisper even to ourselves. It makes falsehood appear truth and asserts that truth is false. It shuts out the tones of heaven, and pronounces that paradise is here.

2. Other kinds of temptation proceed from the mere circumstances of life. We have friends who rouse us to jealousy, or drive us into impatience and disbelief of man. There is poverty, which leads us first to questions of the Almighty's justice, and next to unsightly means of attaining the reality of comfort or the appearance of respectability. There is wealth, which tempts us to forget the needy, the lonely, and the suffering; to overlook our own dependence upon God; and to squander as much as we may upon ourselves. And some are tried into dissatisfaction with the position or the surroundings in which God has placed them; and, instead of doing their duties there, they fight against God's providence, dispute His wisdom, and lapse into fretful and comfortless indolence. It may be well to long for the better things of earth; but to attain to them, God's plan commands the fullest performance of the

duty which lies at our feet.

3. For Indolence of any kind presents a new class of temptations, and especially indolence in the affairs of the soul. Temptations will always come thick and strong after a prayerless morning and after a careless Sunday. There are times, too, of complete exposure, when the mind and the body are worn with work, and the nervous system becomes irritable at every point. Virtue is outworked, and vice watches her weariness and languor. Those likewise are always tempted who have no settled work to do. Their besetting sin is selfishness, with its thousand shapes. The old command is the safest, and the old curse of six days' work has been transformed into the highest blessing.

Wherein, then, lie the safeguards against the vigilance of so many ills? For we cannot foresee these trials, nor calculate their strength, nor watch their lurkings. Thank God, He has given us a promise full of the sweetest consolation to those who have to fight so sorely, and sometimes fall so low; and the promise is this, that "He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to He is not unmoved while we are tossed about, nor careless while our spiritual being seems in danger of swamping amid its sea of troubles, and His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, and it will hold back all the marshalled waves of wickedness that rush to overpower us. God's part.

But there is a benevolent purpose for which we are troubled thus, and sorely pressed; and there is a frame of mind and a posture of soul in which alone that purpose can be fulfilled. Man is to be active in this, as well as passive; full of purpose, intention, resolution, full also of the spirit in which the trial shall bear its right result, and be

thrown back from possibility of harm.

The charm that thus mellows the being of man, and opens heart and life to God, the one with its desires, and the other with all its secret facts, is Prayer. We must tell our Father what we feel, what we think is wrong, what worse we dread.

And even if our hearts go with the temptation, anxious not to sin, yet still to enjoy, it will be a marvellous opening of that inward better sight, and a revelation of pleasanter things than any sin, if we will lay it all, however briefly, or with whatever haste, before the Lord. Christ meant what He said, "pray without ceasing." If you would escape the torments of an earthly hell, the regrets and remorse, the anguish and gnawing memories of wrong, cling with relaxless grasp to the skirts of prayer.

And whenever the trial advances, there may not be any parley. If we pause to argue, we are opening a postern into our fortress. Reason may be found, abundant and satisfactory, for every sin. The answer from the soul's citadel must be immediate, decisive, final—the short, the hard, the

all but omnipotent No.

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C, DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

PASSING AWAY.



HEN their visitor had gone, Herbert wished to know what his wife thought of him.

"I like him," was the answer, given with decision. "He has a good face; I feel convinced he is a good man. Besides, he is original. And then what a magnificent physique!"

"Have you

any idea who he is?" asked Herbert.

"Not the slightest. And that reminds me: why did you not tell me his name?"

"For the best of reasons. I wanted to have an unbiassed opinion from you. That fine young fellow is our Ada's working-man. The poor child has felt the family opposition so much, that she thinks she

will enlist our sympathies by sending her lover to be inspected by us,"

Adela's eyes shone with a kindly light.

"Poor little Ada!" she said, softly. "That is so like her. Taking the directest way out of her difficulties. We will help her, of course?"

"Yes, we must help her. If I alienate my father still more, I cannot help it. He will come round some day."

That evening Adela wrote to Ada, giving an account of the visit they had received from Joseph Hartley, and telling her how favourable an impression he had made upon them. And neither she nor Herbert was much surprised by the unannounced arrival on the following day of the impulsive but true-hearted girl.

Ada had changed, and changed for the better, since the days when Adela was her governess. She was now a tall and handsome young woman; self-possessed in her manners, and not without a touch of that brusquerie which, when she was younger, had threatened to make her displeasing. But Adela's influence, and the lessons life had been teaching her, including the last and greatest lesson of all, that of a true and self-forgetting love, had made a woman of Ada, and there was never any danger now of her hurting another by her roughness of tongue or manner, or making her own will the rule of her life. What was left of the old Ada—the cleverness, the

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shrewdness of perception, the originality in observation, and measureless devotion to those she loved was all good.

On the first night of Ada's stay with them, Adela said to her husband-

"Mr. Hartley will have to turn out a very fine fellow indeed for me to think him worthy of Ada,"

Strange to say, however, Mr. Hartley had not paid half a dozen visits to the cottage before Herbert and Adela both agreed that, if they had picked the world through, they could not have found Ada a husband better suited to her. If she was delightful in one way, he was admirable in another, and the profound reverence, the touching gratitude with which he regarded her would have amply compensated for a much greater sacrifice than that she had made for his sake.

Ada always maintained that she had made no sacrifice at all.

"If I had obeyed poor papa, and given up Joseph," she said to Adela one day, "then indeed you might talk of a sacrifice. But now I have everything my own way. You know very well that I was never cut out for a rich woman. I can't be idle, and, with lots of money at my command, I used to do lots of mischief. As it is, my energies may run in useful channels. All I am sorry about is papa. But he will come round some day. I am sure of it."

"Yes," said Herbert, who was sitting near, "he will come round, and," he looked affectionately at his wife, "I think I can prophesy through whose means that will happen."

"If he would only see and know her," said Ada,

And Herbert replied in a low voice-

"He will-some day."

Adela knew what was in his heart, and made haste to change the conversation.

But thus it was often. In the midst of their happy life, the cold dread of separation would fall upon her. In the meantime, however, nothing happened to destroy their gladness in the pretty lovemaking that was going on under their eyes.

It was Herbert's one request that matters should not be hurried, therefore when the young mechanic was compelled to return to his post, Ada remained at the cottage.

The young people carried on a close correspondence, and Ada read extracts from her letters to her sister and brother, who were as much pleased with her lover's style of writing, as they had been with his appearance and manner.

Herbert now took upon himself to write to his father.

I have seen and entertained young Hartley [he wrote]. I have talked to him, and seen his letters. It is my conviction that, whatever his occupation may be, he is a gentleman.

After entering into further details, and speaking of Ada's strength of feeling in the matter, Herbert went on to say—

I hope you will pardon me now for telling you that. seeing what I have seen, and, holding the ideas which. as you know, to my own great happiness, I have put into practice, I feel myself bound, should you continue obdurate, to act the part of an elder brother towards Ada, and allow her marriage to take place from my home. I have one request to make, and I make it most earnestly. Do not think for a moment that, in what we are doing, we are actuated by any spirit of antagonism towards you. The very contrary is the case. It was solely this-the fear, I mean, that you might possibly take such a view-which made me hesitate when Ada first wrote about her engagement. The personal appeal of herself and the man she has chosen for her husband cut the ground from under my feet, Grieved as it makes me to displease you again-and to displease you in so vital a matter-my conscience does not allow me to hesitate further. If you refuse to help these young people, I cannot.

This wise and temperate letter received no answer; but Ada was ordered to return home at once and submit herself to her father, or to take the consequences.

She chose the latter alternative, and, in the course of that winter, she and her lover were quietly married in the little church, whence Herbert had taken his wife to her cottage home.

After this event the years glided by peacefully for Adela and her husband. Work came in abundantly, the children grew healthy and beautiful, and the beginning and finishing of carvings or embroideries, and the changes of the seasons, were the only events by which the flight of time could be marked.

In after days Adela looked back to these happy years as to a dream in the night for beauty and swiftness.

For, in the meantime, the heavy darkness which was to wrap her life in its impenetrable folds came onwards like a storm-cloud, slowly but surely travelling towards them,

Herbert was not quite so strong as he used to be. He had a hacking cough now and then; his nights were sleepless; he could not eat, and seemed easily tired.

Their own doctor was uneasy, and Adela thought it well to send for a great man from London.

Eagerly, when he had examined her husband, did she scan his inscrutable face. But he said very little. It really seemed to her afterwards that he had said nothing except that their local doctor appeared to understand the case thoroughly.

"Do you think it would be wise for us to spend the winters abroad?" she asked, tremulously, when she and the doctor were alone together.

He answered, "I think you are as well here as anywhere."

Then Adela felt that her Herbert's fate was sealed. She gave vent to one bitter overwhelming burst of agony, and then, setting everything else aside, devoted herself to the task of making his last days happy and bright.

Through that terrible year she had, now and then, gleams of hope, but they were infrequent, and only made the succeeding days of darkness and despair more difficult to be borne; for, in her heart of hearts, she knew, only too surely, that the insidious complaint, which had carried away Herbert's mother, was at work upon him.

Naturally, however, Herbert refused to leave his wife. If his father would pay them a visit, he wrote, they would heartily welcome him; but no proposal for reconciliation could be entertained from which



"'I think I will go to this place myself,' he said."-p. 266.

Ada Hartley, at Adela's request, wrote to Mr. Lacy, and told him of his son's condition.

Mr. Lacy at once sent for the doctor in attendance at the cottage, and bade him arrange to bring his son to Bracklesby. He believed, or professed to believe, that the hardships of his life were killing him, and that a return to his former generous mode of living would restore him she, who had made the happiness of his life, who was the mother of his children, who, indeed, as he was profoundly convinced, had kept him in life all these years, was shut out.

After that Mr. Lacy took no further notice of them. It is probable that he never actually realised how ill his son was. Meanwhile, if his conscience pricked him, he had an answer ready—"I wanted

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Herbert had not, at that time, recognised the fact that he must leave his dear ones so soon. Throughout his illness he was always full of hope. It comforted his almost heart-broken wife to see that no anxious terrors for the welfare of those he would leave behind him ever visited his mind. He was happy and at peace, and she tried in his presence to appear happy too.

But nothing could stay the approach of the destroyer. Hour by hour, moment by moment, swiftly, with awful persistence, the days went by, each bringing nearer the time when of all the sweet past there would be nothing but shadowy memories.

And Adela, in the sor ness of her heart and spirit, doubted if then she would be able to go on living, for, alas, it seemed drearily impossible. But with the awful necessity came strength to meet it.

Possibly, it was well for Adela not only that she had children, but that the ways and means of supporting and educating them had at once to be sought for. Sorrow might live in her heart, an ever-present guest; she had not time to yield to it, far less to allow place to its depressing influences. If she was to preserve the legacy bequeathed to her by the man she had loved so truly, the boy and girl who were his, if she was to bring them up to be worthy of him, she must resume the work which, during her Herbert's illness, had been laid aside. She must follow it with tenfold energy.

## CHAPTER XX.

TWO PICTURES.

The little cottage by the sea was given up, and Adela, with her children, removed to London. It was the wish of her sister-in-law, Ada Hartley, that she should take up her abode with them. Ada and her husband had now a comfortable home in the West end of London; but to this arrangement Adela refused to consent. She stayed with Ada for a week, and then, finding that house-rent in the better districts of London was very dear, she took what she hoped might prove to be only a temporary lodging in a house situated in a very poor quarter.

When Ada remonstrated, she said, "You must remember that I have the future to think of. My children want little more than food and clothes now. The day will come when they will require education.

I must begin to put by at once."

It was vain for Ada to urge that before that time her father would relent, or Adela would become famous, and make her own price for her productions; that something, in fact, would happen to raise her out of her poverty. Adela only answered that all these things might be; but that it would be extremely foolish of her to depend upon them. She must work, and she must save, if she would do her duty by her little ones. If Ada would really help her, she would try and procure for her remunerative employment.

As Mr. and Mrs. Hartley were in the decorative trade, this was not difficult, and occasionally more work came in Adela's way than she was able to accomplish.

When we see her again it is night—that most silent hour of all the twenty-four, when even busy London seems to snatch a moment's slumber; when carriages and carts have ceased to rattle through the streets, and the earliest market-wagon is not yet upon its way.

For some hours Adela has been hard at work, for the task upon which she is engaged must be finished before the morning. Her back aches, and her eyes feel dim and heavy, but she works on diligently, in the hope of being able to lie down for an hour or two before the morning.

As the cold white dreary dawn steals in, making the light of her lamp look dark and yellow, Adela sighs, puts down her work for a few moments, and looks round her. What a strange little corner in this room of hers, wherein objects of art and the necessaries of daily life seem to jostle one another!

At the further end are the sleeping arrangementsa low iron bedstead covered with a silk embroidered quilt, and near it a small wooden cot. Filling a recess opposite to the beds is a deal dresser, full of common pottery. Then there is the grate: its unsightliness hidden by a branching lady-fern; and before the grate is a round table, littered over with brightly-coloured silks and wools, and lit by a bronze lamp of exquisite form and workmanship. The chair Mrs. Lacy occupies is of dark oak, richly carved; there are two more such chairs, and a low ottoman with an embroidered cushion in the window. A bookcase, full of well-bound volumes, a landscape in water-colours, and some lovely old pottery on carved brackets against the wall, complete the furniture of this odd little room, round which for a few moments she gazes silently. There is not one of the pretty things about her that has not memories of special sweetness connected with it, that does not help her to have courage, and to hope on bravely to the end.

So again, after that survey, her head droops over her work, and her busy fingers fly backwards and forwards. At last—it is nearly light now—her task comes to an end, and she lays herself down beside her 'children. As she woos the sleep of the weary, that comes promptly to her summons, there is a look of peace, almost of happiness, on Adela's face, which, even though its youthful freshness has for ever departed, is beautiful still.

While Adela sleeps, and in order to explain certain events which took place later, and had important consequences on her life and the lives of her children, we must now in imagination transport ourselves to another part of London, and enter a house of far greater pretensions than that in which she found herself.

It was a fine afternoon in late spring; the air soft and balmy, the sky a deep blue, the trees in the London parks bursting into leaf. The great grim city looked unusually well, and everything in its more fashionable quarters was gay, joyous, and bright.

Yet, on this bright afternoon, a young girl, who, to all appearance possessed every worldly advantage, was pacing her drawing-room to and fro with an expression of care or dissatisfaction on her pretty face.

The room was handsome, but not tastefully decorated. The carpet was large-patterned, and of crude and brilliant colours; it seemed to thrust itself upon the eye unceasingly. But the carpet could not have things all its own way. A large-flowered cretonne demanded attention brusquely to the chairs and curtains. From these the fatigued eye wandered to be lost in lustres and dazzled with mirrors and gilding.

It is probable that Mabel Lacy, sole occupant of this rich room at the moment, had seen too much of wealth and luxury in her life for her magnificent surroundings to have any appreciable effect upon her mind.

She was very pretty, small-featured, with flaxen hair, large blue eyes, and a brilliant pink and white complexion. Hers was one of those childishly-pretty faces, which require childish gaiety and abandon to complete their charm. They ought never to be seen without smiles. And what detracted from the harmony of this pretty little face, on this sunny afternoon in May, was its thoughtful, almost troubled, expression. And yet in this very expression lay Mabel Lacy's chief claim to interest, for it seemed to indicate that she was not a human butterfly, completely satisfied to flutter for a few hours in the sunshine and then fold its wings and die. Once this simile would have applied to Mabel perfectly. Of late a sense of dissatisfaction had oppressed her; she had begun to wish to be and do something in the world; fine dresses, choice meals, friendly flattery and frequent amusement had ceased to satisfy her entirely.

This, no doubt, was partly due to the influence of a new acquaintance.

During their former stay in London for the scason, a gentleman whom Mabel had never met before, paid them a visit on one of her afternoons at home. He was a tall well-made young fellow, with a face that Mabel thought very remarkable. It was a fine-featured face, somewhat pallid in tone, with a broad rather than high brow, soft dark eyes, and a mouth of peculiar gentleness. But that which struck her was the expression of the face: it was so calm and restful that the imaginative might have easily fancied that its owner carried about with him a happy secret.

There was a crowd in the room, and the stranger only stayed for a short time. When he was gone, Mabel heard many remarks about him,

"Do you know him well?" she was asked by a lady friend, who was acquainted with every one's business.

She answered that she met him for the first time that day.

"Ah!" was the answer, "and yet he is a sort of connection of your father's. His name is De Montmorency; his mother, who is a widow, is one of my greatest friends. He has just taken chambers in London; he is a barrister, you know."

"Is that the ragged-school De Montmorency?" asked a lady who was passing.

"Yes," replied Mabel's informant. "He is an admirable young man—spends all his spare time and money in useful work. Our rector says he works harder for him than any of his curates."

Mabel was, of course, very much interested. At dinner that evening she spoke of her new acquaint-ance to her father, who seemed pleased to hear of the young barrister's visit. Though the rich man had cast off the son of his first marriage, and though he professed to despise any aristocracy but that of money and brains, yet the way in which at times he harked back to the past, claiming his first wife's relatives as his own, showed that he was not altogether devoid of the feeling which had led his father to choose for him a portionless but highly-born bride.

James de Montmorency, the father of Mabel's new acquaintance, was the first cousin of Mr. Lacy's first wife, and once his most intimate friend.

But Mrs. de Montmorency and the second Mrs. Lacy did not get on well together, and, although during his boyhood Herbert Lacy was a frequent visitor at the house of his mother's relatives, the two families continued to drift apart, a circumstance which caused Mr. Lacy sincere regret. When, therefore he was told that the son of his old friend had paid him a visit, he expressed the greatest satisfaction. He immediately found out young De Montmorency, invited him to dinner, introduced him to men of note, and gave a large sum to his charities.

Mabel was delighted. Now, she believed, she would be able to discover what it was that made Mr. de Montmorency look so happy.

The task was not a hard one. It presently appeared to her that the secret of her new acquaintance was a very transparent one, and old as her nursery days. He was happy because he was good.

Mabel determined to be good.

On the face of it, the task she had set herself was not a hard one. She had most things her own way at home, and Nature had blessed her with a gentle heart and equable temper. So far as negative goodness was concerned, Mabel was successful. And, in fact, it was not necessary for her to make much change in her ordinary course of conduct to achieve this success. Perhaps she was a little more forbearing than formerly with her father, who, when a prey to gout or rheumatism, was extremely irritable; and a little more considerate to the servants. But she had always been an amiable daughter and a kind mistress, and this small increase of benevolence towards those immediately surrounding her did not result in any fervour of self-satisfaction. She had still dull fits of gloom and despondency.

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She watched her model, who, at her father's invitation, had lately spent a few days with them in the country. She listened with deep attention to every word that fell from his lips, and presently she came to the conclusion that there was in his goodness a positive element that was lacking in hers.

And therewith Mabel cast her eyes around her. She wanted also to be positively good. But how was

it to be managed?

Mr. de Montmorency laid a great stress upon selfdenial, and Mabel, acting on his hint, gave away in charity the greater part of her quarterly allowance; but so she plunged head-foremost into difficulties, for her father noticed that she was wearing a dress too long, and that her bonnets were not so fresh as they ought to have been, and complained, with justice, as Mabel could not but feel, that the generous allowance he gave her was not sufficient to keep her well dressed. When she confessed what she had done he at once made up the deficiency, but warned her, at the same time, against indiscriminate alms-giving. Thus her first effort after self-denial proved a failure.

It occurred to her next that she would visit amongst the London poor, and teach in some raggedschool; but both her father and Mr. de Montmorency discouraged her in this project. She was too young, they said, to do much good by visiting, and to teach on Sunday would have deprived her father of her society, on the day when he required it most. "Of course your father must be your first consideration,"

said her new friend to her.

And, indeed, now that she found herself in London, occupying the position of head of her father's house, paying visits, receiving them, appearing wherever Mr. Lacy considered it right his daughter should be seen, and accompanying her married sister, Lady Torrington, to all the reunions, where she liked to appear as young chaperon of a pretty sister, Mabel found she had more than enough to do. Strive as she might, she was becoming smothered in the close atmosphere of wealth and worldliness.

It was this that gave the girl that fretful expression, which detracted from her prettiness, as she walked to and fro, in her splendid drawing-room on

that balmy day in spring.

What was she to do? How could she escape into a freer air? Now, could it have been an inspiration? Mabel was inclined to think it was even so. All at once, in the midst of her despondent thoughts, a memory came to her. It was of her childish days, when she was the pet of a tall elder brother, who used to carry her about on his shoulder, and give her rides on his knee.

So forcibly did the memory come that it seemed even as if a voice within her, and yet not belonging to her, were speaking in her ear. "Herbert's Queen Mab," the voice said, in thin childish tones. And she knew the voice was her own-her own child-voice that she remembered when, in those days long ago, she used to claim her big brother's protection.

Another memory followed rapidly on the heels of this. It was of a young governess, to whom her brother Douglas was often rude and unkind; of the governess's disgrace and her own bitter tears, and after that, long after, how some one had told her that Herbert had married the governess, and that a few years later he had died, leaving two children.

Thus far Mabel's memory had travelled when, recognising suddenly the meaning of its curious jour.

ney, she struck her hands together.

"I have found it!" she cried out, "I have found, it." Now, what was it that had so excited this young lady? What new treasure had she found? Nothing more nor less than a duty to be done, a new object

Her brother had left children, a boy and a girl, Poor little things! They were probably enduring all the miseries of poverty, while she, their own father's sister, abounded in wealth and luxury.

Mabel wondered she had not thought of all this before. But the great matter was that she had thought of it at last. The first step had been taken,

the rest would soon follow.

And follow it did most swiftly in her lively imagination. She intercedes with her father; he is moved by her passionate pleading. He says, as he often does, "Do as you like." What she likes is to find out the widow and her children; it cannot be a very difficult task; people are not easily lost in these days, at least so Mabel has heard the experienced say. And, after they are found, all is plain sailing. The young girl knows perfectly well that her father, a man of high will and stubborn temper, will never tolerate in his house the presence of the woman through whose fatal influence his hopes and expectations were dashed to the ground. This could not be expected, and, indeed, Mabel is not sure that she would herself care for the continual presence of a sister-in-law whose life had been one long struggle with poverty, and who would of course have those humiliating poor-relation airs which, in some of her father's friends, have proved offensive to her. But her brother's widow is a mother; she will see at once how much it is for her children's benefit that they should be brought under their grandfather's notice, and should gain his favour and protection. She will give them up; or, at least, if she finds it hard to give up both, Mabel thinks she might be left the girl. After all, she was a governess in the old days. When she is supplied with a sufficient income to prevent her mind from being entirely filled with the mere care to live, she will be able to give her attention to the education of her daughter, and Mabel will visit them. Mabel will try to improve their manners and raise them in the social scale. But the boy must be given up. Concerning this first point it is altogether impossible that opinions can differ. He must be removed from the narrowing influences of his home life. His father's father has a real claim on the child. She, as that father's only unmarried daughter, has also a claim upon him. Herbert's widow must see this.

But doubtless she will see it readily. There will be a few tears, of course, and some regret. Tender-hearted Mabel resolves that, if she can manage it, the mother and child shall not be entirely separated. Mabel will take the little boy now and then to visit is mother, who, when she sees how much he is improved and refined, will certainly console herself.

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These preliminary matters settled, Mabel's mind begins to busy itself with the details of her plan.

She stands looking away out of the window; she smiles; there is a pleased expression about her mouth, and a soft and tender light in her absent eyes.

She is perfectly honest. Oh, yes; honest as the day. Her strong desire is to be good, useful, and self-denying. And as regards this pleasant dream, which so charms her fancy, I really think she is scarcely aware of its existence—at least, as a motive-power to action. Certainly, she would have the same desire to rescue Herbert's children, even if this dream were not. But though not a motive to action, the thoughts in which this dream is shrined bid fair to make action sweet.

Mabel sees in imagination a pretty fair-haired boy going about with his young aunt. He is gentle and teachable, and he learns from her, he clings to her, he leaves her with tears, he returns to her with rapture. She, in her turn, makes every kind of sacrifice for the child; in his holidays she devotes herself to him, she will accept no pleasures in which he cannot take a part; in his school-days she works for him, and when he is old enough she fires him with ambition. A pretty spectacle, a most fair and gentle dream.

Why does Mabel turn from the window and bury her glowing face in her hands? Why does she look up, frowning and biting her lip, and rush hastily to the piano, and sit down and strike a few chords defaulty?

It has occurred to her suddenly that the part she is about to play is an interesting one, and that certain people of her acquaintance will be pleased to see it blaved.

Mabel, who is engaged in the battle, old as human consciousness, with self-feeling in all its forms, at once catches the alarm and tries to chase away the complacent thoughts.

"I will be kind to Herbert's child for his sake," she says, striking the keys more gently; "and love is its own reward."

But it never once crossed her mind that she might possibly have formed a wrong estimate altogether, that her battle with self and self-feeling was to be fought on a platform such as she could not even conceive, and between combatants whose very names were unknown to her.

At first, however, the course of matters followed obediently the line she had traced out. She and her father dined alone together that evening. Mabel led the conversation skilfully to bygone days, spoke of her eldest brother, and found that her father's mind had softened towards his memory.

"But for that woman, who, I heard, was always with him," he said, "I would have seen my poor boy before the last."

Mabel said she heard her brother had left children. "Has your mind been running on them?" said Mr. Lacy. "That is curious, for I have been thinking of them too. His doctor told me there were two—a boy and a girl. I once thought of taking them; but I let the thing slip. Their mother should have applied to me. She never did."

"Do you know where they are living?" said Mabel, very eagerly.

"I could find out easily. In fact, I think I will. I should like to see Herbert's boy."

And thereupon, tremulously, with a beating heart, Mabel preferred her request. As it happened, her wish chimed in with her father's inclination. He promised to find out the address of the widow and her children on the following day, and to allow Mabel to be his emissary to them; and then he made proposals which the young girl thought generous in the extreme. She had correctly judged. He would take one child; he would take both; but he would have no personal communication with the woman who had robbed him of his son.

Anything short of this, however, he was ready to

Mabel was to offer Mrs. Lacy, on his part, an income of £800 a year, with permission to live where she pleased, and to do as she pleased, even, should she insist upon it, to keep in her own hands the education of her daughter; but he peremptorily insisted that she should give up the boy at once and for ever.

"She may marry again if she pleases," said Mr. Lacy. "She may do anything she likes. I will continue to pay her income quarterly, and in advance; but if she interferes with the boy, if she attempts to see him privately, if she forces herself upon us, or makes any fuss whatever, I take it from her. Let her understand that, Mabel."

Mabel pleaded that, in the boy's holidays, she might be allowed to take him to visit his mother occasionally.

"You know," she said, "if we are too hard upon her, she may refuse everything."

"Hard upon her!" said Mr. Lacy, with a harsh laugh. "Why, she is a mercenary woman; she married my son for his money and position. Take my word for it, you won't require to make your offer twice. She will jump at it."

Mabel thought this highly probable; however, in case of difficulty, she begged for this small concession, which was granted to her, under the condition that she should not use it unless she was absolutely forced to do so.

For Mr. Lacy was now almost as anxious as his daughter to gain possession of his eldest son's boy. The acquaintanceship with young De Montmorency had revived the memories of the past in his mind; possibly also the influence, unconsciously exercised,

of a man who devoted his life to doing good, and found keen enjoyment in the process, had rebuked the hard man's selfishness.

Certain it is that he lost no time in tracing out Mrs. Herbert Lacy. This part of the business was easily accomplished, for the doctor who attended Herbert in his last illness had, in obedience to a promise given to the dying man, never once lost sight of those he left behind. To him Mr. Lacy applied, and, early in the forenoon of the day following Mabel's proposal, he had in his hand the address of his daughter-in-law.

He did not like the look of the address at all. It had an ugly and decidedly unæsthetic appearance; it suggested poverty and dirt, and unwholesome surroundings of every kind. As he read it-4, Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials—the rich man felt himself justified in experiencing a strong feeling of repugnance towards his son's widow. What right had she to drag his grandchildren up in such a miserable locality? Probably the unfortunate children were already corrupted by evil associations; their constitutions were, of course, ruined by the want of proper air and nourishment. Mr. Lacy felt more and more enraged as he thought the matter over. He hesitated, besides, about the expediency of sending Mabel to

When she entered his study, looking as fresh as a newly-opened rose, in her embroidered holland dress, the incongruity of her paying a visit to one living in Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials, seemed so great that he felt inclined to withdraw his permission.

"I rather think I will go to this place myself," he said, in answer to her look of expectation; "it won't be a very savoury business, I'm afraid. But I will finish with it in no time, and after this, you know, I need never see her again."

"Why?" said Mabel, her face full of horror. "Have

you heard anything dreadful?"

such a place.

He explained that the place where the woman lived was in a very low quarter; but Mabel begged even more earnestly than before to be allowed to be the bearer of his message.

"I am not afraid, papa, and women-you know you always say so yourself-have more tact than men. I am sure, dear, I should manage better than you."

"Probably you will be gentler than I could possibly be. I cannot think calmly of that woman yet. The injury she did me is as fresh as on the first day."

"You see, papa, it would never do for you to

"Well," he said, "perhaps not. If you must go, you must, I suppose. I don't like to send any one not well acquainted with the circumstances. Take Mrs. Scott. She can remain in the carriage at the door. If you want assistance she will give it you."

Mabel laughed, and said that her father could not take more precautions if she were going amongst savages. He answered that she little knew the nature of the place to which she was bound.

# CHAPTER XXI.

MABEL IN JINKS'S LANE.

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MRS. LACY had taken home her parcel, and she was now busy on another piece of work. She had ob. tained it through Mr. Hartley's introduction, and the order came from one of the first art-decorative firms in London. It was a large screen for a lady's boudoir, hand-painted and embroidered in silk after the Japanese fashion.

At the time when Mabel started from her father's house, Mrs. Lacy was just setting herself to work, Her room was perfectly neat, the floor swept, break. fast things cleared away, crockery, pots and pans as bright as if they were never used; the boy was asleep in his cot; the girl, a dark-eyed and fair-haired little creature about seven years of age, sat on the floor with a picture-book in her lap. Mrs. Lacy, looking as fair and as neat as any lady trifling with a new fancy for her pleasure, was seated in the high-backed oaken chair before the table. On the table was a raised board, and upon this a piece of delicate rosetinted satin was spread out; roses, violets, and lilies, feathery grasses, and white and yellow marguerites lay scattered about in charming profusion, and a collection of butterflies and moths was on a chair by Mrs. Lacy's side.

Now it was certain that this little room was very different from what Mabel expected to see, or her father had pictured to himself. As the young girl passed through the dull and dingy streets of this miserable quarter, her heart sank within her. The bare idea of one who had once called herself a lady being surrounded by such sights and sounds seemed to her inconceivable.

At last they reached Jinks's Lane. It was a blind alley-narrow, dull, and gloomy. The coachman hesitated. To draw up here was offensive to his sense of what was fitting. But Mabel called out peremptorily, "No. 4;" the prancing ponies stopped; the footman leapt down; she alighted and stood knocking at the door of this dingy house.

A small boy, looking dirty and bewildered, answered her knock. Could this, Mabel thought, be Herbert's son? If so, he would require a considerable amount of washing before he was fit to kiss.

She asked if Mrs. Lacy was at home. The child only stared.

"Mrs. Lacy's at home; front parlour first floor; you'd better walk hup," cried out a voice from a

She went up some dirty stairs, and knocked at the first door to which she came.

A cheerful "Come in" answered her; she opened the door, and stood for a moment quite bewildered on the threshold.

Mrs. Lacy rose from her seat before the flowers-

"Did you wish to see me?" she asked.

Poor Mabel, being beggared of all her usual forms -the card, the ushering servant, the conventional greeting, the ordinary topics of conversation-felt very much embarrassed.

"Oh!" she cried out, her face flushing; "pray do not let me disturb you. I wanted to see you on husiness. I expected—that is—you are Mrs Lacy, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Lacy-Mrs. Herbert Lacy. Will

you not come in and sit down?"

And in the meantime all Mabel's preconceived ideas were receiving a series of shocks. Could this be the base and low-born menial whom she had been taught to despise—this the woman who had dragged her brother down, and shortened his days, and who had encouraged her sister Ada in the fatal act of disobedience, through which she had been separated from her family? Mabel closed her eyes for a moment. She opened them on the same scene—the pleasant wholesome room, the exquisitely-grouped flowers, the pale-tinted satins, the brilliant silks and paints, and, stranger than all, the face and form of the quiet lady and the lovely child at her feet. It was no illusion; it was a reality.

Mabel now perceived that Mrs. Lacy was looking

at her inquiringly.

"I ought to have sent up my name," she said, "and asked if you would care to see me."

Mrs. Lacy smiled faintly.

"We do not look for ceremony in Jinks's Lane, Miss Lacy," she answered.

As she spoke her name, Mabel remarked that she

turned perfectly pale.

"Oh," she said, "you know who I am. I am so glad; there is no need, then, to explain. I am Mabel, the youngest of all, you know."

"Yes; I knew you at once. You were in the nursery when I held the position of governess to

your sister."

"And I was very fond of you, I remember," said Mabel, who had noticed, with some discomposure, the strange set look that had come into her sister-inlaw's face, and wished to set her at her ease.

But Mrs. Lacy took no notice of this conciliatory

"Will you allow me to ask you," she said—her tone was that of one who exercises self-restraint with difficulty—"if your father knows that you are

paying me this visit?"

"On, yes," replied Mabel, eagerly; "but it was my own idea first. The thought of you and the children came into my mind quite suddenly. I felt that I should like to find you out, and—and "—her voice broke awkwardly; this was not so easy a task as she had imagined—"to offer you any assistance—help, I mean. Dear me!" breaking into sunny laughter, "how awkward I am to-day! I am behaving to you as if you were a stranger; and you are not a stranger: you were our Herbert's wife. It's quite natural that I should try to help you if I can."

At the friendly sound of the girl's voice Adela's face softened, and Mabel, who wished above all things to be conciliatory, addressed herself to the child. "What is your name, darling?" she asked.

The little one clung to her mother's dress. "We do not have many visitors, and my little girl is shy," said Adela. "Answer, dear: this lady is your aunt. You can tell her your name."

Whereupon the small maiden whispered that she was mother's Queen Mab.

"She was called after her father's little sister," said Adela, smiling.

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. "To think of poor Herbert remembering!" she said.

But now a little startled cry from a child's cot in the corner recalled to her mind the fact that she had not so much as seen the boy who was destined to play so large a part in her future.

"Go and speak to brother, darling," said Adela; and, in answer to a question from Mabel—

"Yes: that is our boy—our little Herbert. He was named after his father."

"Oh, may I go and speak to him?" cried Mabel. "I do so love children."

"I will bring him to you," said Adela.

Having tied on his pinafore, which was spotlessly white, and very daintily trimmed, and smoothed back his dark silky curls from his forehead, Mrs. Lacy led the little boy to his aunt. He was a splendid little fellow, sturdy-limbed and robust, with the brightest pair of eyes and the rosiest cheeks Mabel had ever seen. Nor was he shy, as Queen Mab had been; for this small personage already considered himself a man, and well able to take care of mother.

"What your name?" he asked, after looking at

Mabel steadily for a few moments.

"I am your aunt, darling—your aunt Mabel. "Won't you come and sit on my knee?"

But Herbert felt too much of a man to accept this invitation. "Where you live?" was his next inquiry.

This gave an opening to Mabel, who entered immediately into an elaborate and attractive description of their home in the country. Horses and cows, ducks and chickens, ponds and trees, fruit and flowers and green meadows, with other things dear to a town child's imagination, figured in her lively account, and at every fresh detail Herbert and Queen Mab opened their small mouths, and cried out, "Oh!" in concert; but when, appealing specially to the boy, she asked him if he would not come with her to this paradise, and live there always, he roundly announced his determination not to go without "mother."

Looking up shyly to see how Mrs. Lacy would take these hints, Mabel saw that her face was a little redder than before. She smiled, however, in answer to the girl's glance.

"My little Herbert has never been a night away from his mother in his life," she said, "and he can't imagine any kind of a life without her."

And meanwhile the child was drumming upon Mabel's knee.

"Mother go too," he said, insistently; "I say, mother go too,"

"Hush! hush! Herbert, darling," said Mrs. Lacy,

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quietly; but it was not, perhaps, in human nature to have fought down the triumphant feeling which made her eyes shine, and her cheeks, so pale a few moments before, as red as summer roses, father's insulting offer in words. This change in her mental attitude towards her sister-in-law  $m_{\bar{n}d\bar{n}}$  everything easy.

Many of us are given to the folly of looking with



""What your name?" he asked, after looking at Mabel steadily."-p. 267.

Mabel's manner of life had not been such as tends to develop the most delicate perceptions. She noticed Mrs. Lacy's flushed cheek and glistening eye, and her father's words returned to her mind. She said to herself that the woman was playing her own game, and wanted them to accept her as well as the children, and her heart hardened. A few moments before it had seemed impossible to her to clothe her

complacency on our weaknesses, and of covering our virtues with a mask shamefacedly. This was Mabel's case. Her soft-heartedness and tendency to see the best in every one had often laid her open to ridicule. By nature she was not in the least worldly-wise; but she cultivated worldly-wisdom as an art, and now, when she had, as she would have expressed it, "seen through" Mrs. Lacy's manœuvres, she felt proud of

her own acuteness, and her little-girlish shyness departed.

Smiling loftily, and with a ring of decision in her voice, she said-

"You cannot surely intend to bring up your children here, Mrs. Lacy?"

Now, in spite of her fortifying consciousness of worldly wisdom, Mabel experienced a self-distrustful twinge when, turning from the little Herbert, Adela cast upon her a glance of inquiring surprise.

"Pardon me, Miss Lacy," she said, with a return to the cold proud manner which earlier in the interview had dashed Mabel's hopes; "but are you not speaking about that of which you know nothing ?"

"I have seen what this neighbourhood is like," the girl replied, blushing deeply.

Mrs. Lacy smiled.

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"You have driven through it once. However, I do not wish to defend my poor neighbours. If I knew you better I could tell you some tales that would astonish you. But that is not the ques-

"No," said Mabel, recovering herself with an effort; "you are quite right. It is another question altogether. One may visit poor people, and be kind to them. I try to do so at Bracklesby. But to live amongst them; to make them your friends, and their little ones the companions of your children-it seems to me that is going rather too far."

There followed from Mabel's strange newly-found relation another disconcerting glance.

But Mrs. Lacy did not speak. She thought she would now give Mabel time to say whatever was in her mind.

The young girl went on, haltingly-

"I suppose it is a matter of necessity with you. No doubt you are very poor, and I should like very much to help you; but I can only help you in one way. I mean-that is-well, it is best, perhaps, to say out plainly that I bring you a message from my

The little Queen Mab, who was old enough to understand the conversation between grown-up people when it ran on ordinary topics, and who was naturally much interested in her new aunt, had in the meanwhile been listening intently.

Mrs, Lacy glanced down upon her.

"Darling," she said, "mother has something to say to Aunt Mabel. Will you take Herbert to pay a visit to old Mrs. Young? You know you promised to show her your picture-book."

Mab would have much preferred to remain in the room, but her mother's will was law. The two little ones left the room together.

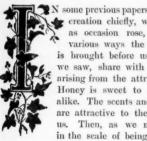
Then Adela turned to her visitor. Her face was pale, but very calm and firm.

"I am bound to hear," she said, "a message sent by these children's grandfather, but not before them. My little girl is old enough to understand what is said, but not to judge what is best. Please tell me at once. I am ready."

(To be continued.)

# VARIETY IN NATURE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.



N some previous papers, on the animated creation chiefly, we have observed, as occasion rose, how vividly in various ways the Unity of Nature is brought before us. Even insects, we saw, share with us in pleasures arising from the attributes of flowers. Honey is sweet to them and to us alike. The scents and hues of flowers are attractive to them as well as to us. Then, as we mounted upwards in the scale of being, we found more

and more that was common to the subject-creature and ourselves; and we noted the wide range of sympathy and mutual understanding that links together various orders of being. By these and other facts, we were reminded of the Unity of Nature.

Not less wonderful nor less interesting is the extraordinary variety which the universe displays. Indeed, the more we learn of the wide world around us, the more striking appears its inexhaustible variety, the more marvellous is the wisdom by which that variety is developed from comparative simplicity of general plan or type. Unity of law, uniformity of general

type or structure, endless variety arising from slight modifications of the type—to furnish a few illustrations of these points is the object of the present paper.

Let us first endeavour to realise what a different world it is-how vastly greater in extent, and how much richer in contents, is the world as we know it, compared to the same subject of contemplation to our forefathers. While the scientific instruments of to-day enable us actually to see very much more than they did, whether of things so distant or so minute as to be beyond the range of unassisted vision-the telescope, the microscope, and the spectroscope having each in its own way marvellously extended our range of vision; at the same time, improvements in the mode of interpreting the facts observed, or, in other words, advances in scientific knowledge, have left far behind the old estimates, whether of the distance of distant objects, or of the variety, with its elemental simplicity, of minute objects. What, for example, could the ancients see in the star-lit sky? The whole heavens, northern and southern hemispheres together, contain, so astronomers tell us, only five thousand nine hundred and thirty-two stars visible

to the naked eye; and of these the number visible in the southern hemisphere exceeds by one thousand that in the northern. From this it is clear that very few of the ancients can have seen more than two thousand stars, and, besides direct vision, they had no other means of ascertaining the existence of more, number visible through the modern telescope is many times as great. Mr. Proctor estimates it at twenty millions: but it is not agreed whether the specks of light revealed by the telescope are all primary suns, and, like our sun, monarchs of vast planetary systems -in which case, we are told, "there lie within the range of our most powerful telescopes millions of millions of suns "-or whether, on another view, which takes a lower estimate of the number of such suns, but a higher one of the extent of space over which they rule, the primary suns within telescopic range amount to "hundreds of thousands at the outside,"

Then, again, in our own solar system, the eyes of ancient watchers, whether in the plains of Babylonia, in Egypt, or in Greece, or even the eyes of comparatively modern star-gazers, could recognise only a few planets. We can see the families of satellites—and a beautiful sight, for example, is the majestic orb of Jupiter, with his luminous attendants. We can see the rings of Saturn, in which, as Mr. Proctor tells us, minute satellites must be as the sands upon the sea-shore for multitude; we can see the zone of asteroids, and we know of the existence of myriads of comets.

But what a change has taken place in our estimate of the scale—that is to say, of the proportions—of the universe! Even Kepler's estimate of the sun's distance amounted only to thirteen and a half millions of miles. We now know that the actual distance is nearly seven times as great.

A line starting from the earth's position in June, and measured to her position in December, through the sun—in other words, the diameter of the earth's orbit—exceeds 180 millions of miles. Yet so enormous is the distance that separates us from the stars, that this change in our position makes but the slightest appreciable difference in the apparent position of only one or two of the nearest of them. It is only by means of the spectroscope that the movement of Sirius could be ascertained; and yet Sirius, one of the half-dozen nearest stars, is receding from the sun at the rate of 930 millions of miles every year!

Vast, however, and rich as the visible universe is now perceived to be, one and the same system of laws is at work throughout its whole extent. Gravitation has been known for some time to be a universal principle. In recent years the spectroscope, revealing the subtler characters of light—reading, in fact, the separate message which each luminous object flashes to us across the profoundest depths of space—has pronounced upon the constitution of our sun, and of other suns far away, and certified us of the presence in them, in varying proportions, of the same element-

ary materials—the hydrogen, the oxygen, the sodium, etc.—with which terrestrial chemistry has made us familiar.

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In the starry heavens there is evidence of infinite variety likewise. The same general laws are every. where at work, but how marvellously varied are the results! In the way of simplification, it may be, as some scientific men surmise, that we have not yet reached the limit of our powers. It may be that there is only one ultimate form of matter, and that what we call the elements (which are about sixty in number) are the different secondary forms which this primary matter assumes according to the different conditions of heat pressure, etc., to which it is subjected. Doubtless. we are on the eve of great discoveries in this line of inquiry. But whatever may be the fundamental facts, the existing variety in the sidereal universe. Mr. Proctor declares, is even more wonderful than its extent. "Besides the single suns," he informs us, "there are groups, and systems, and streams of primary suns; there are whole galaxies of minor orbs; there are clustering stellar aggregations, showing every variety of richness of figure and of distribution; there are all the various forms of nebulæ . . . circular, elliptical, and spiral. . . . Nor is it unsafe to assert that other forms and varieties of structure will yet be discovered, or that hundreds more exist which we may never hope to recognise."

Moreover, everywhere throughout this vast and varied universe there is movement. Suns with their systems of attendant orbs—no two systems probably alike—are travelling from space to space. Thus fresh stores of energy may be continually pouring into those centres of distribution and issuing from them upon the worlds, abodes of life, which they are appointed to rule and minister to, and in which there are, consequently, we may well believe, such innumerable varieties of vegetable forms and animated beings as surpass any conception that is possible to us, who have for our guide the intimate knowledge of only one member of one such system.

Yet the intimate knowledge already possessed and constantly growing, of the terrestrial flora and fauna—that is, of vegetable and animal forms of life—shows us sufficient variety to create the profoundest astonishment; such variety, indeed, as, but for our belief in the limitless range of creative power, might well seem insurpassable.

As conducing to that variety in the productions of the earth, we must notice the succession of the seasons, which arises from the changes of the earth's position in regard to the sun. How simple, and yet how interesting, is the contrivance by which these changes are secured! The mere fact that the earth's axis is neither in the plane of her orbit, nor perpendicular to it, suffices to give us that tempered variety of seasons which makes so large a portion of the earth inhabitable, clothes it with such varying and luxuriant vegetation, and, consequently, ministers to the necessities of its diversified and numerous inhabitants, while its ever-changing aspect contributes

largely to the cheerfulness of the human population, and in some measure, doubtless, of many lower species. Were the earth's axis perpendicular, there would be no variety of season, and therefore little variety of vegetation. A temperate climate there would be, indeed, at a certain distance from the equator; there would be a belt where endless summer heat would prevail, and beyond that a temperature like that of our autumn; but the temperate zone in which we live would be for the most part the realm of dreary winter, or, at best, of a bright though otherwise cheerless spring. Neither spring, nor summer, nor autumn, as we know them, could exist, since each depends for its wealth and beauty upon the work of the season that has gone before it. for instance, would be our delicate vernal green? Where our gloriously varied autumn tints?

Suppose, on the other hand, the axis were in the plane of the orbit. There would then indeed be change, but the range of temperature for every spot would be from burning heat in summer to arctic cold in winter, while, to add to the misery of cold, it would have to be endured in darkness.

On the variety of feature presented in different portions of the earth, a few words will be sufficient. The towering mountain here, with snow-clad sides; there a winding valley, with its silver stream; here a precipitous cliff, whence on one day you may look down upon the "tender curving lines of creamy spray," and on another upon "the league-long roller thundering on the reef;" here the forest, with its myriad forms of life; or, again, the unbroken stillness of the sandy desert :- these and other natural features readily occur to the mind. We have seen them, or we have read about them. But we do not realise so readily the immense variety of natural scenery that exists in many parts of the world, and not least in our own country. Thoreau's remarks with regard to the variety of scenery in his own country would be true of many parts of England. After walking almost every day for many years, he had not exhausted the walks in his vicinity. "An absolutely new prospect," he says, "is a great happiness, and I can still get this any afternoon." He goes on to express the striking thought, "that there is a sort of harmony discoverable between the capabilities of the landscape within a circle of ten miles' radius, or the limits of an afternoon's walk, and the threescore years and ten of human life. It will never become quite familiar to you."

Of the marvellous variety in the vegetable and animal organisms that the earth maintains, a much truer idea is entertained at the present time than was arrived at even so recently as a hundred years ago. When the English botanist Ray, some two centuries since, catalogued 18,000 plants, that number, immense for the time in which he lived, was much exaggerated by his admission of many as distinct species which are

not really distinct. A contemporary French botanist, proceeding upon a different principle, gave a much lower total. Linnaeus reduced the number still more; so that, in spite of the addition of many plants unknown to his predecessors, his total amounted to only 7,000 or thereabouts. Since that time, however, the number of known and recognised species of plants has been constantly rising. Before the close of the last century it surpassed 20,000; in 1846, Lindley estimated it at over 80,000; at the present time it exceeds 120,000.

A somewhat similar account might be given of the progress of knowledge with regard to the animated The number of species of animals is creation. roughly estimated at 150,000; but here it is impossible to give anything but a very rough estimate, for the simple reason that in regard to some orders or large classes of living beings, as, for example, with regard to the Araneidea, or Spider tribe, no general work exists bringing together all that is known by different investigators. There are, it is said, nearly 1,000 known species of spiders in one of the thirty-two families of which the tribe consists; but probably not a tithe of the species have yet been described. Moreover, there is good reason for believing that very many unknown species of marine animals exist.

The illustration just mentioned leads us, in conclusion, to point out that this vast variety in forms of life is attained by minute variations of types of structures, which types are common to large divisions or classes. Upon this truth, in fact, the whole system of classification, both of vegetables and animals, is based. There are, for example, several species of mint, which is a sub-division of the well-known natural order of Labiatæ, or plants with two-lipped flowers, which comprises upwards of 2,000 species. All these species resemble one another in many points, and, in particular, in not possessing injurious properties in any instance.

How wonderfully, by the mere adaptation of the darticular parts of the same general frame, the various species of animals are made to differ, is seen, perhaps, to best advantage by comparison of the skeletons of the vertebrate animals. A drawing, for instance, which presents at one view the pectoral fin of a fish, the wing of a bird, the fore-leg of a deer, the wing of a bat, and the arm of a man, shows clearly enough that they are, as Dr. Carpenter says, "the same organs, notwithstanding that their forms are so varied, and the uses to which they are applied so unlike each other. For all these organs not only occupy the same position in the fabric, but are developed after the same manner, and when their osseous framework is examined, it is found to be composed of parts which are strictly comparable one with another, although varying in number and relative proportion."

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HE writer of "The Better Land." "The Homes of England," "Graves of a Household," and "The Treasures of the Deep," will ever be lovingly spoken of, by those who know her works, as "The Poetess of the

Affections,"

In her lays a spirit of intense yearning appreciation of home-joys peeps forth constantly; she tunes her harp to its loftiest strains when singing of home. love, and heaven. Lines from her poems linger in the memory, and re-echo through the heart, captivating by their truthful pathos, or enchaining by their touching sweetness; and almost instinctively the tribute is paid to the genius of the poetess, when possibly the memory

of the woman is half forgotten.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793—the fifth child in a family of seven. Her father, a merchant of good standing in that port, was a native of Ireland; while her mother was of Venetian descent, and daughter of the Tuscan Consul at Liverpool. It is stated that Felicia, who was remarkably beautiful and refined in her appearance, was accustomed early to express her thoughts in poetry, which practice was encouraged by her friends. Mrs. Browne was a woman of intelligence, affectionate tact, and extensive culture, consequently her influence on the poet-child was immense, Short poems written by her before attaining the age of twelve years, show an artless beauty and flowing melody remarkable in one so young. At six years of age, Felicia commenced to read Shakespeare, sitting for hours on the branch of a favourite old apple-tree, that she might revel

cherished volume. When the child was about seven years of age, business embarrassments led Mr. Browne to leave Liverpool, and to settle at Gwrych, near Abergele, North Wales. Their abode was in an old-fashioned mansion close to the sea, and Felicia doubtless found genial associations amid the wild mountain grandeur of the region. She who could sing long years after of "mountain, stream, and sea," had imprinted on her earliest recollection scenes of wild beauty never to be forgotten. After nine years of residence in this romantic spot, during which time the father died, the family removed to Bronwylfa, in Flintshire, where the youthful poetess studied so perseveringly, and wrote so constantly, that, by the advice of friends, her first volume of poems, entitled "Early Blossoms," was published before she had attained the age of fifteen.

As the production of a child, it was remarkable, but judged by a strict poetical standard, it was immature, doubtless. At any rate, it received such an amount of harsh judgment at the hands of the critics, that the sensitive girl, on reading the criticisms, was confined to her bed for some days, with serious indisposition. In the same year, however, she wrote "England and Spain," as well as other shorter poems. Two of her brothers were engaged in the Peninsular War, and in unison with them, she was filled with visions of martial glory and enthusiasm. About this time she became acquainted with Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment, then quartered near her home. Captain Hemans was speedily summoned to Spain, but not until the pair had made an ardent impression on each other. He was, however, absent three years, and during this time Felicia without disturbance in the treasures of the was by no means idle. She studied French,

con "T the gre aft for we Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, besides continuing her literary efforts.

In 1812 another volume was put forth, entitled "Domestic Affections, and other Poems." This volume met with a more favourable reception than the first, and encouraged the poetess to seek still greater distinction.

Captain Hemans returned from the Peninsula after three years' service, and renewing his suit for Felicia's hand, within a short period they were married. The young couple took up their residence at Daventry, in Northamptonshire, for some time, but afterwards went to Bronwylfa, to reside with Mrs. Hemans' mother. Here Mrs. Hemans became the mother of five beautiful boys. During this period, several poems were first published, including "Tales and Historic Scenes," "Modern Greece," and some other important ones.

For some reason he never returned, although, strange to say, a constant correspondence was kept up between the husband and wife, while Mrs. Hemans invariably consulted her husband concerning the education and setting forth in life of their five boys, seeing that they had been left in her care. At the time of Captain Hemans' departure to the continent, a permanent separation was not contemplated by either husband or wife: but time passed on, and he never returned to the family, although keeping up frequent and full communication.

However, she assiduously strove to do her duty as a mother, and cultivated the muse as diligently as before, making friends among the *literati* of the day. Bishops Luxmore and Heber, Sir Walter Scott, and the poets Milman and Wordsworth were among those who felt themselves



FELICIA BROWNE IN CHILDHOOD.

In 1819, seven years after the union, Captain Hemans felt constrained, by impaired health, to seek a summer climate, and departed to Italy.

honoured by her acquaintance. She was soothed and encouraged by the growing popularity of her writings, and the attachment of a large number

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of friends, while she found pleasure and profit in applying the proceeds of her poetry to the education of her children.

These various experiences of life enabled her to sympathise with the sorrowing, and to comfort the mourner. Writing to a friend on the uses of affliction, she says, "I am convinced that though grief becomes criminal when it withdraws us from the active duties of life, yet that the wounds made by the 'arrows of the Almighty' are not meant to be forgotten. If He who chastises those whom He loves, means, as we cannot doubt, by such inflictions to recall the spirit to Himself, and prepare the mortal for immortality, the endeavour to obliterate such recollections is surely not less in opposition to His intentions than the indulgence of that rebellious grief which repines, as if its own sufferings and woes were an exception to the general mercies of heaven." Referring to some of her poems, she thus writes-"The voice of Spring" expresses some peculiar feelings of my own. I cannot but feel every year, with the return of the violet, how much the shadows of my mind have deepened since its last appearance; and to me the spring, with all its joy and beauty, is generally a time of thoughtfulness rather than mirth. Amid all the bright and joyous things around us, we are haunted with images of death and the grave." It was in some such mood she wrote :-

> The shadows of departed hours Hang dim upon thine early flowers, Even in thy sunshine seems to brood Something more deep than solitude.

Till my heart dies, it dies away In yearnings for what cannot stay, For love which ne'er deceived my trust, For all which went with dust to dust.

Of "The Treasures of the Deep," James Montgomery said, "I know nothing comparable with it, either in conception or execution, for wealth of thought, fertility of diction, and commanding address. The ocean is summoned to give an account of all that it has been doing through six thousand years. The last stanza is a crown of glory to the perfect whole." This stanza runs thus:-

To thee the love of woman hath gone down, Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head; O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown, Yet must thou hear a voice-Restore the dead! Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee! Restore the dead, thou Sea!

Of her household lays, more particularly we may note two, as having won niches of their own in the memories of lovers of this order of poetry. They are entitled respectively, "The Graves of a Household," and "The Homes of England."

The silvery music of "The Homes of England" speaks forth her glowing admiration of home, and home life; but she could also sing nobly of those who sacrificed home to gain liberty of conscience. Of the Pilgrim Fathers she wrote-

> What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

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Ay, call it holy ground, The place where first they trod, They left unstained what there they found-Freedom to worship God.

At this time the proceeds of her pen rendered her almost independent of other means, for her productions were eagerly sought after, and liberally paid for. At her beloved Bronwylfa, although it is characterised as "an ugly old-fashioned building," she spent some happy years, surrounded by her boys. She would study for hours in their company, assist in their sports, and take long rambles with them. Her love for this romantic retreat never died out; and in her last hours seemed to revive with unquenchable

strength.

In 1827, Mrs. Hemans' mother died, and the stricken heart, by experience of bereavement and loneliness, "learnt in suffering what it taught in The happy home in North Wales was soon after broken up; the new home was taken at Wavertree, near Liverpool, and the two elder boys sent to Rome, to join their father. During the absence of these lads, Mrs. Hemans travelled for some time with the other three children, visiting various places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, receiving much kindness and hospitality from those who admired her poems, and gaining in mental and bodily strength. After some little time spent alternately at Wavertree and in travelling, she decided to take up her abode in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. This was about the year 1831. The next three or four years of her life were very busy years, full of thought and work for the children then growing up into life, and needing education, in order to their future advancement in life. Weakness of body, and occasional attacks of illness, in the shape of fever and ague, followed her up, undermining the bodily strength of the greatly taxed woman. Writing at this time to a friend, she says :- "Do not be surprised at these pencilled characters. I am obliged to write in a reclining posture, and can only accomplish it by this means with suffering. I pass a great deal of my time lying on the sofa, and composing my sacred pieces, in which I do hope you will recognise the growth of a more healthful and sustained power of mind, which I trust is springing up within me, even from the elements of deepest suffering. I fear it will be some time before I shall have completed a volume, as, notwithstanding the retirement in which I live, I have, I think, more claims upon my time and thoughts

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This decay of strength became very perceptible to her friends. All who loved her feared that the frail tabernacle was breaking down. In 1834 she grew so manifestly worse that Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, offered her his country house, Redesdale, for rest and change of air. The good prelate and his wife showered kindness and loving ministries upon her, but in vain, and she hastened back to Dublin to be near her physician. Charlie, one of her sons, was her companion at this time, Henry being a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, and willoughby being engaged on the ordnance survey of Ireland.

As winter passed on, and the spring of 1835 dawned, it became evident that the time of her release was drawing near. Reading became too fatigning, and she now drew upon the stores of her marvellous memory for her comfort and amusement. She was frequently heard repeating whole chapters of the Bible, and pages of Milton, to herself. To some friends, who one day pitied her suffering condition, she said, "I live in a fair and happy world of my own, among gentle thoughts and pleasant images. No poetry could express, or imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flit across my mind."

Sometimes she would entreat to be left quite alone, in order that she might examine her own soul and commune with her Saviour.

Thus, surrounded by her friends, she arranged

her worldly affairs, making provision, so far as possible, for her younger boys, and gradually sank into the arms of death. Her last poetical effort was the "Sabbath Sonnet," and, like the note of the dying swan, was one of the sweetest she ever sang. It runs thus:—

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,

Through England's primrose meadow paths their way Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending, Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day. The halls, from old heroic ages grey,

Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low, With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play, Send out their inmates in a happy flow,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow, Like a freed vernal stream: I may not tread With them those pathways; to the feverish bed Of sickness bound. Yet, O my God, I bless

Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Her brother wrote this beautiful sonnet from her dictation, and within a month after this effort, Mrs. Hemans died, on the 16th of May, 1835, in her forty-second year. Her remains were interred in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, and on the memorial tablet, beside her name and age, are inscribed some lines from a funeral dirge written some years before by herself, in memory of a friend.

Thus passed away a sweet and gentle singer, whose lays will remain in our minds and literature as "things of beauty" to be joys for ever.

EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN

# A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.



T was no surprise to me when Sir Edward Langley asked my consent to speak to my grand-daughter, Leila. For some time past he had shown a deep interest in her, and as soon as he became master of Waterfield Manor, I felt sure he would wish to make Leila its mistress. He was just twenty-seven, upright, straightforward, and warm-hearted, popular with his tenantry, and altogether a very good specimen

of an English country gentleman. I was growing old, and I was anxious to see Leila established in a home of her own, as she had neither father,

mother, brother, nor sister. She was now twenty-three, a trifle spoilt, perhaps, for her pretty face and pleasant ways made her a favourite with every one, and decidedly fond of her own way. But her heart was loving, and her never-failing kindness and attention to me, made me believe that where

her affections were called into play, she would be easily led.

After my interview with Sir Edward, I had gone to take my afternoon stroll in the cypress walk which skirted the garden, when I heard hasty footsteps behind me. Two arms were thrown round my neck, and Leila whispered, breathlessly, "Oh! Granny, dear Granny! what do you think? Sir Edward has asked me to be his wife."

"And what did you answer, my darling?"

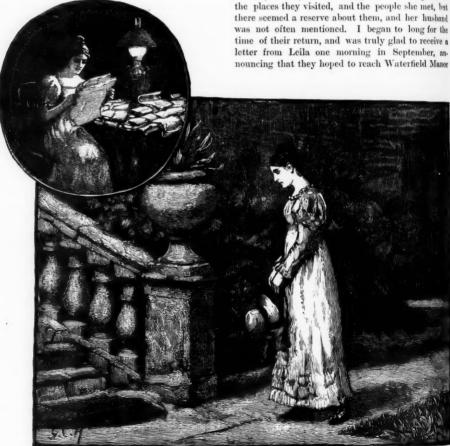
"I—oh, Granny, what could I say but yes?"
I laughed, and kissed the little flushed face which
was pressed to mine. We walked once or twice up
and down the cypress walk talking over the great
event; and when, by-and-by, Sir Edward's impatience
brought him in search of us, we all went back to the
house together.

Leila could not rest till she had told her old nurse of her happiness, and everything looked very bright for my darling. There was no reason why the marriage should be delayed, and for the next few weeks nothing was talked of but settlements, trousseau, bridesmaids, and wedding breakfast. Presents of all sorts and sizes came pouring in, and soon our drawing-rooms had something of the appearance of a fancy stall at a bazaar.

At last the day came, and I have confused recollections of a pretty little figure in white satin clinging round my neck, of many guests in fine clothing, of merry peals from the dear old church bells, and other memories still less distinct. As I sat alone that evening, with Leila's favourite old tabby on my lap, and thought over the events of the last few weeks, I could not help a vague feeling of anxiety crossing my mind. Are they quite suited to each other? was the question which came back persistently. I had noticed since the engagement that Edward, too, had a strong desire to follow his own will, and though this had as yet only been manifested about trifles, yet straws serve to show which way the current runs.

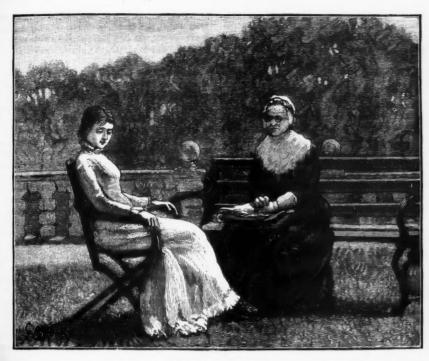
My great hope was that Leila's love to her husband

would triumph over all petty strivings for the mastery, for I was old-fashioned, and held that a woman, in all matters save those which con. cern her highest duty, should be subject to her husband. I had bright happy letters from the young couple during their honeymoon, and I found great pleasure in constantly going to Waterfield Manor to watch the progress of the improvements and alterations which Sir Edward was making. The old house had fallen into sad disrepair during the life of its late owner, Edward's bachelor uncle, and it was found to be impossible for the newly-married pair to take up their residence there at present. So, to the great delight of Leila. who had never before crossed the Channel, they arranged to spend the time that must elapse before they could settle down in travelling on the Continent, I continued to hear regularly from Leila; but I fancied that her letters were less expansive and personal than formerly. They were certainly full of descriptions of



1. "Eleanor sat up half the night over them."-p. 278.

2 "I was wandering out after breakfast."-p. 23



"Leila was silent."-p. 279.

during the following week. "And I hope, dear Granny," she wrote, "that you will be our first visitor. I am longing to see you again."

Immediately on Edward and Leila's arrival at home, I went over to Waterfield Manor, and was met at the door by Leila herself.

"At home at last, my dear, dear child," I said, warmly embracing her; and then, holding her at arm's length, I noticed a change in her. She looked older and graver, and her eyes seemed to have lost some of their laughter. She took me up to my room, made me sit down in a large arm-chair in the window, and took her old place on a footstool at my feet. We talked in snatches, she telling me of many of her foreign experiences, while I spoke of the various little incidents which had happened in her old home and the neighbourhood.

"What a lovely home my child has," I said, glancing from the pretty room to the charming view of the park with its grand old trees and winding river outside. Leila was silent for a moment, then she raised her head, and said, with a scarcely suppressed sigh, "Yes, it's all very charming; but I think married life is somehow different from what one fancies it will be."

"Everything looks different at a distance from what it does on closer inspection," I answered, though with a pang at my heart as the truism passed my lips, No more was said at the time, but I watched Leila and her husband attentively that evening, and was not quite satisfied with what I noticed. But Edward was very affectionate to me, and we found plenty to talk about in connection with the estate, and various improvements which he had in contemplation.

"I have bought old Milwall's farm," he said carelessly, "and intend doing it up for my new agent to live in."

"Milwall's farm!" exclaimed Leila, "that dear picturesque old place! You never told me that, Edward." There was reproach in her tone, and he answered, with rather provoking indifference—

"Oh! I wrote about it from abroad; we were at Milan, I think, and I suppose I forgot to tell you."

"Did you go to Verona?" I asked, to change the subject. "It is such a charming old town, and the view from the bridge is one of the most delightful in Italy." I found, to my dismay, that this diversion of subject was an unfortunate one. Leila grew very red, and Sir Edward said, coldly, "No, we did not go."

I turned to Leila, and gave her an account of the marriage of one of her former pupils at the Sunday-school, and the subject dropped. But I was pained to find, as the days went on, that there seemed some continued misunderstanding between the two, and that Leila had fallen into the habit of making plans without consulting her husband.

"Evelyn Braye is coming here to-morrow," Leila

-p. 279

or the l that i conect to from , and ng to of the dward to sad ward's ble for sidence Leila. iev arre they ent. I ancied il than ions of et, but asband for the eive a er, an-Manor said to me one bright morning, as we sat together in the garden.

I looked up in some surprise. "Is she? I thought you never saw anything of her now."

"Oh! she wrote to me the other day, and said she was on her way to Yorkshire, and would like to see me en route."

"What does Edward say to that? He told me he didn't much like her."

"Edward? Oh! he doesn't know about it yet."

"Not know! my dear Leila, what do you mean? surely you ask your husband before you invite any one to stay at his house!"

"I don't know why I should do that," replied Leila, reddening. "There are heaps of things Edward never consults me about, and surely I may have a friend to stay with me without begging for special permission."

"Leila, you ought to tell him. My dear child, you don't know what trouble you may be preparing for yourself by this want of openness."

"You don't know," began Leila, passionately.

"Yes, I do, dear; I can see plainly enough that all is not as it should be, and that you are both of you somehow disappointed in each other. I had not anticipated this; but one thing is certain, that the remedy lies chiefly in your own hands. How has this come to pass, Leila? I can see through it all that you are still truly attached to each other, and yet you are each pulling different ways."

By this time Leila was sobbing with her head on my lap, and for a few minutes she could not speak.

"Oh Granny!" she said at last between her sales

"Oh, Granny!" she said at last, between her sobs, "you don't know how self-willed Edward is; if he once takes a thing into his head, nothing can turn him from it."

"The truth is, my darling," I said, smiling in spite of the tears that would come, "you had too easygoing an old Granny for at least twenty years of your life, and you have been so used to your own way that it seems hard to give it up."

"But, Granny, he has such a determined manner; you have no idea what it is till you come to be with him. You remember asking the other night if we had been to Verona; well, that was just a piece of Edward's self-will. It was all settled, and I had so looked forward to it, for the Lawrance-Wynnes were there, and some other friends of mine, and then he threw it all over, and said, in that short way of his, 'We are not going to Verona.' Oh, Granny! I was so angry and unhappy; and somehow it has never been right since, and we both find it best just to go our own way."

"Dear Leila! I daresay it was trying, but it was not an unpardonable offence, and we have daily something or other to bear. My dear, I have never told you before, for it is so many, many years ago, and naturally a painful subject to me; but I think a short memory of my early married life may help you in this critical time of yours."

"Do tell me, Granny," exclaimed Leila; "I have always wanted to know something about you and grandpapa," "Well, perhaps you know that he was much older than I was, and that I, at the time of my marriage, was even younger than you. And we were not happy for the first two years." I paused, and Leila looked up quickly.

"Granny! not happy! you have always said no woman was happier than you were, and that grand-

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papa was the best of husbands."

"So he was, my child; but you forget that our married life was a long one-forty-eight years-and it is only of the first two that I am going to tell you I came out of a large family of lively brothers and sisters, and Eleanor and I, who were close friends. had got into a foolish habit of making mysteries about all sorts of trifles. I thought William stern and grave, and his annoyance at an innocent but foolish joke which Eleanor played upon him while staying with us a few months after our marriage, led me to be still more reserved with him. I am ashamed even now when I think of all the foolish things of which Eleanor and I were guilty in those days. I saw William was disappointed in me; I don't think he realised what a mere child I was in many things; and though I loved him, I was afraid of him, and did not give him my full confidence. The breach between us widened imperceptibly, and was increased by an extraordinary act of folly on my part. My husband's father had been a distinguished statesman, and there was a large mass of his correspondence, with other papers, in an old cabinet in William's study. He had shown them to me on one occasion, remarking that some day he intended to look them over with one or two literary friends, with a view to publishing some of them. 'It will require great care in the selection,'he had said, 'as much mischief might be done by injudicious publication.' I was at this time much under Eleanor's influence, who was two or three years older than myself, and a curious mixture of remarkable cleverness, and almost childish folly. She had occasionally high flights of ambition and anxiety to distinguish herself in some way, as poet, author, or artist. Her verses were really above the average, and though her prose was less good, she wrote with great facility. One morning when we were alone, my husband having gone to London, I happened to tell her about the papers in the cabinet, and her excitement was great. 'O Margaret!' she cried, 'do let me see them! Couldn't we do something with them?' I was at first shocked. I knew William allowed no one to meddle with them, and I refused to touch them. But Eleanor persisted, and I gave in. The key was in a private spring drawer in my husband's desk, and in some trepidation I fetched it. All the rest of the day was spent in examining and sorting the papers, and Eleanor sat up half the night over them. 'Remember, Eleanor,'I said when I went to bed, 'you mustn't really think of doing anything with them; William would be But Eleanor's ambition and unscrupulousness were too much for me. In a marvellously short time she had copied the most important letters, read up one or two books which related to the political events of that time, and finally sent off the manuscript under a feigned name to one of the best known London publishers. He happened to be an acquaintance of William's, and upon receipt of the manuscript. he wrote off at once to my husband to inquire into the matter. Never, never shall I forget that morning. William had been unusually tender in his manner to me since his return from town, and had even brought me a beautiful little Skye terrier, though he was not fond of pet dogs. His kindness made me feel the more askamed and repentant, and I had been miserable, without, however, daring to confess what I had done. I was wandering out after breakfast with my new pet, when I suddenly heard the study window thrown up, and William calling 'Margaret,' in a stern voice. I walked slowly back, with a dreadful weight at my heart, and on going into the study, saw my husband at the table with a letter in his hand. He did not speak, but pointed to the letter, which I read with a beating heart. But before I could finish it, a flood of tears came. 'O William!' I sobbed, 'I am so sorry. Can you ever forgive me? I have been so miserable, for I knew all the time I was doing wrong.' 'You have deceived me,' was all he said, and though in answer to my entreaties he spoke a few cold words of pardon, yet I felt there was a wide gulf between us. It was long before it was bridged over. I knew now how truly I loved my grave silent husband, and tried to please him in every possible way. He wrote a severe letter to Eleanor, and the manuscript, by his orders, was returned by the publisher. Some months later, your mother was born, and for a few days I was very ill. William's anxiety about me knew no bounds, and during my convalescence we grew to understand each other better than we had ever done before. And now, my child, I have told you this old story, not because I am afraid of your acting as foolishly as your Granny did, but because I can tell you from experience, that it is a fatal thing to drift away in any manner from the person you are bound to for life."

Leila was silent, but I saw she was deeply interested, and I went on very earnestly—"It will be difficult at first to win back your husband's confidence; you will both probably be too proud to own that you are in the wrong; but if you, dearest Leila, take the first step, I am sure Edward will be ready to meet you half-way. At any rate, begin at once, by telling him about Miss Braye's visit."

At this moment, Edward came out on the terrace to join us. "Here is the paper, Lady Margaret," he said, handing me the *Times*, and glancing curiously at Leila, whose eyes were red and cheeks flushed.

"Edward," said Leila, rising, and speaking with a slight quaver in her voice, "will you come with me to the fernery? Robinson wants to make some alterations there, and I should like you to decide about them."

Edward followed his wife with a surprised ex-

pression, and they appeared to walk for some time in silence. I sat on my chair after they were out of sight, and dropping the unread paper, I closed my eyes, and prayed that all might come right between the young couple. But I knew that the breach between them could not be healed in a moment, and I was not surprised when Leila came back alone, with a downcast face.

"Well, dear," I said, putting out my hand, "what has happened?"

"Oh, Granny! he was so angry," and the tears came thick and fast. "He wanted me to put off Evelyn altogether, but I couldn't do that now, though I promised never to ask anybody here again without his knowledge. And indeed, Granny, I did tell him I was sorry for that and many other things. I didn't like doing it," Leila went on, with a gleam of amusement in her eyes, "but I am glad it is over, and I feel I have done right."

"That you have, my child, and now you must just be brave, and keep on in the same course of perfect openness, and in time you may be quite sure that you will win back his love."

My visit to Waterfield soon came to an end, as I was called away by the illness of a dear old friend. It was with regret that I left Leila, though I felt that possibly she and her husband might be drawn together again when they were left entirely to themselves. And so it proved to be. When I returned after more than a month's absence, Leila came to meet me with a very different face from the one she had worn on her first arrival at her husband's home.

"Granny, I have so much to tell you," she said, as I kissed her; "you must come at once to your room, that we may have a cosy 'togethering."

Before I could take off my things, Leila, with gentle force, pushed me into the arm-chair, and sat down as usual at my feet.

"It has come all right, dear, dear Granny, and you were right, as you always are. By degrees, Edward grew more like his old self, and was so affectionate and nice; and then we had quite an explanation, and he acknowledged that he had been reserved and cold very often, and said we must begin over again. And, oh, Granny, do you know why he wouldn't go to Verona? You know what a silly goose I am about infection? and he had heard that some horrid sort of fever was very bad there, but be wouldn't tell me the real reason, because our courier had just come from there, and Edward knew I should be alarmed; and I was so cross about that and many other things. However, all's well that ends well, and I feel so happy. I think we understand each other much better now, and I couldn't bear to keep anything from him."

My thankfulness was so great that I could hardly find words to express it. The happy faces of husband and wife, and the perfect confidence which seemed to exist between them, sent me back rejoicing to my home.

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# ONG OF THE MORNING.

IGHT from beyond the sea up-breaking Waves and waves on the dusky ocean Whitens the stainless blue afar; Pale in heaven is the morning star; Earth from the hush of sleep is waking.

Glowing clouds on the glowing azure, Amber and rose, with golden rim, Over the far horizon dim, Sailing away in light-winged measure.

Flash and burn in the rising light, Numberless, wide as the infinite. Mingle and blend in bright commotion.

Drops of light on the branches quiver, Drops of light on the grasses gleam, Pure and clear as the morning beam, Shake and shine by the shining river.

Clad in light, and the low winds shaking Dews from her beautiful locks, earth lies Smiling up to the beautiful skies-Earth from the hush of sleep is waking. JOHN HUIE.

# THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

THE CHORISTERS.

N the life of Niebuhr, there is a striking description of the long and happy hours which his blind old father spent in recalling the striking scenes which in early life he had witnessed in the Holy Land and other Eastern countries; and every child who looks into its pillow to see wonders there, could record a parallel experience,"

How many fondly cherished remembrances resemble dreams of the blind; they touch beautiful scenes and incidents, once witnessed, but never to be witnessed again. They have no existence now, but as visions of the past in realms of darkness. This affecting circumstance is reversed in our religious experience when we meditate on the Apocalyptic visions. We have visions beforehand of celestial bliss. And moreover we may be said to resemble persons born blind, who spend happy hours in thinking of a world of light, and of things therein they have not seen at all. What is shut out from external organs of perception, shines immediately into the soul, through revelations of the Holy Spirit. We discern, through the medium of inspired dreams, what some day we are to behold after another manner.

The writer from whom we have just quoted adds, "I know of no corresponding fact in the history of the deaf. If I mistake not, though I would not speak dogmatically on this point, we never fully dream a sound. We carry on many marvellous conversations, and marvellous things are told us, but these, like our making communions with ourselves, and mental hummings of tunes, are uttered by voiceless lips in a speechless tongue." We are not sure of the correctness of this statement, but, at all events, it is harder to recall sounds than to recall sights. Music in dreams is rarer than landscapes in dreams; and here again we have an inversion of the natural order when we turn to the subject before us in this chapter. With the visions of St. John there come harmonies of Heavenly worship. With the beautiful in sight there blends the beautiful in sound. Voices are heard distinctly, intelligently, in this true dream from the Lord. They are not voices of history, but of hope; not of memory, but of anticipation. From an opened door in heaven we catch strains of unrivalled melody. Naturally deaf to the voices uttered in another world, we are supernaturally enabled to listen to them, as we read the Revelation of St. John the Divine.

Let us now attend to the Choristers, leaving their Songs for another paper.

The Choristers. They appear in six choirs, (1) The four living ones lead the celestial psalmody; according to the eighth verse of the fourth chapter of the Revelation, "They rest not day and night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Who are these mysterious ones with manifold faces, and wings full of eyes, resembling the four cherubim seen by Ezekiel? At first thought they would seem to be what are known as angels; but as angels are afterwards separately mentioned, and are distinguished from the living ones, in the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter, they must be regarded as a distinct order of existence. Of what order we know not; personal intelligences they clearly seem to be, not personifications of mere physical forces. They take their places with angels and the elders, and express in words, thoughts, and affections, thanksgiving and praise, but they form a class which we may designate as the Great Unknown. When we have scanned all the beings distinctly visible or clearly revealed, we hear a voice saying, "Lo, these are parts of His ways: how little a portion is heard of Him." His universe comprises undiscovered realms. His creatures include classes of whom science knows nothing. (2) In the choral companies, next to the four living ones come the four-and-twenty elders. "When the living ones give glory, and honour, and thanks, to Him that sat on the throne, Who liveth for ever and ever, the four-and-twenty elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne." It has been noticed already that these elders in number correspond with the chief men of the Sons of Aaron who ministered before the Lord, "according to their offices, in their service." It is fanciful to regard them as representatives of two dispensations, in the persons of twelve patriarchs and twelve apostles. But is it not natural and scriptural, to think of them as representing the vast presbytery of the Holy Church, employed from age to age, in stimulating and leading the worship of God? Whatever may be the reader's opinion as to ecclesiastical polity, and forms of worship, he can consistently with them regard this second celestial choir as representing the true Ministers of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ from age to age. The language of St. Paul to the Ephesians is very comprehensive-"And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and

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some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." this representation accords with and may be employed to elucidate what is said of the glorified eldership of the Church of the living God in the portion of Scripture which we are now endeavouring to study. (3) We see another band of worshippers-"many angels round about the throne, and the living ones, and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." "The larger number is put first, with that consciousness of grandeur, and that indifference to formal rules of rhetoric which well suits the transcendent sublimity of the utterance attributed The angelic multitude, like the multitude of the redeemed, is immense. The Temple walls melt into infinite space. All idea of enclosure is swept away. A boundless expanse succeeds-room for "an innumerable company of angels." The House of the Lord at Jerusalem is transformed into the immeasurably greater Temple of the universe, and the praises of unfallen beings are heard everywhere ascending up before the (4) Another change comes over the vision, and a yet wider space than ever is opened. A fourth class, more numerous even than the third, unite in the offering of worship—"every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them " (i.e., the whole compass of region and realm unknown to man-the entire invisible world, which it would be folly in us to think of comprehending and classifying), even all these "heard I saying, Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." (5) Then follow the sealed tribesthe twelve tribes of Israel-and these re-appear in the fourteenth chapter of Revelation :- "And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with Him a hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads; and I heard a voice from heaven,

as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder-" Pause for a moment here -" the voice of many waters." As we watch a cataract and listen to the plunging flood, we think of power concentrated, continuous, persevering, So has Niagara, so have the Rhine falls been in intense action for ages and ages. "The voice of a great thunder." The words bring to our recollection a thunderstorm which overtook us once in the City of Nazareth, when, as the heavens split over our heads, the earth seemed to crack under our feet. It was an overwhelming outburst of power. And the song of the harpers harping with their harps is compared by the inspired writer to such voices "of many to the voice of such "great thunder." "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the living ones, and the elders, and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." (6) Finally, we return to the "great multitude which no man can number of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues," standing "before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and they cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

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Such are the Choristers, forming circle within circle of devout worshippers-extending, in the outmost rank, to the furthest limits of the un-The representation is unmeasured universe. speakably grand; it is a glorious ideal, to be wrought out in the infinite future in ways to us unknown. A like thought, but apart from all this poetical imagery, dawned on the mind of the Apostle Paul, when he spoke of "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature," by Whom "were all things created that are in heaven, and that are on earth, visible and invisible," adding, "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell, and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself-whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."

SERPENT WORSHIP, PAST AND PRESENT.

OME modern scientists, ignoring the Biblical records altogether, trace man's earliest religion to the worship of a fetish—it may be a stock, a stone—whatever appears to him of mysterious value, which he invests with the idea of supreme power. From this, the primæval religion of savage man, they would fain make out there was a

natural progress upwards and onwards; the mind of man, rising from the rude fetish to a conception of

vastness, and divinity, which finds expression in the worship of the heavenly bodies and the great powers of Nature.

The Christian philosopher reads mankind in the reverse way. Revelation tells him that he was created pure and holy; that he was endowed with faculties which required a religion of communion with the great and wise God who had called him into being; that he fell from this condition into a state of sin, until he reached a degradation which we still

find existing in the corrupt idolatries of the East, in the savage worship of the South Sea Islanders, and even in the heathen masses of our own great cities. To point out the traces of the first widespread idolatry is the object we propose to ourselves in this

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One of the earliest forms of idolatry was serpent worship, which was closely allied with sun worship, and became well-nigh universal. We find its traces amongst different races, and in many lands; in general cariously mingled with traditions of the Temptation and Fall in Eden. That story reappears in one form or other in almost every mythology of Europe and Asia, and even in the more isolated lands of North and South America.

The esteem and reverence in which the serpent was held in all ancient lands can only be traced to its being regarded as the embodiment of wisdom, in some dim association with the traditions of Eden. It would seem as if this idea were in some degree kept up by our Lord's own words, when He recommends His disciples to be "wise as serpents," as well as "harmless as doves." But this probably refers to the well-known great sagacity of the serpent in taking care of itself, or avoiding danger. What was Satan's tempting promise to Eve? That she should be wise as God Himself, knowing good from evil. What became of the faith which God Himself revealed to Adam, and which was his support in the agony of expulsion from his beautiful home? How came it that, in the course of two or three centuries, the very instrument of his degradation and misery became to his descendants an object of reverence and worship?

That it was so there can be no doubt. In Central Asia, where the prevailing religion is demon-worship, one day in the year is consecrated to the adoration of serpents. Kashmir abounds in carved images of the same reptile, which are still the object of idolatry in the present day. "Sesha," we are told, "is, in Hindu mythology, the great king of the serpent race, on which Vishnu reclines on the primæval waters. He has one thousand heads, which also serve as a canopy to Vishnu; and he holds the world, which rests on one of his heads. His crest is ornamented with jewels. Coiled up, Sesha is the emblem of eternity. He is also often called Vasuki, or Ananta, the Eternal," thus identifying the Evil Spirit with the "The most magnificent Supreme Being Himself. ecclesiastical architecture in the world is that of the Nagas—the serpent worshippers of Cambodia—still existing, and only recently brought to light."

The Chinese hold the same animal in great reverence, considering it as a symbol of wisdom and might, "and ascribe to the Kings of Heaven bodies of serpents;" and the same sacred feeling exists in Japan. The Canaanites also worshipped the serpent; and the tribes of Israel and Judah—ever ready to fall into the sin of those they had failed to expel according to the command of God—had the same tendency, notwithstanding their greater light.

Read the 17th chapter of 2 Kings, and see to what melancholy lengths of idolatry the children of Israel had gone, until, in punishment for their sins, they were carried away captive to Assyria, the cradle of the grossest and most widespread idolatry. Among other sins of the children of Israel was that of burning incense to the Brazen Serpent, which had been preserved in remembrance of the Lord's wonderful deliverance of them from the plague of serpents, in their pilgrimage days. So Hezekiah, who feared the Lord, and understood the symbolism of the serpent, broke it in pieces, that it should no longer tempt his brethren.

An invariable symbol of serpent worship is a hierogram which very frequently appears in the East -that of a circle with wings and a serpent. The circle signifies Deity in general—the serpent is the manifestation of Deity. Sometimes we see a serpent proceeding from a serpent, which implies the creating and preserving power of Deity; and the wings, or tail, of a dove, are the manifestation of the love of Deity—thus embodying some of the noblest spiritual Indeed, the threads of truth which run through the confused mass of the idolatries of the world are very striking, and point to a dim past when these truths were revealed and believed; for they are the same elementary truths which reappear again and again, whether amongst the savages of the Fiji Islands, or in the intricate religious systems of India and Egypt.

In Persia, Alriman, the personification of the spirit of evil, taught men to sin under the guise of a serpent. In America, too—though there they cannot look back upon an antiquity and civilisation as ancient as that of the Asiatic Continent—we find traces of the same corrupt decline from the primitive faith, as delivered to our first parents, and preached to the sinful world by the earnest devoted Noah. The traditions of the temptation and fall of man reappear amongst some of the Indian tribes of North America, and the South Sea Islanders. There are what are called the Snake Tribes, whose totem, or sacred symbol, is a serpent, plainly indicating the fact of serpent worship amongst them.

The Greeks honoured the serpent as symbolic Æsculapius is always of the god of medicine. represented with a serpent, and in that form is said to have made a voyage to Rome, concealing himself on board a vessel which was making its way up the Tiber, and from which he glided off to establish himself on the picturesque old island of that river, whose curious resemblance to the form of a ship is said to keep in remembrance the voyage of the god. A temple was reared on the spot in his honour, the columns of which still exist in the Church of St. Bartolommeo on that island. At Delphi 't was the custom to sing a hymn of praise to the panon, or serpent, every seventh day; and even among the early Greek converts to Christianity, so rooted was the worship of the serpent, as the embodiment of wisdom, that some of the early Fathers complain of certain nominal Christians who gave even greater reverence to the Serpent than to Christ.

In all this, do we not see a sort of mocking resemblance to the worship of the true God, and the observance of the one day in seven which is sacred to His name? Such is ever Satan's master stroke. He travesties some grand truths which linger in the heart of fallen man, whose cravings he would fain

satisfy with this perversion. He well earns the title of the Old Serpent (Rev. xii. 9). He is still the Beguiler, which, through subtilty, led our mother Eve into such fatal sin (2 Cor. xi. 3).

But to turn to our own country. Serpent worship at one time prevailed in Ireland, and St. Patrick has the honour of having stamped it out of the land by his bold proclamation of the Gospel of Him who overcame "that great serpent, the devil." From this probably arises the Irish legend of St. Patrick having extirpated a plague of serpents from that country, which is literally believed by the peasantry. Serpents are supposed never to touch the shamrock, the green trefoil leaf of which is said to cure their bites. In ancient times the trefoil was regarded as emblematic of the Trinity. Could it be that this tradition dimly referred to the antagonistic principles of the Divine Trinity and of the Evil One?

What are looked upon as Druidical remains in Great Britain and in France probably owe their origin to the same prevailing serpent and sunworship; for the two generally went together. A curious combination of ancient symbols has been found amongst the Druidical remains of the southwest of England, where the sign of the cross is occasionally to be seen carved upon the dolmens, or stone altars, of these groups. The Druids got the cross from the Phænicians; and the demi-god of the former, Thor, who slew the great serpent with his famous

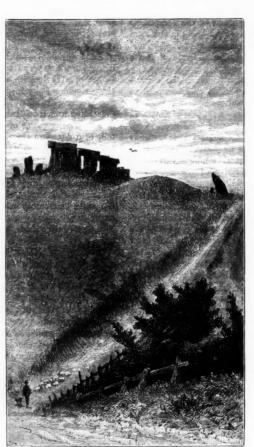
hammer, which he bequeathed to his followers, was generally represented with the cross in his hand. The same cross appears in the hand of the second person of the Egyptian trinity of gods, and is mixed up with traditions about a garden, a woman, a child, and a serpent. This second person of the triad is said to have had a human mother, and to have slain the serpent that persecuted her. It is also believed

that these traditions came to the Egyptians from an ancestor who had come over the flood with seven others. All these beliefs are clearly fragments of the early faith and revelation which had been lost amidst the corruptions of the world.

The first natural de. cline from the worship of the one true God. the first craving for a visible object of love, manifested itself by turning to the most wonderful works of God Himself-the sun, the moon, the stars-and giving to them the reverence that was due to the Almighty alone. This falling away began among the Sabeans, and is referred to in that most ancient of the books of the Pible, Job xxxi. 26-28, when he justifies himself from even the suspicion of such idolatry.

We do not know what fearful idolatrous mysteries may have taken place amidst the huge boulders of Stonehenge, and the Serpent Temple of Avebury, in Wiltshire, which

is of the same character, but was originally of far greater extent. From a little distance you can make out, distinctly, the formation of a vast temple, with its great unhewn stones arranged in circles, with intersecting avenues, each a mile in length, which still bear their resemblance to the windings of a monstrous serpent on the side of the hill. A few generations ago these ancient remains numbered 600 or 700 great stones, some of them forty or fifty tons in weight. But there was no Ancient Monuments Protection Society in those days, and the



APPROACH TO STONEHENGE FROM THE EAST.

stones were too tempting a quarry for the surrounding villagers, in need of dwellings and churches; so the pre-historic Serpent Temple gradually well-nigh disappeared. A similar relic is to be found in Orkney, where the Stennis Stones, to the number of seventy or eighty, are grouped in double circles—the earliest form of erection where sun worship was concerned.

The most extensive of all these monuments of the Stone Age is that of Carnac, in Brittany, that province where such manifest relics of heathendom still prevail-in the names of the people and villages; in their old mystical circular dances, said to symbolise the motion of the heavenly bodies; in their pilgrimages and ceremonies to the ancient stone figure of Venus, about twenty miles from Carnac, which, in spite of the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to overthrow it, still stands beside its fountain, a relic of the idolatry of Babylon, with which Brittany seems to have had the closest connection. It claims for its earliest king a mythical personage entitled Conan (king) Mériadek, who appears to have been identical with the Merodach-baladan, King of Babylon, of Isa. xxxix. 1, who lived more than 700 B.C., and extended his kingdom on all sides. This temple at Carnac formerly consisted of fully 1,200 upright stones called menhirs, varying from five to twenty feet in height, and extending from their centre in eleven rows, which stretch over the purple heath for about seven miles. Carnac, like Avebury, proved too attractive a quarry to the district around, and has been much despoiled of its great boulders. A neighbouring church has been built entirely of these stones.

The Isle of Serpents is an uninhabited barren rock in the Black Sea, at the mouth of the Danube; yet even there we find remains of ancient temples where doubtless serpent worship prevailed, the memory of which still exists in the name of the island.

What purpose can these strange erections have served? Whence came they? Who placed these huge monoliths in situ? The difficulty of doing so must have been so great, that legend assigns the work to the magic of Merlin. Must we look to the giants of a primæval age as their architects?—the same race of giants of whom distinct remains were found the other day, not ten miles from Swansea, in what is called the Gower Country—like the race who built the wonderful cities of Bashan, with their doors and roofs of solid slabs of stone, which still exist to tell their marvellous tale of a generation such as Bashan's king.\*

The general idea has been that these mysterious groups of boulders and monoliths were connected with the Druid worship; but it is a curious fact that no ancient classic author makes the remotest allusion to the Druids using such extraordinary temples. Moreover, the Druid worship was carried on in the recesses of forests, and these temples are not near the forests, but stretch away on the wild

moor, or what has been wild moor before cultivation reclaimed it. They are more likely to be connected with sun and serpent worship, to judge by their particular formation and position.

Standing stones were recognised in Scripture as memorials of very striking and solemn events. Jacob set up a stone as a pillar in memory of his strange Joshua set up communion with God at Bethel. twelve stones in Gilgal, according to God's command, as a memorial of the wonderful passage through Jordan; and another very important stone he set up in the plains of Shechem-the first foothold of the children of Israel in Canaan-as a witness of the solemn covenant between God and His people, when they deliberately decided to serve the Lord. stone was a warning reminder to them of their broken covenant throughout the period of their deep idolatry. It seems also to have been a sort of coronation stone, from whence the king made his covenant with the people on being chosen king. (See Judges ix. 6, 2 Kings xi. 14, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 31.) The old coronation stone of Scotland, now deposited in Westminster Abbey, is supposed to have been one of these sacred memorial stones, and to have served its purpose as a coronation stone in Ireland before it was brought over to Scotland. Nay, more than this, some ardent relic and symbol worshippers will tell you that it is the veritable sacred stone on which Jacob rested his weary head at Bethel; and that, after many vicissitudes in the troubled lives of the later kings of Israel and Judah, it was brought by the prophet Jeremiah to Ireland! As to the truth of this, we know not; but tradition says it came from the East, and it is not at all unlikely to be one of the memorial stones of which we have been speaking.

The true history of such was lost amidst the general corruptions into which our forefathers fell. The praise to God which these memorials were intended to keep alive, gradually became associated with the object itself, instead of with the subject commemorated, as we so often sadly see in some of the worship of our own day; and so idolatry crept in, and sank to a lower and lower pitch, till "the dark places of the earth were full of the habitations of cruelty."

Since then the Gospel of His salvation has shed a light which is gradually searching and illuminating the dark spots of this earth, where serpent worship and other debasing forms of idolatry still prevail; but there will be no security against the machinations of the "dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, till he is cast into the lake of fire and brimstone," and can "deceive the nations no more." And that will be when the King of kings and Lord of lords shall come to claim His own, and to take unto Himself His great power, and reign. Then "nothing that defileth" shall approach Him; the corrupt idolatries of the earth shall have been swept away; man will recognise his true Sovereign, Master, and Father, and "the glory of the honour of the nations" shall be gathered in.

\* Deut. iii. 11.

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# God of the Morning, at Whose Voice.



# EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XII .- A VENTURE.



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HEN Hans presented himself at Mr. Bilderdyk's office for his second interview, the merchant said—

"So, you've come again. I thought you would."

He had formed his own conclusions as to the youth's hesitancy. Of course it concerned the ten pounds on which

he insisted for preliminary expenses. It was not likely that such a sum would not be a grave consideration to a friendless young foreigner-a matter calling for debate and delay. But Mr. Bilderdyk did not choose to believe that it could be any insurmountable obstacle if the young man really wanted to be employed by him. Any respectable person could find means to borrow or raise such a sum. Mr. Bilderdyk had never looked poverty full in the face. He had had his own early struggles with it, but he had conquered, so to speak, from trench or battlement: it had never come to a hand-to-hand fight, Further, he came to this conclusion because it suited him. He thought Hans a specially promising applicant. But he had no intention of abating his rule for any exception, always arguing that it did less harm to be wrong in one case, by strictly adhering to a good rule, than to hold such rule at the mercy of impulse or circumstance. If Hans could not raise this money, then he must be relegated to the ranks of the undesirable. Mr. Bilderdyk was an upright man, and had strict ideas of duty, but they all took an organised and official form. He would not have picked up a wounded traveller and set him on his own beast. He would have called a policeman and sent for a hospital ambulance. His mind was something like a kitchen garden, free equally from the rankest weeds and the sweetest flowers, but well stocked with potatoes and pot-herbs, by no means to be despised. To those who knew it best, his life presented a regulated symmetry quite consoling and restful among the general mass of human muddle; but it was the regulated symmetry of a neatly-ruled ledger, not of a noble ode.

"Sir," said Hans, with the clear colour coming into his face, "I saw from the first there was nothing I should be more thankful for than such a chance as you offer. My only hesitation concerned the money for my first travelling expenses,"

"I knew that—I felt sure of that," observed Mr. Bilderdyk, gratified by the frank statement which confirmed his own shrewd conjecture.

"I told you, sir, that I was poor, a stranger, and friendless," Hans went on; "but-"

"You find you are not so friendless as you thought," said the merchant, with a quiet smile. He was not a hard man, except in the matter of his rules. On the security of Hans' honest face and candid manner he would almost have advanced him such a sum himself, for any purpose but to enter his own service. For this rule of his had been made not so much to prevent money-losses as to spare the confusion caused by mere temporary hirelings.

The colour on Hans' face deepened,

"I told you, sir," said he, "about my first master—Mr. Miller, who took me up when I was but a beggar, little more than a year ago, and who is since dead. His daughter, sir, desires tolend me this money."

"Good!" said Mr. Bilderdyk, delighted by this confirmation of the theory on which his rule was founded.

"But my master died—not rich, sir. It is a question whether I ought to accept this money."

"It is only a loan?" inquired Mr. Bilderdyk.

"It is a loan," said Hans; "but it is a loan freely offered to a wandering foreigner, who can give no security for its return in case of his misfortune or death."

"What interest are you to pay?" asked Mr. Bilderdyk,

"None," said Hans, almost sharply. "I could not propose any—the loan was not offered so."

"Because, of course, high interest covers risks," mused the merchant. "Well, the old lady shows that she has considerable faith in you."

We are all apt to conjure up pictures in association with an idea presented to us, and some fine imaginations have a curious gift for correctness, even in very small details. But Mr. Bilderdyk's fancy did not dance and leap like an unaccountable cataract, it ran in straight lines, like the canals of his native Holland, so that every step of its progress could be accounted for. Women never had money to do what they liked with till they were old. Good old women liked helping worthy young people. Ergo, Hans' benefactress must be old. Perhaps it was significant that Hans did not at once contradict the inappropriate adjective. A minute or two afterwards, his silence struck him as false—as something like a lie.

"I don't think I should disappoint the lady's confidence in the long run," he said; "but—I might die—and she could ill afford to lose such a sum. I could not bear that she should lose it through me."

The merchant sat reflecting.

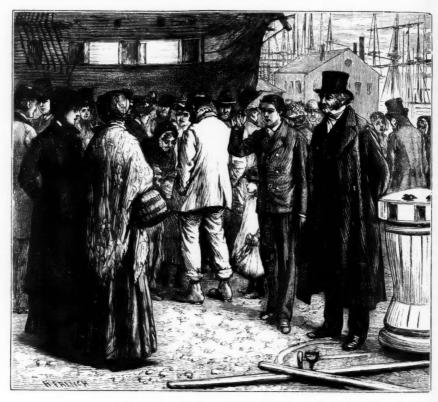
"I know one thing you can do," he said, presently.

"You can insure your life for twenty-five pounds, and, in the event of your death, that would cover your funeral expenses and pay this debt too. But I'm afraid you are not of age; the difficulty may be got over, only it will give rise to complicated arrangements, and cause some trouble."

"I am of age next week," said Hans, eagerly.

"Dear me! that is particularly fortunate," returned the old Dutchman, looking at the youth over his "It can hold good for ever," thought Hans, "at least, unless—until——" and there he reined in his fancy, for if he let it carry him on so fast he should lose his head.

"It will be best to put the will in charge of some trustworthy person," pursued the business-like Mr. Bilderdyk. "I will not offer to take charge of it myself; its custodian had better be some personal friend of yours or of the old lady's."



"Mr. Bilderdyk looked shrewdly at the pair."-p, 290.

spectacles. "I did not think you were so old; I took you for about eighteen; if I remember rightly, I did not inquire your age—I took it for granted."

Hans thought Mr. Bilderdyk had a faculty for guessing ages wrongly.

"It will be quite easily managed," went on the merchant. "You can make arrangements for getting the insurance complete by the time you are of age, then you can make a simple will leaving all you have to this old lady——"

"To Miss Christina Miller," put in Hans.

"And that will can hold good till you have repaid this loan," "I had rather Miss Miller did not know anything about it," returned Hans. "I will ask Dr. Julius, the medical man who lives opposite St. Cecilia's church, to take it in hand."

"Ay, that will do," said the old merchant. "And if you like, I will be one witness to the document. These arrangements are always made more secure by several responsible persons knowing of them, especially as you don't wish to acquaint the old lady herself with them, and enable her to protect her own interests."

There is a place for everybody in the world, and a part in which every man's innocent idiosyncrasies can disport themselves for the general good. Certainly Mr. Bilderdyk's matter-of-fact precision made poor Chrissy's enthusiastic generosity appear the most rational proceeding possible; and if worldly wisdom and shrewdness would more often hold themselves at the service of the higher intuitions and warmer emotions, instead of dominating over them, much that is now thought "visionary" would become "visible,"

As Hans Krinken walked back to Shield Street, all painful sense of obligation, all lurking fear of unmanly dependence had quite passed away, and there remained but that gratitude for the enjoyment of a ready and watchful love, which is one of the most helpful possessions with which a soul can start on the journey of life.

Yet not for worlds would he let Chrissy know how carefully she was to be shielded from possible loss. He would not have done anything which could make her think that he imagined he had lessened his debt to her. Hans was far too wise to imagine any such thing. Nor was he any the more tempted to do so when, on going to Dr. Julius, and telling that gentleman the whole story, he not only promised to keep the secret and give the purposed arrangement all the help and furtherance in his power, but treated Hans with marked consideration, and even hinted that had he come to him in the first instance he himself might have advanced the required sum.

Hans was thankful for the doctor's expression of kindliness, and did not doubt its sincerity; but, young as he was, a severe experience of life had taught him that people are viewed much more favourably through the medium of another person's confidence and friendship, and that when one comes to us so commended, it is not all of us who have sufficient imagination to realise how we should have regarded him had he come before us without sucheredentials. Hans felt that Chrissy had done more than lend him gold—she had given him character.

Chrissy was a little anxious all that morning while Hans was away at Mr. Bilderdyk's, She was afraid he was dreadfully unwilling to take her money; and fancying, as women often do, that everybody must see the worth of what they value, she could not help thinking that the Dutch merchant would smoothe the way for the young man. And somehow, if Hans went away without her help, it would make his going seem harder! Why, it would have been hard to say; but the mind, and still more the heart, have processes which defy logic. And these will have their way, unaccountable as it may be, like many other forces of nature-like the sun, which dominates the planets round it, though we know little more of "gravitation" than the name we have ourselves given it.

When Hans came towards her with a light step and a beaming face, she felt sure that his object was to be accomplished without her aid. Well, she must be glad, and rejoice in his rejoicing. But it is useless to deny that she found it much easier to be glad when Hans said—

"You are to have it all your own way, Miss Chrissy. Yours is to be the hand which is to send me into banishment."

Chrissy told Miss Griffin of her venture, for the girl had a loyal heart, and did not care to keep secrets from one who opened up to her all the treasures of her own experience. She could not be sure it would win Miss Griffin's entire approval, but it would certainly meet with the kindly sympathy with which the good old maid always heard and considered other people's affairs.

Chrissy told her story with beating heart and blushing face. Miss Griffin, arranging her tea-china in the early summer twilight, said not a word while she told it, and was silent for a few minutes afterwards. Then she suddenly came round to where Chrissy was sitting, and put one of her hands on each of Chrissy's shoulders.

"I suppose I ought to preach up prudence, and condemn you for rashness and over-generosity, and remind you of your own old age, and of all the bad chances which may befall you. It's a good sermon. But you'll find plenty of people to preach it. Chrissy Miller, I'd have done what you have done. There was a day once, Chrissy! But I had nothing of my own. The will of the Lord be done. Only men will never be worse off for the better fortune of women!"

Hans Krinken left his post in the Shield Street shop, and entered Mr. Bilderdyk's employment a few weeks before he was required to leave England. day or two after this change it was only natural that he should find some message which took him to Miss Griffin's rooms after office hours. Many a young heart has leaped with delight when some sweet voice has shyly dropped an accustomed title, and taken up the more familiar Christian name. But in this instance matters were reversed. It was when Chrissy softly said, "Mr. Krinken," that Hans looked up, and thanked her with his kind blue eyes. For one thing, it was so good of her to recognise and remember that though he was still as poor as everwas even her debtor in a special way which he had never been before-yet he had advanced a step in social status, and now had a humble position among educated men. And more than that, he had therefore drawn nearer her. The little ceremony of her address did not mark a barrier set up between them, but one broken down. It must not stay for ever. But its rearing made possible some future fair day when he might ask to be Hans once more—no longer homely Hans the shop-boy, but Hans the equal friend, perhaps the happy lover. Yes, there was music for him in Chrissy's simple phrase,

"We are just sitting down to tea, Mr. Krinken; won't you join us?"

"Yes—yes, certainly Mr. Krinken will," said Miss Griffin, bustling to her china-cupboard for another cup and saucer.

And this time the invitation was accepted.

They talked to him about what he would need for his voyage, and for his sojourn in the strange

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country. Hans had a true instinct that he must joyfully accept-must almost request-little kindnesses from the hands which had done so much for him. He told them frankly how much money of his own he had to spend, and what he absolutely required, and appealed to their women's wit and fertility of resource to make the best of the business for him. Miss Griffin undertook to do all the buying and making up. Chrissy said she would have plenty of time to help now; there was all the evening leisure. But what about her drawing? Hans asked; for he had heard about her efforts and her studies. Chrissy laughed. Her drawings could wait. She would work all the better after a rest. There would be time enough for them when there was nothing else to do, she added, a little pathetically. But she would show them to him.

She had certainly worked hard. She had started with a good stock of such mechanical skill as girls acquire at school. And after a little "free-hand," and a few original exercises from "the round," she had taken for models sundry prim old representations of buildings of historical interest in England and on the Continent. The pictures were to be found in a rare old book which she had borrowed from Mr. Bisset's stock. Many of them were of places which either had vanished already, or were likely soon to be improved off the face of the earth, and the accuracy of Chrissy's copies almost rivalled the precision of the

originals.

"If people pored over those things like Chrissy has done," said Miss Griffin, "I don't think they could

build the nasty modern houses they do."

"I don't think it is a bad plan to multiply copies of these pictures," said Chrissy, as if in excuse for what she felt too many people would regard as wasted labour. "Many of these places were removed or altered before photography became general, and as time slowly destroys a few old engravings, it will not be easy to find what the scenes of great historical events were like when they happened."

"Miss Chrissy," said Hans, in a low voice, as Miss Griffin went to and fro, on hospitable cares intent, "Miss Chrissy, should you object to part from some

of these drawings?"

"Nobody will want to part them from me, I fear," retorted Chrissy, laughing. "But I was going to offer you one—whichever you like best. I thought it might be this picture of St. Cecilia-in-the-Garden, as it used to look, when all the trees were about it."

"Thank you, Miss Chrissy," said Hans, "thank you very much indeed; and you were right in thinking that it would be my choice for myself." He spoke English fluently now, with only occasional formality. "But I was thinking—when I go abroad—I shall go into very out-of-the-way places, among all sorts of German and English people, with many old associations with Britain and the Rhineland. Some of them might appreciate these drawings. Can you trust a few of them with me?"

"You shall take them all," said Chrissy, her face aglow with hope and delight. "I will trim them off, and mount them nicely, and make up a little portfolio of them. How clever of you to think of it, Hans—Mr. Krinken! What a delightful venture if will be!—nothing lost if it fails, and pure pleasure and gain if it succeeds."

Hans came back many times during those last few weeks. Except the very last visit, he never came without some reasonable cause. He brought cardboard for Chrissy's drawings, hunting out of the wholesale warehouses some of a specially suitable size and tint; he had a portfolio made to order for them, light, but strong and waterproof; or he came to give Miss Griffin instructions concerning the size of his stockings, or the quality. But that last evening (he was to sail on the morrow) he came in quietly, and offered no excuse.

"I suppose it is really good-bye to-night, Miss Christina," he said, when they were left alone for a

moment.

"Not to-night," Chrissy answered, bending her head low over her work. "Miss Griffin and I will come to the Dock to-morrow to see you off. We have never seen an emigrant ship," she added,

shyly.

And so the two women went down, through a wilderness of meagre crowded streets, which even Miss Griffin, dweller in London all her long life, had never seen before. They stood on the crowded quay, among the groups of emigrants, some tearful, some tearless, in the terrible meaning of that word, but most simply eager and excited, as if there was little to regret behind, and all to hope before. There were stalwart agricultural labourers, with their applecheeked families; there were shrewd town mechanics, with their wives and old-faced children; there were sweet-voiced Irish Biddys and hard-faced Welshwomen; there were worn old men and women sent for by dutiful children, and going out as it seemed chiefly to lay their bones where those children could look upon their graves. Miss Griffin and Chrissy threaded their way among the crowd, till they came to the group of fair-haired, blue-eyed Germans, clinging together mute amid the Babel about them.

Presently Hans appeared on the scene. Mr. Bilderdyk was with him. When the old merchant saw the lad lift his hat in salutation, he asked

briefly-

"Friends of yours?"

Miss Miller and her friend Miss Griffin," Hans answered as briefly.

Mr. Bilderdyk looked shrewdly at the pair. He had no doubt as to which was Miss Miller. Of course, it was the elder woman. His eye went on to the girl.

"A pleasant face," he thought; "perhaps she is a particular friend of my new clerk's—and the good old lady may not be disinclined to help him forward for her sake."

"Where does Miss Miller live?" he asked of

Hans, as they went about together collecting the stragglers of their party.

"She lives with Miss Griffin, sir. She is still connected with her father's shop, and spends the greater part of her day there." Hans made this reply with flaming cheeks. He knew Mr. Bilderdyk had fallen into a mistake in the first instance concerning Chrissy's identity, but now, with her before his eyes, he felt quite sure that the good Dutchman must see into the whole matter. It is always hard to believe that affairs important to our own hearts, and wholly occupying them, are not perfectly lucid to our neighbours.

"You will have opportunity to spend a few minutes with them at the very last. You must do so. It will be only a proper token of respect to Miss Miller," said Mr. Bilderdyk.

He said what he meant, and he meant no more than he said, and poor self-conscious Hans, blushing again, thought that his master veiled his real kindness with delightfully dry humour.

"Miss Chrissy," whispered Hans, when at last the opportunity for speech was obtained, "Miss Chrissy, I shall be away from England for one whole Many things happen in such a time. shall find changes. There are some things I should like to say, but ought not to say now. Only-shall I—is it at all likely I shall find you the same?"

"I shall be the same," she said, with a resolute emphasis. "There may be death, you know; but death does not change people, Hans."

And he was gone. There was only one long handclasp from Chrissy, but Miss Griffin put motherly arms round the youth's neck and kissed him, and whispered in his ear-

"I will take care of her. We will talk about you, and look forward to your home-coming."

"God bless you!" said Hans, fervently.

#### CHAPTER XIII.-ESTHER GRAY.

CHRISSY did not deny to herself that Hans' absence made a terrible blank in her life; and the poor girl began to realise the strange difference which exists between separation in life and separation by death, with all the haunting fears and carking unrest which belong to the former. Her father was gone whence he could never return to her, but where she was sure to go to him. When faith was strong, and life was calm and clear about her-it might be on her knees in her little bedroom, or it might be receiving the Communion at St. Cecilia's, or even going about her daily duties in the dusky crowded streets-it sometimes seemed as if, in some sense, she could follow him already, and tarry with him a while, and gather strength for fainter moods and stormier days. But Hans! Perhaps her last glimpse of him, amid the bustle and discomfort of embarkation, was not soothing or re-assuring. He might be in danger, he might be among rough or unkindly people, he might be ill, he might-but, no, there was one fear that

never haunted Chrissy. She never feared lest Hans should do other than honestly and well. If he had been her brother-if he had been the familiar friend of her childhood, and nothing more-such a watchful loving heart as Chrissy's might well have pondered that the paths of the world are dark, and their temptations are many, and that youth goes out to make its way among them with wayward wits and stormy passions. But Chrissy never doubted Hans. It was the sweet old story of womanly faith and following.

Yet certainly a great restlessness fell upon Chrissy. Her nature had grown beyond the food with which her life supplied it. She went on with her work, with her art-studies, with her hundred little feminine duties, with redoubled energy, but they did not exhaust it. She began to understand something of that mysterious force which before now has driven men into crusades or explorations, battling with human wickedness or nature's fierceness, according to the times they lived in, which has sent gentle women to labour in grim lazar-houses or amid wild heathen populations. What is it? What can it be -except the rushing through the new clear channel of a fresh heart, of that strange miracle which comes nearer the hidden ways of God than any other manifestation of nature, "the love that makes the world go round?" Shy as experience makes us of any panacea for the world's sin and suffering, yet we almost think one might be found in the right direction of this strong emotional energy, which, if left as it generally is, to overflow or to stagnate, is certainly the most fruitful source of sin and suffering.

In the new light and joy that were filling her own nature, Chrissy took courage to look into the dark places of human hearts. That proved what a whole nature she had. We should always mistrust the gladness which makes us shrink from sadness, Health and joy and wisdom-what are they for, if not to make us strong to help and to bear, and to Chrissy began to think of all the woful people, born to wickedness, as it sometimes seems When she saw the ghastly crowd waiting to us. outside the casual ward, she no longer shivered, and forgot it-it seemed to her as if each battered limp figure might somehow, once upon a time, have been made into a brave honest youth like Hans, in the streets, after dark, she had heard girls' laughter which made her heart ache. It almost seemed wrong to be so happy as she was, while these things went on! It is in such moods as these that an ascetic enthusiasm seizes upon the nobler young hearts. Miss Griffin kept Chrissy in the open ways of wisdom, for when the girl hinted misgivings concerning her own possession of blessings not shared by others, she answered, sensibly-

"Don't you feel that you have nothing but what you'd wish everybody to have-an honest living, good friends, and-" she glanced slyly at Chrissy, and spared the girl by a slight pause. "You haven't got more good things than you should have; it is other people who have fewer. Your giving them up

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would not give them to those that lack them. A place in the world can be but filled, and if we are filling it ourselves nobody else can do more. But our best things we can always share. The best things of life are like the five loaves and the three small fishes; they'll not give out till there is nobody holding out his hand for them. There are our friends, for instance, and-" another pause. "The world isn't poorer because they love us; if they love us really, it is the richer; they'll be better and kinder to everybody for our sake. Why, Chrissy, if we see one without hands or feet, we don't cut off ours to make ourselves like him; we are thankful to have ours to help him, and to have our wits, too, to save those accidents from happening by which people are likely to lose their hands and feet. I do think that whenever we get a bit of happiness, we ought to look about to see whether there is any piece of God's work that it gives us courage to do. Do you know, Chrissy dear, if it had not been for the thought that I was to have your cheerful company of an evening, I'm not sure I'd have taken heart to have poor Esther Gray working here in the morning. The American poet says-

"Only the sorrows of others, Cast their shadow over me.

But I really think the sorrows and burdens of others are harder to bear than our own. I've often thought that seeing pain is worse than feeling it. I can't help fancying that if I was in Esther's place I'd get some comfort from the thought of God's goodness, and of how He has promised to put our sins as far from us as the east is from the west, and bidden us not to think of the things which are behind, but to press forward to those which are before. I believe Esther has turned right round; but the more one sees what a deal of suffering there is in getting repented-of sin out of one's heart and memory in this world, the more one trembles to think what may await unrepented sin in the next."

And then Chrissy thought to herself how could she have forgotten this terrible shadow that haunted her daily life-its horror only dimmed by its familiarity. Why did her heart yearn over the unknown crowds going down into the swamps of sin, or struggling out of them, while she yet held aloof from this woman, Esther Gray, going and coming daily beneath her own roof? To own the truth, Chrissy had always shrunk a little from Esther's gloomy averted face, with its blurred features and stained complexion, from the coarse clinging mourning, worn for him whom in the days of her youth she had loved with an unhallowed love, for which she had thrown away life's best hopes and simplest duties, and whom she had lived to loathe with an equally unhallowed hatred. In her presence Chrissy had never been able to forget that Esther was under the shadow of an awful doubt. Her husband, her companion in sin and degradation, had died a sudden and violent death, and whether by accident or by her hand no being in the world knew; not even Esther herself. The tragedy had been enacted in a wild debauch, and when Esther, coming to herself in a prison cell, heard of her husband's death, her memory remained a blank concerning all which preceded it. A merciful allowance for possibilities, a wide construction of the medical evidence, had let her go free. But no verdict of not guilty could efface the brand of Cain from the woman's own heart. It was not to be expected that Chrissy Miller should not shrink from such.

But now she remembered how pitifully her father had spoken of the days of Esther's lost girlish innocence. Could it be the fault of Esther's fellow-sinners that Esther could realise no peace and cheer in the thought of God's forgiveness? Miss Griffin had played a Christian's part—she had opened up a way of honest work; and, whether Esther knew it or not, was, at her own cost, making this possible for Esther. But might not some lighter touch of human fellowship be a-wanting—something that might seem less a working out the redemption of the sinner than a friendly greeting for a sinner who was redeemed?

It was the first anniversary of Mr. Miller's death. It was the evening before this which was terrible to Chrissy. Its very lights and shadows, its very atmosphere, brought back that evening in Saint Cecilia's, Mr. Bentley's sermon, and all the aspirations it awoke, and that last talk afterwards in the counting-house. Mrs. Bisset, who was far too friendly with Chrissy not to know all the dates of her life, and their significance, had bidden her husband give his girl-assistant a half-holiday that evening, and a whole holiday on the morrow.

Chrissy had her little plan of loving remembrance. She took the train to Epping Forest. She knew an unfrequented glade where wild roses still flourished. She would gather a great basketful, and then next day she would select the freshest and twine them in a wreath to lay on her father's grave, in the great dreary cemetery, where his ashes lay lonely, for Chrissy's mother had been buried in a little local graveyard, long since closed by wise sanitary law.

Chrissy got her flowers. She had a hard struggle for some of the richest boughs of roses, for she was only a little body. How easily her tall father had broken them for her in that very glade! Never mind if there were some bitter heart-rent sobs in that sunny corner. God heard them, and so did His trees and His daisies. Perhaps there was a little hot dew on the grass where Chrissy pressed her face for one short moment. But she had no time to lose. She filled her basket as full as it would hold, and, going home in the train, she gave two bonnie blossoms to a babe, who crowed in its father's arms and stretched out its little hands towards her treasures.

She set the beautiful basket out on the windowledge in Miss Griffin's staircase, that it might get the benefit of all the air that blew into the dusky old house. It did look very lovely. Chrissy stole out of her bedroom more than once to gaze upon it, For it was not often nowadays that the London-pent girl saw wild roses,

Next morning she was early astir to make preparations for her sweet-sad pilgrimage. She herself admitted Esther Gray. She left the dismal woman to her accustomed tasks, and went back to her own bedroom.

For a long time she heard Esther Gray's broom at work. But suddenly the sound ceased, and there

She stepped forward, and put her hand on Esther's arm.

" Esther!" she said,

The woman started, and stood upright. But she did not turn towards Chrissy, nor lift her eyes from the flowers.

"Aren't they beautiful?" Chrissy whispered.
"Does not God give us lovely gifts?"

Then the woman threw up her hands and clasped them about her head, and cried out with an exceed-



"She stepped forward."

was profound silence. There are some silences which call us more loudly than any cry, and this silence arrested Chrissy's attention. She opened her bedroom door, and looked out. The dismal woman was standing in front of the basket of roses, her hands spread out on the window-sill, and her eyes gazing into the rose-clusters with awful tearless agony.

For a moment Chrissy remembered all the sin, all the degradation, all the crime. But, next minute, she thought of her father's words, and of the terrible abysses which yawn round human lives, the slippery edges thereof veiled with honey flowers. ing bitter cry. Chrissy was so startled that she scarcely knew what to do. But nature had her wise way. After the convulsion, which, as it were, rent Esther Gray's soul and body, the merciful tears came, and she stood sobbing. And presently, amid the sobs, there were words. Chrissy bent forward to catch them.

"He gathered wild roses for me once—long ago, when we went out together. I haven't seen wild roses for years and years! And they brought it all back! I wish we'd seen them once again—while we were together!"

Chrissy understood that Esther was speaking of the

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unhappy husband whose life had ruined and haunted her life, and whose violent death must haunt it to the end. She scarcely knew what to say. But Esther went on—

"Since I 've tried to live a better life, the old days have come back upon me, and I remember him as he used to be, and I can't think how I ever changed towards him. I don't think I shall be able to bear it long. I'm like a dirty thing picked out of the mud. I'd better be thrown back again out of sight of everybody—even myself."

"No, no, Esther," said Chrissy. "You would not

be out of God's sight."

"The more the pity, then!" she cried, passionately.

"For he is out of God's sight."

"Nay, nay," whispered Chrissy, trembling; "we must not pass judgment on our worst enemy, much less on those who have sinned and suffered with us. And there can be no place in the universe, Esther, out of God's sight."

Esther Gray raised her head suddenly, like one

roused by an unexpected hope.

"But you don't know what my loneliness is," she resumed, dully; "and I'm not like you, I can't amuse myself with pretty, innocent work. I can't think of happy things; there are none for me to think about. When I go home at night, I'm too tired to do anything but sit and mope. I don't try even to sleep, because I have such bad dreams."

Chrissy's mind just now was very open to all impressions received at this time last year. In her perplexity, she remembered the question whose use Mr. Bentley had suggested in his memorable sermon at St. Cecilia's: "What would Jesus do?"

"Would you like me to come and sit with you for a little sometimes?" she asked gently, after a pause.

"O Miss Chrissy," said Esther, looking round in amaze, but shaking her head as she answered, "O Miss Chrissy, but you couldn't come! I'm in the

very room where it happened."

It was too true, horrid as it seemed. The miserable woman had crept back like a wild beast to its lair. Her little possessions were there, and the landlord had known that whatever his tenant's other faults might be, she would be honest as far as she could, and he had let her return, after her unsatisfactory acquittal.

"I know," said Chrissy, "I know; but God is there too, Esther."

"It's scarcely fit for human beings to live in," Esther went on, unconsciously; "but it was good enough for us and our ways, and it's good enough for me now. I've no right to aught better."

"I'll come this very evening, Esther," said

Chrissy.

"Not this evening, miss?" repeated Esther.

"Yes," said Chrissy; "why not?"

"I know what the date is to you," cried Esther, "and I know what you lost this time last year. Oh, dear! what a good man your father was! 'God help you, Esther Gray!' he said to me, when first I

came out of prison; 'God help you, and God bless you!' It was not much, but I knew he meant a deal. When he died, I felt as if I'd lost somebody I might have looked to."

Chrissy's own tears were falling fast.

"We'll talk about him together this evening, Esther," she said.

"I don't like your coming to my dismal hole today," Esther pleaded. "When the spirit's sad and sorry, it needs a little cheeriness. It does. I know that, because I go a-wanting it."

A sudden inspiration seized Chrissy. It seemed as if her father's voice whispered in her heart those sweet words of the Master's—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done

it unto Me."

"Take my roses, Esther," she said, eagerly. "They will make your room bright for a day or two, and I

shall see them when I come at night."

Esther knew nothing of Chrissy's holiday, or the pathetic excursion she had planned for it. It was not for Chrissy to tell her what it cost to give her this pleasure. Esther poured out her thanks—only was she not "robbing" Chrissy? though, to be sure, the room would be the brighter when she came, since she would persist in being so good.

"No, you are not robbing me in the least," Chrissy answered. "Only"—and she gently disengaged one rich bough from the mass of blossoms—"I should

like to take this for-somebody else."

"Oh, won't you take more for them?" Esther asked, innocently.

"No," said Chrissy. "I am sure—somebody else—would far rather you had them."

Esther carried off the flowers. And when Miss Griffin came out of her room, and missed them, she exclaimed, but Chrissy silenced her with a kiss.

"Don't you remember what the angel said at Jesus' grave?" asked the girl. "He said, 'He is not here, for He is risen.' Jesus only came there for one moment to comfort weeping Mary—and then she scarcely knew Him. But the handmaidens who set the supper-tables for the disciples found they had set for the Master too! So, surely, if there is one place where the spirits of the just are least likely to linger, it is at their own graves; and the best offering we can make to the departed is help and service to those still with us."

# CHAPTER XIV.-AN ANNIVERSARY.

CHRISSY made her pilgrimage to the cemetery alone. It certainly did not matter to her father where his ashes lay, but it did seem a little hard that one who had kept about himself the quaint individuality of the Shield Street house, and had held in utter dislike the uniform rows of pretentious vulgarity which are springing up round all huge cities, should have been carried by others to a huge necropolis, scant of tree and bare of grass, and surrounded by a fungi of undertakers' shops and masons' yards.

Chrissy had had no choice in the matter. The selection of this cemetery had been made by Aunt Kezia, certain Daffys of respectability and wealth having been among the first people interred there. In fact, some shares in the cemetery company were among the Daffy investments, so that Aunt Kezia had been able to buy the grave "at an advantage" as she expressed it, and poor honest Chrissy, anxious that every penny of her father's estate should be spared for its dreadful debt to the creditors of the Great Metropolitan, had therefore raised no objection.

Among the vast wilderness of gravestones—only varied here and there by pretentious catafalques, looking not unlike petrified four-posters—Chrissy found her father's grave. She found it, by its number. It had nothing but a tiny wooden memorial-mark—already mildewed—and its turf was rough and poor. And as Chrissy stood beside it, she thought that it was well that she had already recalled the angel's words. No, her father was "not there." She kissed her sweet spray of wild rose, and laid it gently on the blackened sod, and turned away.

As she turned, she saw two figures advancing towards her, down the straight narrow path. They were her sister Helen and her Aunt Kezia.

Helen had a wreath of immortelles in her hand, and the first glance showed Chrissy that she looked pale and unhappy. Chrissy did not wonder at it, for she could not imagine that Aunt Kezia's companionship on such an occasion would be either soothing or inspiriting.

"Well, Chrissy," said Miss Daffy, "I thought we should not see you here. I fancied you were so devoted to business that you would not think of taking a holiday. Dear me! how miserable the grave looks, doesn't it? Who can have put down that trumpery wild flower, I wonder? You, Chrissy! You won't like to leave it there beside Helen's wreath, I reckon. That did not cost less than five shillings."

"It cost more than that," said Helen. "I should not have liked to bring a cheap thing."

She did not add that she had borrowed the money from a fellow-workwoman, having spent every shilling of her own upon summer additions to her wardrobe.

"You'll be thinking of putting up a memorial stone soon, I suppose, Chrissy?" Miss Daffy went on. "Today would be a good opportunity for ordering one, when we are all here to consult together in the selection. I should not mind contributing a trifle. We must not ask Helen for anything just now, because she has less cash payment than you, and is obliged to keep up so much more appearance. You must have saved a good deal of money, Chrissy. You must be able to spare six or seven pounds at least, and you could not spend them in a more meritorious way."

"I am not thinking of putting up a memorial stone now," said Chrissy, with a beating heart. "I shall put up a little stone some day—something that will mark the grave for us permanently. But I cannot do even that just now," she added, resolutely, hoping to put an end to Miss Daffy's solicitations,

"Oh, well," said Aunt Kezia, "just as you please; only I should have thought you would have liked to show every possible respect to your father. Of course, I have no reason to interfere. He was not a blood relation of mine, you know—nobody can blame me for whatever you choose to omit."

Chrissy might have known that it would be as well to drop the subject, but she was stung into rejoining—

"Father did not care for large and costly memorials, He used to say the stones and the money would be better employed in improving poor people's houses than in making barren the resting-place of those who can no longer feel cold or damp. But I do wish he had been buried where flowers would grow," she added, impulsively.

Aunt Kezia shook her head significantly.

"I know we had a deal of trouble to get your father to do the usual proper things when your poor mother died. He always had queer views. It's odd how such things turn round on people's own heads at last. Well, well—there's nothing like making one-self as comfortable as one can while one lives, for when one's dead, one is soon forgotten. But perhaps it is as well that you shouldn't put up any memorial just now. People who had lost through folks taking shares in the Great Metropolitan when they had no estates fit to meet the share's liabilities, might say ugly things. When a blunder has been made, it is best to court no comment."

Chrissy's heart swelled. She moved from the grave. She could not bear to hear her aunt's speeches beside it.

"Now, we'll go and see the Daffy tomb," said Aunt Kezia, cheerfully. "It is in the first-class ground, of course, for cousin Daffy was very particular, and had everything of the best. He made his fortune out in the East Indies. He managed to make an extra sharp bargain with Government over some matter. We heard there might have been a fuss about it, but it was hushed up. It was said that it was because the Government servants were afraid they would be proved to have been negligent. That was said, you know; but perhaps cousin Daffy made it worth their while to keep quiet. Going abroad was a fine thing in those days, when the natives were not up to things as they are now, and a good deal might be made of them. Cousin Daffy was the best business man I ever knew, and was my first adviser about money matters. That is his grave, girls."

She pointed to one of the largest and heaviest erections in the cemetery.

"Only two of his wives are buried there," she went on. "He had three, you know, but the second was one of the Burgesses of Strathallerton, and so she left directions that she was to be buried in her own family's vault at her own place; for, of course, the Burgesses were county people, and quite above the Daffys in that way, for my cousin would never buy

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land, because it brings in such a poor percentage. Cousin Daffy used to say he married his first wife for money, his second for position, and his third to please himself. She was quite a young girl when he was an old man, and she could have married him only for his money; and he left her very well off provided she never married again, and not a penny if she did. Oh, he was a shrewd man, cousin Daffy, and a credit to the family. When your poor mother died I wanted your father to buy a grave for her close to this monument. I'm sure it would have done him good in his business if he had kept his marriage connection with cousin Daffy well under the world's eyes. But he had his ways, poor man, and you seem to take after him, Chrissy."

Chrissy drew herself up, proudly. Those words, uttered in scoff, atoned for all the pain. Our highest praise is sometimes given us in the form of blame.

The aunt moved on towards the gate of the cemetery.

The two girls followed behind.

"I have not seen much of the Ackroyds lately, Helen," said Chrissy. "When did you see them last?"

"Not for some weeks," answered Helen. "James has not come to Aunt Kezia's lately. Have you heard anything about him, Chrissy?"

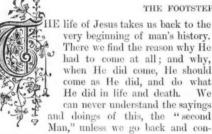
"No," answered Chrissy, surprised. "Have you?"
"Oh, only a sort of vague runnour—the gossip which
always goes about," replied Helen, shortly. She
evidently did not care to be questioned, and Chrissy,
mystified, dropped the subject.

At the gate of the cemetery Miss Daffy gave Chrissy a careless invitation to spend the rest of the day with her; but Chrissy was not sorry that her promise to Esther Gray enabled her to plead a previous engagement.

(To be continued.)

# "THAT WE SHOULD WALK IN HIS FOOTSTEPS."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.
THE FOOTSTEP OF OBEDIENCE.



sider those of the first man. Nowhere is this more true than in the consideration of Christ's life as one of obedience. The subject of obedience brings us back at once to the earliest days and the fatal disobedience which we read of in them-that of which the Apostle speaks in Romans v. There he binds together the disobedience of Adam, and its opposite—the obedience of Christ—and tells us (verse 19) that "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous." The garden of Eden with its disobedience, and the garden of Gethsemane with its obedience must be read together, if we would know the whole story of man.

It will help us much to understand something of what our Blessed Saviour is to us in the way of obedience, if we look back for a moment at what was involved in that fatal eating of the forbidden fruit.

Adam received a command, and he disobeyed it; and when he disobeyed he denied and dishonoured God in every possible way. The enormity of his sin no doubt did not at the moment pass before him. He did not say to himself, "I don't believe in the goodness which put a limitation on this tree; I don't believe in the truth which says I shall die if I eat it; I don't fear the power of the One Whom I am daring by breaking His law." He did not stop to calculate all this, no more than a man does now when he sins; he listened to a temptation, made a feeble effort against it, and then succumbed. But when the temptation and the sin come to be unrolled, we find God denied in it here and there, whatever way it is turned.

In that disobedience there was a bursting away from all law. Man was made to be under law, and to find his happiness in subservience to law. That law was a hedge round about him, to keep him and fence him in from outer evil; and now he burst away from it, and did that which is the worst that it is possible for a man to do in the way of self-injury—he "became a law unto himself."

And so came a destruction of all orderly and harmonious life. Man's life became a discord. The world is now a world of broken harmonies. The centre of things is shifted from God, and therefore they cannot run truly; they may run swiftly, but they cannot run truly.

When man fell, and the new law of "self" was set up, it had for us, and ever will have, more or less an unfortunate advantage: it was of such a nature that we willingly obey it. Our will and the law of self run together, and there is no strife; but, when we are given a higher will which determines to do God's will, we find this lower will still wanting to go its own way, and so there is strife between them.

And it was one of the great evils of the fall, that, so to speak, the charm of obedience was broken; what was once done, might be done again; the idea of obedience as an absolute necessity ceased to be a prominent one, ceased to be a pleasant one, ceased to be a necessary one; yes, and only too often ceased to be one at all in the human mind.

We must understand all this if we would know anything really of the obedience of Christ.

Now Jesus came not only to be an Atoner, but to be a Teacher also; and that, not by word of mouth only, but by deed and practical example. He came, not only to tell us that we ought to obey, but also to show us how to obey. And this was no small part of His helpfulness to man. For we all know what a great help it is to be shown how to do a thing. We may be given rules about a thing, and those rules may be very explicit, and iw follow them out exactly the thing may be done correctly; but if we are actually shown how to do it, one half the difficulty is taken away.

And it is no small encouragement to have it proved to us by actual fact, that a thing can be done. How often we say of something, "Well, I should never have believed it if I had not seen it;" and now our Blessed Lord, by His holy obedience, does all this for us; He shows us that it is possible to obey when the command is hard, He shows us that lifelong obedience is possible; and thus He, the Man Christ Jesus, sends us men upon our way with fresh strength and hope.

Now let us look a little into this obedience of our Blessed Lord. What was its nature? It was that of a Son, it was that of a true human being; He served His Father with all the fulness of His human nature. The human body of Christ was a creation, "a body hast Thou prepared Me," and with all that belonged to manhood our Lord obeyed. He served as a Son with the Father. There need be no mystery about it; we may not put His obedience by itself, as being of a kind altogether different from ours; the word means exactly the same whether it be applied to Him, or to us.

And the fact of Christ's being the obedience of a Son, ennobled it exceedingly. The Lord is always in a free service—serving in love. "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within Mine heart." It was when David's heart was enlarged, that He would run in the way of God's commandments (Ps. xix. 32); it was always heart-work with Christ.

Now herein Christ leaves us an example. He talks a great deal of our Father in heaven in connection with our obeying Him. Our light is to shine before men, that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven (Matt. v. 16). We are to do some very hard things, viz., loving enemies, blessing those who curse us, doing good to them that hate us,

and praying for them which despitefully use us, and persecute us; and all in connection with our sonship, and God's Fatherhood, "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven" (v. 44, 45). We are to be perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect (v. 48).

This is the kind of obedience of which Christ has left us an example. It is strict, no doubt, as strict as any obedience which could be exacted by law, but it merges law in love—it leaves love to magnify, not to be the guardian of law. He "pleased not Himself;" He came "not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him;" there is room for law to act—He willed it to act, He knew it, to do it. "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within Mine heart."

Whichever way we look at the obedience of Adam as regards sonship to God, we are immense gainers by Christ's being the obedience of a Son. If Adam was in the relation of a son to God as well as being a creature, then that relationship, broken at the fall, is restored in Christ; and with it the all-powerful principle on which true obedience can be rendered. If Adam be looked conly as a creature under law, then Jesus reveals in love to the Father a new power of obedience—the law within the heart.

Let us put this to practical use in our daily life. It will be very helpful. Let us remember Christ's Sonship and His humanity. These will help us to obey. For we shall say, "This command is a Father's—it flows out of thought, and care, and love—it is given to me in my connection with Him as a son; it is not an arbitrary putting forth of authority; I trust and honour My Father by believing that it is right. I dishonour Him if I question, and doubt, and do not act."

Jesus then says to us, "Step in the footprints of my Sonship in all obedience; obey not as a hard duty, but out of a oneness with the Father; obey because thou art one of a family, of whom I am the eldest Brother; to which family the one Father, 'Our Father which is in heaven,' That is what will sweeten duty, has spoken. and what will enable us to do duty; that is what will assist us to go forward when we do not see our way, but when we have unmistakably heard the Father's voice; that is what will repress murmuring, that is what will enable us to leave all issues with Him Who gave the command. Jesus left His footprints of obedience in the world, as footprints of a Son, that we may step in them, in love and power. Perhaps we have not seen that truth before; but it will be very helpful to us if we perceive and use it now.

Then, the obedience is that of a true human being. One of the greatest possible losses which we can have in the spiritual life is an imperfect view of the trueness of the human nature of our Lord. As soon as we so mingle His divine with His human nature as to destroy the completeness of

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either the one or the other, we get great damage. When Christ gave obedience unto the Father, His Father, it was as a true human being. He came on earth not to exemplify the relation of a God in a lesser degree to a God in a greater, but that of a man to a God, to the only God.

And it is in this way only that Jesus could be

of any use to us as an example.

We should have had nothing to do with the relation of one God to another, supposing that there had been many Gods, but we have everything to do with that of a man to God, for we are men ourselves. Jesus did not come to show us what a God could do, but what a man could. It was not a God that was to be tempted in the wilderness, nor a God that was to endure the contradiction of men, nor a God that was to be obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross; it was not a God that was to be refused a cup of water, or that was to be deserted by His friends, or that was to be an hungered, or weary, or heart-sad, and to weep; had it been, we might have wondered; and if it all wrought out our salvation, we should have been thankful, very thankful, but it could have been no example to us, nor could it have influenced our

No! Jesus took up the relationship of a true human being to God, and so we may look without shading our eyes at His progress through life, and at all He did in it. In all His actions, except in the performance of miracles, He never passed beyond the possible for the human. No doubt He did the very highest and best, and what is most perfect in every department of human life; but it was of human life. He lived the life of a perfect man with God.

And here He has left us an example to follow Hisfootsteps. He says to us, "Do not say that you would serve God if you were of a different mould from what you are, but serve Him in the nature that you have. That nature has been redeemed by Me, empowered by Me, raised and ennobled by Me; in that you must obey; in that gain your victories, and do your great deeds; in that endure, contend, succeed, or else not at all.

It is no use for us to think what we should do if we were angels—nor to think, how holy we should be if we were not tempted—as long as we are human beings, we shall be liable to temptation. Jesus, as "the Man Christ Jesus," is at once our example of obedience, and the Inspirer of the hope that we can be obedient too.

And this obedience of our Blessed Lord as a true human being was carried out in perfection, despite all the drawbacks and weaknesses of humanity. We know that He was tempted and tried in all points like as we are, yet without sin. We know that He was capable of physical weakness, and weariness, and hunger, and thirst, and sadness, and depression; and that, following out the path which His Father set before Him, He had to suffer from all these; but He never drew back; in the worst of all, He said, "The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

It is in the midst of these we also must obey. These meet us continually in our daily life; per haps while we are yet outside them, the path of duty leads us into them. When it is plainly so, if we would follow His footsteps, we must obey.

But from His sorrows come here, as elsewhere, our comforts. Jesus comes to us and speaks to us, and says, "Be like Me," like Me when I was alive, and was in the same circumstances as you are. Do not wait to obey until circumstances are so you think, more favourable; circumstances are not to be your master. When you know it is the will of your Father in heaven, go forward. Does your human nature feel? So did Mine. What trials are to the sensitive powers of your humanity, they were to Mine. It is amid manifold drawbacks, those incidental to humanity in weakness, that I won My triumphs and reward of obedience; it is in yours that you are to do the same.

# THE LABOURER'S EVENING WELCOME.

OW let the faggot crack and blaze!

White winter reigns on mere and moor,
And father over rugged ways
Is making for our cottage door,

And turn the log about until

Its seamy sides are all aglow;

For night is creeping down the hill

With muffled footsteps through the snow;

'T will cheer the good man's heart as he Comes round the corner of the lane, Wearied and worn, once more to see The firelight flicker on the pane. And in his brave old easy-chair,
Surrounded by his girls and boys,
He'll soon forget that toil and care
Which carns us half our earthly joys.

A footfall on the threshold, and
A tinkle of the iron latch,
Behold the husband, father, stand
Beneath his dear though humble thatch;

While clamouring babes and eager wife, Contending for a first embrace, Quicken his eyes with happy life, And fill with smiles his ruddy face, i your ndure, uld do ly we ng as ble to esus," d the edient l as a es of d and t sin. weak-, and g out , He drew which it?" obey. per-th of so, if here, was you are, s are s the Does Vhat nity, raw-

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Now to the evening meal they press,
The gladdest meal throughout the day,
For father brings a cheeriness
That's never felt when he's away.

The simplest fare to thankful hearts
Will yield refreshment, peace, and joy,
Hence their poor rustic board imparts
A pleasure never known to cloy.

The meal being o'er, the cloth removed The sire now seeks his chimney nook, Where gather round his well-beloved, To hear him read the good old Book.

And when 't is closed they linger still,

The while he speaks of days long flown,
When four-horse coaches crossed the hill,
And railway tunnels were unknown.

And thus the pleasant moments fly,

Till drooping lids begin to say,

"Now, little folk, your bed-time's nigh,

We want repose, come, come away."

# "SEEK OUT DONALD!"

# A STORY FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.--"HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARMS."



9 N a quiet village churchyard in the county of not far from London, there is a small plain white stone, at the head of a newly-made grave, and on it is written, "Sacred to the Memory of 'Little Nelly.' May 1st, 1874. He shall gather the lambs with His arms."

There is no

family name given—perhaps it may have been added later, but such was the record as it then stood.

Fresh flowers are laid on the grave every day, and a tall pale figure may often be seen kneeling there in payer with two little boys at her side, neatly dressed, and both alike,

They are brothers now, for Pidgey has taken Nelly's place, and is no longer the homeless boy.

"I have no one to play with," Jemmy said to his mother. "Let Pidgey live with us for good and all. Do, mammy dear. It will not cost more, for I will give him half of everything."

When I went to see Mrs. Sumners in the narrow lane, the day after Nelly died, I found her sorely depressed, and it was evident that something else besides the loss of her child was weighing on her mind.

Jemmy's head was resting on her lap, and as I came in I heard him whispering very softly, "Do tell the lady, mammy; she is sure to help you."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Sumners?" I said. "You know Christ has told us to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil His law. Will you not let me share yours?"

But the poor woman only shook her head mournfully, and gave no answer.

"I will tell you what it is," Jemmy said to me,
"Mammy is fretting because the parish are going to
bury my poor little sister, and mammy would like to
have her in her own old home, which she has so
often told us about, where the birds sing so sweetly;
but she has no money to take her there."

"Well, Jemmy," I said, "mammy must cry no more. I will see that Nelly's grave shall not be here."

"What a happy day it was, mammy," said Jemmy, kissing her all over, "that Nelly and I and Pidgey stopped to look at that paper about the sovereigns. We should otherwise never have known the kind lady, and Nelly would have been left behind in this nasty horrid place."

This was how it came that little Nelly's last home was in the place where her mother's early days had been spent.

The inscription I had intended to have put on her tombstone was—

To the Memory of Nelly Sumners,

but on showing it to her mother, she became deadly pale, and grasping my hand, exclaimed, "No, not Summers; that cannot be. Let it be 'Little Nelly;' God knows the rest."

I had long felt sure that hers was no ordinary life. To question her further was impossible, so I could only comply with her wishes, and trust to the future for the unravelling of the mystery conveyed in her few and agitated words.

In a few days she and the two boys had taken possession of the cottage I had taken for her in the village where Nelly was buried and where she herself had been brought up.

There was a good daily school for Jemmy and Pidgey, and as there was a garden at the rear of the cottage, Mrs. Summers was able to take in some washing, which enabled her to earn her own living. It is needless to dwell on this good and truly pious woman's gratitude for what had been done for her. The highest reward were His words—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

#### CHAPTER IV.-MRS. SUMNERS' STORY.

ALL went on well in the little home. Jemmy made rapid progress in school, and it would have been well for Pidgey had he followed his example; but, as has been seen, anything in the way of learning was antagonistic to his nature, though his love for Jemmy was always the same, and many were the promises of amendment he made to him, which, however, were never fulfilled.

Mrs. Summers had no difficulty in finding customers for her washing, but it was impossible not to be aware that she was weighed down by some secret sorrow.

"You know that your child is safe," I said to her one day; "why should you weep for her?"

"No, dear lady," she replied, "I do not weep for her—she is indeed 'safe in the arms of Jesus;' but my faith is sorely tried, and only the hope of the incorruptible, undefiled inheritance, that fades not away, and when all doubts shall be cleared, keeps me from despair. But," she exclaimed, almost passionately, eagerly clasping my hand, "why should you not know all? You have been a kind friend to me. Will you hear the story of one who owes you so much, and of whom you know so little?"

I need hardly say with what interest I listened to the following history of her life, which I give in her own words:—

My home was in that large house in the meadow just beyond the churchyard, where my child lies. My father was a well-to-do farmer. His two sons died very young; and as I was the only child left to him, all his happiness was centred in me. mother had taken the death of her children sadly to heart, and had never lifted up her head since : and just as I was of the age that I most needed her help and counsel, she died, and at sixteen I was mistress of the house, spoiled and idolised by my father, who gratified every wish, and gave me every pleasure I could desire. He was also very proud of me, for at that time I was considered to be the village beauty, and I had no lack of suitors. My father wished me to marry the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was rich, with full barns, and plenty of money laid by, but I thought there was time enough before me to undertake the cares of life; and mine was too bright and happy for me to wish to change it, and my father would not press me against my wishes, and so three years rolled by without a cloud to darken the sunshine. But this was not to last for always. I now come to the time when my real life

The love hitherto only felt for my father was now to be another's. William Summers was a bright summy-faced Scotchman, who had come to our village as a travelling plumber. His good workmanship and obliging disposition made him very popular, and secured him not only plenty of employment, but a welcome in every house—ours among the rest. For many months not a day passed that we did not meet, and very soon after, I had promised William to become his wife. I never thought of what means he had to support me, nor who he was, nor whence he came. I only knew that I loved him very dearly, and with a different love from what I had for my father. And what he would say I never stopped to consider.

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When William came to my father to ask his con. sent, there was a terrible scene between them. My father called him an adventurer, whom no one knew anything about; accused him of wooing me for the money he thought would be mine, and ordered him out of the house, and desired me never to mention his name, and to forget that he had ever been amongst us, But to forget him was impossible He left the village at once, and though I tried not to annoy my father by speaking of him, a year of silent grief ensued, at the end of which William wrote me a letter again pressing his suit. I went to my father and asked him to give us his consent and blessing. He would listen to nothing I could say or urge; there were angry words between us, and the following day I had left my home and joined William at a village some miles off, where we were married. Years have passed away, and I have heard of my father but once since. He left the place, and there are none of the old people left to give me any tidings of him.

I will not weary you, dear lady, with an account of all I went through after that. My husband travelled from one place to another in search of work, and I had many hardships to encounter, but his love made up for all. Some years passed, leading this wandering life, during which time four children were born to us, and it was often hard to make both ends meet. Then sorrow came, and our two eldest children were carried off by the fatal small-pox which had swept off so many. At this time I knew not God. I only thought of Him as a hard and cruel Being, who had taken my little ones away from me. I knew not that I needed the sore chastisement to bring me to Him Who loved me and would not let me perish.

What had I done, I kept continually murmuring, that He should thus afflict us? In vain my husband tried to calm me. The clergyman of the parish, a truly good and pious man, came to pray with and read to me; but I would not listen, and refused to be comforted, and day after day my rebellions hear cursed the hand that had smitten us. But He who came to save that which was lost would not leave His wandering sheep in this wilderness of unbelief and despair. His voice had spoken to me, but I would not hear. He was now to come and knock still louder. His love was to win me in the end, though by means yet more trying and bitter. The husband for whom I had sacrificed a father's love.

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and who was now my only earthly hope and stay, was to be the next victim of the terrible disease.

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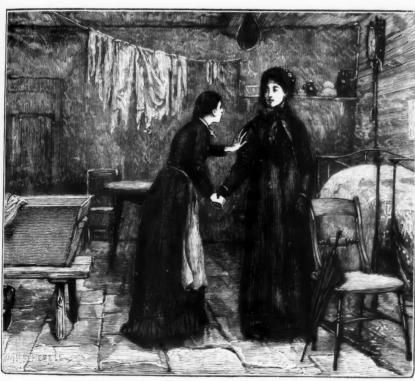
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A few days later I was at his bedside in the fever hospital. A kind neighbour had taken Jemmy and Nelly, so they were safe, and I little cared what became of me. But when near him, the exertions I had to make for his sake seemed to rouse me from the lethargy that had followed the first moments of grief, and my one thought now was to cheer and help him. In his wandering moments his mind seemed to

"Poor dear!" I heard her say; "she will be the next to go." But it was not so. He in Whose hands are the issues of life and death had decreed that I should live, not only for Jemmy's and Nelly's sake, but to glorify Him who had plucked me as a brand from the burning. That night my soul was saved. I dreamt that I stood in the presence of the Most High God. I fell down at His feet, and asked Him why He had taken from me the children He had given me, and now the husband of my love.



"Eagerly clasping my hand."-p. 300,

go back to his childhood days, and father and Jamie and Donald were names often on his lips. I had never inquired into his previous life, over which a mystery seemed to hang. It was enough for me that he loved me, and was a kind and faithful husband; and now the truth had burst upon my heart, already breaking with sorrow, that we must part, for the doctors had pronounced his case hopeless, and of the worst type of the disease.

Worn out with care and anxiety, I had laid my bead on his pillow, and had fallen asleep there, thoughtless of infection, when the nurse tenderly carried me into another room, and laid me on a bed.

"It is because I love thee so much more, My child," was the reply. "Thou canst not understand it now, but thou shalt hereafter. Thy dear ones shall be safe with Me in My Kingdom till thou comest to join them there by-and-by; but thou must stay in the lower room, where I have work for thee, till I bid thee come up higher.

"Behold my Blessed Son, who gave His precious life for them and thee also. Thou wert straying so far away from Me, and thy heart was so rebellious, He went to seek thee amongst the ninety and nine to bring thee to My fold. The way was rough, and long, and dreary, and thou wouldst never have

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come if Jesus had not sought thee out. My grace shall be sufficient for thee, My strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness." I awoke. I threw myself on my knees, and I went to my Father, who had spoken to me in the night watches, and said, "Father, I have sinned, and am unworthy to be called Thy child, but Thou hast been merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake." His blessed peace has never left my heart since.

When I returned to my husband's bedside, I felt as if relieved of a heavy burden, and I could tell him

what Christ had done for my soul.

"Thank God, Mary," he said to me, "I can leave you now resigned to His holy will. I know I am dying, but I have no fears, for just at the very hour that you found Him, Mary, last night, He showed Himself to me also. I told Him all my sins, all my troubles, and one great care that has for years been on my conscience; and, Mary, I cannot meet my Saviour in Heaven without having first told you that all this time I have done you a great wrong. I was very ill in the night, I thought my Master's summons had come, and I feared I should not live to see you again; but you are here, and must listen to what I have to say. Christ has forgiven me, and you will also, Mary."

"Dear William," I said to him, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You have been a kind husband and a loving father. Your poor head is roving."

"No, Mary; what I am about to tell you is true; but I meant no harm, as God, in Whose presence I shall shortly appear, is my witness; but, Mary, I have wronged you. I have married you under a

false name. You shall hear all. My name is not Sumners. Oh! Mary, it is very dark. I cannot see [and he tried to lift himself up]; my name is—" Before he could utter the word he fell back on the pillow, and his spirit had departed, and with it the secret of his life.

He was buried where he died, and where he restatill the judgment-day, which will bring all to light, Never for a moment have I attributed any act of crime to the strange disclosure he made, but though I have kept on the same name myself, you will understand, dear lady, that I could not have the memory of my sweet Nelly sullied by branding a lie on her tombstone.

It is the trial of my faith, I know; but He will help me to the end, and in His own good time all will be cleared up, and my boy will get his rightful name.

What appeared that night to me to be a dream I know was my Father's voice speaking to me, and He gave me the grace to listen, and He has to come to me with the blessed peace in the midst of all my trials, which passeth understanding; for I cannot explain it.

I sold the few things that were left to us, and with my two children I made my way to London, where my next home was in the lane where you, kind lady, found us. I wrote to tell my father that I was alone in the world, but no answer came. Since I have been here I have heard that he sold the farm and left the country. That is my story, dear lady, and thank you for your patience in listening.

(To be continued.)

#### GIFTS OF HEALING.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

THE HEALING OF SEPARATION.

EPARATION is one of the saddest words in our language. It is not intended to be made use of here in the sense of division, which is to be the subject of the next paper; for division in its conventional use implies enmity. Separation as it will be now treated relates to those events in human history which touch life

with sorrow rather than with anger. The happiest part of our life on earth is made up of association. We are born into the family, the neighbourhood, the nation. There grow up around us relationships of sympathy alike with animate and inanimate things, and all unconsciously to ourselves we become rooted in particular soils, and the tendrils of our life become entwined with the lives of others, and even with the scenes of nature around us. We cannot believe that we are only pilgrims and strangers upon earth. Nature seems to have waited for our coming, and to welcome us to a

kind of home. Yes, that is it; a home feeling comes over us, and we say, as of old, it is a good land that the Lord our God hath given us; surely for us it

is an abiding place.

Very early there come shocks to this consciousness-the first great human loss affects us as no after one in that sense can! All earth seems The sea seems to have overshot honeycombed! The habitation is laid low, the its boundaries. home is desolate. Who does not remember in early days the feeling that separation was something that happened to others? Then comes the personal and painful experience. "Now it is come upon thee and thou faintest, it toucheth thee and thou art troubled," or, as the old Hebrew has it, "it toucheth thee home." How changed for a time the Universe is to us! Instead of the landscape with its trees and rivers, its fields and churches, passing by us, we, it seems, are passing by them. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh, but the earth abideth for ever." A weird feeling comes over the heart in these first experiences, and according to constitutional temperament the emotion is either deep and lasting, or superficial and transient. Still, in all cases it may be predicated that it is more or less present to the

mind. Then it is that the cold if not the cruel aspect of nature comes before us. She is all smiles on the very morning when we are all tears. She is all silent when we are crying out, "Man dieth and wasteth away, and where is he?" Then her heart seems of very stone. How can the birds sing so joyously, the sun shine so brightly, the flowers lift their heads so gaily, when we miss the dear footsteps from the garden, and hear no more the voice therein, which was the very music of our life? In such hours we pre-eminently need religion-i.e., something that binds-that binds us to God our Saviour and to each other also; binds, indeed, so closely that death itself cannot sever the ties which have knit heart to heart in the commonwealth of love and home. The wound is very deep; the power that heals it must be omnipotent indeed. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Has the wound ever been healed? Has it often been healed, or indeed always been healed in the case of those who truly trust in Christ? This is the great and grave question! Mind, I do not mean, have men and women learned endurance? That is the virtue of a Stoic; but hardness is not healing-certainly not in the best sense: for with mere endurance there may be no cheer, no comfort, no true rest. And will some one answer me this? You know how thankful, how cheerful, how interested in life some have been, whom you have associated with in the evening of their days! Well, have they forgotten the old times, have they ceased to love those whom once they loved so well? Surely present pleasure is not purchased at the cost of past obliteration? No, the very opposite of this is true; they are cheerful because they know that "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," that "to depart and be with Christ is far better," that "they also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," that in the Father's House are many mansions.

This is no occasional or incidental glimpse of Divine Revelation. As the entire earth is set in the arch of heaven, so the whole of the Gospel is bathed in the glories of immortality. Its "Christ" comes forth from the Father and comes into the world. Its angels are all ministering spirits sent forth from the abodes of glory; even of our Divine Lord it is said, "And there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him." Its praises are based upon Heavenly expectation, "giving thanks unto the Father Who hath made us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Its transfiguration vision,

reveals Moses and Elias with Christ on the Holy Mount. Its proto-martyr Stephen "looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Its closing Apocalypse, gorgeous with all the glow and colour of the Eastern speech, is a vision of those who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There is individuality of character there-the martyr and the confessor. There is re-union and recognition there—there are nations and kindreds and people and tongues. Best of all, there is no separation there. "And there was no more sin," not alone the emblem of unrest, but the emblem of separation between shore and shore, as the broad Atlantic and Pacific separate mother and son, lover and acquaintance here below.

For eighteen centuries this sublime faith has made life in all its experiences of mutability and mortality restful and joyful. We are separated from those we love only for a little season, and while we await our own home-going we are comforted by the knowledge that those who have gone before, are happier than they were here. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes."

Yes! this is one of the most healing aspects of separation. We have revealed to us not only what will be in the time to come, but what is now! Beautiful are all the well-cared sleeping places of the dead in quiet churchyards where, as Alexander Smith says in his essays, "Nature rolls her green coverlet ever their heads." But as in nature too, taught by Mr. Ruskin, we learn to see each day even more beauty in the sky above us, than in the earth beneath us, so, taught by the Christian revelation, we learn to look not upon the hushed churchyard-where all of life is the murmuring stream, or the warbling birds, or the drowsy hum of the summer bee-but to the great life above, where those we love are "before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

Let it be well considered, then, how much of our earthly blessedness hangs upon our Christian faith; we shall then understand why He Who came to heal the broken-hearted, gave in His closing discourse such explicit declaration that in the Father's House were many mansions—so that our hearts might not be troubled. We all know in life's midday something of the lessons of observation. I do not wish to prejudice my arguments by any unfair reference to men who have, in these later days, held lightly by the Christian faith, so lightly, indeed, that they knew not that it had departed from them. For honour and uprightness and sincerity and the great

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cardinal virtues, their lives have been noteworthy, but with departed faith they have lost—or, to be modest in one's judgment, have seemed to lose—the cheerful inspirations of Christianity, and I am much mistaken if a kind of death-chill has not been felt throughout the house and home.

Blessed are all they that trust in Christ! Yes, the Gospel was meant not only to provide for safety, but also for joy. We want songs in the house of our pilgrimage, and only the Saviour can give us such music as we need. It is possible, and indeed probable, that with a decadence of the Christian faith men might become more inhuman; but just in proportion as they are human, and feel all those intense affections which make home the paradise of earth, so will they feel the broken-heartedness which comes from a separation unrelieved by the hope of a glorious immortality. In this sense it is as true to-day as ever-"Beside Me there is no Saviour," for it is the Gospel and the Gospel alone that has brought "life and immortality to light." Without Christ immortality is at best but a probability, and Paradise is only a dream!

And now, in those separations which are not those of death, but of duty and distance, where mountains and seas prevent the continuance of old associations, there is a healing influence in the knowledge that though we may perchance meet no more again under the shadows of the old college cloisters, or beneath the outspread foliage of the village oaks, or in the dear church of God whose first scenes of worship awoke the tint of wonder on their brow, or in the city or village home consecrated alike by birth and marriage and

death; yet that the same Lord over all is rich in mercy to all them that call upon Him, and that human hearts separated by distance can meet at the same throne of grace, assured that, if their graves be in separated lands, they shall, as Milton says, clasp "inseparable hands in joy and bliss," in the Paradise above. Lift your eyes from this page now-wake introspection-let the little panorama of your own life-history pass quietly before you, enter old familiar rooms, gaze upon venerable faces never to be forgotten, visit the shrines of olden worship, and the trysting-places of earliest affection, and then multiply yourself a million-fold, and ask whether the heart of this weary world would not break, if it were not for that Gospel which reveals the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God.

Separations there still must be and will be Artists will still be true to history when they paint the "Outward Bound" and the "Emigrant Ship," even as they have done the familiar separation of the Huguenot lovers. Separations there will be, every day, every hour, every minute. No figure of speech this, but, oh! how true! Surely, there are none who would like to silence the music of His words, Who indeed spake as never man spake, in words which with every added year of life's experience became more precious to the Christian heart:—"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Revelation multiplies its gracious promises of Heavenly rest and reunion. Wherefore, comfort one another with

# WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD.

these words!

BY THE REV. J. WILMOT, M.A., RECTOR OF AMPTHILL.

NE of the bishops said at the Leicester Church Congress that if we left what are called "burning questions" alone, they would very soon burn themselves out. For years past the question of what has been called "the rights of women," whatever the expression thus formulated may mean or cover, has been kept well in the front, notwith-

been kept well in the front, notwithstanding that it was with confidence predicated of it that it would soon be relegated to the limbo of oblivion. But there are few topics of greater importance than that which stands at the head of this paper, because there are few which lie so close to the very foundation of the social fabric. Says Goldsmith: "The modest virgin, the pradent wife, or the careful

matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes." And this is testimony of which all sensible persons acknowledge the force and truth. Indeed, we may say we shall never know in this world how much we owe to the labours, and prayers, and pious efforts, and fervent zeal of devoted women. It was to a woman that the risen Saviour first showed Himself after the Resurrection, and to whom He announced His Ascension into Heaven. Not to Pilate, the conquered Roman judge-not to the chief priests and elders, who might thus

have been convinced-not to St. John the gentle, or to Peter the penitent, did Jesus first reveal Himself, but to her out of whom, in the days of old. He had cast seven devils. To a woman, of whom we know nothing more than that she was afflicted, and that "she loved much, and had much forgiven," Jesus gave the Divine commission to preach the first Gospel of the Resurrection and the Ascension. And surely thus has the Master given a like Divine commission to all Christian women-that of telling the story of the risen Jesus in the sacred shrine of home.

This is your true mission, my sisters: to teach the higher life which springs from Jesus risen and Jesus ascended; not with the preacher's voice from the public platform or the pulpit, but with

"the still small voice" of love in the home circle (that sacred enclosure of domestic virtue), with the sweet unspoken preaching of gentleness, of good temper, of a wellordered household. Here, in the home-kingdom, you may preach the Gospel of the Saviour, and show forth the beauty of holiness by "wearing the white flower of a blameless life." There are many instances in our Lord's ministry on earth in which He

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showed His love and reverence for women. His whole life at home—in the house of Joseph and Mary--when He was subject unto His parents, and listened to the tender schooling of His mother, is the perfect pattern to every child in every age. It was thus "He grew in favour both with man and God His Father too;" and in this He left all young persons an ensample that they should "follow the blessed steps of His most holy life." It was to do honour to a woman's bridal day that He worked His first miracle, rejoicing in others' joy, and smiling upon their happy loves. He enjoyed the gentle ministry of the Sisters of Bethany, and of the other women who, at the close of His mission, sought to relieve the sorrows of Him who "was despised and rejected of men." He dried the tears of the widow of Nain by His words of deepest sympathy, and by giving back her son from the grasp of death. He praised the humble offering of another poor lonely widow in the treasury court of the Temple. He preached a sermon for all time in His discourse to a woman at Jacob's well; who from a great sinner became a true believer on Him; and the ears of loving women caught the last words of the dying Saviour. It is owing to the honour which Jesus Christ gave to women during His ministry of love and mercy that Christian society has always held her in love and affection; while in non-Christian nations and races woman is often compelled to sink into a condition of slavery.

The age in which we live is essentially one of change and innovation; or, as some style it, of advancement; and there are not wanting those who would give to women much the same sphere

of work as that which belongs to men. Women are now placed in a position, and are allowed to say and do things of which their grandmothers and greatgrandmothers would never have dreamed, and of which they would not have approved. This, however, is by many considered a fair and just restoration of what they style "the rights of women." But there comes the question, Is it woman's mission to go forth into

the world side by side with man, and to take part in the pursuits of science, of art, of commerce? Or, is it rather her mission to rule the home kingdom-to be a helpmeet for man; to comfort and cheer him in the hours of weariness and sorrow; and, above all, to mould him and his children by the unseen power of loving, gentle influence?

Is it not woman's work to be the evangelist of home, and to lead men's thoughts higher than the daily task and the daily round of business duties, above the engrossing cares of life, up to heaven and to Jesus our ascended Lord?

To each of our sisters and brethren in a common Christianity we would say-

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Remember, that if your work be at home, it is the grandest of all work. Home is clearly and emphatically your proper place; and the duties which belong to home are your special, peculiar,



and scriptural duties. If you envy the man who goes forth to the battle of life, remember that it requires the greater heroism to do and to bear, to work and to suffer, patiently and unseen. To die for a good cause requires great courage, but to live for it needs greater courage still. To keep close to our work year after year, without gaining praise or notoriety, to labour without applause, to bear cares and worries (our own and those of others) with gentleness, sweetness, and patience, this, we may rest assured, requires as true heroism as the greatest heroines of history, whether in ancient or modern times. To man God has given strength of mind and body; but He has given to woman the mighty power of influencing others. It is said, and no doubt it is said with general truth, "Men are very much what women make them." Many a good man has had to thank God for a good mother; and many a ruined man has had to deplore the influence of a wicked woman. Timothy had to thank God for a good mother and grandmother; and on the other hand Ahab's ruin was produced or hastened by his wicked wife Jezebel, who also brought a terrible fate upon herself. Think then of the mighty power which God has given you in forming and leading others, and see how you use it.

All the blustering winds of March will not force one bud to open; but the soft sunshine and the genial rains of April and May break through the casing, and the blossom comes. So is the influence of woman's gentle nature upon the more rugged and unsoftened nature of man. All the force of brute strength will not break open a spring-lock, yet the touch of a child's soft finger upon the spring will suffice to disclose the treasures within. So a woman's influence touches the spring of a man's heart, and the good in his nature

is then disclosed.

Oh, our sisters in Christ, you who have husbands, we pray you to think what it is in your power, with God's help, to make them! Think of your high and holy calling as sisters of her in whose arms the holy Child Jesus was nurtured. Is your husband an unbeliever? Try to convince him by your own simple faith and child-like trust in your Heavenly Father. Does he neglect to bow his knees in humble supplication at the throne of the Heavenly Grace? Show him the blessings of prayer in your own case, and try to lead him to the Saviour by the bonds of love. Through that holy and mysterious affection which you as a true woman bear to him, strive to lead your husband to know "the love of God which passeth knowledge." How few, it is to be feared, now kneel alone in that sacred spot where you knelt with your husband on your marriage morning! Try, then, to bring him back to your side in God's presence. Try to induce him to become a true man, and along with you partake by faith of the sacred memorials of the body and blood of our Saviour Christ. Neglect not, but "stir up the gift that is in you," even that mighty power of influence which is yours.

And to you who are mothers we would say, think of the vast responsibility which rests upon you; your children will be generally what you make them. The next generation of men and women, who will live and work when we are gone, will be what your education makes it. It is the home and mother's teaching, rather than the public school life, which moulds the child's nature. Our example for good or evil, our own temper exhibited before them, our words to which their ears are ever open, our ways and modes of life which they are quick to imitate—these are the things which are to form the character of the child.

Mothers! it is a fearful responsibility which is laid upon you, over and above that which devolves upon the fathers. Our children are lent us as jewels, which must one day be gathered in by God, "in the day when He makes up His jewels." Are they the more precious in our eyes because we know that their souls are precious to Him Who died for their redemption? Are we striving to make them worthy of being made treasures fit for God's casket? How can we expect our children to grow up godly, brave, pure, gentle Christian men and women if they are to see their parents quarrelsome, angry, negligent of prayer in and with their families and in private, careless of their Bibles, non-regular attendants at public worship, or unkindly and uncharitable in their conversations about their neighbours?

Āgain, my sisters, if we would have our sons grow up "as the young plants, and our daughters become as the polished corners of the temple;" if we would have our sons grow up brave, noble-minded, generous, unselfish, pure, and honest men; and if we could see our daughters gentle, womanly, and modest, let us take great heed of our own influence at home. The Christian training up of the young is indicated, obviously enough, as the special care and privilege of as many as are mothers.

And to our younger sisters, upon whom the cares of life, in their ordinary sense, have not yet rested, we would, in closing, say, There are many and various ways in which you may take your share in works for the name and sake of Jesus. Ask yourselves the question, "What can I do for Him Who hath done so great things for me?" And whatever the answer may be, if you feel that it is according to the will of God, make up your mind to do it with all your might.

Great shall be the reward of such "workers together with Him," when the Master of the House cometh to give to every one according as his work shall be. To each and all of His sisters and brethren will He grant that best of all epitaphs—

She hath done what she could!

# A BOYS' LIBRARY IN GERMANY.

APPENING lately, during a short tour in Germany, to pass near the town of Gotha, I was induced to stop and spend some days there, feeling desirous of becoming better acquainted with a place so closely associated with our own country and beloved Royal Family.

Gotha bears the reputation of

Gotha bears the reputation of a literary and intellectual place; and perhaps (with its gymnasium and Professors, its Libraries, and the superior

system of instruction maintained in the schools and enjoyed by even the poorest classes) it may deserve the name. There are not many English residents in Gotha, yet the English language and literature are extensively cultivated, either as an accomplishment or as a necessary branch of education in various departments of life; and music also holds a prominent place there. The military element, as in all parts of Germany, is in great force here, even the children appearing to feel something of the martial spirit of the nation, and making the drilling and marching of soldiers one of their favourite games.

After taking a walk, I was returning to my temporary abode, when my attention was attracted to some boys, who were issuing from an apparently private house, with books in their hands. They were chatting pleasantly together, some showing their books to others, and all looking cheerful and contented. As there was no appearance of a school about either the house or the books, my curiosity was excited, and observing one little fellow intent on a picture in one of the books he was carrying, I ventured to ask what he had got there. "It is from the Library," he replied, holding it up for my inspection. The Library!—was there then another library of which I had not yet heard?

But I was soon enlightened; the boys, observing my curiosity, gathered round, and I learned that it was a small library kept by an English lady, who lent them the books, giving them out one afternoon in the week and taking no payment for them. On requesting permission to look at some of the little volumes, I was surprised to see translations from several of our own favourite writers for children—Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Stretton, as well as others in the original from German authors, with the instructive character of whose writings I was already acquainted.

This effort to introduce Christian truth in an attractive form to the minds of those young creatures must, I thought, emanate from one impressed like myself with the need for such instruction. Desirous of learning further particulars, I asked the boys if they thought I should be allowed to see their library. All readily assured me there would be no difficulty,

upon which I begged one of the more eager of the party to request permission for me.

Admittance having been granted, I was shown into a small room near the entrance, where an elderly lady and a young man were seated, their respective tables being covered with books, from which a number of children, principally boys, standing round, were making selections.

I was politely received, and requested to take a seat for a few minutes, when the distribution of the books would probably be over, and the lady at liberty to answer any questions I might wish to ask. She handed me her catalogue to look over, the contents of which confirmed my impression regarding the principles of the undertaking, as the several volumes, whether suited to old or young, were all calculated to convey Christian instruction in a pleasing and attractive manner.

While waiting I also became very strongly interested in the young applicants themselves. All were quiet and respectful, and apparently well pleased with what was given them. Some begged for a book for their parents, or for a sick brother on sister, and I noticed that such requests were always carefully attended to. But what charmed me particularly was to hear the young people recommending the books to one another, and with the peculiar Gotha pronunciation which rendered it quite amusing. "You take that; it is very nice" (Das geht schön), and so on, remarks which the lady afterwards told me she sometimes found written on the outside coverings of the books, a freedom she was fain to overlook.

At last all was over, the young man took his leave, and the lady proceeded to show me the contents of her book-case, now considerably diminished, but which she said would again be replenished when the books of other young readers were returned. There was a continual exchange going on, but for which her small collection would be quite inadequate to the large and ever-increasing number of applicants.

On my saying how much I rejoiced to find so pleasing a method of laying Scripture truth before the minds of the young people, and to see the eagerness with which so many availed themselves of it, the lady replied that she felt most thankful for such a means of usefulness having been opened to her, and that she could not sufficiently express the satisfaction and pleasure it often afforded her. The work, she said, seemed to have been sent her to do. She had never planned nor contrived such a library; it had come, as it were, of itself, and had gradually increased to its present dimensions.

Seeing me desirous to learn further particulars, she continued:—"It was on New Year's Day, 1877, when, as I was sitting, with a friend who had called to see me, we were interrupted by a visit from the Choir-boys,

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who, in making their ordinary round, had come to offer me their usual New-year's Day greeting, a compliment not altogether disinterested on their part.

"Well, on this occasion I had forgotten to provide myself with a sufficiency of small coins, such as are usually given to the beys; but being generally supplied with little books or tracts to give away, I thought I would employ them on the present emergency; and so, on being told that the Choir wished me a happy New Year, I produced my little packet of bright-coloured penny books, and saying that I would give them something better than money, sent them away apparently well pleased with their gifts. Scarcely had they gone, however, when some others of the party, who had remained in the street, presented themselves, saying that there had not been enough to let them have any, and would I please to give them also some little books. This was done, but soon other children followed, not belonging to the Choir, and during the remainder of that afternoon and all the next day I was beset with applications for books. The story had gone about that nice little story-books were to be had for the asking, and great seemed to be the avidity with which they were sought. This, however, was something not only unlooked for but impossible to last, and I was at length obliged to confess that my store was exhausted. It was hard to deny their petition, and very difficult to convince them that I really had no more; but, as there is no shop here where such little publications are to be had, there was no help for it; I could only say that if they liked so much to read I would willingly lend them larger books; that they might come to me on Sunday afternoons, and exchange them, and I should only require that the books were well kept, and returned within a certain time. I had recently been presented by a London Society with a grant of £3, for the purchase of books and tracts for distribution, and some of the former were very suitable for the present purpose, and may thus be considered as the foundation of my little library. My offer was readily accepted by some of the children, and for a considerable time afterwards about ten or twelve, principally boys, came regularly on Sunday afternoons and exchanged their books as I had proposed. By-and-by, however, one brought a brother, and another a friend or schoolfellow, till the numbers increased beyond the possibility of my any longer receiving them in my own sitting-room or of my attending to them myself alone. This apartment had to be hired, and I was obliged to seek for personal assistance, which is kindly afforded by the young man who has just left us. New books also were necessarily added from time to time, to preserve the interest and supply diligent readers with new matter. All has gone on in the same way from this simple beginning till both books and readers have increased to the numbers you see. We have had as many as twenty new applicants on one day, and from

ninety to a hundred other readers, but all do not come every week, which is fortunate in the present stage of our finances.

"We have generally from a hundred and fifty to two hundred names on our books, as some leave off for various reasons; but the numbers are, on the whole, greatly on the increase."

"And you lend all those books quite free of any charge?" I inquired.

"Yes. There are many very bad books going about, and I wish to offer the additional inducement to the reading of good books that they are to be had for nothing."

"Have you, then, much local help?" I asked.

"None whatsoever, as vet," was the reply, "and I am very shy of mentioning the subject at all, though there are some among the higher classes here who value Christian truth, and who I know have heard of this undertaking from the children. But I have no anxiety; He who has sent me this work to do will enable me to carry it on. It is one which seems called for by the necessities of the place, and is suited to my own circumstances and ability. One or two English friends have already sent me a little help, and I am not without hope that still further assistance will be given by some who, in pecuniary matters, are more happily circumstanced than myself. If as I believe, it is the Lord's work, it will surely continue, and the effort so humbly begun may, in future hands, prosper and increase a hundredfold.'

"I most earnestly trust it may do so," I replied; "and you may depend that on my return to England I shall lose no time in making known your interesting

and most useful undertaking."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, "when I think of all the advantages our English youth enjoy, of the instruction and encouragement they receive in all that is good and admirable, how sadly must I contrast the lot of those poor young creatures here, exposed as they are to so much evil, and debarred from almost all good influence in what relates to their highest interests - no Sunday-school - no church-attendance -by many of the parents no God acknowledgedit is deplorable! You may believe how earnestly I pray that, through this humble effort, an impression may be made on the hearts of some which will prove a blessing to themselves as well as to others whom they may hereafter influence. Some few have already asked me for a Bible or a Testament, and I trust that the hearts of many of my young readers may be awakened to the value of the precious truths therein contained."

Any one desirous of hearing further particulars of the Boys' Library, or inclined to assist in the good work, is requested to communicate with Miss Townsend, Margarethen Strasse, Gotha, Germany, who will most thankfully receive any help kindly given, whether in the form of books or money. do not present

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# "NOTHING, MOTHER."

HY do you look so grave to-day,
Willie dear; what is it makes you sigh?
You have no heart for sport or play,
A tear-drop stands in my darling's eye.

"Come, tell your mother what makes you sad; You answer, 'Nothing.' That cannot be, "Nothing, dear mother, I've done of late, To make me sorry or give you pain, But I've been thinking of sister Kate

But I've been thinking of sister Kate
All day, and wishing her here again."

"Willie, the heart should fondly cling
To all we have known of love and worth;



Make me your confidant, little lad,
And open your troubled heart to me.

"I won't be harsh; if you've done wrong, Speak but the truth, dear, and you're forgiven. The weak may err, but none are strong, Save by the grace of a bounteous Heaven." But since your sister's soul took wing

I never have wished her back on earth.

"But I 've prayed, my son, and still will pray,
That you may tread that path which lies,
Though rugged and thorny all the way,
To sister Kate and Paradise."

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

I.-THE TWO BROTHERS.

ACOB and Esau were twins, but they were very much unlike each other. To begin with, they were unlike in personal appearance. Jacob was, as he says himself, a "smooth man"—that is to say, not hairy—whilst Esau had a quantity of red hair, not only on his head and face, but all over his body. Then, they were unlike in character. Jacob was gentle and quiet; when he was a boy he clung to his mother, and went about with her in the

clung to his mother, and went about with her in the house, whilst Esau ran after his father in the field, and liked nothing so much as to be always in the open air, in search of adventure; and, when they grew up to manhood, Jacob took to quiet pastoral ways, and had sheep and cattle, whilst his brother became a cunning hunter, a man of the field, living by the chase, and always roaming about in search of his prey, with companions as wild and untamable as himself. Then again, Jacob was, I fear, rather cunning and sly. He would take advantage of you if he could. And I sometimes fancy (though the Scripture tells us nothing about it) that the big strong brother had bullied the younger one when they were boys, and made Jacob cowardly and timid. If boys are illused, you know, that is sometimes the result. Esau, however, was quite the opposite of all this. He was bold and frank and outspoken. He was afraid of nobody. He was, perhaps, impetuous and passionate in his temper, and you could easily put him in a rage; but his rage was soon over, and his affectionate disposition soon showed itself when the storm had passed by. Ah! I know what you will say; you will say, "I like Esau much better than Jacob. He is a fine fellow, and his brother is a bit of a sneak. He is open-hearted and open-handed, even if he is a little careless; whereas Jacob is always thinking about himself, and looking about to see if he cannot, in some way or other, advance his own interests. Esau is worth twenty of Jacob, I am sure."

Well, let us think about it.

There was one difference, a very important one, between the two brothers, of which I have not spoken yet. Jacob had faults, and very grave ones, too. But, with all his faults, he believed in God, and in what God had said; and Esau had his excellences, his attractiveness of character, but I fear it was all on the outside, for he did not really believe in God, and in the word of God—and he thought of nothing but this present passing world. The consequences showed themselves as the two men grew older. Jacob improved as time went on. By clinging to God, and believing in what God had promised, he became by degrees a much better and much nobler man—until at last God changed his name, to show

how much his character was changed. But it was not so with Esau. Not really holding to God, he must have grown worse—more worldly—day by day, and I fear that, more than once, in his passion and revenge, he would have killed his brother if God had not prevented his doing so.

Is it not strange to think of two such unlike men being the children of the same parents—even the twin children of the same parents? They had the same training, learnt the same lessons, were brought up in the same household—and that a God-fearing one—and yet how differently they turn out! And who would have thought, too, that that quiet, simple, thoughtful Jacob would have become the founder of a great nation, and that Esau—the brilliant, active, noisy, impetuous Esau—would have sunk into insignificance? But the reason is to be found in their feelings towards God. Do you remember the words of the Bible?—"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

#### II.-THE STRATAGEMS.

I have two pictures to set before you. Here is one.

Jacob, now grown to be a man, is seated in the tent, cooking. He has put a vessel full of lentil soup on the fire, and is watching it as it boils; and a very fragrant odour diffuses itself through the apartment. The soup is just ready to be eaten. There is the table—the cloth laid with bread and salt-and a jug with some liquid in it; and Jacob is going to have his supper. Just before he begins, Esau comes in. Now Esau is very weary with his hunting. All the day long he has been chasing the wild animals, but appears to have been unsuccessful in killing any, and certainly he has had nothing to eat. He is not only tired, but hungry; and the smell of the supper makes him hungrier still. So he says to Jacob, "Let me have your supper; I am half-famished. I can eat it all."

Now most brothers would have said, I should think, "Certainly; eat the soup, and I will prepare some more for myself." But Jacob was a calculating kind of man, as I have told you, and he thought that now was his opportunity for taking advantage of his thoughtless brother. Esau had something which Jacob was very anxious to become possessed of. That thing was "the birthright," a privilege which conferred spiritual blessings on the owner of it; and, I believe, secured to him that he should be the ancestor of Messiah. So Jacob said, "You shall have the soup if you will give me your birthright in return for it." Esau at once consented. He did not really care for the birthright,

for he thought only of worldly things, and he parted with it to save himself from a momentary inconvenience. Thus the birthright changed hands. It had been Esau's, now it was Jacob's. Well, you may sayand I say, too-that it was a mean trick of Jacob to take advantage of his brother in such a way; but remember, it was worse of Esau thus to despise and fling away what God had given him.

Now for the other picture.

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The good old father Isaac had become very old, and quite blind, and was expecting almost every day to be his last, when he suddenly sent for Esau, who was his favourite son, and bade him take his bow and arrows, and fetch some venison out of the field, and cook it, and bring it to him. He wished, he said, when that was done, to give him his blessing Esau took his bow and arrows, before he died. and went out, in obedience to his father's command. Now, it so happened that Rebekah overheard the conversation which took place between her husband and her son, and she determined that the blessing should be given to Jacob, and not to Esau. Calling then Jacob to her, she persuaded him to personate his brother-that is to say, to dress himself up in such a way that his blind father should not be able to discover the difference, and to pretend to be Esau, and so to get the blessing which was intended for another. To his great disgrace, Jacob consented to the plan, and deceived his old father, and received the paternal blessing instead of Esau. Poor Esau came in just too late; the thing was done, and could not be recalled. He found that he had been cheated, robbed, and defrauded by his own brother.

What a shame! you say. Yes, it was a shame! It was a mean and false act to which you would have thought no child of God would have descended, and we shall see by-and-by how God punished both Rebekah and Jacob for the grievous offence which they had committed, though He allowed Jacob to retain the blessing. But at the same time we must remember that Esau had brought the trouble upon himself; he had sold his birthright because he did not care for spiritual blessings; and now God caused him to forfeit his position as the head of the family. If we do not really value God's blessings, He will take them from us, and it will not be possible to recover them.

#### III.-THE BANISHMENT.

It was really a banishment, though it did not appear to be such. Rebekah had heard the threats of Esau against his brother, and had persuaded Isaac to send Jacob away out of Esau's reach. She said that she wished Jacob to find a wife amongst his own relatives in Padan-aram, but she meant to place Jacob in a place of safety. So the mother and the son, who were very much attached to each other, were separated, and never, as it appears, met again in this life. And so Jacob, who was a quiet man, fond of his home, and not young now, for I believe he was past seventy years old at the time, was sent out into the world to seek his fortune. You see how both of them were punished, in this, as in other ways, for the sin they had committed.

But now we have to follow the history of Jacob,

Isaac gives him his blessing, and Jacob starts, alone, with his staff in his hand, on his way to Padan-aram. Presently he ascends the high mountain ridge—which is a sort of backbone to Palestine -and there the sun goes down and night overtakes him. The ground is hard and rocky, covered with sheets of stone, with here and there a stray pillar standing up amongst the rest. Jacob lies down on the ground, first putting a stone under his head, and then, with the bright stars of the Syrian sky hanging like lamps above him, soon falls asleep. The air is The traveller's constitution is a vigorous one, old as he is, and he is not afraid to take his rest in this way. Well, as he sleeps, he dreams; and, lo! the blocks of stone that lie round him seem to form themselves into a vast staircase, stretching right up into the heavens, and he sees the angels passing up and down upon it; and when he looks up his eye rests on a majestic and awful figure, and God Himself speaks to him and gives him a promise. Jacob wakes up in alarm. He thinks, "God is in this place, and I knew it not." Still, he is more thankful than frightened. He feels that God has Himself met him, and sent him a message, and that, in spite of his sin and unworthiness, a Divine Protector is watching over him, and will be with him wherever he goes; and he proceeds on his journey strengthened and encouraged.

At last we find him amongst his relatives. There he has twenty years of hard service. Laban the Syrian, his mother's brother, a grasping and covetous man, whose servant he becomes, is continually attempting to take advantage of him. He deceives Jacob about his two daughters. He beguiles him intomarrying them both, although Jacob wishes to marry only one. He continually changes the wages that have been agreed upon, and tries hard in every way to enrich himself at his nephew's expense. But God protects His servant, and in spite of all Laban's tricks, Jacob becomes a prosperous and a wealthy man, "Your father," Jacob says to his wives, "hath deceived me, and changed my wages ten times: but God suffered him not to hurt me." At the end of the twenty years, release comes, for Jacob receives a Divine intimation to return to the land of his kindred. Very willingly he obeys, although he has some difficulty in getting away from Laban, and presently sets out for Canaan, not the solitary man he had left it, but with wives and children and servants, and flocks and herds, even very much cattle.

Now it is true that Jacob returns to Canaan a prosperous man; but it is true also that he has been severely punished for the offence he committed before he left the country. The deceiver is himself deceived. The over-reaching man is himself overreached. And there is more sorrow and trial for him yet to come.

IV .-- THE RETURN.

Yes! there is more to come, for God never allows His servants to do wrong without correcting them for it. You cannot jump off your shadow; neither can you escape suffering and loss if you commit sin; for suffering is the dark shadow of sin. Abraham found it to be so. And Jacob found it to be so. And David found it to be so. And so has every servant of God that has ever lived. The Heavenly Father loves us too well not to make us smart when we transgress His laws.

But let us see how Jacob proves the truth of these words. He was an honoured servant of God, a chosen instrument for accomplishing the Divine pur-

poses; let us see how he suffered.

Suddenly Jacob broke up his encampment, and moved away from Padan-aram. The caravan (for we may call it so) seems to have started by night, for Jacob was afraid of his uncle, and wanted to keep his intention secret; and it moved on slowly, for you cannot drive cattle fast, and at length arrived at Mount Gilead. There Laban, with a large force, overtook Jacob; for he had pursued him as soon as he heard of his flight. Probably he meant to compel Jacob to come back, or perhaps he intended to plunder him. Anyhow, he meant him no good; but God interposed, as before, and Laban returned without doing his relative any harm. This was the first fright that Jacob had.

Well, on they go. They are drawing near to the borders of Canaan; and now the figure of the offended Esau rises up before Jacob's view. All his sins rush into his mind; especially the deception he had practised upon his old father, and the injury he

had done to Esau.

It is true that God has commanded him to return, and has promised to "be with him." It is true that more than twenty years have gone by since the wrong was done; and though Esau, in the first outburst of his fury, threatened to take his brother's life, yet he

may have calmed down by this time, and almost forgotten the circumstance. "And yet," thinks Jacob, "he may not. He may be as angry and vindictive as ever"—and he is terribly distressed. See how his sin has found him out! Esau now has it in his power to avenge himself for the old wrong that had been done him. He is at the head of a strong clan. His followers are rough fighting-men warlike and cruel—half robbers, half soldiers—who would show no mercy to an enemy, and against whom Jacob's peaceful and unarmed shepherds could not hope to stand up for a moment.

What, then, does Jacob do? He sends a message—a very humble one—to his brother, hoping to appease him; but it produces no effect whatever, apparently. The messenger returns with the startling news that Esau has armed himself, and armed four hundred of his men, and is coming to meet Jacob. This looks bad! No answer; no kind greeting; no brotherly remembrance; but grim silence—and this body of armed

men approaching.

Jacob is "greatly afraid and distressed;" that is, he suffers agonics of alarm, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of those near and dear to him. He does, however, the wisest thing he could do. He throws himself upon the mercy and the promises of God.

Sending his wives, and children, and property across the brook Jabbok, he remains alone, under the shadow of the night, on the other side of the little stream. Suddenly, in the dark, a mysterious figure grapples with him. Jacob feels that he is really wrestling with God in prayer. And that is just what it is. Jacob holds his visitant fast, and prays and begs for a blessing, prays and begs with strong cries and tears. He knows how sinful he has been, how unworthy he is. Still he prays on, and God grants his prayer; and so with a new name, Israel, the supplanter goes forth calm and "strong in the Lord," to meet the dangers of the day.

# THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

T

THE BUDDING OF THE TREES.
"The winter is past."—The Song of Solomon ii. 11.

HE winter's over, and the spring
Is smiling in our face;
And lo! the birds begin to sing,
The flowers to grow apace.

The trees that long were brown and bare
Are budding forth at length;
And every morn they grow more fair,
More full of life and strength,

When wintry winds blew shrill and cold, We thought the trees were dead; Soon they'll be heavy, as of old, With leafage overhead,

Just like the trees, are those who sleep
In silence still and dread—
The dearly-loved for whom we weep,
And whom we mourn as dead.

Yet death has only closed their eyes:
They sleep in trustful rest,
Till Christ shall come and bid them rise
To glory with the blest.

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#### MARCH WINDS.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."—ISAIAII xxvi. 3.

THE winds of March blow fierce and long,
The trees sway to and fro,
And giant branches, proud and strong,
Crash on the earth below.

The rooks sit cawing in the blast,
Dreading, as well they may,
Lest each gust, stronger than the last,
Should whirl their homes away.

The flowers lie broken on their stalks,
Or bruised upon the ground;
The young leaves strew the garden walks:
Destruction reigns around.

Then the wind rests, just as we do
When we are tired with play;
And soon we quite forget it blew,
So peaceful is the day.

So is it with our days of pain, When winds of sorrow blow, For soon they sleep, and once again Sweet peacefulness we know.

All grief in God's good time will cease,
For these glad words we see:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on Thee,"



#### Ш

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."-St. John x. 11.

JESUS is our Shepherd dear!
Oh, He is good!
When the way is dark and drear,
When our hearts are full of fear,
Then He shows us He is near:
Oh, He is good!

Jesus is our Shepherd kind!
Oh, He is good!
When the foes press on behind,
When we're sad in heart and mind,
In His arms sweet peace we find:
Oh, He is good!

Jesus is our Shepherd brave!
Oh, He is good!
His dear life for us He gave,
Conquered Death, and from the grave
Rose, His wandering sheep to save:
Oh, He is good!



#### IV.

"PEACE, BE STILL."

"He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."—St. MARK iv. 39.

Across the Lake Gennesaret,
A boat its course was keeping,
And Christ the Master lay in it,
And He was calmly sleeping.

And suddenly, from every side,
A storm of wind came dashing,
And tossed the white spray far and wide,
The angry billows lashing.

All chance of safety well-nigh gone,
To death the craft seemed speeding;
Yet Christ, the Master, still slept on,
The angry storm unheeding.

Then the disciples, full of fear,
One faint hope seemed to cherish,
For they awoke the Master dear,
With, "Save us, Lord! we perish!"

Then Christ arose, and at His word
The tempest ceased its raging;
The winds and waves His mandate heard,
No more their contest waging.

Oh, precious thought for us to-day!

The same dear Lord is near us:

When danger threatens, if we pray,

He will be sure to hear us.



# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE PROPHETS. JEREMIAH.

No. 1. JEREMIAH'S CALL.

Chapter to be read—Jeremiah i.

NTRODUCTION. Have been reading now for some months stories from the Kings—dark pages in the history of the Israelites, God's chosen people. Now and then a bright light seen, such as Josiah, Hezekiah, etc.

These carried nation with them, and reformed it from time to time. But in days of bad kings was there no light? Yes; God never left Himself without witness. All through last sad days of Judah's history

one faithful prophet. Who was he?

I. Jeremiah's Call. (Read 1—6.) Remind how, when Joshua divided the land, certain cities set apart in each tribe for the priests to live there—offer up sacrifices—teach the people. One of these, Anathoth, in Benjamin. Here lived Hilkiah, father of Jeremiah. Know nothing of his childhood, but may assume he was well brought up—taught the fear of God—perhaps, like Samuel, assisted in the village synagogue, by lighting lamps, etc. Now hears a voice from the Lord—perhaps in a dream—perhaps by another prophet—perhaps by a still small voice, as Elijah. (1 Kings xix. 27.) What does the voice tell him? He has been fore-ordained to do God's work—sanctified, i.e., set apart.

II. Jeremiah's Work. (Read 7—19.) Where was he to go? Was to be a messenger to all his countrymen—but of what? Good or evil? (See ver. 10.) A message of punishment, because of their sins. Just as Noah warned the world before the Flood —Elijah the wicked Ahab—Moses king Pharaoh, etc. God always sends warning before judgment—hence remembering mercy—to give time for repentance. From which quarter would the judgment come? The North, probably referring to the king of Babylon. This prophecy first in days of good

King Josiah. (Ver. 2.)

III. JEREMIAH'S ENCOURAGEMENT. What two signs were given him? Explain that almond trees bore beautiful white blossoms; were the first trees to bloom in the year; hence a sign that God would hasten the fulfilling of His judgment. Explain seething as boiling, showing the severity of the judg-But the child-prophet also encouraged by ment. words. (See ver. 18.) He should be strong as a "defenced city" against the whole land when opposed to him; as an "iron pillar" to support the king of Judah ; a "brazen wall" against the nobles. Above all, God Himself would be with him as He had been with Moses against Pharaoh, Joshua at Jericho (Josh, i. 9).

Lessons. (1) Work for Children. All have been called to serve God; fight for Him and against His enemies; are we ready to do so? (2) Help for Children. Never have more given to do than are

able. God's help always promised for God's work; therefore, be "be strong and of a good courage,"

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No. 2. JEREMIAH'S CHARACTER-I.

Chapters to be read—i., xi., xiv. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. It is not proposed to do more than take a few stories out of the Prophetical books, which may interest children. Jeremiah's life is so bound up with that of the later kings that some repetition is necessary. This lesson is merely on his personal character.

1. HIS FAITH. Read in last lesson of Jeremiah's call. Are not told how soon he began his work of prophecy. Seems as if he commenced at once. Like Samuel, this child believed in God's call, and acted upon it. He was to go wherever he was sent, and was quite ready to obey. Just as Christ's disciples were called when fishing (Matt. iv. 20), and followed Him at once. Blessed thing to begin to serve God when young.

II. HIS HUMILITY. (Read i. 6, 7.) What did he say when first called to the work? A very proper feeling. Would feel his youth, inexperience, etc., all against him—also perhaps, like St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 9), his unworthiness. Still consented—thus showing true honour to God, Who called him. Remind what Christ says about the humble—shall be exalted (Matt. xviii. 4), i.e., brought to great honour. Let children see what an honour it is to be called to work for God. None are too young or too humble.

III. His Boldness. (Read xi. 21—23.) Let children try and realise the position of Jeremiah. Almost the only witness for God in the land. Sometimes the king against him. In these verses find the people of his own city persecuting him. At another time (xxvi. 11), find even the priests and other prophets turning against him, and desiring his death. Still goes on boldly delivering his message.

What an example to all! Easy enough to do right when all around are doing the same, as in church or at prayers, etc., but who will stand up alone to rebuke sin in the playground, or in school, or in a workshop? Who will brave hard words of brothers or friends for the sake of God? That requires true courage, which Christ will reward at the great day (Matt. x. 32). How like he is to John the Baptist—so humble, he thought himself unworthy to fasten Christ's shoes (Matt. iii. 11), yet so bold as to reprove the wicked king Herod for his sin (Matt. xiv. 4).

IV. His Sympathy. (Read xiv. 17—22.) Can see how grieved Jeremiah is for God's judgment on the land. How he mourns over the people. Does not exult in the thought of their being punished, but yearns over them—prays for them as Moses did for rebellious Israelites. (Exod, xxxii, 32.) This the

right feeling—anxiety for others—sorrow for their gin—desire for their repentance—like penitent thief for the other unrepentant one. (Luke xxiii, 40.) LESSON. Follow him as he followed God,

# No. 3. JEREMIAH'S CHARACTER--II.

Chapters to be read—Jeremiah xix., xx. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION, In last lesson talked about Jeremiah's personal character, as seen in the circumstances of his call; shall now see him in his work.

I JEREMIAH PROPHESYING. (Read xix. 1—8, 14, 15.) Here find the prophet delivering his message in two places—first, in the valley of Hinnom (sometimes called Tophet) to the elders of the priests and people. Notice the symbol—one often used in Bible. (See Psalm ii. 9.) Such a vessel once destroyed would be utterly worthless—only fit to be cast away. Then follow the terrible warnings—because of the nation's sin the city shall be destroyed—the people slain—the beautiful city be a byword—in the siege of Jerusalem parents would kill and eat their own children from hunger—all which exactly came to pass.

This message seems to have produced some effect—got talked about—large number of people collect in courts of the temple—so Jeremiah repeats it.

II. JEREMIAH PERSECUTED. (Read xx. 1—6.) This seems to be the beginning of the prophet's persecution, of which shall read more afterwards. Strange way of receiving a message from God—to persecute His messenger! And one of a priest's family, governor of the Temple, to act thus! How different to way the heathen king of Nineveh acted when Jonah prophesied its destruction. He repented and was saved. (Jonah iii. 6, 10.) So for one day Jeremiah was put in the stocks, as was St. Paul afterwards at Philippi. (Acts xvii. 24.) Don't know what made Pashur release Jeremiah—perhaps relented—perhaps from fear of people, whose conscience must have told them that Jeremiah spake truth. See how God takes up the cause of His servant.

III. JEREMIAH DESPONDING. (Read xx. 7—13.) Not surprising that he should sometimes be desponding. Was like Elijah, all alone on the Lord's side. Wicked men all sought his life; false prophets also rose up against him. (See 1 Kings xix. 10.) But interesting to note how rapid his changes of mood were. At first complains of persecutions to which he was exposed. Was tempted to cease prophesying (ver. 9), but then he quickly passes to exultation, remembering how God had called him, and how He tries the righteous. So ends with song of praise.

Lessons. Against Despondency. God's word must prevail. No matter what happens to us, so long as are doing right all will be well. May be persecuted, but shall not be forsaken. Best remedy for doubt and gloom is to praise God. He does all things well.

No. 4. THE RECHABITES.

Chapter to be read-Jeremiah xxxv.

Introduction. Teacher might begin by alluding to the temperance question, about which so much heard now. Ask what class of the Israelites were teetotalers. Most Nazarites so all their lives—e.g., Samson, St. John the Baptist. (Luke i. 15.) Shall read to-day of a large family who were so, and how they were honoured by God.

I. THE RECHABITES. (Read 1-11.) Explain who they were. Descendants of Hobab-brother-inlaw of Moses, of tribe of Kenites. They joined Israelites during wanderings in wilderness, and went with them to Palestine. (Num. x. 29-32.) They supported the kingdom of Israel, but evidently feared God, and did not join the idol worship. But what class of people were they? (See ver. 7.) Not settled in the land like Israelites-not tilling the groundbut nomads, i.e., wanderers-moving about with flocks and herds as Abraham did (Gen. xiii. 1, 2), living as Arabs. What brought them to Jerusalem? Nation from the north, as prophesied in last lesson (Jer. i. 15), invading the land—so they came to Jerusalem What did Jeremiah set before them for shelter. to try or test them? But all in vain-they were found faithful. Unlike the disobedient prophet. (1 Kings xiii, 19.) Whose command were they obeying? Jonadab the son of Rechab, with whom Jehu, 300 years before, was anxious to become friendly. (2 Kings x, 15.) Evidently a wellknown upright man at that time. What were the two commands? (a) To live in tents, i.e., to possess no settled houses or vineyards, and (b) To drink no wine.

II. THE LESSONS. (Read 12-19.) (1) Obedience. To whom were they first held up as a pattern? No less so to us. They obeyed their ancestor's command, But whom had the Jews disobeyed? They had done it continuously, but Jews had neglected warnings and reproofs, and constantly broken God's commands. Are they very unlike us? We are taught to call God our Father. (Matt. vi. 10.) He has given us commandments, yet how constantly we break them. Should often examine ourselves in commandments; e.g., Do I honour God's name (iii.), God's day (iv.)? am I obedient (v.), kind (vi.), modest (vii.), truthful (ix.), etc. ? (2) Steadfastness. When tempted to disobey, were firm as a rock in resisting. So characters became strong. How often children fail, because cannot say "no." Yet no temptation too great for us. (1 Cor. x. 13.) (3) Blessing. Obedience to parents first commandment with promise. (Eph. vi. 2.) So Rechabites received special promise. (Ver. 19.) But Jews who neglected God's command were to be punished. (Ver. 17.) All may copy Rechabites. If not become teetotalers, still like them keep bodies in temperance and soberness, because bodies are temples of Holy Ghost. (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

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### SHORT ARROWS.



LIGHT AMONGST THE SHADOWS.

HEN any of our children are ill or ailing, how tenderly we watch them, and how thankful we are to see them recover and run about in the open air again! Sometimes it may happen otherwise; and the little one may bid us "good-bye" for a season, to pass to its Everlasting Home. This is doubtless a

trial for us; but how much greater the trial for us and for our child when he or she recovers, yet deprived of power to move, or walk, or play, as other children can! Many fathers and mothers who read these lines will instinctively thank their Heavenly Father that their children are at any rate not cripples; and it is to their sympathies we appeal. Think of the misery, the unhappiness, the daily scorn and pain to which poor helpless children are subjected even in the middling and sometimes in the upper classes. But amongst the poor in cellars, courts, and alleys, what hope have the lame and the deformed, what future have the cripples? Let us endeavour to picture them, and having brought the reality home to ourselves, let us look at the circumstances more closely. Some years ago two ladies were visiting the Home for Crippled Girls in Marylebone Road, and were then surprised that numbers of little children who were suffering from hip and other diseases were not admitted to the Home: the arrangements not permitting of the reception of young children. This was all the harder, in the opinion of the visitors, because in early childhood many incipient diseases may be eradicated or greatly modified by judicious care.

#### THE CRIPPLES' NURSERY.

But the result of the kind efforts made by the ladies has been very happy. After many inquiries a home was found; and in old Quebec Street, not far from Hyde Park, the Nursery is located. Now we wish we could depict it so as to induce some readers to visit it. The prospect will be painful, we must admit, but the feeling that by our presence and our sympathy we can alleviate distress ought to induce us to make an effort. We shall find many helpless little pigmies, and see many sufferers, and yet there is a trace of hope on most of the faces-a trust that better days are in store. All the occupants are under twelve years of age, and if we proceed upstairs we shall find helpless little ones playing with toys, or some, alas! too feeble to do even so much, lying waiting patiently till it please God to help them. All that human care and skill can do is done; every attention is paid to the children by skilled doctors and by careful attendants. The charity does not stop here. Down at Margate there is a small house, and in rotation eighteen little ones are sent

down to see the sea, and to gain strength in the pure air. All these arrangements cost money, but no one who sympathises with children, no one who is blessed with healthy offspring, will deny a mite to the cripples at 14, Quebee Street, W. We do not value our gifts till they are taken away; but let us all consider what these poor children suffer, not by their own fault. Let those, then, who are in possession of His mercies consider the poor and afflicted, and seek His blessing for them and for themselves.

#### SPIRITUAL PROGRESS IN MEXICO.

The traveller in Mexico, who looks beneath the surface of society, will not fail to notice the gradual. but very marked improvement that is taking place in that territory. Putting aside the commercial aspect of affairs, we perceive a great inducement to push on the missionary work, and to rejoice over the results of former efforts now becoming manifest. Correspondence from Mexico assures us that the spread of Gospel tidings is increasingly valued by the The American Tract Society made the effort first in 1847, and lately the tracts and Bibles supplied are manifest. "I wish," says the narrator, "that you could see the eager faces that were gathered about the door of the steerage to receive the words of life, and the interested countenances of these men as they read" the tracts, in Spanish, handed to them. They value the assistance thus given them; and, what is equally gratifying, the recipients of the tracts appear to retain them. There is no turning away, nor any destruction of the papers; kindness and appreciation are always shown by the people. But, sad to relate, it is the American and English settlers who, with the priests, interfere, or scoff at the good seed that is sown. But the work is being done well and faithfully, and Christians should not neglect to cheer the devoted men who are engaged in advancing the spiritual welfare of the people. A bright day is rapidly dawning for the Republic.

#### A KING'S QUESTION.

A short time ago the King of Italy visited Naples, and the Protestant ministers of the city waited upon his Majesty. He received them royally, and was introduced to them severally. But to his surprise these gentlemen were presented under different religious denominations. "How can you all be ministers of the same Gospel, and yet have so many distinctions? Perhaps one of you will have the kindness to explain this," said the king. One of the ministers—a Waldensian—replied, "In your Majesty's army are many regiments wearing different uniforms, and called by different names; nevertheless, they are all under one Commander-in-Chief, and all follow one flag. In like manner the Protestants are divided

into various denominations; but we only know one Master, Jesus Christ; and we follow but one banner, that of the Gospel." This answer satisfied the king, who perceived that there was real unity in all essential matters, and that the true faith in Gospel teaching was advanced by all. Though they differed in name, they were all soldiers of Christ.

"EAST END CORNER."

We have received a letter from the Countess of Tankerville pleading for the poor workers in the East End, and for funds for a Convalescent Home of the Mildmay Park Mission. There can be no doubt of the need of such an institution, and when we consider the varying temperature to which we are all exposed, and the trying circumstances in which so many hundreds of poor sick men and women are placed, the kind effort made will be appreciated. We all feel for the poor and suffering. There are, we venture to think, very few people, even amongst the busiest, who do not pity the distress in our midst; but it is not every one who will take the trouble to initiate relief. There are many calls, we know; but a short statement from the lips of one whose daily occupation has been to visit from house to house amongst the poorest in the East End, may show how urgent is the need. "The more she lives among the poor, and learns their wants and ways, their helplessness in sickness, the more impressed she has become of the necessity of providing some place of rest and comfort for them." We need not insist upon this. We know how kind-hearted doctors order change and fresh air to the poor invalids, wishing they could give them what they need, but they cannot. To meet such needs, a small hospital was established in Turville Street, Bethnal Green, where every care is taken of the poor patients, admitted from noxious cellars and fever-infected garrets. This is for them a much needed change.

## IN THE HOSPITAL.

Let us glance for at moment at this Hospital, under the superintendence of the Deaconesses of Mildmay Park, who nurse the patients under able medical supervision. Free consultations are held twice a week. One very sad case we may mention, showing that had the remedy been sooner applied, the cure might have been perfected. A poor stunted girl had been taken by some circus proprietors; kept indoors, and never permitted to see the sunlight, or even a flower, a child in appearance and intellect, beaten and despised. She was admitted to the Hospital, but in a hopeless condition. Yet during the time she was there, the tender nursing and the watchful care did wonders, and had not the past been so cruel she might have lived. These cases could not be admitted into the large hospitals, so we see what a necessary place the Turville Street Institution holds in our midst. If a Convalescent Home were added, the benefits would be largely increased. A house can be procured, but the money is wanting to complete the arrangement. An account has already been opened with Messrs. Hoare, the bankers in Fleet Street, and if our readers will favourably entertain the application, they may rest assured they will confer a real benefit upon a most deserving Institution.

### NATIVE CHRISTIAN WORK IN AFRICA.

We have lighted upon a most interesting narrative, which we feel sure will be so regarded by our numerous readers, concerning the conversion of an African chief, and we are able to place a copy of his testimony before our public. The circumstances are as follows: Some months ago a mission was founded by the energetic London Missionary Society at Lake Nyami, in Africa. Mr. Hepburn was the gentleman selected to occupy the field, and with two native missionaries he set forth. He had not worked very long before he was obliged to relinquish the undertaking, and with much sorrow he retired, and returned to the station he had previously occupied. After his return to the tribe he had succeeded in bringing under the influence of the Gospel, he assembled the native Christians, and urged them to attempt the work that he had been prevented from accomplishing. This was certainly a trial of faith; but mark the result of The natives agreed to his suggestion, his efforts! and supplied the means as far as possible. One gave anox, another brought a sheep, some came with money in their hands, and the chief brought money to the value of more than £400, with a promise of a good Within a week the whole arrangesum annually. ment had been completed, and the native Christians have gone forth to the rescue of their less favoured brethren with no hope of remuneration or reward. They had freely received the Gospel tidings, and they freely gave what they had to bring others into the fold. Their charity took a practical shape: they willingly gave their substance and their personal services, urged by the constraining love of Christ,

#### THE CHIEF'S TESTIMONY.

We mentioned above that the chief had subscribed very handsomely to the missionary effort, and we can give extracts from his letter, showing how he first became acquainted with the truth. We cannot give the letter in full, but we will make extracts sufficient to show how the Word has prevailed with him; how it has influenced his people we have seen. He says he is indebted to the late Dr. Livingstone for his first impressions of Christianity. "As the words he spoke to me were always good ones, I was anxious to hear again." Here is a lesson for us. His words were "always good." But it came to pass that the former chief was deposed, and the young man was obliged to retire to Sechelstown, where the German Missionaries told him the glad tidings, and he heard them gladly. He became

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anxious for a teacher, and although the old chief objected to his son hearing the preachers, the young man ventured to disobey so far; for he says, "I could not stay away!" The Spirit impelled him. He was subsequently received into the Church, and after that succeeded to the chief position over his tribe. All difficulties were overcome, and they were many. But by steadfast faith this savage, as some would term him, clung to the Gospel, and he says, "Thanks to God's holy name, He has helped me, His Spirit has been bestowed upon me." He might have added, with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am." There are now in the district a church, seven day-schools, an equal number of Sunday-schools, and a Missionary Society. They also have the Bible in the native dialect, and the blessings of peace and prosperity have attended the tribe while their neighbours have been at war. We need add nothing to such testimony as this.

#### A REST FOR THE WEARY.

On the cliffs at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, is a pleasant mansion, comfortable and well arranged. Its accommodation is not very great, certainly, but it is in every sense a home, where the minister, worn out by his service for his Master, may find rest for a time. To those who need a warm climate in winter, such an institution should prove invaluable. The climate is beautiful, and the place is not difficult of access. It is to private munificence that we are indebted for such a pleasant retirement. The Rev. Allen Davies and his warm-hearted friends arranged it all without external help, and the Rest at Ventnor is an established institution. Visitors must pay for board, we understand, but all else is supplied freely, and in the pure air and congenial society health and strength will surely return. Mr. B. Smith, Buckland House, Ventnor, will, without doubt, answer any inquiries, but it is to Mr. and Mrs. Matthews that the inmates are primarily indebted for such open-handed liberality and true charity in undertaking such a mission. We wish them good speed, and we are pleased to learn that their pious efforts have given so much satisfaction and happiness to many weary workers. It is entirely a labour of love.

## CHILDREN'S SPECIAL MISSION.

While writing of the Isle of Wight, our attention was directed to the Special Service Mission for children holden at different seaside resorts, and we may fitly give it notice here. There are nearly thirty watering places in England and Wales where this Society holds out a helping hand to children and adults. We were at New Quay this summer, and stayed one afternoon to listen to a preacher surrounded by an attentive and appreciative congregation; there was no "horse-play" on the outskirts of the crowd. He spoke fearlessly and firmly, and made a deep impression or many present. At Hastings,

and Eastbourne, and Worthing, we understand that successful results have also been obtained. One very interesting case occurred at New Quay (in Cornwall). A little lad told his mother that he intended to read the Bible The result may be ima. gined. The whole family became more attentive By the mouths of babes and sucklings praise was perfected. The Isle of Man and many districts in Wales have cause to be thankful for the benefits received. The Children's Picture Leaflets have been distributed in large numbers, at 110 different watering places, by ladies; and while children have been attended to, the parents and adults generally have by no means been neglected. From our own experience we should say this Mission is doing much good, and we are assured the welcome accorded to the bearers of the glad tidings to children is sufficient to prove, if proof were needed, that their efforts are fully appreciated and will reap a full harvest for the great ingathering.

#### IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

At the Antipodes a faithful pair-husband and wife-are carrying out a good work, and to them our colonists are greatly indebted. We learn from correspondence that Mr. and Mrs. Osborn have devoted themselves to religious teaching in the bush. In many places they were most successful. Sometimes as many as 150 people had been received as converts, and day by day people, sometimes singly, sometimes in greater numbers, were turned to the Lord. The children appear to have been particularly attracted, and were permitted to attend in force. "The simplicity of their faith" is said to have had great effect upon the elder ones and grown people. The report adds that everywhere these good people have pushed their way, even in unpromising places, and the blessing which has fallen upon their work is most encouraging, and, so to speak, wonderful. They have sown well, and the fruit of their labour is manifest.

### IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSES.

The second annual report of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Public-houses has been sent to us, and it supplies much interesting reading. We gather from the monthly reports forwarded, that the well-directed energies of the labourers in this field are in no way abated, but though the harvest is plenteous—there is, alas! ample material to work upon—the labourers are comparatively few. It is most extraordinary what tyranny the demon of drink exercises over those who have once permitted themselves to yield to his influence. But we are thankful to learn from the report, that though many houses were visited, the unusual visitors were well received. We will make a few extracts. One visitor says, "I was pleased to see on Sunday evening last a woman at

the chapel I attend, whom I had spoken to at the bar of a public-house." He adds, "One publican asked me for some of the picture tracts for his children. another for some for his barmen, and these requests seem to encourage me in going on trusting in Him Whose word says, "Be not weary in well-doing, and in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." One more instance of the good results. One Sunday, three young men near Kingston tried to put the teacher out, But he returned, and told them that they "would one day believe the Bible, if not to-night." After that they followed him and had a conversation with him, with the result that one promised to join the Young Men's Christian Association. While the visitor was in that public-house, a man remarked that the tract handed to him was the very thing he required, and he would never forget it. We have only to add that Mr. R. T. Smith, 3, Grosvenor Terrace, Turnham Green, W., will be happy to hear of and from intending supporters of the Society.

#### THE CLOSING MOVEMENT.

A report bearing upon the foregoing article has been forwarded to us. It is the Report of the Conference at Truro respecting the Sunday Closing Bill, Lately legislation has been successful in Wales, and no doubt the movement in Cornwall will be well supported by advocates of temperance. meeting was attended by an imposing number of Church of England and other Divines, headed by the Bishop of Truro. The result of the meeting showed that the individuals of all denominations present, clerical and lay, were persuaded of the necessity of the step they advocated. There can be no doubt but that the suppression of the opportunities for procuring stimulants will do a vast deal of good, and if the local ministers and the clergy generally continue to point out the sin of drunkenness and the many evils arising therefrom, we think the Sunday Closing Movement will result in a great benefit to the people. The moral courage required to say "No" when asked to drink, will, when acquired, give a man self-respect, and with self-respect, the respect of his neighbours.

### A ROYAL GIFT.

Just a hundred years ago, when all who professed the Reformed faith in the Empire of Austria, and held fast by their heritage of God's written Word, were suffering bitter persecution, it happened that the Emperor Joseph II., travelling incognito, in Bohemia, arrived one stormy day at the village of Lakenstein. He resolved to remain for the night at the little inn of the place, on account of the inclement weather.

As evening drew on, some of the villagers came to inform the inn-keeper that several suspicious-looking persons, carrying dark lanterns, had been seen directing their steps towards a lonely hut outside the village; and these informants were assured that some dark sorcery was about to be wrought, through which great misfortunes would certainly befall the neighbourhood. The illustrious traveller, who passed by the name of Count of Falkenstein, resolved, in hope of some adventure, to go and see for himself what might take place, in the aforesaid mysterious confabulation.

His attendants having surrounded the hovel, he knocked at the door. The master of the place, Senitz by name, opened it. "Who is come to disturb an honest man at so late an hour?" he inquired of his unknown visitor.

"If you are an honest man, you have nothing to fear," replied the Emperor; "but if not, you may prepare yourself for an uneasy quarter of an hour;" and he crossed the threshold of the dwelling.

In the interior of the poor cabin, twelve peasants were seated around a small table on which lay a large open book. Joseph sat down in the chimney-corner, and directed Senitz to pursue his reading or his address. The peasant resumed the interrupted passage, the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. In a few moments the Emperor felt deeply touched at the scene before him; and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "This is the first time in my life that I have met with people who still know how to read their Bible."

In taking leave of Senitz he charged him to come soon to Vienna, to make his way to the imperial residence, and ask to see the Count of Falkenstein, who would, he was sure, willingly consent to plead with his sovereign the cause of religious toleration. When Senitz followed this advice, he was greatly astonished to find himself conducted to the presence of the Emperor, who cordially grasped both his hands; and then produced a parchment inscribed with the Edict of Toleration, and presented it to his visitor. As the latter unfolded it, he found inside a note for 500 florins, and the words, "For the erection of a chapel." Accordingly the little Protestant Church of Lakenstein bears to-day over its entrance the inscription, "Gift of the Emperor."

And only a few weeks ago the Protestants of Austria were joyously celebrating the centenary of that blessed Edict of Toleration, granted to them after a century and a half of persecution, by means of the Christian faithfulness of a poor Bohemian peasant.

Heroism, in fact, is simply uncompromised duty. Heroism which is not duty is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero, is but the mortar and brick of hard bondage.

—Brewster.

It is only the calm waters that reflect heaven in their breast,—Sir IV. Raleigh,

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# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

50. What prophecy of Isaiah refers to a large settlement of the Jews in the land of Egypt?

 Quote a passage from the Book of Proverbs which shows that the lion was then known as the king of beasts.

52. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Who first used this proverb?

53. What Queen instituted two feast days among the Jews?

54. Where is Shushan, and for what was it noted?
55. "The first rain and the latter rain." At what

time of the year did these occur?

56. Who was the Queen that advised Belshazzar concerning the wisdom of Daniel?

57. Upon the death of Jacob, what interview took place between Joseph and his brethren?

58. What large plain is mentioned as near the city of Babylon, and what notable event is connected with it?

59. What prophet speaks of Faith as the guiding principle of the righteous man?

60. "I beheld Satan like lightning fall from heaven." Who is it thus speaks, and on what occasion?

### Answers to questions on page 256.

 Mordecai the Jew, who became chief minister of the kingdom of the Medes and Persians (Esther x. 3).

38. That described by Eliphaz the Temanite, which made his hair to stand up on end (Job iv. 14—16).

39. "Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn?" (Job v. 1).

40. "O that one might plead for a man with God, as a man pleadeth for his neighbour!" (Job xvi. 21.)

41. The prophecy against the Philistines, which was given in the year that king Ahaz died (Isa. xiv. 28).

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42. The custom of shaving a portion of the head and trimming the beard as a sign of mourning (Isa. xv. 2, and Jer. xvi. 6).

43. The priests (Lev. xxi, 5).

44. The command given by God to Moses that salt should be used with every oblation and burnt sacrifice (compare Mark ix, 49 and Lev. ii, 13),

 When Jesus cast out the dumb and deaf spirit from the lunatic child after the transfiguration (Mark ix. 25).

46. "God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them" (Acts xix, 12).

47. Thirty times. Once in the Gospel of St. John, three times by St. Peter, and twenty-six times in the speeches and writings of St. Paul (John viii. 9, 1 Pet. ii. 19, and iii. 16, 21; Acts xxiii. 1, and xxiv. 16).

 In the charge given to the church at Laodicea, as recorded in the Book of Revelation (Rev. iii. 20).

49. They "did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink" (1 Cor. x. 3, 4).

# JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE

# PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—Goulburn.

#### FOR THE AGED.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruits in old age (Ps. xcii. 14).

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of rightcourness (Prov. xvi. 31).

A bruised reed shall He not break (Isa, xlii, 3).

#### FOR THE SPIRITUALLY MINDED.

To be spiritually minded is life and peace. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ (Rom. viii. 6, 16, 17).

And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ (Gal. iv. 6, 7).

Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us (1 John iii. 24).

# FOR THE PATIENT.

It is good for a man that he should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord (Lam. iii. 26).

Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient: stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh (James v. 7, 8).

If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God (1 Peter ii. 20).

# THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

THE SONGS.



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E have contemplated the immense host of choristers—we now proceed to meditate on their songs. We must take them in the order recorded.

(1) The song we find in the first vision. The living ones rest not day and night saying, as already quoted, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which

was, and is, and is to come.' And tais accords with the song of the seraphim in the sixth chapter of Isaiah-" Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." This is the praise of God, as the Creator, and Preserver, and Governor of our world, and of all worlds, in every age until now, and so on, for ever and ever. The elders take up this strain of adoration, and add, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are, and were created." The adoration of God, as the first cause, as "the Faithful Creator" in Whom all "live and move and have their being," takes precedence before other forms of adoration. worship of God, as the eternal, unchangeable, self-existent Jehovah, Maker of all things, is heaven's earliest song, and that song expresses the double idea that, as all nature is from God, so all nature is for God.

(2) The song we find in a following vision. It is given after the opening of the sealed book. "I saw in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book "-not a volume such as we are familiar with—that is, a number of leaves bound within covers—but a roll, probably a parchment MS, so full of writing that it is inscribed on both sides, without and within. This scroll is described as fastened up with seven seals. not the "book of life" mentioned in the twentieth chapter, nor "the little book" of the tenth chapter, but an altogether different writing, containing Divine purposes, the book of the future, of Fate as heathens would say, of Providence as Christians are taught, more precious far than the book of the famous Roman Sibyl. When the scroll is unrolled, in it are read words of prophecy, touching what would come to pass in the History of the Church, and the History of the World. Until they are revealed, the Divine purposes are inscrutable; but human curiosity—a devout desire to know what will be, is very strong-"and I wept much," says St. John, "because no one was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon." The Apostle had a

strong faith in Divine providence, an intense longing for the diffusion of the Divine glory, and a large-hearted sympathy with his fellow men; and from these fountains came his desires and his tears. Whilst no mere creature could approach the throne, to take the book, One "not made," but "begotten," "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," came forward, to do what was otherwise impossible. called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," full of power and courage, nobleness and generosity, the descendant of Jacob's royal son, in Whom Old Testament prophecies centred. He alone was worthy to open the book and unloose the seals thereof; as we see the history of the past, and the decree of the future in His hands, we may well thank God, and take courage-not fearing anything that shall happen. "And when He had taken the Book, the four living ones, and four-and-twenty elders, fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the Saints; and they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." There are words in this song which we candidly confess we cannot comprehend. In what sense the language is to be taken, when regarded as uttered by the Great Unknown Worshippers, the four living ones-we do not attempt to determine: we cannot satisfy ourselves as to what is meant by the words as coming from them-and "they reign" -not "shall" reign on the earth. But we joyfully recognise and appreciate the grateful adoration of the atoning Lamb. This adoration is called a New Song. New, for it introduces a subject not expressed before in the known redemption through the sacrifice of Christ-redemption for Gentiles as well as Jews, redemption as connected with the committal of the destinies of the future into the Redeemer's hands. The voices of the angels unite with the voices of the living ones and the elders, and they are described as saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing," and in like strains every creature cries, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four living ones said, Amen."

(3) The song in another vision, recorded in the 7th chapter, is of the same character—to the same effect. The innumerable multitude cried with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," to which the other worshippers respond, saying, "Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

(4) The song referred to in the 14th chapter is also called a new song; the words are not given, but in the 15th chapter we read, "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God; and they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saving, Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou art Holy, for all nations shall come and worship before Thee; for thy judgments are made manifest." Here, as in some other instances, a mark occurs, which identifies the song as sung before the consummation of all things, and whilst the history of this world, with its wonderful changes, is still going on. Heaven and earth appear connected with one another, and those before the throne are represented as cognisant of what happens here below. They look down from their glorious elevation on terrestrial scenes and events, rejoicing in the history of Divine providence, and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom amongst

Having meditated in particular upon the choristers and their songs, we proceed to notice the worship in general, and the decidedly evangelical

aspect which it presents.

It denotes that what corresponds with vocal praise on earth is offered up to God in Heaven. The relation which music bears to this world, Divine worship bears to the next. And as praise is the offering and expression, at particular times, of that which forms the disposition and habit of the mind, we may venture to remark that so likewise the songs we have noticed are flowers and fruits of that life of adoration and love which strikes its roots into the inmost nature of glorified humanity. Moreover, the frequent references in the Apocalypse to the voices and harps of the blessed, suggest to us the thought that their state of existence is one of perfect harmony. The philosophy of Pythagoras talked about the music of the spheres, and it was a truly beautiful dream which turned the stars into musical chords, of which the strains could be caught and understood only by gifted souls. Our grand old Bible turns the dream into fact, when it tells us how, at the beginning, "the morning stars sang together,

and the Sons of God shouted for joy." And the fact is amplified in the last book of the New Testament, where we read of the unfallen and the redeemed joining together in the praises of creative and saving love. And happy are they whose ears are attuned to that lofty minstrelsy, and whose hearts respond to the hallowed sentiments which the songs of angels and of the just made perfect are intended to express. The soulharmony of the World above is a double harmony. It is harmony in the soul itself. Harmony between its distinct faculties and powers, harmony of affection with intellect, of decision by the will with judgment in the understand-" Unite my heart to praise Thy name," was the Psalmist's prayer; as if the human heart were in a divided and disordered state, needing to be brought under a Divine power of reconciliation. Hearts, alas! in this life are divided and discordant. but the Psalmist's prayer is fully answered in the experience of the worshippers before the throne. Harmony in the soul itself is there met by harmony between one soul and another. Here below, indeed, there are snatches of rich music produced by Christian friendship and holy love; but only snatches; the songs are always broken, the antiphones are never perfect. We must wait till we enter the choir which St. John describes, before we can attain to uninterrupted and eternal concord.

God and the Lamb are united in the praises offered in heaven. It is remarkable that the heavenly hosts are not said in so many words to worship the Lamb. The word worship occurs only in connection with God-with Him who sits upon the throne. But we read, that the elders and the four living ones fall down before the Lamb. Moreover, the Lamb is not only united with God in adoring ascriptions, but He is, as we have seen, made distinctly and alone the subject of the following anthem: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." That, then, which is tantamount to divine worship, in connection with the Lamb of God, is distinctly described. When we read that they cried, saying, "Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever," it must mean that salvation belongs to them as the originating and efficient cause; and when it is said that the Lamb is worthy to receive power and riches, it must mean that they are His already by right and possession.

There are systems of theology which separate God and the Lamb in the account they give of the work of redemption. Some represent as if salvation came from God without the Lamb. The mercy of God is extolled. His love is the theme of devout praise. But the mediatorship and the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus are left out. Perhaps they are not denied, but certainly they

are not recognised. Others, again, speak as if salvation came from the Lamb alone, and not from God at all; almost as if redemption had to be wrested out of the Father's sovereign hands, almost as if there was nothing but compassion on the one side, and nothing but stern justice on the other; as if really God had not so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, but had so cast off the world, that but for His Son's pitying it, pleading for it, and paying its ransom price, God would have let the world drop into perdition. Both these theological systems are inconsistent with what is believed in heaven. There the glorified unite the love of God and the love of Christ, the sovereign authority of the Righteous Father, and the sacrifice of the Holy Lamb, in the great redemptive economy. make the atonement and its results one method of saving mercy, in which these blessed Persons unite and co-operate.

By these meditations on the celestial choristers and their inspiring songs, we have impressed on our minds the central truth, that no man can save himself, that salvation is of grace, and that eternal life is a free gift through Jesus Christ our Lord; our own salvation depends on our believing and grasping this and our highest Christian useful-

ness too; for the Saviour says, "as a branch cannot bear fruits of itself, so neither ye, except ye abide in Me." It is the main business of the Christian ministry to proclaim and enforce it. To repeat it coldly, professionally, is vain; but when the well of water in the hearts springs up and bubbles in utterances by sincere lips, when, as Chrysostom says of Paul's teachings, Gospel words "have feet and can walk, hands and can work, wings, and can fly;" then born into one man's heart, they enter into another's, and so spiritual life is propagated, and the heirs of heaven are abundantly multiplied.

The temple songs fall sweetly on us, as we stand by the opened door, and listen to the choral voices round the throne. To catch the echoes, and mentally repeat them to ourselves, does us good. Scotch and Swiss, far away from their native hills, drink inspiration from the notes which remind them of home; with more earnest diligence will they work, with more elastic step will they march, and with greater courage will they fight; and shall not the songs of the heavenly home have a similar but nobler effect on us, as we labour in the service of the Lord, as we pursue the Christian pilgrimage, and as we fight the good fight of faith, that we may lay hold on eternal life?

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

# CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE RICH MAN'S OFFER WAS RECEIVED.



T would be impossible to describe Mabel's confused state of mind when she was left alone with her sister-in-law: for some moments, in fact, she could not speak at all. Reflecting then that, after all, situated as Mrs. Lacy was, she must feel that her father's offer was a munificent

one, which at least

deserved careful consideration, Mabel commanded herself sufficiently to say-

"I suppose I must be frank, and tell you that we are really shocked at the idea of poor Herbert's children being brought up in such a place as this. My father is naturally interested in them both, especially the boy. He proposes to take them. Of

course they must be a great burden to you. They would have every care, and the best education. You would be given a sufficient income; my father thinks eight hundred a year ought to be sufficient. He would allow you to live where you please, except near us. If you prefer not to give up both the children, you may keep the girl; but the boy must be given to us; you will understand this."

Mabel was gaining courage as she proceeded, becoming always more the woman of the world, and, in common with many another inexperienced person who tries an unsuitable  $r\hat{o}le$ , considerably over-doing her part.

"Papa is a little wilful, you know," she went on; "that is natural in a man of his age. He will not stand any interference with his plans."

Then Mrs. Lacy spoke, in a low voice, but perfectly clear and firm. During that pause she had been fighting down her indignant anger and fierce memories of wrong.

"And if I do not consent to this?" she asked.

"Oh, but you will!" burst from the impulsive

"May I ask you to answer my question, Miss Lacy?"

"You will be allowed to see your son; I may bring him to you sometimes, in his holidays."

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"Sometimes, in his holidays!" There was a sound of mockery in the mother's voice. "And this is the only concession I may expect from your father?"

"I am afraid so. You know how strong he is."

"Let me go over his offer. I am to be given eight hundred a year. I am to be allowed the society of my daughter. I may live where I like, and do as I please."

"Yes," replied Mabel, eagerly. She thought Mrs. Lacy was yielding. "All this—more if you like. My

father is not one to haggle about terms."

"And in return I am to give up my boy entirely, as you explain so wisely. I am to have no voice in his training, nothing to say to his education. If I think him wrongly treated, and venture a word of protest, I am to be told it is no business of mine. If I persist, my income—cight hundred a year, a large sum to one who works for every penny she spends—this large income will be taken from me promptly."

"But do let me assure you," cried Mabel, "that you will have no necessity for complaint. I intend to take the future of your boy into my own hands. He

shall want for nothing."

"Nothing—no—except—— But it is useless to enter into this. You could not understand me, If my Herbert had not been as white and fair in soul as any child can be, he could not have been what he was. The atmosphere in which you live narrows the human heart and crushes what is best in it. I see it in you. Yes, Mabel, in you. If you had listened to your own good heart, you could never have brought to me this heartless offer of your father's."

"Heartless!" echoed the young girl, faintly.

"I give it a mild name, for your father is your father. I must remember this. But tell him that his grandchild is my son, and that I do not intend to sell him; tell him——" In spite of strong efforts to keep herself in check, the poor woman's voice deepened, and her eyes gleamed—"tell him that if he were to offer me all the wealth of England on this condition I would toss it back to him. My son shall not breathe the atmosphere of godless wealth; my son shall not be subjected to the influences which narrow and corrupt human soulsyes, much more surely than this poverty upon which you look with contempt and horror. Rather than that, I will work my fingers to the bone."

She rose then, and held out her hand. Mabel rose too. She wished to entreat, but she could find no words. Never before, in all her life, had she been brought in contact with feeling so deep and strong as that which shone from this woman's eyes, and trembled on her lips. Worldly wisdom might struggle to reassert itself; "acting—clever acting, subtle devices through which a woman of the world would see at once," that artificial self which was not her true self, but only a counterfeit self in the course of formation might whisper warningly; but it was all in vain. The lightning flash of truth had pierced the

dark cloud about her spirit, and she knew that the world it revealed, though new, strange, and awful, was no phantom of an over-heated imagination, but a real world. And all this falling upon her in a moment, struck her speechless.

Her sister-in-law, who, having been trained in a far different school from Mabel's, had much more delicate perceptions, saw how it was with the young girl, and her face softened, and the bitterness left her voice, as she said, "This answer is for your father, not for you. I am ready to believe that you came here with a good intention; you meant kindly; for that I thank you. But, Mabel, next time "—she smiled faintly—"follow your heart in your judgments. It will not lead you far wrong; the cold maxims of the world may."

Here was a sudden reversal of things. The poor widow whom Mabel had come to set right was lecturing her. Her inner sense of the rightness and kindness of her sister-in-law's words was almost lost in the sting of wounded vanity. This, however, helped her to recover herself. She succeeded in looking superior again : the bright colour in her face she could not help, nor the confused wandering of her eyes, but she said, with tolerable firmness, that she was really much obliged to Mrs. Lacy for not mistaking her. Of course she could only mean well to her and her little ones: that, in fact, the same was the case with her father, if Mrs. Lacy would only see it. However, since she was not allowed to speak of that, she would not refer to it again. And she smiled, still artificially, a smile in which her frank blue eyes took no part, and put her small delicately-gloved hand in Mrs. Lacy's, and murmured that she must wish her good-bye; the ponies had been kept waiting so long, she was sure they were dreadfully impatient. And Mrs. Scott and the coachman would scarcely forgive her for staying so long.

Wherewith, all at once her true girlish feeling came leaping to the surface in the most provoking manner, and she added, "But I should be sorry to think I might never see you and the children any more. Are you too dreadfully angry with me to let me come again?"

"Come whenever you like," replied Mrs. Lacy, heartily, "if the ponies will bring you to such a

place as this another time."

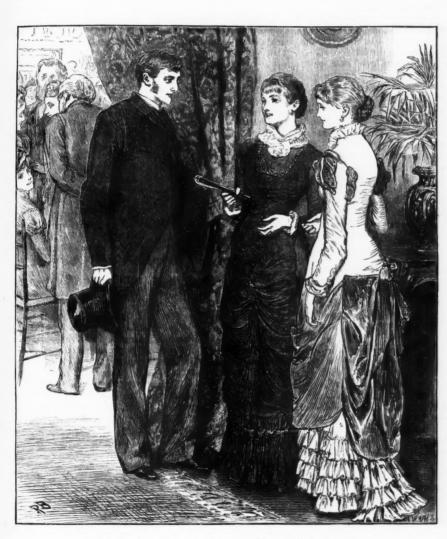
"Ah, they must go where they are sent," replied Mabel, and she sighed, thinking this was very much her own case. Then she said good-bye; and Adela, left alone, shed a few tears, which did her good, healing the bitterness in her heart. Afterwards she bustled about to prepare her children's dinner of boiled eggs and bread-and-butter; then, taking in her hand a slice of the bread and two eggs, she went to her old friend, whom she thanked for looking after the children, and brought them back to dinner.

When they had finished eating, Mab, who was beginning to be useful, jumped from her high chair, put it in its place, helped her brother down, took their two mugs and plates to the dresser, and folded up the fine

damask table-napkin which had been spread on a corner of the table.

Then she set to work diligently picking up "brother's large crumbs," They were always "brother's

stories, however fascinating. Having opened out before Herbert the gayest picture in their book to keep him quiet, she surprised her mother by saying suddenly, and saying in a tone and manner which



"Lady Torrington . . . seconded her sister's invitation."-p. 328.

crumbs," Mab herself being one of the daintiest of small mortals. When these little processes—she called them "her work"—were completed, Mab drew her own stool and her brother's to their mother's knee. This was, as a general rule, the preliminary to a request for a story. But, upon this occasion, Mab's small brain was full of an idea which excluded

proved she understood the meaning of the question, "Mother, why don't we go into a larger room?"

"A larger room, Mab!" answered Adela; "are you not happy here?"

"Oh, yes, mother," and there Queen Mab paused, and Mrs. Lacy paused too. There was something about this question which required consideration.

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In the first place, it would never have occurred to Queen Mab to ask it if some one had not put it into her head that there was something strange in their surroundings. Then it chimed in curiously with the thoughts the interview of that day had awakened in Adela's mind.

Not feeling able to answer it at once, she diverted her child's mind to another subject, and presently the girl, to whom she paid a small sum weekly to take the children, when the days were fine, to play in the Temple Gardens, knocked at the door.

Left alone, while her design seemed to grow of its own sweet will under her skilful fingers, Mrs. Lacy gave free vent to her sadly conflicting thoughts. Had she done right or had she done wrong that day, and would her children blame her in the future?

She looked round her thoughtfully. The room was very small. She could afford something better, for she had money in the bank, and every month her carnings amounted to a larger sum. But then there was the future to consider—education, which is so expensive — the putting-out of her son into the world—the possibility of affording to her grown-up daughter, who must also learn to work, the comforts of a well-ordered home, and those few recreations and enjoyments in the absence of which young lives are so terribly narrowed.

"And, after all," she said to herself, "is not the present the best time to economise? With their pictures and toys and stories and walks, the children are happy. Later they could not be so easily pleased. And God has given them health. Yes, I cannot think I am wrong in continuing where I am for the present. But I must find out what made Oueen Mab ask me such a question."

When tea was over that evening, and the lamp was lit, and Herbert was in bed, Mrs. Lacy set aside her work, and called her little girl to her.

As she took the child on her knee, and pressed the soft fair head against her breast, she felt almost inclined to wish that her darlings might never grow up.

It is well for us that nature has her compensations. As if in recompense for this poor widow's ardent toil and frequent anxieties, there seemed to be a special joy in her motherhood. Many a rich mother whose child turns from her capriciously, and cries out for its nurse, might have envied Adela Lacy as she sat in the half-darkness of her one small room with her little daughter clasped in her arms. Trying to shake off the dreamy sense of restful happiness, in which she might soon have lost herself, Adela now raised the head of her Queen Mab, and tenderly loosened the straining arms about her neck.

"Mother wants to have a talk with her little girl," she said. "Let her see if Mab's eyes are open."

"They 're wide open," replied the child. "I don't want ever to go to bed any more."

Then Mrs. Laey brought back her child's mind gently to the question of the morning. It appeared that Mrs. Sullivan, who lived on the ground floor, had looked in upon Mrs. Young while the children were with her in the morning, and that they had been talking together about Mrs. Lacy's affairs,

"They said you had lots of money, mother," said the small maiden, opening her arms wide to illustrate the enormity of the treasure, "and Mrs. Young said she wondered you lived in such a small room. They said they were sure you were a lady. Are you, mother?"

"I hope I am, Mab."

"But do ladies live in little rooms? Mrs. Young says they have servants and big houses and gardens. Why don't you go into a larger room, mother? Haven't you money enough?"

"Yes, Mab, I think I could go now into a larger room," said Mrs. Lacy, and then paused for a few minutes. It seemed difficult to clothe her ideas in language which would render them intelligible to a child.

Reflecting presently that parables often succeed where plain words fail, she bade Mab fetch her picture-book, and turned over the leaves till she came to the one—they had all been drawn by herself—the execution of which had given her the greatest pleasure. It represented a large-eyed eager child, sitting dreamily in a little arm-chair of rocks, with the high cliff above her and the rolling waves below, looking out seawards when the moon and stars were shining.

Setting this sketch before Mab, Adela began to speak of the great world and all its marvels.

"You think this room small, darling," she said, "but mother can tell you that the very largest house made by the hands of men is small compared with the houses not made with hands, God's houses, which are seas and mountains and stars and suns. But, to enter into God's houses we must learn many things. It is that you and Herbert may learn to use your eyes and your mind in the very best way in God's houses that I am living now in this poor little room. For, I am sorry to say, it costs a great deal of money to be taught. But if my children had to grow up ignorant on account of it, I would not go into the largest room in all London."

"Not into the Queen's room?" asked Mab, solemnly.

"Not even into the Queen's room. When Mab is old enough she will find out that kings and queens have lived sometimes in very narrow rooms indeed. Now, that is enough for one night. Only, if any one asks you again why we don't go into a larger room now, say it is that we may all go into a larger room by-and-by. And, with God's help, we will, Mab, into a room larger and always larger."

Here Mrs. Lacy's voice dropped, choked by the tears that fell rapidly, and Queen Mab, governed, like children of a larger growth, by the power of association, thought at once of the faintly-remembered father, concerning whom her mother had often spoken to her, and, at most times, with tearful eyes and quivering voice.

But to Adela it was strange that her child should

utter the very thought which, vividly present to her own mind, had caused her voice to fail.

"Has father gone into a larger room?" whispered

Mrs. Lacy answered softly-

"Yes, Mab, I think so."

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She had meant to enlighten her child. Whether or no she had succeeded in this, one thing was certain. She had, by putting her own aims in simple words, strangely fortified herself. That night the poor widow, who had declined the rich man's aid, had no uneasy thoughts. The world was large about her, and her beloved dead were near.

That afternoon, which to Adela had passed away so peacefully, was to Mabel Lacy a period of uneasy restlessness, for she carried about with her an uncomfortable consciousness of failure.

She and her father met at dinner. When he asked her if she had brought back the boy, she felt humiliated by being forced to confess that she had done nothing. Mr. Lacy, who believed fully in the correctness of his own theory, was surprised.

"I am afraid you showed weakness," he said.
"Did you make her understand that I was determined to have nothing to do with her personally?"

"Yes; but I do not think she expected anything of the kind. She is very proud. I really believe she would not accept our friendship."

"Our friendship!" laughed out Mabel's father, scornfully, "I am afraid you know very little of the world yet, However, let that pass. Did you mention the amount of income I offered?"

"I am ashamed to say that I did," replied Mabel, her face turning hot at the recollection of her offer.

"And she still refused ?"

"Most positively. She would not sell her boy, she said, for all the wealth of England. I was to tell you so."

"Heroics! very fine indeed!" said Mr. Lacy.
"Oh! she is a clever woman—a much cleverer
woman than I thought. I must tackle her myself."

"Oh! papa, let me beg you-" cried out Mabel, pitifully.

"What! what! what!" Mr. Lacy was becoming irritated. "Do you mean to say that I am not a very proper person to do my own business? Herbert was my son. These are his children."

"Yes, dear; but you have no claim on them, now have you?" said Mabel, with the soft and soothing intonation by which she always tried to appease her father when he was irritable. "And you might be too dictatorial, you know; and she would be offended, and perhaps hide the children away from us. And they are such dear little things! Oh! you can't imagine! The little girl has hair like gold, and the boy is the very image of poor Herbert's picture in your dressing-room. It might be meant for him."

"I must confess I should like to see the child," said Mr. Lacy, falling at once into the trap laid for him by the artful Mabel, who followed up her advantage promptly.

"But it would not be much good only to see him once," she answered, "and then see and hear no more of him, now would it?"

He blustered a little about this being a case where the law ought to interfere, if the law was any

"Why," he inquired, argumentatively, "should a man's grandson be ruined because a woman happens to be perverse?"

But Mabel shook her head. "No one who looked into Mrs. Lacy's room," she said, "could think that the children were being ruined. You never saw such a place! It was spotless, with ever so many lovely things about, and the children were dressed just exquisitely, and they looked much healthier than Emily's little Max."

"All on the surface!" muttered Mr. Lacy, angrily.

"The woman is as artful as she can be. I know her of old. However, it is useless to go back over the past."

There was a pause, and then Mabel said, timidly—"You will not go to Jinks's Lane yourself, papa?"

"Not at present, at any rate."

"And do you object to my trying to persuade her to give up the boy?"

"It will not require much perseverance," he replied, with a short laugh.

"I have been thinking," said Mabel, with some hesitation of manner, "of consulting Mr. de Montmorency. He visits in the poor districts of London, you know, and understands these kinds of people. Besides, he was a relative of poor Herbert's mother. He would take an interest in the children. He might call upon Mrs. Lacy from you."

"Not at all a bad idea," said Mr. Lacy; and Mabel was surprised to observe that at the mention of this name the moodiness and irritability, which their discussion had awakened, seemed to be passing away. But in fact the suggestion had been a happy

For this young man, whose presence in the house recalled some of his pleasantest days, Mr. Lacy cherished a feeling which, in him, was peculiar. He had a real tender human weakness for young Ralph de Montmorency, and the intimacy which had sprung up between him and Mabel by no means displeased him, for all that the young barrister was briefless as yet, and lived chiefly on an allowance from his mother. Mabel, he had said to himself, now and again, as he watched the growth of this intimacy, was a good simple little soul, whom a domestic life would suit. He would dower her well: it was not necessary that she should marry magnificently.

It suited him then that the young people should be on confidential terms one with the other; it suited him that the necessity should arise for the story of his alienation from his son being truly told to the De Montmorencys; it suited him still better that young Ralph should know how generous an offer he had made to his son's widow, and how anxious he was that she should accept it, "When did you see Mr. de Montmorency last?" he asked his daughter.

"At our 'at home,' papa, last Thursday."

"Do you expect him to-morrow?"

Mabel blushed slightly as she answered-

"I think he will come. He wished particularly to see you. You were out last Thursday, you know."

"Yes, I remember. Ask him to stay for dinner to-morrow. Emily and her husband are dining with us, I believe."

"They are, papa, and so are the Perrys and the Vivians."

"Very well. You can speak to him after dinner."

# CHAPTER XXIII.

### RALPH DE MONTMORENCY.

MR. LACY was not a happy man. The separation from the son of his first marriage, Herbert's death, which at the last was sudden, and completely took him by surprise, and the alienation from him of the daughter who, being the most lively, and by far the highest-spirited member of his family, was wont to keep things going and manage every one at home, joined with the secret consciousness, never expressed even to himself, that he was partially to blame for these misfortunes, had made him moody, irritable, and prone to severe fits of depression.

The state of his mind and temper affected his health; he suffered frequently from what the doctors called "suppressed gout," and during these attacks it was very painful to have much to do with him. Mabel, his chief companion of late years, had not had a happy girlhood. She did not care very much for her sister Emily; she was forbidden to hold any communication whatever with Ada, to whom, when a child, she had been strongly attached; and she had to learn early to bear patiently her father's variable, and often tyrannical, humours. Fortunately her temper was sweet, and her affection for her father was strong and deep. There could be no doubt, however, that she suffered mentally from that which was unnatural and unwholesome in her life. Accustomed to humour her father, to withhold from him those little occurrences in the household which would irritate his temper, and to shape her words and actions to chime in with his varying moods, Mabel was in danger of becoming weak and colourless, a reflection of others' ideas, rather than a woman with ideas and opinions of her own. There was fear also of her moral nature being seriously hurt, fear that she would develop into a poor shifting feminine creature, who sets her sails to every breeze, seeking only to swim pleasantly in all waters, rather than into the brave highly-principled woman, who is in no sense "fashion's slave."

There was one amongst Mabel's acquaintances who saw this, and who felt a strong desire to save her. Ralph de Montmorency had been admitted to intimacy by Mr. Lacy, and was on terms of friendly confidence with his daughter. He was young, an

enthusiastic humanitarian, clever, shrewd, and with strong views in every direction where he thought it necessary to have views at all. He was an ardent follower of Carlyle-he worshipped strength, and was, at the time when he first met Mabel, looking about him, like a strong-handed giant, who needs practice to keep his limbs in health, for objects on which to expend his superfluous energies. Ralph's father had died when he was a child, and he owed many of his noble tendencies and fine social qualities to the training of a mother who was a fine lady in the best sense of the word. Ralph was not rich. and since, for the carrying out of some of his grand schemes for ameliorating the conditions of the London poor, money was necessary, he cultivated the acquaintance of a few rich men, and tried to interest them in his projects.

Amongst these was Mr. Lacy. Being anxious to enlist his sympathies for the starting of a workingmen's club in a miserable district, young De Montmorency appeared with the crowd in Mabel's drawingroom on her Thursday afternoon "at home." Mabel took an early opportunity of pressing her father's invitation upon him.

"There is a little matter about which we wish to consult you," she said, blushing in the prettiest way when he hesitated.

Handsome Lady Torrington, who was acting chaperon for the occasion, seconded her sister's invitation.

"Do join us, Mr. de Montmorency—it is to be one of our quiet dinners: a little rest, you know, from

the rushing about night after night."

The expression in Lady Torrington's face might have led the unwary to suppose that the rushingabout was a penalty to which nothing but a noble spirit of self-sacrifice could have induced her submission.

Ralph agreed to stay for the evening. He would then have the opportunity of speaking to Mr. Lacy quietly; besides, he was interested in Mabel, and thought he would like to know what it was on which she wished so particularly to consult him.

Lady Torrington now discovered, by the aid of a gold-rimmed eyeglass, that a lady she had not seen before, "and a very dear friend of mine," was present, and crossed to the further side of the room; and Mabel, who would fain have told her story then and there, was compelled to give her attention to incoming guests.

Ralph was free to follow the bent of his own inclinations. Very curious some of these inclinations were. On this occasion they betrayed him into seeking out a middle-aged young lady, with red hair and white eyelashes, who had been sitting, as forlorn as the maiden of the nursery legend, under the shadow of the window-curtains, while watching wistfully her pretty sister and handsome mother making their round of the room.

The three ladies were friends of Mr. de Montmorency's mother; and his settling in London had already produced a revolution in the life of one of them—a woman whom a homely appearance, and manners unfortunately blunt, had to a great degree isolated.

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"He no sooner saw me than he seemed just to

publicly, her heart glowed and her eyes filled with tears, and she felt the world a much better and holier place than it had ever seemed to her before, it was gratitude of the very purest kind that animated



"Mabel dropped into a chair by Jane's side, and began to talk to her."-p. 330.

understand everything," was the way in which the poor girl expressed to her only intimate friend the beginning of the friendship that presently arose between herself and the young barrister.

There was no nonsense in her sentiments towards him. If, now and then, as upon this particular occasion, when he made a point of seeking her out her. Indeed, it would have been impossible for her to entertain any other sentiment in presence of the smiles, the sneers, or rough jests of her friends and relatives. She was wise enough, however, not to let any of these things embitter the pleasure which she drew from this new friendship.

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she said, with a smile that made her almost goodlooking, when Ralph shook hands with her. "Are you too much in request to take one for a few moments? It will be such a satisfaction not to feel islanded."

"I am not at all in request," he answered; "and that was the very thing I intended to do. In fact, I

wanted to have a talk with you."

And a most animated conversation about schools, temperance entertainments working-men's clubs, and various other matters in which they were both deeply interested, ensued. Ralph confided to his friend the pleasant intelligence that their host, Mr. Lacy, whom he described as a much more genial person than his relatives had led him to imagine he would find him, had given strong and valuable support to several of their institutions.

"I intend to keep him up to it," he said. "He has promised to become an honorary member of our new club. He specially asked me, last time I was here, if he could do anything to improve it. I mean to ask him to throw us out a new room for the library. We are a little cramped for space."

"And do you think he will do it?" asked his companion, with eager interest in her face.

"I hope so. He has asked me to spend this evening here. There is something, Miss Lacy says, about which they want to consult me."

The mention of Miss Lacy attracted the attention of the plain young lady—her name was Jane Elliott—towards Mabel, who, looking a little flushed and tired, was standing near a distant window, bidding good-bye to some of her guests. "Miss Lacy," she said, "has a good expression. Are you trying"—she smiled as she spoke—"to draw her into the service?"

"Oh!" replied Ralph, laughing; "she entered the service long ago. I found her literally thirsting for something to do."

"And so she fell into your trap at once?"

"Yes: at once. But I must find her more to do. She is not quite satisfied yet."

"Poor child!" murmured Jane Elliott. "It's very hard to breathe in an atmosphere such as this," and her eyes wandered over the gilded mirrors, the costly hangings, and the crowd of brilliant dresses and pallid unsatisfied faces, which the great room contained.

"But it can be done," the young barrister answered her look; "only one requires assistance. I am trying to help this young girl. Will you help me?"

"I! But how can I? Young girls do not take to me, Mr. de Montmorency."

"You think so. But, tell me, have you ever tried seriously to make them take to you?"

Miss Elliott's colour rose, "You know-" she began.

"Excuse me," he interrupted her, "but I do not know. No one can be certain of anything without experiment."

Some power, possibly of magnetic attraction, had,

in the meantime, drawn their young hostess near the window where they sat together. Several of her guests had gone: the rest were busy, chatting with one another and Lady Torrington. Mabel was thus set free for a few moments, and, naturally enough, she employed her leisure in trying to solve the problem upon which, for some time, her mind had been busily engaged. What could Mr. de Montmorency have to talk about with that plain Miss Elliott? The young girl had done more than wonder: she had used her eyes, thinking by their means to answer her question. She had looked more carefully than she had ever looked before into the face of the girl for whom, up to this, she had felt nothing but a kind of contemptuous pity, mixed with a sentiment of gratitude to Providence for not having given to her-Mabel Lacy-red hair and white eye-lashes, and high cheek-bones. And since it was a strong curiosity about the woman whom Ralph de Montmorency distinguished by his notice, rather than any suddenly-awakened sympathy for herself, that induced this attentive scrutiny, it is highly probable that his judgment, as she interpreted it, had an effect upon hers when she said to herself-

"The plain Miss Elliott is not so plain, after all.

And she has a good face: she looks kind and clever."

And thereupon Mabel dropped into a chair by Jane's side, and began to talk to her, Ralph, in the

meantime, moving away.

Jane met Mabel's advances in the frankest manner, and before the two young women parted that afternoon they were already on the friendliest footing one with the other. This is a sample of the way in which Ralph de Montmorency worked. Amongst poor and rich, in society and solitude, the same spirit animated him-love of human beings, because they were human beings, the sons and daughters of one great Father, and an earnest desire to make human lives better and more complete. It had struck him that Jane and Mabel could be of use one to the other, and when he left them together, though he was at once button-holed by a legal friend, and plunged headlong into legal gossip, he still watched the pair, noting with some artistic pleasure the piquant contrast they presented.

Mr. Lacy, who had come into the drawing-room late in the afternoon, rescued him from his legal friend, and when all the guests, with the exception of those who were to stay for the evening, were gone, they two went into the rich man's study, and went over together Ralph's plan for the addition to the working-men's club, which met with Mr. Lacy's

cordial approval and generous aid.

The dinner party consisted of Sir Francis and Lady Torrington, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian, the latter a niece of the second Mrs. Lacy, Douglas Lacy, Mrs. and Miss Perry, wife and daughter of a wealthy Manchester merchant, who were staying with the Lacys, and Ralph de Montmorency.

Mr. Lacy offered his arm to Mrs. Perry, Lady Torrington and Mrs. Vivian exchanged husbands; at

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Douglas, having been asked by his father to be specially attentive to Miss Perry, took her in; and Mabel, to her own deep contentment, was left to Ralph.

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How tremulously happy she was that evening, and how pretty her happiness made her! She did not know why she was happy; had any one told her at that moment that she was in love with Ralph, she would have indignantly denied the imputation. But she could not have denied that she thought him great, wonderful, and oh! so marvellously different from other people.

"One might almost imagine he belonged to another race," she said to herself that evening, as she compared his face, lit up by strong earnestness, with the languid colourless faces of Sir Francis Torrington and Mr. Vivian.

It was a happy moment for observation. Douglas Lacy had just made a flippant remark—aimed specially at Ralph, who made no secret of his strong religious feelings—on the slow but certain decay of Christianity, and though Ralph knew well that this was not the moment for a discussion, he could not allow the remark to pass unchallenged.

His face lit up with earnestness, and his voice was deep-toned as he answered—quietly, however, and with perfect temper. The question, he said, was too large a one, and involved issues too important to be settled in a light and off-hand manner; but he believed, and he was thankful to say some of the best heads in England shared his opinion, that so miserable a fate was not in store for humanity, and having said so much he declined to enter into the question further.

Lady Torrington, who felt the untimeliness of her brother's remark, started another subject of conversation, and Douglas, feeling none the more friendly towards Ralph from the consciousness that he was non-plussed, devoted himself to his silent and frightened-looking partner. Happily he had some facility of speech, and could manage to run on for a considerable time, with only "Yes," "No," or "Oh! dear; you don't mean to say so!" to help him along.

The ladies did not retire into the large drawingroom, which Mabel felt was too grand and vast for
their small party. They went into the room they
called her boudoir, which was a prettily fitted up and
cosy corner. Mabel, who had not much inclination
to talk, seated herself on a low settee by the fireplace,
and took up a piece of light embroidery. Her sister
and cousin teased her about her unusual quietness,
and she tried, but with no great success, to rouse
herself.

Presently they left her to her own devices, and repaired to the piano. The shy Miss Perry was persuaded to sing, and she wailed tremulously through a dolorous love ditty, hoping, as she sang, that the gentlemen would not come in till her performance was over. If that fine Mr. Douglas Lacy should enter the room and stand behind her chair, she felt certain she would break down.

She was not put to the test, and after she had

been duly thanked, and her song praised as "so pretty; really charming," Mrs. Vivian and Lady Torrington, who were both musical, began to play a duet. It was long and elaborate, and during its course, Mabel was at liberty to dream placidly. But before it was over the gentlemen came in, and then she had little difficulty in waking up from her fit of abstraction.

Douglas once more devoted himself to the heiress; Mr. Lacy dropped into an arm-chair, by the side of his old friend Mr. Perry; Sir Francis Torrington and Mr. Vivian continued their discussion on politics, which the departure from the dinner-table had interrupted; and Ralph did what was expected of him—he took the vacant seat by Mabel's side, on the settee.

There was noise and bustle enough in the room to enable the young girl to speak without fear of being overheard by everybody. Feeling that this convenient opportunity might not be of long duration, she dashed into her story, without any preamble; and Ralph was both surprised and touched by the sensible and feeling way in which she spoke of the plan she had formed, her earnest desire to carry it out, and the pain she had suffered when she found her path hedged in by obstacles that she was powerless to remove.

"If you only knew what a place it is!" said Mabel; "but perhaps you do."

And she described the locality in which her sisterin-law had taken up her abode, asking, finally, if it could be right to bring up children there.

Ralph answered readily in the negative. He was acquainted with the story of Herbert Lacy's marriage, upon which his mother-who had, of course, a knowledge of only part of the circumstances-had passed her judgment long ago. Herbert was wrong, she maintained; but, most probably, he had been misled by a designing woman. Ralph was ready, in consequence, to go entirely with his host in the matter. When Mabel said, eagerly, "You don't think papa was too hard, do you?" he answered that, on the contrary, he thought Mr. Lacy's offer generous in the extreme. Mabel did not repeat to him, as she had done to her father, what the widow had said about selling her son, and not consenting, for all the wealth of England, to have him brought up surrounded by the narrowing influences of their luxurious home; she felt, instinctively, that this might damage her cause. What she said was-and she said it with glowing eyes, and in a voice to which something (she knew not what) had given strangely tremulous tones-

"I don't want to give it all up. I have taken an interest in the children, who are the loveliest little creatures, and I think I could manage to let her see her boy pretty often if he came to us; only, you see, she answered me so decidedly that I don't like to go to her again with the same offer, and I am afraid for papa to go. He is very good, but he is just a little hasty, and it is natural, you know, that he should feel strongly about her. She has done so

much mischief in our family. So we want a messenger, and it struck us that you, who are almost a relation of theirs, might go for us."

She looked at him with the prettiest childish pleading in her face. Ralph thought her exceedingly interesting, and as our eyes, when we are young, are apt to betray our sentiments, Mabel immediately found out that this was his opinion, and her heart beat high with a gladness new and rare.

This, of course, beautified her still more.

When Ralph had promised to pay Mrs. Lacy a visit, and to do his best to induce her to part with her son for a time; when he had listened to Mabel's thanks, and had sat for some few minutes silent, watching her drooped face and her busy fingers, he was almost, if not quite, in love.

"I wonder," he said to himself, as he walked home that evening, "what makes some of my friends say that it is so hard to help people. They must set about it in a singularly awkward way. I find it the easiest thing in the world."

# CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTERNOON TEA WITH MRS, LACY AND HER FRIENDS.

It was curious how that chance question of her little daughter's haunted Mr. Lacy's mind during the days that followed Mabel's visit. They were pleasant and quiet days. The summer sun shone upon her little window, and brought out into brilliant flower the white geraniums and dwarf crimson roses which she had planted in boxes outside. Her children were able to have their daily walks, and looked strong and healthy; her neighbours had been particularly quiet, and her work was of a favourite kind.

She had finished her design, and very much she wished that her kind patroness could see it before she transferred it to the satin, for it was not certainly an artist's partiality that made her think it beautiful. She knew she had been successful. Some of the freshness of her early fancies seemed to have inspired her fingers and brain as she worked, so that her design, though a perfect transcript from nature, had something in it of mystic and rare. Who could look at those butterflies, hovering full of bliss over sunlit blossoms, without imagining that they were more than butterflies, without being tempted to dream that beneath their gorgeous wings the tiny hearts of ethereal beings were rapidly pulsing?

But for a slight pang of self-reproach, Adela would have been almost happy during those summer days. That pang was due to the fact that, as she thought of the larger life and all the great meanings it included, there passed before her in dim procession, and each with a look that accused her, some of the toil-worn faces of her neighbours. And she said to herself—

"I wonder it never struck me before that I might help them into a larger room."

Mrs. Lacy was a person of a practical turn of

mind. No sooner had this idea occurred to her than she set about thinking what would be the best method of imparting to her neighbours some few of the thoughts which redeemed her own life from dulness.

The first plan which suggested itself was to invite one or two of her nearer neighbours to take tea with her one evening-this small indulgence she could well afford-and to try to draw them into a conversation which should reach a little beyond the sordid cares and ceaseless toil of their busy days. It was a very humble attempt, and Mrs. Lacy, who was not a woman with lofty views, would probably have been much surprised had she heard it called by any high. sounding name. Yet when, on the following Sunday afternoon, she received her poor friends, and in her plain but pretty white dimity dress and tasteful lace cap-remnants of happier days-sat down amongst them, she was far more truly an apostle of culture than are many of those who wear the title proudly before the world.

She thought herself fortunate in that her immediate neighbours—and these were all she could hope to reach with her small accommodation and busy days—had all, at one time or another, awakened her interest; although, from what she now considered a weak fear of being intruded upon, she had never encouraged them to visit her little room.

First came old Mr. and Mrs. Young, who lived in the back room above; the old woman tall and very erect, but thin as a pole, with a withered yellow face and pale sunken eyes; and the man almost more withered and worn, if possible, blind of one eye, with thin ragged locks, which matched his ragged coat. The old woman had been a circusrider in her youth; her husband had taken money at the doors; their son, who died at the age of thirty, was a great singer in his time, and earned his ten guineas a week with ease. "Such a boy for his mother," the old woman would say, pathetically, "he wouldn't so much as let the wind blow on me if he could help it." And they would tell of all the comforts he had provided for them-the little furnished house, the garden and fishpond; and then often the tears would rain down the old woman's face, and the old man would declare that but for thinking of the Almighty he would have put an end to his misery long ago.

On this Sunday, however, Mr. and Mrs. Young were cheerful. They felt rather proud of the invitation, for Mrs. Lacy had always been looked upon as superior, and since the visit of the young lady in the carriage drawn by prancing ponies, who, as the children averred, was their own aunt, she had become somewhat of a personage in the neighbourhood.

The old woman came in with a smile. "And how are you to-day, dear?" she said, putting out her withered hand. "Pretty well, I hope," added the old man. Then they looked round and remarked on the comfort of the room; and the little Mab—she was very important upon the occasion, and quite the

hostess-found them chairs, and brought them her picture-book to look at.

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The next guest was a wild-eyed woman, with It made Mrs. Lacy's heart ache a pallid face. to look at her. She was like a hunted creature, restless, with wandering glances, and limbs that twitched now and then uneasily, as if the sense of security was strange to them; and so, probably, it was, for Mrs. Crake had a tipsy husband who often ill-used her. But it was not this which gave now the ashy pallor to her face and surrounded her eyes with large blue-black rims. The poor woman was fresh from a great grief. Her baby, "My pretty boy," as she fondly called him, had been taken away from her after a lingering illness. There is no knowing what she had hoped to do with him if he had lived. Probably she did not think about it at all. It was enough that he had been hers, and that he was hers no longer, to break her heart.

Mrs. Lacy had been backwards and forwards with her poor neighbour during the terrible time; had seen the averted head, had heard the bitter cries from the heart that had never learned to restrain itself—

"My pretty boy, you're going to leave your poor mother," and for one long night she had held the infant in her own arms. She could therefore sympathise strongly with the poor distraught-looking creature.

Giving her a smile of special welcome, she said, "I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Crake; the little change will do you good. You could not persuade your husband to come?"

"He 'll look in by-and-by," she answered, "if you don't mind, ma'am. He like to be tidy on a Sunday—don't he?" appealing to Mrs. Young, who nodded her decided assent. "And he take a long time, he do, to make hisself tidy, so, says I, 'I'll go on before, and let Mrs. Lacy know you're coming."

"Quite right," replied Mrs. Lacy, and offering her visitor a seat, she turned to speak to her further guests. These were Irish—a young rather interesting-looking woman, with a dark-complexioned face, deep blue eyes, and long eye-lashes, who came in timidly, followed by a very youthful husband. They both looked as if they did not quite know what was to happen next. Being Irish, they were regarded by their neighbours as very low indeed; and yet they were far more respectable than many of those who despised them; Mrs. Sullivan's little room being the only one in Jinks's Lane where Mrs. Lacy would have cared to lirger, had she consulted her own pleasure, for it was at least sweet and clean. A few friendly words soon set the young Irish people at their ease. They sat down, and little Herbert, who liked Mrs. Sullivan's face, probably because it was neither so white nor so withered as most of the faces he saw, flattered her very much by bringing his stool, and sitting down close to her.

Another husband and wife and two or three young girls completed the party, and then the small room was about as full it could be.

When, with the assistance of little Queen Mab, and one of the older girls, Mrs. Lacy had handed round the cups of tea, the bread-and-butter, and biscuits and cake she had provided, and when the remarks which her friends considered the due meed of her hospitality on the superiority of the tea and the goodness of the butter had been made, she asked if they would like to hear a story. Queen Mab had paved the way for this inquiry by telling them that mother's stories were so nice, "Oh, you can't think!" Every one in the room therefore assented eagerly. and, while they settled themselves in a variety of attitudes that, if not graceful, were comfortable to themselves, Mrs. Lacy told them about the scenes in which her childish days were passed. Her own pretty pictures served to illustrate her tale, and, with almost breathless interest, her guests heard about and saw the little child, who, on a dark night long ago, was saved from the sea.

They heard of this child's youth in the fisher-man's cottage; of what she saw, and the thoughts that filled her mind; and the delighted sense of discovery that animated their faces when several of them cried out together, "She's telling us about herself!" proved to her that her story had been appreciated. But she knew exactly how long a story might be continued without becoming wearisome; and upon this occasion she would give them little more than the first chapter of her life.

Her purpose, meantime, was abundantly served, for her example led some of her guests to retrace their own histories, and a few skilful inquiries drew from several the intimation that, years ago, their homes too had been amongst beautiful scenes.

"Never was such a man for the country as my husband," said old Mrs. Young, and her husband, looking flattered, proceeded to tell of his early walks in the spring-time, "when the birds was a singing, and the leaves comin' out beautiful."

Mrs. Sullivan, too, who came from the wild Kerry coast, had stories to tell of raging seas, and nights when the moon was shining. Mrs. Crake had been brought up on a farm, and she made the mouths of her neighbours water by talk of sleek cattle and yellow cream, and big barns where the corn was stored. But even she was not without a little sentiment, and her restless face grew almost calm, and her pallid lips parted in a smile as she told how the young man from London, who was now her husband, came courting her, and how, on fine Sundays, they walked together by the clear blue stream in the woodland.

"And oh," said one of the women, "how it sets folks longing!"

But Mrs. Crake, upon whom the cloud had descended again, asked where was the use of longing.

"Here we are," she said, "and here we must be; leastways, I don't see no hope of change. It's the same old story from beginning to end; ain't it, now?"

The question was addressed to her neighbours, but no one seemed to consider herself competent to answer it, and all eyes were turned to Mrs. Lacy, who said, softly—

"No, Mrs. Crake, it is not so. There is hope of change for all of us, only we must look for it in the

right place, and in the right way."

After that she smiled very pleasantly, and went on to say that she did not intend to moralise, only, with their permission, she would read them something that had often made her own heart feel lighter when the world seemed particularly dull, and things particularly hard.

Whereupon this gentle apostle of culture did what some in these days, I am afraid, would think a very old-fashioned thing. She opened the Bible, and she turned to its last chapters, and she read of the clear river and the trees with leaves of healing, and the sea of glass, and the heavenly light shining night and day. And so new were the words to some of those who listened that they could scarcely believe they were in the Bible.

Indeed, there can be no doubt that, following upon their conversation, the words had a peculiar meaning such as even those to whom they were familiar had never seen in them before. Mrs. Crake, who was the most demonstrative of the guests, expressed this feeling when she managed to say, brokenly—

"It's like as if there was some one up there as

knew how folks 'ud feel."

During the latter part of this small entertainment, a gentleman of a type very unfamiliar to Jinks's Lane had been standing on the opposite side of the road and looking up at No. 4. The window was wide open, and he could see that the room was full of people. Apparently this displeased him, for he looked

depressed, and hesitated. Finally, he crossed the road, and entered the little house by the door, which stood wide open.

No one was about below, so he went up the dark staircase slowly, feeling his way. Half-way up he paused. He did not wish to play the eavesdropper, but a few words spoken in a voice not loud, but exceedingly distinct, had reached him. Mrs. Laey had been persuaded to give one more story to her guests. She had chosen one that she had known from a child, and had loved, chiefly because (it was a parable of nature) it gave to the flowers and leaves, the breath of air, and drop of water, a personality of their own. Strange to say, this particular story had been, long ago, a favourite with the gentleman on the stairs.

"Curious!" he said to himself, as, remembering that his position might be thought ambiguous, he went on up the stair.

His footstep was heard, the speaking voice dropped, and one of the women went to the open door. The woman was Mrs. Sullivan.

"Was it Mrs. Lacy you was wanting to see, sir?" she asked.

The gentleman inquired if this was Mrs. Lacy's room.

Mrs. Crake, who was standing near, replied, in a sharp high voice, that it was. She was about to add some defiant remarks, but Mrs. Lacy prevented her, by rising from her seat behind the little carved oak table, and bowing.

"I am Mrs. Lacy," she said; "may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

(To be continued.)

### "THAT WE SHOULD WALK IN HIS FOOTSTEPS."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.

THE FOOTSTEP OF OBEDIENCE. (Concluded.)

N considering the obedience of our Lord as the great example for us to follow, His footmarks as those in which we must try to set our poor tottering steps, we may be met with the objection—It was easy for Him to obey, for He was Divine. But we must remember that in Him there was a subjection of the human to the Divine.

Jesus placed human nature in His own person in the place which properly belonged to it. "Ye shall be as gods," said Satan; you shall be moved out of the sphere of humanity. You shall be men, says Jesus, obeying within the sphere of humanity.

There can be no obedience without subjection. Man rebels against the idea of subjection. Jesus becoming Man, restores the original thought, lost in paradise; and man again believes that it is the natural thing for him to obey God, that disobedience is the unnatural.

Thus Christ as a Son, and as a true human Being, was obedient; and as a son and a true human being I am to follow His footsteps; and I shall be sure to find a footstep wherever I look for it. Where all seems like a sandy desert, and there are no landmarks about, we shall, if we look well for them, find in His life some footprint which He has left for us to tread in. He will have said or done something containing the principle which should rule in the matter in which you are in doubt. Only let us become acquainted with His life, let us learn the spirit of His acts, let us not become slaves to the mere letter; for the spirit of obedience was in Christ; and we may be sure that often there is more of that spirit abroad in this act and that, than appears on the mere surface of the act itself.

And now, a few words upon what this obedience of Christ involved. It was a costly obedience.

Like His great forefather after the flesh, He would not offer unto the Lord of that which cost Him The obedience of Jesus involved the abnegation of self-will. The Apostle tells us 3) that "even Christ pleased not He Himself tells us that He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him (John vi. 28); He said that His meat was to do the will of Him that sent Him (John iv. 34), and that He sought the will of His Father who sent Him. The prayer which He taught us to say is this: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Jesus knew well the truth of His own saying, that "No man can serve two masters." No man can serve His own will, and God's.

But had Jesus ever a perverse will which He had to lay aside? There was no perverseness in Him. His was the obedience of delight, and of the will: "I delight to do Thy will, O My God, yea, Thy law is within My heart (Ps. xl. 8). His shrinking from death was the harmless weakness of humanity; His will never for a moment was antagonistic to His Father's; "If this cup may not pass from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done (Matt. xxiii. 42). Christ had willed to lay aside all self-will; the will of God became His. His will and His Father's were so one that His obedience fitted in perfectly to the command.

The footprint of this is left clear and distinct for us. And it is well for us that it is so; for we find within us a will which is continually contrary to the will of God. We find this will pulling us with a mighty power; we find a self-deceit-fulness of heart producing reasons, often very specious, why we should follow our own will; we need all the help we can get to bring our will into obedience to that of God. And the best and most loving help we can have, is the living Christ on before. The best landmark for our tempest-tossed spirit is His footprint.

Obedience was a mission to Jesus; if we look at it in the same light, such may it be to us also. Things are often to us what we make them to be. If we make obedience slavery, it will be slavery. If we make it our mission, it will be such.

And obedience in this spirit will raise the whole tone of our life. It will enlarge the range of our spiritual vision. We shall serve in the spirit, and not in the letter. To obey rightly, as Christ did, we must have to do not only with the act itself, but with the spirit of the

Obedience would be greatly ennobled, if we looked at it in the light of a mission on earth. We all long for something active; the nature of man is not so constructed as to be happy and contented simply with negations, with "not doings," with abstainings from. And the compulsory abstaining from this sin or that, would be no more than this; it could never satisfy the soul as a mode of life. Worse than this; it would

stifle and imprison it. But let obedience once become a mission, let our living energies and determinations enter into it; let us feel, like Jesus, that "we must be about our Father's business," then all the impulses which belong to effort, object, stir within us, and we feel we live in our life that obedience; we are doing something; the joy and exhilaration of accomplishment are ours; we are before God, as He wills us to be, living energetic men, strong in the Lord, and the power of His might—men with a purpose in the world; and that, the purpose which He Himself has ordained to be our energiser through life.

We may be sure we shall not be obedient without blessing. Even here on earth we shall reap its blessed fruits.

How much discipline shall we be spared; how much fret of spirit; how many wounds which must be self-inflicted as we kicked against the pricks! Disobedience, running on to its natural results, can bring nothing but sorrow; its "just recompense of reward;" we shall escape all this.

And we shall stand free of much of that carefulness which corrodes us now. If we be consciously in the path of obedience, we may take it to be our privilege to be free from that of care. This path of obedience may involve "ways and means," the results, even with the possession of ways and means, may appear to be very uncertain; even when they come, they may seem altogether different from what we had reason to expect. But the path only is ours; whither it tends and whither it ends is with God. He knows the end from the beginning; and the end which comes, and which we think not to be the right one, in His hands works into being such. Jesus pursued His way, and left the end with His Father. We may do the like.

The footsteps of Jesus led Him on to Calvary, and in the footprints of those steps we may have to set our feet too. But they led Him to what was beyond Calvary also, through the garden in which there was a sepulchre no doubt, still onward to the mount of Ascension; and the last footmark on earth was the standpoint from which He rose to heaven, and the right hand of the throne of God.

Following in the footprints of Jesus, we shall share with Him His glory. We also shall wayfare for a while, we shall meet with what crucifies, with what buries, but we shall also come to a mount of Ascension. His footprints, trode in to the end, can lead but to our being with Him where He is at the last. The difficulties of obedience will be done with for ever, and its great lessons will have been learned; and the service of eternity will be entered on with a character like Christ's, formed and fashioned by treading in the footprints of obedience which He left on earth.

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# LONDON CHILDREN IN GREEN LANES AND FIELDS.

BY THE REV. M. ATKINSON, M.A.



T is a wayside station on the Great Northern Railway, em-bosomed in a gentle slope, which in these parts is dignified with the title of a hill. Behind the "hill," and hidden from the line, lies the little town which, as the people say, "belongs that station." The sta-

tion itself (adorned on one side with Virginia creeper, on the other with an immense framed placard, showing how an awful machine called "Antikampton" will, if you will let it, stretch your trousers straight again after they have become baggy at the knees) looks southward, and commands a pretty sweep of line by which it expects the "mid-day slip" from London.

A dozen people are waiting for the slip; amongst others, a clergyman walks up and down, flourishing a stick in one hand and a paper in the other, and evidently meditating something unusual. He is conning his memoranda, and preparing for an invasion, perhaps also wondering if the people on the platform will be very much astonished at what is going to happen.

Presently the train comes in sight. slackened speed it flies through the station. There is a rush, and a whirl, and a trembling, and it is gone, on towards the north. But, as the train disappears, the slip carriage, which has been detached from the rest about half a mile away, glides gently in, slackening speed as it approaches, until it pulls up, like a living thing, at the plat-The parson approaches it—a third-class compartment—is saluted by a dozen small heads, which seem to be piled one above another, at the window. "Mr. B—, Mr. B—." "There's Mr. B—." "Ye're we are, Mr. B—." "We're all 'ere, 'cept Charlotte, and she's coming on Sat'day; she ain't well." The parson opens the door, and out the children tumble; a miscellaneous collection of arms, legs, and bundles; the latter being most prominent, and showing a tendency to descend among the carriage wheels. One child, whose arms are trying to clasp a yard of cardboard box and two large bundles, drops a sodawater bottle, which breaks on the pavement, and

sends the glass marble out of its throat on to the line below.

The first operation is to sort the small passengers, call over their names, mark the absentees. and note who has been sent to fill up. The next, to consign the tickets (of which the guard has taken charge), all neatly tied together, to the collector; the third to hand over the heaviest bundles, and two babies of four years old, to the inevitable omnibus which always frequents country town stations (and never has any passengers); and then the parson sets forth, holding a hand on each side, and surrounded by an eager group, all talking at once. A fiveminutes' walk brings them to the town, and to a quiet vicarage covered with Virginia creeper and jessamine, where they find the omnibus-load waiting for them. Buns and milk are produced. and the parson makes a few remarks as to conduct and obedience, and hints at possible dangers to be avoided, such as a river, which has an awkward way of drowning you if you will meddle with it,

Then follows a sort of "planting out." The parson leaves the majority discussing their food, and takes four boys quietly out to a back lane or quiet terrace looking on the fields, and deposits two at this cottage, and two at that, in the care of a buxom countrywoman, who welcomes them with a smile, and the vicar with a curtsey.

"These are your London children, Mrs. So and so. I hope they'll be good. I think they will."

Mrs. So-and-so thinks so too; and the vicar goes off to "plant out" some more of his young shoots, while the boys bring their bundles into the cottage, and begin their three weeks' holiday with a hearty meal.

A day or two afterwards the parson is again haunting the station, waiting for another consignment of Londoners, and the same process is gone through. No mistake can be made, for each child has a large ticket sewn on frock or jacket, and inscribed, "From S——, Whitechapel, E. Alice Jones to the Rev. A—— B——, St. Veronica's Vicarage, Cranford: 11.45 train to Cranford, Monday, July 25th." The natives are much interested in the proceedings, and when a third batch has appeared, begin to talk of the parson as "the man what has the London children."

Three weeks afterwards the Londoners are returning. This time the parson comes to the station alone; the children drop in by twos and threes, each party with its foster-mother, and usually a foster-sister or brother, very loth to say good-bye. The children, too, are even more loaded than when they came. Not only have they to carry back their small bundles of clothes, and

"'These are your London children."-p. 336.

the pastees, ext, has the iest the ents any rth, by iveo a and oad ed, uct be ard

od, or its of the stores of cricket bats and other treasures which they brought but never used ("there was so much else to do"), but they have extra bundles and baskets and sacks as well. One girl had a sack of potatoes for her mother, which "Mrs. So-and-so give me to take 'ome." Another has a basket of fruit, another a cauliflower, another a pot or two of jam; and all have flowers, presented by a neighbouring clergyman.

"I hope they 've behaved themselves," says the

parson, to one group after another.

"Yes, they've been very good," is the universal answer, "except" (out of over thirty children) "John. We had to put John down once, like, me and my mester. But he was all right when he was put down, was John." And "Mary Anne, she cried 'erself into a toothache, because she wanted her mother, did Mary Anne; and then the toothache made her worse; an' I took her to the doctor, and she wouldn't let him put anything into the tooth to stop the pain, for she said it was poison."

The train comes up. The parson seizes on an empty compartment, and shoves the youngest child into it. This effectually warns off other passengers, and the rest are packed in, bundles and all, more leisurely. The guard locks them in, and takes their tickets, and off they go, amid a chorus of good-byes and a waving of handkerchiefs, and—many mutual regrets.

"Emily said she'd like just to go and see mother-and-father [a sort of duplex animal representing "Home," and with the female element first], and then she'd like to come back to her granny," says an elderly hostess. "Annie doesn't care about going home at all: she says she'd rather

stop here altogether."

And well they might. For if you ask what they have been doing all the time, you will be told—"We went a walk in the fields, and we come to a garden, and the gentleman asked where we come from, and when we said, 'From London,' he said we might come in and get as

many flowers as we liked." "Oh, Mr. So-and-so, Tom and Harry took us out fishing last night." "Mr. So-and-so, I've been a 'scursion. Mr. and Mrs.—— was going to——, and they took me. We was there three days, stopping with Mrs.——'s mother." "Mr. V—— took us in his boat, and we rowed down to the bottom of the river."

And the parson said he was not surprised. except that they seemed so dry; but on explanation it appeared that they had reached a lock and a mill-dam, where the river was supposed to end. Or you might meet a group of them lounging about the little town, and enjoying its novelties. looking far too clean and fresh ever to have come out of London streets; or exploring country roads and fields, or playing on commons and greens: and now and then you would see a foster-mother taking a walk with her charges, or a group of girls, country and town intermingled, sitting on a stile, or rambling through the meadows. "Mr. B\_\_\_\_," said one girl, "Mrs. L\_\_\_ has wrote to ask father to let me stay another week. And if I mayn't do that, to come and see her at Christmas." And this was to be at Mrs. L.'s own expense.

So the parson goes home rejoicing. seems to him not only that these town birdlings have enjoyed their flight into the country; not only that it has given health to their limbs and freshness to their cheeks; not only that it has given them a whole school-boardful of new ideas -a better, and wider, and freer education than could have come even from Mrs. Surr and Mr. Mundella rolled into one; but that to His own people has been granted to share the work of Christ. In the loving tenderness and care which has done so much for these young bodies and minds, he sees the gentle touch of the Great Healer Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" and Who, if He is present in those to whom good is done, is no less present in those who do the good.

## THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY MINISTER IN SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. J. T. FALSIDE.

HE sentiments contained in Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet on "The sight of a manse in the South of Scotland" might still be expressed by any living poet of congenial tastes with the poet of Rydal Mount. He calls upon the "fartravelled clouds and far-seeing hills" to witness if a happier spot can be seen than the "abode of the good priest" who, amid his faithful labours, has "still a heart and hand for trees and flowers." It is true that since 1831, when Wordsworth's sonnet was written,

a great change has taken place in Scotland, both in its social and religious life. Manses have not only been multiplied to a considerable extent, but a spirit of greater activity and earnestness pervades ministerial life, than was the case half a century ago. Yet in all its outward and characteristic features a country minister's life presents few marks of contrast to what it was at that period. There are still the same quiet and peaceful days, the same seclusion from the world, and the same opportunities of living a thoughtful and contemplative, as well

as a useful and pleasant life. The life of a country minister may be compared to a sweetly-flowing river, that slowly winds its way through wood and valley, appearing at times to rest in its easy and uninterrupted course, and diffusing freshness and fragrance all around. That of a city minister may be likened to the wide ocean, which indeed carries on its bosom precious freights to many a famishing people, but which is restless and turbulent to such an extent that it never knows the blessedness of calmness and repose.

It may be said truly of the country minister that he has no history. But according to the meaning attached to that phrase his usefulness and happiness are so much the greater. For if his life is lacking in those events and circumstances which constitute the materials of ordinary history, it is not wanting in those greater matters of a moral and spiritual kind which cannot be described, but which impart a quiet and perennial

satisfaction to the mind.

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The general improvement which has taken place in the moral sentiments and social habits of the people, renders the work of the country minister much more satisfactory and pleasant Many vices which, in than it was formerly. former days, were not only tolerated, but extolled as virtues, have almost entirely disappeared, and when they do assert themselves, even in the most mild and modified form, they receive the disapprobation and censure they deserve. of intemperance, for example, which is so prevalent in our large cities and towns, is seldom seen among our rural population. Sabbath-breaking is a sin which cannot be laid at the door of the majority of country folks. Whatever opinions others may hold respecting the Divine origin and religious obligations of the Sabbath, and whatever innovations are made on its rest and quietness, the most of country people do not in the smallest degree participate in these, but retain their old beliefs, and respect and observe the day with due solemnity and decorum.

Nor is this satisfactory state of things to be regarded as a necessary accompaniment and result of a country life. For, as facts abundantly testify, rural simplicity and rural virtues are flowers which can languish and die under the withering influences of a false civilisation. In truth, the country people of Scotland are jealous of new opinions and new customs, and prefer to follow the old ways, even though it be at the risk of earning

the character of bigots and fanatics.

But if the country minister in Scotland labours among a people who, as a whole, lead consistent and exemplary lives, he has anxieties and difficulties peculiar to his situation. One of the chief sources of these is the ignorance of our rural population. This has often been lamented. In a letter to his mother, written in 1814, John Foster spoke of

the poor people in agricultural districts, as "being generally extremely ignorant and dull of apprehension." "Field occupations," h: said, "with their attendant and consequent habits, notoriously tend to stupefy the mental faculties." He looked forward, however, to a better time, when the spread of education, and the wider diffusion of the Scriptures, would make the work of the country minister a pleasing task. Seventy years have nearly passed away since Foster thus bewailed the ignorance of the people. Education has spread rapidly, Bibles have been put into the hands of almost everybody, religious books and magazines have increased in circulation, and many other means of religious knowledge, hitherto unpossessed, are within reach of the people.

The result of these various means and agencies of knowledge has been considerable, and presents a pleasing contrast to the state of things in Foster's day. A vast sea of ignorance, however, still lies without, the depths of which have never been fathomed, notwithstanding the laborious exertions of Christian workers. The reason for this melancholy state of things is not far to seek. Though people have the means of religious knowledge, they are to a great extent destitute of the "Ay, reader, says Carlyle thinking faculty. somewhere, in effect, "so few think, only a few have the smallest turn for thinking." And it is perhaps not too much to say that the most of our church-going population, especially in rural districts, have a small "turn for tainking." How few can give a reason for their faith! How few obey the Apostle's injunction to "prove all things," and thus arrive at some understanding of what they profess to believe! How many, for example, speak of the sufferings and death of Christ in such a way as to convey the impression that the real merit of them is of a physical instead of a mental and spiritual nature! How many regard religion itself simply as the means of getting to heaven, and not as that which fits them for it! How few think that the end of religion is character, and not merely happiness ! The popular style in which the Gospel is preached to the people may account to some extent for this want of a true conception of the real nature and end of religion, but undoubtedly the chief reason is the absence of thought and reflection on the part of the people themselves.

The pastoral work of a country minister in Scotland is undoubtedly the most important function he exercises. For the successful prosecution of this work, he has generally plenty of time. Many of his people live at a considerable distance from the church, but the time spent in visiting them is not altogether lost. With staff in hand he starts in an early part of the day for the purpose of visiting perhaps five or six families. If he be a man of a contemplative or poetic turn, he finds in the enjoyment of nature's works more

than sufficient compensation for the toil and fatigue of travelling. As he passes along the well-sheltered road where travellers are rarely seen, or pursues the solitary footpath along the deeply shaded glen or sequestered grove, he can hold pleasing communion with nature, and forget for the time being the cares and troubles of

earth.

Such thoughts and feelings pervading him, he is the more fitted to impart instruction and consolation to those whom he visits. He opens the door, and obtains a hearty reception from the parents, who are generally apprised of his visit, and accordingly prepared for it. The intercourse is generally of the most familiar and homely nature. The minister is generally acquainted with the whole history and character of the family; he speaks to them in familiar language, calls the children by their names, and has a kindly word for all. Then he performs a short service, which usually consists in reading a portion of Scripture, with perhaps an occasional remark, and afterwards engaging in prayer, in which he commends the temporal and spiritual interest of the family to the care of Him Who is the Father of us all. Having visited several families in this way, he returns homewards, with the pleasing consciousness that he enjoys the benediction of his people, and that another day's work is done.

The leisure which a country minister has for private reading and studies is doubtless one of the chief advantages he enjoys of a personal kind. This advantage is the more to be prized when it is remembered that in many cases ministers in Scotland have had but a defective and unsatisfactory training as students. The most of them have sprung from the working classes, and consequently have had neither the opportunity nor the means

of acquiring extensive or profound scholarship. But once they are settled in quiet country manses, they have the opportunity of supplying the defects of their early studies. Many of them avail themselves of the leisure for study, and add considerably to their stock of classical and philo-Many of our best scholars sophical learning. who occupy leading positions in the Church obtained the greater part of their scholarship in this way. And it is a well-known fact that many of those who are acknowledged to be the best preachers in the large cities qualified themselves for being such in the retirement and seclusion of country manses.

The want of books is felt by some country ministers to be a serious drawback, but to those whose reading is of a select character it is no matter of regret. Those who read for profit generally either possess or have access to many of the principal works of English literature. These are usually well-read and well-thumbed volumes, and are in little danger of being relegated to the

upper shelf to moulder in obscurity.

There is little danger to be apprehended lest the ranks of Scottish ministers should not be filled by competent and earnest men. ligious sentiment is too deeply grounded in the hearts of the Scottish people to make pecuniary difficulties an insuperable obstacle to entrance into the Church. However much we may deplore the ignorance of many of the people, there is yet enough of piety amongst them to produce a race of preachers which shall be no unworthy successors of the old type of Scottish ministers. And no better examples of piety and earnestness, wedded, as they are, to quiet intelligence and culture, are to be found anywhere than in the manses of country ministers.

# TRUE WOMEN.

BOVE, in yonder heaven, there is a light, A star we see not in the wide expanse, Because it dwells near one so passing bright, And, in that light, loses its radiance;

Loses to outward view, yet not the less Its light is shed on the dark world below, Some souls there are who find it blessedness To shine, lost in a nobler planet's glow.

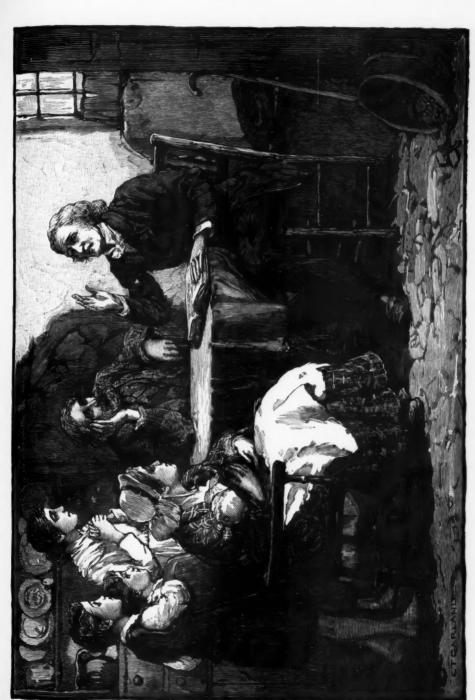
And there are women on this earth of ours, Who shine unnoticed by the common race, Yet are they fairer than the summer flowers, Their smile reflected from Another's face.

Some in the common round of daily life, The guiding star, the light upon their way; Some standing in the midst of doubt and strife, Breasting the evil of the present day.

Where gentle hands can help in easing pain, Where loving hearts can warmth or comfort give, There are they ever found, an angel train, Teaching the world to die, to hope, to live.

Oh! fair they are, and fair they still shall be; While youth's young happy beauty droops and dies, The light about them shines unchangingly, For their soul's beauty glows within their eyes.

These are the true fair women; fair they be, In whom true love a resting-place can find. Shine on, pure souls! ye gain the victory, And, conquering self, ye conquer all mankind. M. E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

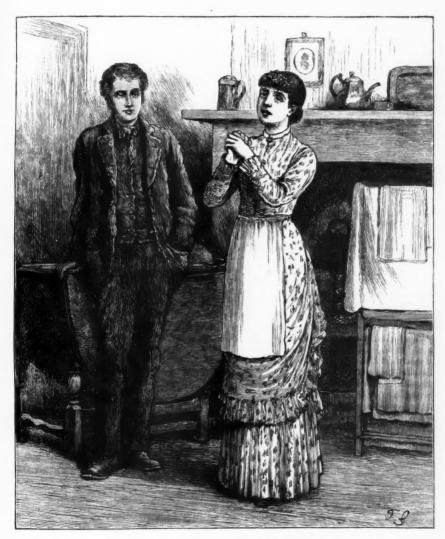


"He speaks to them in familiar language."

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"She clasped her hands suddenly and passionately."-p. 343.

# CHAPTER I.

THE game grew fast and furious.
The boys were pelting each of The boys were pelting each other with walnuts, and Dora was becoming more and more angry every moment at the noise they made.

The old rag carpet was trampled up into a heap, chairs were overturned, a leg of the table was knocked out, and with great fun and noise

immediately knocked in again, and finally there was a tremendous clatter with the fire-irons, for no less than seven walnuts in all had found their way under the grate, and, of course, had to be ferreted out again from among the ashes and cinders.

This task ended, there was more laughing and shouting-Dora's peevish complaints from her distant window-seat being heeded not a whit—until their mother appeared on the scene.

Click-clack, click-clack, sounded her clogs over the bare boards, as she advanced to the fire-place, and stirring the fire into a brilliant blaze, set the

old iron kettle singing loudly.

Then, scolding the boys for the litter and disturbance they were making, and bidding them wash their black hands and faces in readiness for tea, she disappeared into the back regions again, her hopeful sons directly following. And Dora was left to solitude and silence for a few moments.

She did not move from the window-seat just directly; but sat thinking over a book she had been reading. Its heroine and her friends were far above Dora in position, and though this fact in reality constituted, to her, the chief charm of the story, still the ideas to which it gave rise, vexed and disturbed her, as many other such ideas

had done long before to-day.

Then too she had been for a whole week expecting a letter of some importance, and she was angry because it had not arrived. Also the autumn afternoon was a very wet and dreary one, and this did not tend to improve her spirits. Moreover, she was vexed in her secret heart with her mother, because she would walk about indoors with clogs on, and because she wore such short dresses, and such gay ribbons and flowers in her cap. In short, Miss Dora was not in a good humour, and was consequently feeling at cross purposes with everything and everybody, herself included.

Presently she threw aside her book, rose, and went to the fire, and standing so as to feel its pleasant cheering warmth, she discontentedly

surveyed the room.

It was the common living and sitting-room, indeed, the only one they had for use below stairs, for the apartment which should have been their little cottage parlour was stored with seeds and vegetables; for Dora's father was a market-

Though clean enough, it was not a very neat room, certainly. There was a barrel of potatoes in one corner, and a basket of turnips in another, and various tools and toys belonging to the boys were lying about; also there was the tumbled rag carpet just as they had left it, and the floor and table were scattered over with walnut-shells.

But Dora had not long returned from boardingschool, and all these things vexed and displeased her more and more every time she looked at

them.

The school she had attended had been a good one—chosen by a rich aunt, who was also Dora's godmother. And this aunt and Dora's father had paid the bills between them. And as her mother said, they had done all in their power to make Dora a lady; but the result of their

endeavours so far had been only to give her restless and uncomfortable ideas about her station.

And now her mother came in again—without her clogs this time—and, moving about in a very brisk and business-like manner, in a few moments she had restored the kitchen to something like order, while Dora still stood by the fire, merely looking on.

"Oh, mother, my head does ache so! Those

boys are so noisy."

"Poor child," said her mother tenderly, as she placed the tea-tray on the table. "You must have a cup of tea, dear, and sit yourself down in father's chair—he won't be in just yet."

Dora settled herself, accordingly, in her father's arm-chair, but he came in almost directly.

"Don't move, Dory, my maid," said he, as she was rising. "Anything'll do for me."

And now the boys ran in again, taking their places amid a good deal of noise and romping, and looking, as no doubt they felt, ready to eat and enjoy anything and everything that might be given to them.

But Dora was in the same uncomfortable humour, and not at all inclined to make the best of things; and she drank but one cup of tea, and

ate only the tiniest crust of bread.

"Ain't that Miss Mountjoy wrote yet?" questioned her father, as he helped himself to bread and cheese. "Ah, Dory is in a great hurry to get away from us, wife, to go and live among the gentlefolks."

Meanwhile the boys were, as a matter of course, making a great clamour, so that Dora might well be supposed not to hear what her father said.

But he had not finished yet.

"I did a lucky bit o' business this afternoon," he went on; "sold half a field o' potatoes to Squire Kirby, and he paid me ready money for 'em like a gentleman. So I can spare ye another sovereign or two, my girl, if ye like. It shan't be said that my Dory went away from home with no money in her pocket."

Dora took the money, and thanked him more gently than she had spoken yet, for his kindness

touched her.

"Though perhaps the Mountjoys won't want me, after all, father," added she, in a voice that she could not keep from being a little regretful.

Tea was over; the rain had ceased; all had gone their different ways again, excepting Dora, and she sat by the fire, frowning over the same book that had occupied her before. But soon there came a knock at the door, and she sprang up, and stood irresolute. However, the next moment, with a rich colour in her cheeks, she advanced to open it.

And there stood a young man, bright, honest, and happy looking, but he was in his working clothes, and Dora glanced at him in displeasure.

"We are going to work all night, dear," he

said, answering the look, "and I've only got about ten minutes to stay. Have you had a letter yet, Dora?" and his tone grew wistful.

Dora moved aside, and he stepped in and closed

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"No," she returned, leading the way to the fire; then added, coldly, "faithful friends are found only in books. I daresay they have made up their minds that they can do better without me. Oh, Joe!" and she clasped her hands suddenly and passionately, "I do wish I had been born a

"Why, dear?" he said gently; and he would have taken her hand, but she drew it away. "Do you think that just being a lady could make

you any happier ?"

No reply.

"Oh! Dora, dear," the young man went on, drawing near, with dark eyes full of faithful patient love, "you may be sent for any day. may come in some evening and find you gone! Won't you just let me hear you say-

But at this instant Dora gave a great start, for a loud double knock had sounded at the little

cottage door.

It was only two hours later. But what changes had taken place in that short time for Dora!

Mrs. Mountjoy had sent for her: her things had been hurriedly packed; and now she was in the carriage all alone, being whirled away towards a new home.

And Dora was crying bitterly, and living over again the last sorrowful half-hour. Her mother, bravely keeping back her tears, had held her in a long, long embrace; the boys had cried and exclaimed at her hurried departure, and her father, with troubled face, had gone out with her to the carriage, and had held her hand in a way that Dora would not soon forget.

"He is hurt, because I wanted to leave him!" sobbed Dora to herself. "And he was always so good to me. No one will ever be so good again!"

A long pause; then another bitter irrepressible

sob, as she murmured, brokenly :-"And I was cold and hard to poor Joe to the last! O why didn't I promise him that I wouldn't forget! Why did I let him think that I did not care!"

#### CHAPTER II.

More than a year had passed away. Dora was Mrs. Mountjoy's companion. It was a lovely summer evening. Mrs. Mountjoy had a dinnerparty, and Dora, arrayed in flowing muslin robes, and pink ribbons, had her place at the well-appointed table; and in a sense she had arrived at the wish of her heart: for, in appearance at any rate, she was a lady, and not one of the guests present would for a moment have supposed that

she was really only the daughter of a hardworking market-gardener.

But was she happy? No: nor satisfied in the least degree, but as anxious to get back to her home as ever she had been to leave it.

There she sat, quite silent, eating nothing, caring for nothing, with thoughts far enough away, and feeling tired and sorrowful, almost ill.

But no one observed her, or her little pale face, or her want of appetite. No one loved her here. Every one was polite, and well bred, and obliging to her, even though she was "only a companion; but no one ever gave her a crumb of real warm

kindness or sympathy.

Very possibly this was Dora's own faultthough that did not make it easier to bear. She had been used in a great measure, where love and kindness were concerned, to receiving all, and giving little or none. But now she found that, as a rule, people only gave to receive as much again, and that if she would win love, she must first be able to give it.

Dinner being over, she was glad to steal away unobserved to her own room. Mrs. Mountjoy

would not want her this evening.

Sitting down by the window, and letting the summer breezes fan her sad and weary little face, she glanced round the plain and yet comfortable and well-furnished apartment, and a rush of tears filled her eyes as she thought of the dear little cupboard of a room which she had been used to

occupy at home.

Ah, she had learnt the lesson, and every thought of home was very sweet and precious to her now. Her mother's constant care, and unchanging affection, her father's thoughtful tenderness, Joe's love also-how she had undervalued all! And how selfish she had beenseldom taking the smallest real interest in anybody's work or pleasure but her own. Yet none had reproached her; perhaps it would have been better if they had. What had she ever done that they should all have loved her so? And why, O why had she cast so much dear love aside, as though it had been worth nothing?

And then, how much foolish annoyance she had shown at trifles! What would she not have given now to have heard her father call her "Dory," though it had once made her so angry! and the click-clack of her mother's clogs would at

that moment have been music to her.

She thought over the letters which she had received from her mother at various times. One had hinted that Joe appeared to be paying attentions to another young lady; a second letter had said plainly that it was reported that he was soon to be married; while a third had informed her that though her father had seemed to miss her very much at first, he was "getting over it now."

And deeply these letters had wounded her. "Yes," she said to herself, as she leaned her head on her hand, and looked out absently at the wellkept kitchen garden, "my place at home is filling up. Soon there will be no room for me. I must go while I can. . . I must and will go," and the colour flushed to her face. "Though I do not suppose that things will ever be quite the same again, and I do not deserve that they should!"

Dress—position—money—selfish comfort what were these worth now in her eyes, when all that was best and dearest seemed fading from

her? Simply nothing.

A few weeks had gone by; Dora had left Mrs. Mountjoy, and was on her journey homewards. No carriage conveyed her on her way now, though the evening was drawing in, and the rain kept falling at intervals. But Dora felt as though she never wished to see a carriage again. She had had a taste of life above her own station, and people had on the whole behaved very well to her. They had given her everything but the real heart-kindness to which she had always been used. But, ah! it was that which she was wanting now; her heart was starving for all the love which she now knew how to value.

She hurried on her way. The dear little oldfashioned cottage was in sight at last. Ah! the door was open, and there they were, all looking out for her, in the rain. And she burst into tears of relief and gladness, as she crossed the dear threshold, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

In a few minutes she was sitting by the fire in her father's chair once more, and her mother was taking off her wet boots with her own kind hands, and then she brought her some warm slippers, kissing her again and again, and scanning her quiet pale face with not a little secret anxiety. And after tea, Joe came in, and at the first look he gave her, Dora knew that the reports concerning him had been false, and that he loved her dearly still.

Another autumn had arrived, and under the trees, and sprinkled with the falling leaves, in the grey twilight, walked Dora and her lover.

"Oh, Joe!" she said, softly, as she leant lightly on his arm, "how glad I am that I went away! I had no idea that the world was so cold and lonely. My dear home! I thank God for it now, every day; I can never value it enough."

But Joe talked of a new home which he would

fain have taken without delay.

"Then you will have two, dear," said he; "and I shall be a happy man."

And softly and humbly Dora replied, "Dear

Joe, I am not worthy of you."

However, Joe thought differently. And they were married. And the way in which Dora prized both her homes, and the deep devotion and tenderness which she now showed to all belonging to her, were a lesson to every young wife and grown-up daughter in the place, and filled her

husband with loving pride.

"The world is a cold hard place," she would say, to any young girl whom she knew to be inclined to discontent, "and all in it have not the dear shelter of a home. Be humbly thankful to a good God if you have, and never let surface trifles, which will tease and worry everybody at times, make you forgetful of the deep and strong love which lies beneath. And strive to give pleasure to your dear ones, instead of taking it all for yourself, and your discontent will soon vanish, and a new and blessed light and joy will come into your life instead."

## HELPS TO PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.



FEEL disposed to say a few words to you, my dear Friends who are just entering upon the great work of life, with all its dangers and difficulties and with all its joys and blessings before you. Your path may be a dark one, but it need not be so. God can make it a bright, a happy, and a useful path.

Whatever your station in life may be, whether you be poor or rich, whether called to work mentally or bodily, or not to work at all, but to live a life of comparative ease, the great question you have to ask is that which

St. Paul asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me

to do?" It will be a happy thing for you if you will look up to God and ask Him this question. And if you thus put yourself in His hands, He will show you what your future course should be.

According to the world's estimate, youth is a season for recreation and enjoyment, and but little And there is perhaps something within you which says, "I thirst for pleasure, and I must have it." Well, take your fill of pleasure. Spendall your leisure hours in self-gratification and amusement. Apply your lips continually to the sparkling cup of pleasure, and drink of it to the very dregs; give full rein to your appetites; and listen to the Siren's voice, which says, "Come to me, and I will make you happy." But are you happy? Is your draught a satisfying one? If pleasure be all you are living for, do you not sometimes feel that you are living to little purpose? I am sure you do. There are times in every young man's life when conscience tells him that there is something better than this world to live for—something to be found deeper and higher than mere pleasure. Oh, wake up, my dear Brother, and shake yourself from this flattering dream. There is a glorious, blessed, and honourable course before you; and you may follow that course, and be unspeakably happy in it.

Begin at once to live as God would have you live. His laws, and the track which He marks out, are not for women only, but for men; not for weak people, but also for the strong; not for our latter end, but for our whole lives. If you will kneel down, and ask God the question which I have mentioned, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—if you will ask it honestly and earnestly—He will most assuredly show you what

His will is concerning you.

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Take the Saviour as your daily pattern. Let Him be your model. Be His follower. Learn to hate sin as He hated it, and flee from it as from a deadly serpent. There are sins of the flesh, by which young men are especially assailed. Turn away from them; for they will debase your character, and eat out your best affections. world will tell you that it is manly to indulge in them, but God tells you very differently. Satan will follow you up, at first perhaps against your will; but when once the barrier is broken down, he will come in like a flood with all his temptations, and entangle you in the fatal meshes of his net. Be on your guard. Boldly refuse his advances. Think of your Saviour. Would He not have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan"? And let such be your language too. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

As to the world's opinion, be courageous enough to break with it at once. Care not for what may be said of you. Jesus was despised before you. His followers were treated with contempt. And you too must take up your cross, and bear a little for His sake. You cannot serve God and Mammon—the world and Christ. Choose between the two; and oh, that you may make a right choice, and devote your best and

brightest days to Him!

And what about your companions? It seems hard to give them up. But if they are ungodly ones, they must be given up, or you will suffer from close contact with them. Solomon says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away." But do not give them up in a proud and self-righteous spirit, as though you considered them unfit for your society. No; give them up

sorrowfully and lovingly, feeling that you are forced to do so in self-defence. At the same time, try to do them good; and if you can by any means win them over, spare no pains in

doing so.

Be regular in your Prayers, and let them be real prayers, and not a mere lip-service. Read the Bible daily, looking up to God to teach you by His Holy Spirit. Get hold of a good book or two; but I would not have you put aside other books, for your intellect should be fed, as well as your heart nourished. Come to the House of God with an earnest and devout heart. You have hitherto, perhaps, come as a mere form; come now really to worship God, and to hear His message to your soul. Be a frequenter too of His holy Table. I would advise you also to undertake some special work for Christ, for if you love Him you should be anxious to be employed in His service. And look upon the Church to which you belong as a home of peace, and as the appointed guide of your steps, in the midst of this weary world.

I have now done, although I feel that there is much, very much more, that I might add. In conclusion, I would say,

Live to God; do all to His glory.

Live as a Christian man; a holy life, and as a real follower of Christ.

Live for Heaven; and as you journey on, let this be the end and the home you have always in view

Thus will your life be blest; your course will be a happy and useful one; and your end will be peace.

### PRAYERS.

O my God and Father, Who lovest me, and hast given Thy dear Son to die for me, make me Thy true servant. I desire to give myself to Thee; take me and make me Thine. Lord, I am weak and unstable; strengthen me, bless me, and guide me. Thou knowest how much there is in the world to draw me aside, and how much there is in my own heart that rebels against Thee. Oh, help me, I beseech Thee, and give me grace to spend my life in Thy service, and to Thy glory. Enable me to take up the Saviour's cross, and follow Him. Fit me for Thy service here and for Thy presence hereafter, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Bless me, O Lord, in all my ways. When tempted, enable me to resist all that is evil. When persecuted, may I bear it meekly and patiently. Have compassion on my ignorance, and teach me by Thy Holy Spirit. Help me to do some work for Thee in the world; and give me boldness to speak for Thee, if by so doing I may be useful. Let me never be ashamed of Christ or of His people. Heavenly Father, bless those who are near and dear to me. Bless also my

course; and if any of them are far from grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love Thee, and know Thee not, oh draw them to of Christ. Hear me, I beseech Thee, for His Thyself. Enable me to lead a holy life. Sub- sake.

companions, and all with whom I have inter- due all that is sinful within me; and may 1 Amen.

# ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "WITNESSES FOR CHRIST," ETC.

HOW FRANCKE'S INSTITUTIONS WERE ESTABLISHED BY PRAYER.

OME men seem to be born before their time. It is theirs to be pioneers of great movements, to inaugurate great political or social or religious reforms, to break the slumbers of ages, to dig out channels for the flow of newly awakened thought, or zeal, or benevolence. The words of such men have weight and power; but often far more than the force of their weighty

words, is the power of their character, their example, their faith in God, their self-denial, their Christlike love. Such a man was Augustus

Herman Francke.

Francke was born at Lubeck, 23rd March, 1663, when John Bunyan had lain three years in Bedford Gaol. His parents were in good circumstances, and he received a good education and careful religious training. He owed much to an older sister whose devoted love and pure religious influence told upon him for good. He studied the languages and theology at Erfurt, Kiel, and Leipsic. At Kiel he resided in the family of Korthalt, whose lectures, conversation, and friendship did much to improve his mind. He had already acquired Latin, and Greek, and French and English, and he set himself to master Hebrew. For this purpose he went to Hamburg, to have the advantage of distinguished professors. applied himself with such diligence that in one year he read the Old Testament through seven times. But the deeper meaning of the Bible was as yet unknown to him. A maternal uncle supplied him with the means of visiting Luneberg, where he received instruction from the pious and learned Sandhagen. The great change took place while he was there. His life had not been leose, but he had studied the Scripture rather to become learned, than to apply its teachings to his heart and life. He became dissatisfied with himself. There sprang up in his heart a longing for true godliness, and for devotedness of heart to the Lord. He was brought to a deeper knowledge of sin and grace; of himself, as a sinner, and of Christ as an all-gracious Saviour. He had prepared a sermon on the words, "But these are

written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ve might have life through His Name." He saw that this faith was wanting to him. "My outer life passed before me," says he; "I could enumerate every single sin; but soon the chief fountain came to view, even unbelief, by which I had 80 long been deceived." He found no friend at hand to help him, no God to Whom he might turn He bewailed his sin, and yet he did not know why, nor did he know that it was God's hand that pressed out his bitter tears, nor whether there was in reality any God at all. Yet he was helped to cry for deliverance, if there were a God and Saviour to deliver. The Lord heard. He was suddenly and completely set free. Every doubt "I was assured in my heart of the vanished. grace of God in Christ, and I could now call Him not only God, but also Father." His sadness and distress were followed by abundant joy. With a full heart he praised and magnified God for His

Prayer, which was to form such a remarkable feature in his character and life, was the means of his deliverance. In deep distress he bowed before God, with overflowing joy he rose. A few days after, he preached from the above text, with evident tokens of Divine blessing. Henceforth his life was after the Gospel pattern; fervent in spirit and continuing instant in prayer, he denied ungodliness and worldly lust, and lived a life of faith in the Crucified. Leaving Luneberg, he went to The state of the juvenile population Hamburg. attracted his attention. Convinced of the errors of the prevalent system of imparting instruction, he started a private school on a new model. The experience gathered here was, as he says, "The foundation of all that God afterwards accomplished by him." He learned much patience, and he gathered strength for the great work of

his life.

Leaving Hamburg, he went to Leipsic, visiting Spener at Dresden on his way. At Leipsic he lectured on the Epistles of Paul in German. The students gathered in large numbers, and many Roman Catholics mingled with the ever-increasing The enemies of the truth were alarmed, and the Elector of Mentz ordered him to leave the city in twenty-four hours. This was at the opening of the year 1691. While on his journey to Gotha, after leaving Erfurt, he enjoyed the rich consolations of the Holy Spirit, and his joy found expression in a long and beautiful hymn on the words, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; even so, come, Lord Jesus!" We can give only the last verse:—

Oh, Jesus, all my soul hath flown Already up to Thee, For Thou, in Whom is love alone, Hast wholly conquered me. Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year, Eternity is round me here, Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

Leaving Gotha, he went to Halle, and with the assistance of Spener and others established the new university. The new wine of evangelical faith and spiritual earnestness must be put into new bottles. Heassailed the reigning scholasticism, which was little better than scepticism, and pointed out an error of the pietists in deprecating the study of theology. In connection with his professorship at the university, he became the pastor of Glaucha, a suburb of Halle. He established meetings for social prayer, and commenced the instruction of the children in his own house. The parents were ignorant, and the children were wild, unwilling to be taught. He paid the parents to send the children, but while they readily took the bribe, they kept their children at home. To meet the distress of the poor, he sent round a box for the gifts of pious Christians; he also fixed one to the door of the parsonage, with the inscription, 1 John iii. 17; 2 Cor. ix. 7.

His beginning was very small. A donation of less than a pound had been put into his box by a pious widow of high connections. "This," said he, "is a considerable fund, worthy to be laid out in some important undertaking; therefore I will take it for the founding of a charity school." This was in 1695. He bought books, and engaged a poor student to give instruction two hours a day. Of the first twenty-seven books distributed among the children, only four came back. He saw that if anything was to be done, he must have the children entirely under his control. He began in good earnest, in prayerful reliance on Him whose are the silver and the gold and the hearts of all men. Another box was fixed to his door for this object, with the words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, will He pay him again." Gifts poured in as they were wanted. Friends came to see his work, and some of the citizens desired to send their own children. This led to another branch of his great work, which became widely known. One day a friend sent him £100 to be distributed at his discretion, among the necessitous, and for the help of poor students. A portion of this went to his school fund, and a good share was doled

out week by week to the needy students. But though the sums never exceeded half-a-crown weekly, he found some did not expend their pittance wisely. He resolved to lodge and feed them himself, and have them under his own eye or the care of judicious persons. There was no lack of fatherless children, nor of poor students, and there was no real want of funds. The money came in from different sources, and in varying The donor of £100 sends £200 more, another £60, another £20, another £10, another £5, and so on. He called upon God daily, and He who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think," did not once fail him. In this there was nothing strange, though wonderful, as are all God's ways. The same power which worked in him in asking, in praying, worked also in answering and giving; neither his faith nor his prayers were of himself, but the "power from on high" wrought within him. Francke became a father to his orphan children and his poor students, that God might so much the more "be a Father" to him and to his. him was verified the truth of his own maxim, "He that begins in God shall surely be able to finish."

As his work grew, his necessity increased. A house must be built for his growing family. The Golden Eagle was bought, and the land opposite, where stone might be quarried. Faith began the work, and it proceeded in prayerful dependence on God. Francke did not dispute God's word, nor enter into pros and cons. At the same time, he proceeded with the greatest care. There should be no waste, nothing unnecessary. "Faith works boldly," said he, "when employed about real necessities."

The foundation of the new house was laid in the harvest of 1696. Money soon ran short, and stone and other things were wanted, as also horses to convey them. He went to his closet to collect his thoughts, and wait upon God. A workman comes, saying that the masons must have materials immediately, or they will cease work, and demand full pay. How to get through these difficulties he does not know. But he follows the messenger. Just as he reaches the place, a workman finds an old coin of the Prince of Weimar. It has a superscription in Hebrew and Latin. Rubbing it well, he reads, "Jehovah crown the building and the builder with a happy conclusion." The words and the incident of finding the coin just at that time confirm his faith and strengthen his mind. Materials were obtained, horses sent, and the work went on. But his difficulties were not over; there was more work for faith and prayer. But "out of weakness he was made strong," and prayer and faith prevailed. A few instances may be given.

One day the steward of the house brought his book, and desired him to pay the weekly charges.

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There was no provision, and no money. As soon as he had finished the work he had in hand, he goes to God to make known his needs. A letter comes the same day from a merchant, signifying that he was ordered to pay £200 for the hospital.

One day, while the hospital was in building, Francke had been walking in the country, pray"Here they are. But do you want any more ?" No."

Thus the need was exactly met.

One day, when all the provisions were spent and the money exhausted, he was deeply affected in prayer by the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," etc. His mind was specially fixed on the words "This day." While he was still

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FRANCKE'S ORPHANAGE.

ing, admiring and meditating on the works of God, and the excellence of putting entire trust in Him. Hardly had he returned when the steward came for money to pay the work-people.

"Is there any brought in?" said he.
"No; but I believe in God."

The words were hardly spoken when a student came desiring to speak with him, and bringing thirty crowns from an unknown person. Going at once to the steward, he asked—

"How much do you want?"

"Thirty crowns."

praying, a friend drove up to his door in a coach, bringing 400 crowns.

Another time, when his stock had run out, he unexpectedly received twenty-five crowns from a merchant who lived at a distance of 750 miles; and on a similar occasion, a farmer gave as much gold as he could hold in his hand.

Once when 100 crowns were wanted, his supply was quite gone. He made known his case to God, and bid the steward come after dinner. Afternoon came, but no money. "Come again in the evening," said he. The evening was spent,

partly in prayer, and partly in conversation with a friend. Going to the door with his friend, he meets the steward on one side of the door, and on the other a messenger with 150 crowns.

One Friday the steward wanted money for provisions and to pay workmen, but there was not a farthing in hand. "It is now time again to rejoice," said Francke, "for the Lord will undoubtedly give us another instance of His providence. 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.'" Early next morning fifty crowns were sent, which met the present need.

Once, while relating some of the acts of God's goodness, there came three sacks full of stuff,\* leather, and other necessaries to clothe the children. At another time, when all his store was gone, he received ten ducats for a minister in distress. This was a happy diversion from his own trouble, which for the time he forgot, but the Lord soon sent him a gold chain, weighing four and a half ounces. Help always came when it was needed, and prayer was heard and answered.

• "Stuff," as here used, is not a general term for all kinds of things, but a kind of dress material.

In this way he received cloth, caps, hats, flax, thread, worsted, meat, fish, cheese, corn, and various utensils. One person gave him a share in a silver mine for the benefit of the hospital, and a chemist of his acquaintance gave him valuable recipes for medicines, which proved a large source of income to the institution. Rich and poor gave as they were able. Many royal and noble personages contributed to his work, notably the Elector of Brandenburg.

Francke's Institutions comprise the Orphan Asylum, the Royal Pedagogium, the Latin School for the less wealthy, the Asylum for Widows, the Bible Press, which has issued several million copies of the Holy Scriptures, a large library, a book establishment, and an apothecary's shop, the last two, with the royal pedagogium, bringing in an income to the charity schools. Francke died in 1727, at the age of sixty-four. We close this brief sketch with the words with which he finishes his narrative, and which reveal the great end of his efforts and his life:—"Now unto the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever, Amen."

## CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT AND HER POETRY.

EVER was sacred song more fully charged with the spirit of true devotion than in the case of Charlotte Elliott. Two at least of the poems which most clearly and earnestly breathe of her spirit—the hymns beginning "Just as I am, without one plea," and "My God, my Father, while I stray"—have penetrated to

the verge of Christendom. And it may also be said of this writer that never has the Christian life been led with a patience more exemplary, or a heroism more admirable and enduring, while at the same time calm and noiseless in the world's sense. The daughter of Mr. Charles Elliott, of Clapham and Brighton, she was on both sides connected with men who had been useful in a very high degree in stimulating the religious life of the eighteenth century. Her uncle was the well-known rector of Clapham, the Rev. John Venn, and her mother was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield and Yelling, one of the leaders of the religious awakening in the last century; while her two brothers, the late Rev. H. V. Elliott, of St. Mary's, Brighton, and the Rev. E. B. Elliott, author of the "Horæ Apocalypticæ," fully sustained the noble character of the family by their lives and their work. We learn from a sympathetic memoir prepared by her sister, that Charlotte Elliott was born on the 18th of March, 1789, and died, at the ad-

vanced age of eighty-two, on the 22nd of September, 1871. Like many others whose best services to our literature have been wrung from them in periods of anguish and suffering, she was more or less an invalid during the whole term of her long life. This knowledge adds a beauty to those strains in which she so beautifully inculcates the duty and even the blessing of resignation to the Divine will. We are not astonished to learn of the charm of her conversation, or her strong imagination; for her poems show that there was more in this author than the mere facility for writing religious verses. Her mind had some claims to originality, while she had by nature an undoubted poetical temperament. Moreover, "she was always exceedingly fond of music, with a very fine and delicate ear; and it was only the continual interruption of ill-health that prevented the successful development of this talent, as well as the kindred accomplishment of drawing, for which she showed much taste and aptitude. In younger years her voice blended sweetly with the family choir, and to the close of her life her enjoyment of music was exquisite. Such tastes as these, combined with her unusual powers of conversation, her high intellectual capacity, and her zest for every interesting subject, made her companionship very delightful and highly valued." At one period of her life, Miss Elliott was brought into contact with many of the first writers and most brilliant wits of the day; but their indifference to the higher life, and

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semi-hostility to religion, speedily convinced her that she had little in harmony with them, and that there was no common ground upon which to meet. Intellectually, such society had a strong fascination for her; but her sister relates that in the year 1821 she had a severe attack of illness, and this necessitated her withdrawal from a scene not without its dangers and temptations in an intellectual and spiritual sense.

During this time of short seclusion, bodily weakness and distress were accompanied by mental anxiety; for Mrs. Elliott was much troubled by religious doubt, In the heat of the religious controversy which then prevailed, her views became clouded and uncertain: but fortunately for her, at this critical period she became acquainted with the distinguished Dr. Cesar Malan, of Geneva. From the time she met him at her father's residence at Clapham, until the Doctor's death forty years afterwards, his correspondence was held by her in the deepest regard. Under Dr. Malan's entreaties, she laid aside much of the literature which had hitherto charmed her, and made an earnest and exclusive study of the Holy Scriptures; and in this she gained a noble recompense, for "the graphic power of the historical and biographical narratives, the dissection of character, the full development of Divine Providence in all, created an interest in her mind that she had never equally experienced from the ordinary histories of mankind. Then the drapery too-the brilliant imagery, the wordpainting, the rich Orientalism of the poetry, and the colouring of the whole, so rich, and yet ever so true to nature, surpassed, in her estimation, all human compositions." Evidences of these impressions are to be found in her writings. But more than all this, she discovered with Bunyan that the Bible not only spoke to her heart, but dissected the very thoughts of her soul. In the end it became her chief study, and her close and daily companion through life. The result of her reading and meditation was that she resolved to consecrate whatever poetical talents she possessed to the service of religion. Her endowment in this direction was by no means poor or mean; she had an unmistakable gift of poetic expression, united to a lively imagination, and had she so chosen might readily have obtained recognition amongst poets not exclusively religious. But she now chose her path, and resolved to adhere to it. Whatever remained of life, she had counted the cost, and was prepared to devote it wholly to the glory of God and the benefit of suffering humanity.

Family afflictions, deep and grievous, in the year 1823, led to the production of some of the most beautiful and chastened verses which appear in her "Hours of Sorrow." In the autumn of the same year Miss Elliott, then an invalid, visited her relations, the Waddingtons, at St. Remy, in Normandy, and returned from thence to Brighton much invigorated and refreshed, both in mind and body. In the year following, under the paternal roof she greatly enjoyed the society of the Rev. Edward Irving, Mrs.

Fry, Archdeacon and Mrs. Hoare, Dr. M'Neile, the Wilberforces, and many others whose names are justly held in high esteem by the religious society of England of all shades of opinion. Four or five years later. however-that is, in 1829-she was attacked by severe illness, and was unable to leave her room. In the summer ensuing, while in a very weak state, she was conveyed into Devonshire, and there the fresh pure air and a skilful physician, with equally skil. ful nursing, did much for her. All this time, daily and hourly she was learning the lesson she has so well illustrated-that of taking up the cross and following Him who had called her. She became in. timate, in the year 1834, with Miss Harriet Kiernan of Dublin, who appears to have been in almost every respect a kindred spirit. Miss Kiernan dying of consumption, her surviving friend undertook, at her earnest request, and as a kind of dying legacy, the editorship of the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book." This work was thenceforward annually compiled by Charlotte Elliott for a period of twenty-five years, at a greater physical cost than even her friends suspected. Miss Kiernan, in her last illness, prepared a hymn-book for invalids. At the request of the Rev. Hugh White, who wrote a preface to the volume, Miss Elliott revised the work, adding no fewer than one hundred and twelve compositions of her own. In this little volume first appeared that hymn which has now acquired an almost universal fame, and has been translated into the French, Italian, and German languages-

> Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee-O Lamb of God, I come!

This hymn, printed as a leaflet, was afterwards presented to Miss Elliott by the family physician, in ignorance that she had written it, and with the apology that he knew it would please her!

A visit to Scotland, in easy stages, is recorded in 1835, the delighted traveller revelling in scenery which until then had remained quite unknown to her. A country so rich in beauty and in objects of interest left vivid impressions upon her, and the spirit in which she viewed all may be gathered from this extract :- "The silvery transparent Tweed, its richly-wooded banks, the fine seats embosomed in wood around it, with the beautiful range of the Pentland Hills, far more beautiful than our favourite Malvem, all these things woke up feelings that had long slept in my bosom; and often and often the tear of rapture started to my eye, as above, around, and underneath, every object seemed to touch some responsive chord within, and to draw my heart towards Him, 'without Whom nothing that is made was made, and for Whose pleasure all things are and were created." This loving and reverent appreciation of Nature is again and again manifested in her poems. Nor was the human portion of God's creation forgotten by her, for her sister states that one of the most striking features in her character was her deep sympathy with all cases of sorrow or distress that were brought before her. In fact, her charities often exceeded her means. The Church Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and other excellent evangelising associations, had always their special days of remembrance with her.

Weak health was a constant trial to Charlotte Elliott, for nothing would have yielded her a keener delight than to be able to pursue actively the Christian work. Thus, after a stay on the Continent and at Brighton, rendered necessary by bodily prostration, we find her writing to a friend, regretting her forced physical inactivity:-- "I look on at these diligent fellow-labourers spending so many hours every day in labours of love among the ignorant and wretched, which I am unable to share, and then I remember Milton's sweet words, 'They also serve who only stand and wait; ' and again, I remember with comfort, how short that waiting-time may be for me." While keenly enjoying this human life, with its human friendships, she was never so bound down to earth as to be at any time unprepared or unwilling to leave it. In 1837 the Elliotts visited Switzerland, renewing at Geneva their pleasant intercourse with Dr. Malan. The magnificent Alpine scenery, and the fresh mountain air, gave new life to the invalid. She visited Chamounix and the Mer de Glace, and had so far recovered in health as to be able also to venture the ascent of Montanvert, in order to witness the glorious sunrise over the Mer de Glace. The travellers returned home over the Jura mountains, and so through France to Boulogne, the picturesque journey having left its lasting impress upon the mind of Miss Elliott.

From 1841 to 1843 inclusive, were years of domestic trouble and sorrow. First, a beloved sisterin-law died, and then our author's own mother followed—a crushing blow—and the home at Brighton was broken up. As might naturally have been expected, during this period, as in 1823, many of the most pathetic poems in Charlotte Elliott's "Hours of Sorrow" were written. Nor were these bereavements all, for in 1844 two sisters also passed away. So broken down was she at this time that, believing her own end to be near at hand, she wrote a letter foreshadowing this to her brother Henry.

Total change of scene was rendered absolutely necessary, and under the care of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, she visited Lynton and Teignmouth and Ilfracombe. Further time in travelling was subsequently spent upon the Continent. clung to the preparation of "The Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," and spent hours in this favourite employment, pleasantly described by her friends as her "gold diggings." Much of the true spiritual metal she managed to discover in this way. By great care, existence was prolonged for many years. In January, 1865, Miss Elliott sustained another severe shock by the death of her brother Henry, to whom she was deeply attached. She was unable to go to him to bid him a final

farewell, but on the last birthday he spent upon earth she addressed to him a letter which is one of the most touching and characteristic examples of her correspondence. The last time she was able to leave home was in 1867, when she went to the quiet and sheltered village of Keymer, near Brighton. The change here proved salutary, and she rallied a little, but it was no permanent recovery of strength. During the last two years of her life, we are told, and especially during the last few months, there was much increase of weakness and suffering. Yet through all she exhibited a perfectly-resigned and patient spirit. "She was as the limpet on the rock," she would often say, "so clinging to her blessed Saviour, that any effort to tear her from Him was like rending her soul asunder; or, she was as the happy infant on its mother's lap, with no strength, but needing none, fully supported by those loving arms, and only looking up to the beams of light and love on that blessed countenance, when the sweetest joy would steal into her soul. Or, again, she would retrace in her own mind all she had ever known or read of worth and beauty in man or nature-all of genius and glory, the highest and best on earth. She would speak of each one-Milton, Dante, Newton, St. Paul, etc., as but a faint outline, a shadowy reflection, of His glorious excellency."

At the commencement of her eighty-first year she wrote that so great an age as hers required three things—great faith, great patience, and great peace. Not long before her death, when the verse, "Let not your heart be troubled," was repeated to her, she said, "My heart is not troubled," adding, "my mind is full of the Bible." She died, as we have seen, on the 22nd of September, 1871, without apparent suffering or the slightest struggle. A life of faith and restfulness in God was fitly crowned by a radiant and triumphant death.

Some further reference remains to be made to this gifted lady's poems. In the lines, "To a Fellow Traveller," and those entitled "Rejoicing in Hope," we see the same deeply religious spirit which prompted her better known devotional stanzas. There is a still more distinctly poetic vein in "A Hymn of Praise," and the verses "On an Early Violet," which prove that the writer was an ardent lover of nature. A little poem, entitled "The Skylark," is noteworthy from the beautiful lesson unfolded in it. There is a reminiscence of quaint George Herbert, both in manner and matter, in the "Universal Hymn," from which we extract the following stanzas:—

Traveller on earth! mark well its fabric rare,
So passing fair!
Survey its leafy aisles, its towering dome;
Let thine eye roam
O'er all the beauteous colours there inlaid,
The star-embroidered tracery displayed.
Then listen to its choir—their matin song,
So sweet, yet strong!
And when the sun declines and day grows dim,
Their vesper hymn!
While soft responses woods and waters make,
As gentle winds their sweet low voices wake.

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Christian! the priest of this ethereal fane,
Mark not in vain
Its fair proportions, its melodious choir!
The altar's fire

Thy sacrifice must cal. for; lowly bend, Offer thy heart, then will the flame descend.

Watchers unseen, from the Upper Temple sent,
Listening attent,
Stand 'mid the leafy arches, till thou grace

The foremost place,
And lead the choirs, and make its songs to be
An echo of its own sweet minstrelsy.

Death could have no terrors for one who could thus write "On Leaving Home," for whether in the body or out of the body mattered little, so long as she could rest in the bosom of the All-Father—

Thy gracious promise, Lord, fulfil, Now that I leave a home so dear; My soul's sweet home is present still, If Thou art near.

Beneath Thy wings if I remain, My home! my hiding-place! my rest! Sheltered, and safe, and freed from pain, My soul is blest.

It is interesting to know that the hymn, "Just as I am," formed part of the daily solitary prayers of Mrs. Wordsworth. The great poet himself could not bear to have it repeated aloud in his presence; but he was keenly sensible of the solace it gave to his beloved daughter. There is also an equally noteworthy association with another of Charlotte Elliott's hymns, beginning, "Darling, weep not; I must leave thee." This poem was given to Lady Constance Ashley by her sorrowing parent, Lord Shaftesbury, and after her death, at Mentone, was found fastened to the fly-leaf of her Bible. Lady Constance repeated

most of the hymn to her younger sister just before her death. In Miss Elliott's correspondence there is the same loving and beautiful Christian sympathy which is so marked a feature of her poems.

In the year 1871, the very last year of her exist. ence upon earth, she wrote on the first page of her sister's "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book":-"To my own precious sister. What words can express all I feel towards her of deep heartfelt gratitude and love, that seems to increase every day as I draw nearer to the Fount from whence it springs! Yes, my darling sister, it does abound more and more, and awakens every day fresh thanksgivings to Him Who, seeing what my sojourn on earth was to be, in a body so sensitive, and amid scenes of so much difficulty, gave me such a sister to carry me through, to be my 'Iris' on every cloud -my tender soother and cheerer and comforter in every sorrow, my sweet fellow-pilgrim 'Hopeful' to bear up my sinking head when the rough waves of this troublesome world would otherwise have quite overwhelmed me. So it has been in the past, my beloved; so it is in the present; and shall I not believe that this most precious, choicest blessing of my life will be continued unto me, even unto the end, till the days of my mourning shall be ended? So may it be." Old Shirley says that-

Only the actions of the just Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Amongst lives which will long help to keep the world fragrant was that of Charlotte Elliott; while her sacred poems, already the consolation of thousands, will be the solace and support of future generations.

# EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV .- A PUZZLE SOLVED.



HRISSY walked home to Shield Street with a burning heart. Yes, it was true that people had lost by her father. The claim on his share in the Great Metropolitan Bank was four thousand pounds, and the whole of his property had only amounted to two thousand

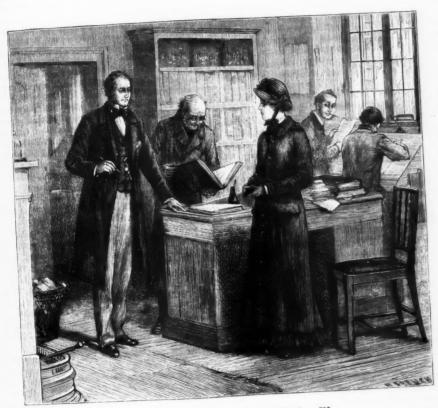
five hundred. It was true that he had given his life with it. It was equally true that he had taken the share in the dark, off the hands of a man whose property would not have been worth nearly so much. But Chrissy could remember none of these things at this moment. There would run in her head the lines from the familiar song—

He looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man.

And was her father one of whom that could not be said? Oh, what would he have done if he had lived! Ah! she knew. He would have begun life again, and set himself to toil, no longer for his future or for the well-being of those he loved, but to repay to the uttermost farthing the debt in which a moment's want of caution had involved him. He had lain down to his last rest with his Bible open at the fifteenth Psalm; and among its traits of the just man was one which his daughter was sure he would have acted out—"He sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not."

Therefore Chrissy, for her love's sake, must herself take up the task which God had taken from her father by removing him to Himself. But to her the task would mean carrying a burden all her days, and leaving it unfulfilled at last. One thousand five hundred pounds! And Aunt Kezia said women never made fortunes! And truly Chrissy had not aspired to making so much money as this, but only to amass such a sum as might buy some little business, and secure herself a competent independence thereby.

must be just before one is generous, I know. And yet-those ten pounds are not lost. Hans will pay me again, if he lives. [Little did she dream of the precautions he had taken.] And surely one has a right to make such a venture as that! I think I recollect Bishop Jeremy Taylor says something on that matter. I shall look it up in his 'Holy Living' directly I get home. I do hope I shall not have to feel I was wrong in lending that to Hans!"



"The clerks . . . fetched out a superior." p. 356.

"I must do what I can," said Chrissy, with the hot tears in her eyes. "Perhaps it is good for me to feel what it is to have to live under a shame and blame which I can never wipe away. If they are so hard to bear when they are not one's fault, what must it be when they are?

And her heart yearned towards Esther Gray—no longer in mere pity, but in that fellowship of pain and loss, on which alone Divine Law has ordained that help and redemption can come.

"I suppose I ought not to have lent those ten pounds to Hans Krinken?" she asked herself. "One 851

And when she went home, she was comforted. For though the good bishop said sternly enough-"He that gives to the poor what is not his own, makes himself the thief and the poor the receiver," yet he went on-

"This is not to be understood as if it were unlawful for a man that is not able to pay his debts to give smaller alms to the poor. He may not give such portions as can in any sense disable him to do justice; but such as, if they were saved, could not advance the other duty, may retire to this."

"I have only lent," mused Chrissy; "all I have

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preventing my being repaid."

She knew, of course, that the law set her free from her father's debt; that if she gained a million on the morrow, not a penny could be claimed from her for a Metropolitan Bank creditor, though he might be starving. But law is only made for lack of love. Love knows no law, being above and beyond all law. Chrissy saw that the law was just, in protecting the innocent from suffering for the sins and follies of those whose very name and blood they would cheerfully surrender if they might. Only the law, which was just enough for such as those, was absolutely unmeaning to one like her, who longed for nothing so much as utter unity with her father, owing all to him, and anxious to bear his burdens, and to suffer and conquer in his cause.

Chrissy spent the evening with Esther Gray. She did not wonder now that Esther could not hope she had not been guilty of the worst—could not joyfully believe in God's forgiveness even if she had. It was the simple goodness of Chrissy's father which had bound a weight on her dutiful life, but it sufficed to give her sympathy with that sense of hopeless struggle—that realisation of "never more"—which was

crushing Esther to the earth.

The woman felt that the girl was even nearer to her than she had been in the morning, and as they sat together in the dusk in the dull room, watching the dim city sunlight fade over dreary back walls, Esther spoke out from the depths of her pain—

"I wish I'd been found guilty. I believe capital punishment is mercy to such as I am. A life for a life. It seems the natural thing. And I begin to think there's no peace for them who miss it."

"Esther," said Chrissy, suddenly, scarcely knowing her own words before she uttered them, "Esther, perhaps it is so. You may owe your life. But you needn't throw it away in waste. Lives are wanted. Lives are always being risked for good ends. Find some duty, which somebody must do, in which life is always in danger, and then, Esther, do it! If God takes your life from you in that way, you will have redeemed with your life the life of the person who must otherwise have done that duty. It will be a life for a life, Esther, after all!"

Esther sprang to her feet. Yes, as Chrissy looked up at her, she could now believe that in her youth she had been beautiful.

"That's it!" she cried. "That's the very thing! Dear, how clear puzzles always are when they're found out. But then," and a shadow of fear darkened her brightened face, "it is the right thing; but how is it to be done? Women are not let do dangerous work in mines nowadays, and they can't be soldiers or sailors."

"There is the small-pox hospital," suggested Chrissy, timidly. "You are not a trained nurse, but strong willing women are always wanted there."

"That will do," said Esther, sitting down with a sigh of intense relief. "Only I'll have to get you or

Miss Griffin to write and tell some of the head people who I am, for I won't go in with any false pretences. Oh dear, what a blessed help it will be to have somebody to be kind to. And when the poor souls are raving, maybe they'll fancy I'm their mother, or some good friend! Oh, Miss Chrissy, your father was one of God's saints, and isn't it odd that it should be on the very anniversary of his death that you should come and give me a new hope! For I could not have held out much longer. Despair had nigh got hold of me, and I mind hearing an old minister say, 'Despair was the devil's fishing rod,'"

"Yes, it was strange," thought Chrissy, sitting silent. Her father's deathday—was it not rather his new birthday? And was not any service she could render to this poor soul, the one gift which could surely reach him where he stood among those angels of God, who rejoice over the repenting

sinner?

They had a little more quiet talk. They spoke together of Mr. Bentley's sermon on that summer night in St. Cecilia's-in-the-Garden.

"That was the first uplift I got," Esther narrated. "Do you remember how he said Jesus called each of us 'brother'—'sister?' That stuck by me for a long while. I think he must be a good man, that Mr. Bentley. And he's got troubles of his own, too, I reckon."

"Most people have," said Chrissy; "but what makes you think so in Mr. Bentley's case?"

"There is a son of his who is very wild," replied Esther. "I used to see him at taverns and gaming-places when I went hanging about such, waiting for my poor husband. I happened to hear his name, and that he was the son of a clergyman in the Midlands. He was a clerk in the Great Metropolitan Bank before it failed, you know. And the very night after I was acquitted, I went out after dark to get some food, and I met him half-intoxicated, in charge of your old neighbour Mr. Ackroyd. On the day of your papa's death, I saw the same young man in company with the Mr. Bentley who had preached that beautiful sermon. I've heard of him since-sad things. Is it not dreadful that a man like that preacher should have such a heartbreak? And oh! Miss Chrissy, I don't like that Mr. Ackroyd. We poor outcast wretches know the truth of many whom their better neighbours think fairly good and respectable; and there's nothing makes us feel more bitter and lost, than to see how some who are as bad as we are, but better hypocrites, and, maybe, richer and better born, are tolerated and accepted, while we are sconted and rejected. We are apt to blame Christianity for it; and some of us scarcely know that if there is anything which is not Jesus' way, but right contrary to it, it is just this."

Perhaps Chrissy did not hear all Esther's words. She sat silent and absorbed. But Esther was now too assured of her real sympathy to mistrust this silence.

Of what was Chrissy thinking?

She was thinking that she had found the clue to the one question which had puzzled her and Hans Krinken-how Mr. Ackroyd had acquired information which had led him to rid himself of his Great Metropolitan shares. What more likely than that, knowing this poor prodigal lad was in the confidential service of the bank, he had taken advantage of his intoxication to worm its secrets from him?

When Chrissy returned to Miss Griffin's apartments she found supper awaiting her, and also a letter from Hans Krinken. It was not the first, the second, nor the third which had arrived since his departure, but

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#### CHAPTER XVI.-TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS.

"DEAR MISS CHRISTINA," wrote Hans Krinken, "I have already told you of our voyage and our arrival, and our journeying onward, dropping first one and then another group of our party at their chosen destinations. I have told you in other letters about the country and its people and their ways. But this time I am going to write a letter about ourselves and our own business.

"I shall begin with yours. I have sold every one of your beautiful and careful studies of English places. I have kept an exact account of what I have received for each, which you will find enclosed. The whole amounts to the sum of twenty-five pounds. I have sold them in out-of-the-way places, where few pictures are ever seen-to homely farmers and rough miners and shrewd housewives. And you should have heard the talk over them, and seen the looks which husbands and wives and parents and children exchanged when they saw your representations of places they had once known so well, and will never see again. And they whispered together, and tears came into their eyes, and I think their voices were softer, and I was treated like a friend who had brought back a bit of the past. And, better than this sale, I have a great order for work of yours. The proprietor of a paper here wishes you to do for him two pictures in every month, of London houses famous in fiction, anecdote, or history." And here Hans enumerated the length of the engagement and the terms offered.

And Chrissy jumped up and danced about the room, crying-

"And I shan't even have to give up the shop—the dear old shop-for early morning will be the quietest and best time for sketching, and a little of 'early to bed and early to rise' will do it all, and I can sketch just as I always did, as if it was for pure love, and all the extra money can go to paying off that terrible Metropolitan."

"And now I will go on to some affairs of my own," wrote Hans, "and they are not so sunshiny as yours. You remember my German school-fellow, to whom I wrote some time ago, and who answered me, after a long delay, from America, and related that some stranger had put in an appearance in my native village, and had been making inquiries about me,

"Well, during my travels, I found, by referring to my school-fellow's letter, that I must be rather near his new home, and so, for the sake of old times, and because my grandfather had rather liked the lad, I made up my mind to pay him a visit,

" I found him in a lonely district in the Canadian backwoods. He is married already-Miss Christina, it is strange to see the first married among one's contemporaries-it reminds one that one has reached the foremost rank of life! Besides his wife, he has her sister with him, and they all live in a little wooden house, whose timbers he cut down and sawed himself. They have made the furniture too, nearly everything. The little piece of land on which they live is entirely their own, and yields them all their sustenance, with enough over for exchange for clothing, and for little savings. It seems to me a good way of life-a safe road to real prosperity, with peace and pleasure all the way along.

"Well, my old friend was very pleased to see me. He had been very glad indeed to hear of me when I wrote to him from Shield Street, and had written back to our old neighbourhood, saving that he had heard from me, and that I was in London and doing well. But he did not give anybody my address, having a feeling that if I wanted that done, I ought

to do it myself.

"And so, only two or three days before I suddenly appeared at the door of his shanty, almost making him think that he beheld a ghost, he had had another letter from Germany, asking definitely for my address, as there was important news for me.

"Miss Christina, you are the daughter of a good man. I find I am the son of a very bad one. Your father died ruined. My father has died-as he was born - rich and honoured, I would not say one word against him, but that he deceived and deserted my mother, and left her to die of a broken heart while I was in my cradle. My grandparents-her father and mother-asked nothing from him for me; they asked only to rear their daughter's child in their own godly fashion. My poor father had no legal claim on me; the same artifice by which he gave my mother no legal claim on him, served at least to set me free from his authority, but the terror of my grandparents' life was, lest it should please him, as I grew up, to assert his relationship to me, exert its natural influence over me, and lead me into paths which they knew could only end in ruin both for this life and the next. This was why they desired me to leave Germany.

"It appears that it was my father himself who came in his carriage to our village, asking after me. Probably he came directly he heard of my grandparent's death. I can well understand that he must have shrunk-wealthy and well-born as he was-from meeting my poor honest old grandfather, whose only daughter he had cruelly deceived and heartlessly disgraced. I can't help hoping that it was some feeling

of regret for her sake which made him think of seeking me out. It seems his health had been failing for some time, though he died suddenly at last; so perhaps he had had quietness and leisure to think over the past, and see it in its true light, and be sorry for it. In those last days he made a will, and though, of course, his estates and revenues go to those to whom they justly belong—to those who bear his name—he has yet remembered me.

"For his own sake, I am glad he did so.

"Of course, I shall never touch a farthing of his money. To me, it is tainted with the blood of my mother's broken heart. My old school-fellow here thinks me Quixotic in this, but my mind is made up. I am sure even you could not change it. I believe I am sure of this, because I am certain you will never try.

"I have written to Germany, and as soon as my first sojourn here is over, and I return to England, I shall go on to the continent, and get this little matter settled, and pay a farewell visit to the graves of

my mother and my grandparents.

"My old school-fellow fancies I am making a great sacrifice. But really I don't feel it to be so. I am enamoured of the thought of hammering out my own fortune from the rock of circumstance. One does not want much for true happiness. One wants only clean hands, and a brave heart, and a bright hope; and these one must have, and it is the worst of follies to risk any of these for something else which can never supply its place.

"Perhaps it is easier for me to think thus because

I feel sure you will agree with me."

And then the letter closed with a few inquiries after "Miss Helen," and some affectionate messages for "Miss Griffin."

Chrissy dropped the letter on her knee, and sat thoughtful. What a strange world it was! How singular it was that this new possibility of her paying off her father's innocent liabilities, and setting his name free from casting any shadow over other lives, had come to her by the hand of the worse than fatherless youth whom her father had clothed and sheltered, and started in prosperous ways. And how strange it was that her father, who had given her everything else-love and joy, sweet memories and inspiring hopes-had left her, for her portion in this world, a burden to lift and to carry for his sake; while Hans Krinken's father, who had given his boy nothing-who had, indeed, given him all that was evil, if that evil had not been wrought into good by other hands-had yet endowed him with a share, be it small or great, of this world's wealth. At first there was a little bitterness in the thought; but that was soon past, for Chrissy could not hesitate for a moment which lot was to be chosen. Nay, she could rejoice with Hans that his poor father had given this one possible sign of some remembrance and regret; though she could fully sympathise with the son's feeling that he must not soften the conditions of his own life by accepting a gift from one who

had embittered his mother's existence, and driven her into an early grave. And Hans himself needed no pity. Chrissy would not have liked to have to pity Hans. We may pity those whose losses and trials have made them less than they might have been; we may rather envy those whose losses and trials have only raised them higher. In heaven we shall not pity those who wear the martyr's crown: we shall keep our pity for those who made the martyr's cross. Hans had never known a father, but the very lack of the earthly type seemed but to have taught him the directness of his relation with the Father-God. If we weighed realities of loss and gain, we might mete out the indignity of pity in far different quarters; and if we sometimes said "poor millionaire," "poor spoilt child," "poor glutton," instead of "poor struggler," "poor orphan," or "poor invalid," we might set up a more wholesome state of feeling among those who profess to believe that this life is only the beginning of life.

Something of all this floated through Chrissy's mind that night, as she lay sleepless in her little bed. For though pain and sorrow are often slumbrous, a rapid current of new ideas and fresh images bears sleep away. Chrissy could not rest until her mind settled on one certain duty, to be instantly discharged. To-morrow she must take her newlyacquired twenty-five pounds to the office of the trustees of the Great Metropolitan Bank. Only yesterday, as she had walked home, forlornly, from that dreary cemetery, how incredible this would have seemed! It was true, it did not much reduce the deficiency left by her father's estate, but when we have set our shoulder to push upward some heavy weight, the first sign of movement thrills us with an ecstasy of hope and joy, which can scarcely be matched on that day of triumph when the burden is finally shifted to its place and left at rest for ever.

Chrissy and her errand were somewhat phenomenal in the dry business office where she presented herself with her twenty-five pounds. There was some little difficulty as to what ledger should be brought into requisition, or what form of receipt

employed.

"Was the sum something further realised from Mr. Miller's estate?" asked an incredulous clerk, half wondering whether he might not hint to the pretty girl that if she kept the matter quiet, nobody was likely to trouble her about it.

"No," Chrissy said.

"From whom did it come, then?"

"From Mr. Miller's daughter, Christina Miller," she answered, simply.

She did not even add, "That is I."

The clerks whispered together, and went to an inner office and fetched out a superior. He looked sharply at Chrissy, and by a few well-aimed questions elicited the fact of the case, on which he made no comment, only wrote out a receipt, and walked across the office before her and let her out himself.

"What a strange world it would be if everybody did business in that way," he mused as he returned to his sanctum. "But I think it would be a better world. I even think we should all be richer in the long run."

## CHAPTER XVII.-THE TWO SISTERS.

ESTHER GRAY remained firm to her purpose. It puzzled Miss Griffin somewhat. That good woman's innocent consciousness could scarcely fathom the troubled waters which seethe about a never-to-be-forgotten history of sin and crime. Why could not Esther Gray find consolation in helping her with her work in the offices? Esther had proved herself steady and reliable, "And Esther might not realise the trouble which unsteady and unreliable workers sometimes gave," said Miss Griffin, almost reproachfully.

"Oh, I am not ungrateful, ma'am," said Esther; "but there's better people than me fit for your work. There's a dock-labourer's widow I know of, a nice decent young woman, with two little children. She ean't be a nurse in the small-pox hospital, ma'am, and I can. And that will leave my place for her." And Esther had her way. And when Miss Griffin found how pleasant it was to see the young widow brighten under the same kind words and services which had seemed but to torture Esther's sore soul, then she began to think that Esther had been right.

Hans' return to England was delayed much longer than had at first seemed likely. But those were happy days for both him and Chrissy. Labour in the hands and love in the heart make about the best which life has to give. And Chrissy was indeed very busy. All that autumn she rose with the dawn, that she might get far ahead with her sketching work before the tardy light and hastening gloom of winter should make it impossible. She adhered to her mechanical labour at counter and desk to secure her own honest maintenance; her talent—her bright little genius, if she had any—should toil for pure love in the service of her dead father.

In those sweet silver-grey mornings, when she trotted forth with camp-stool and portfolio, the sky above her clear from smoke, the pavement beneath clean and white, all sounds hushed except the hastening step of some early workman, and the twitter of the awakening sparrows, did it ever cross Chrissy's mind that, but for human fraud—but for a neighbour's treachery—her toil might have been for pure love all the same—but for love living in joy and hope—for love in the present, love in the future?

It did. Once or twice, she even wondered to herself how a girl might feel whose labour was to help to rear a new home—to plenish a household nest. But a voice within her answered that God's days are long—that He has His own appointed times and ways, and that He will not mock His children who trust in Him. One thing remained clear. Without doing the right there could be no blessedness—the best

blessedness was in the very doing of the right—and the Almighty power Who makes so clear the way to the best blessedness, will not readily grudge us aught else that is good for us.

Yes, in those days Chrissy was happy, except that there was somebody who did not seem so, even her sister Helen. Helen came oftener to visit Miss Griffin's home, but she never seemed to take any happy interest in anything she found going on there. When she heard of Chrissy's drawings, she only wondered why Chrissy need burden herself with so much work there was no good in money-making of that kind, she said, there was so little to show after years of it -just a few hundreds of pounds at most-and one's youth and good looks worn out into the bargain. Chrissy scarcely liked to tell her sister to what object she was devoting all her extra earnings, past and future. To her delicate consciousness, to state her sole undertaking of such filial task seemed like conveying a reproach to Helen. But it had to be told, sooner or later. And Chrissy need not have shrunk from the telling. Helen regarded her sister's ambition only as the fond whim of a harmless kind of Nobody expected such Quixotic honesty, even from men, she said. And from women, it was absolutely absurd. Why, marriage settlements and other legal arrangements of that sort were invented to save women from being compelled to share such losses and misfortunes as might befall their male connections.

"But because law furnishes possible protection against those who may have become our enemies, and from whom our only wish might be to detach ourselves, we are not compelled to use its protection against our friends—against those with whom our one ardent desire is to be united for ever," said Chrissy.

"Oh, well," said Helen, "each can do as each likes, but women have quite enough to do for themselves, and can scarcely provide for their own old age, except by scrimping themselves all their lives, of all that makes life worth having."

"Is that the duties of love and honour, or a few silk dresses?" asked Chrissy, a little mischievously.

But she looked up at Helen's face as she spoke, and its expression checked her. It was not sad—it was scarcely what one could call suffering—it was rather the face of one weary, defeated; above all, embittered. There comes a thrill of self-reproach to loyal hearts like Chrissy's when first they realise that sense of separation which separate duties and separate aims are sure to bring, sooner or later, to those born beside one hearth. How had she and Helen got so far apart that she could not even guess whence fell the shadow which darkened her sister's face?

What was it, which made her ask, half shyly-

"Do you see the Ackroyds often now?"

"No," said Helen, sharply.

There was a pause; then Helen asked-

"Do you see much of them in Shield Street?"

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"Very little indeed," answered Chrissy. "I have an impression that both James and Sophia have been

visiting from home a great deal."

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a rasping torture-tone in her voice; "Sophia told me they were going away, the last time she saw me. They go to stay with the people who have taken James into the stock-broking firm. As soon as he is competent to be a partner, he is to marry the daughter of the house.

So this was the end of Helen's advice to the youth. as to the line of life he should choose! Chrissy did not know what to say. It was not the time for moralising, and there was no appeal for sympathy,

Chrissy said nothing.

"They say she is very ugly," observed Helen, with an unhappy laugh; "and I suppose it is true, since Sophia admitted that she was not pretty, but was rather distinguished-looking, and, though very reserved, was truly charming to the few people who ever really got to know her. Poor James! I don't blame him; only it does seem hard that beauty and loveliness and one's own inclination should be so seldom on the side of fortune."

"I do blame James, if he is to marry without love," said Chrissy; "and I pity the poor girl, if she is deceived into believing herself beloved,"

"Probably she herself is agreeable enough to the match," returned Helen, "and so needs no pity. Everybody does not see things with your eyes, Chrissy. See what a different standpoint Aunt Kezia takes: and I believe there are more people in the world like her than like you, I think Aunt Kezia has made her will lately, Chrissy," she added, after a pause.

"Has she?" said Chrissy, calmly.

"And I don't believe she has put down your name," Helen went on. "She said to me, 'There would be no comfort in leaving Chrissy anything; it would be sure to go on some queer idea.' And besides, she had heard of the pictures you had sold and were to sell, and she said, 'Chrissy will be able to get for herself as much as is good for her."

"I hope it is true," said Chrissy, quietly.
"My name is down, I know," Helen went on; "but I do not know for how much-or even for what. I hope it is not for her cumbrous old furniture, which she thinks so much of, and values at three times what it would really fetch. And I'm sure if it came to me I should sell it off at once, for I couldn't bear the sight of the old things. I wish I did know what Aunt Kezzy means to give me-the expectation of it might make more difference to me now, than the possession of it when I'm an old woman. She may live for years and years yet-till I'm too old to get married, and when I might be shelved almost as comfortably in a workhouse as Aunt Kezzy herself is now in her own establishment."

Chrissy could bear it no longer. Was this Helen? -sister Helen, whose old faults of thoughtlessness and carelessness had seemed to have a wild beauty

of their own? Sister Helen, who had always been so lavish of her kisses and soft words and giftswhose chronic difficulty had been that her pocketmoney would burn a hole in her pocket? Chrissy had not had a long experience of life, or she would have known that thoughtlessness and carelessness, thriftlessness and extravagance, are the very blossoms which presently develop into selfishness and sordidness and greed; whether such development takes place slowly under the influence of advancing years, or swiftly under the pressure of the stresses and storms of life.

"Helen," she cried, "I cannot hear you talking What are you living for? Are not the service of our God and the love of our fellow creatures before these things? We do not live by bread alone, Nellie. I think the text might come more home to us, if we took out the simple symbolic word 'bread,' and put in literally some of the things we make too much of. We do not really live by dainty raiment, or grand rooms, or legacies, or provisions for our old age, but by every word of God-that is, by every true thought and every generous deed which urges ourselves, and helps others towards Him. We have souls as well as bodies. Nellie, and there is generally no need that either shall be starved for the sake of the other; but if one or the other must suffer, let it be the temporal, and not the eternalthat which is sure to die, not that which must live for ever."

Chrissy caught her sister's hands, and looked yearningly into the familiar face. There were already one or two lines which had not been there in the old days -lines which brought out something which had not been visible before. Yes, Helen was going to be like Aunt Kezia Daffy!

Helen looked down into Chrissy's face, for she was much the taller of the two, and her lips parted with a smile which did not mount to her eyes. Chrissy's heart sank within her, for she knew what was coming, and she would have infinitely preferred if her sister had argued against her arguments, or even been angry with her for urging them-or had said or done anything except meeting her, as she did, with the sweet soothing indifference of one astonished and amused to see energy thrown away for inadequate reasons; such a manner as mothers or nurses might use to tumultuous children or deluded invalids.

"People see things differently, Chrissy," she said, "and I daresay you would be as glad as anybody to be comfortably off, if you could see your way to it. I am sorry to have to fancy that you rather grudge me Aunt Kezia's possible bequest. Console yourself; it is far off, and uncertain into the bargain."

# CHAPTER XVIII.—A LOAN AND A LEGACY.

Hans Krinken's absence was prolonged far beyond expectation; more than two years passed before he came back. If he and Chrissy had known how long it would last when they parted from each other on the crowded dock, it might have seemed too hard to bear, and courage and faith might have failed them.

It did seem very hard, often; but all the sickening hope-deferred, all the fears, and all the pain, only made their joy the greater on that evening when a strong manly step was heard hastily mounting Miss Griffin's staircase, and she dropped her work, and Chrissy suspended her pencil for just one moment till the door opened, and Chrissy sprang up with the

"It is Hans!"

"Chrissy!"

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They were Hans and Chrissy ever after. They had lost nothing in that long parting; they had been growing nearer all the while. There came a time when they talked it over together.

"Everybody says I am so changed," said Hans.

"You are not changed one whit," said Chrissy; "you have only gone on into more of all you used to be. I expect that is how we shall feel when we meet those whom God has called home before us. I have often felt that I have grown to know my father better since he went away."

"Ah! you loved each other so," said Hans; "and love is but the prisoner of these mortal bodies; and on your father's side, you see, the prison-house is already broken down. Love is beyond time and space. But me! I believe you like me; but liking is not love. Can love on one side only still conquer time and space, Chrissy? I shall have to call you 'Miss Chrissy' again, I suppose."

"You can't be quite sure it is only on one side,

Hans," whispered Chrissy.

Never mind what he said next, or what she answered him, or what he said in reply. Only, when the little dialogue was over, the two were scated hand in hand, and there were roses and dew on Chrissy's face.

But all of a sudden the fingers lying in Hans' hand tightened their clasp, and the girlish face grew still and strong. A little pain was on it too. How had she let herself forget, even for a moment? If she had been loyal to her duty, then she would not have touched this treasure of love and happiness, and so would not have needed to lay it down again. Only how hard this was to do when one had caught such a glimpse of what might have been!

"Hans," she said, hastily, "it will not do. Don't you remember all I wrote you about my father's debt to the Metropolitan Bank, and how I was paying the bank all I get for my drawings? It will take me all my life to do that task. And I must do it, Hans."

"I know you must," said Hans. "I'm not sure I'd have found out that 'must' for you. It makes me feel like a savage when I think of it, while I know other people are securing themselves every comfort by all sorts of assignments and settlements

and valuations, and then paying compositions of half a crown in the pound, and getting so much help and pity for their 'misfortunes' that they prove as good as a fortune! But, then, they are they—and you are you, and that is all the difference. And I like you, and I'd rather stand on your side of the matter. Whatever you mean to do, I mean to help in, Chrissy."

"Oh, Hans!" she cried, "I could not weight your life with this burden to begin with. It is my father's burden, and I have no right to impose it——"

"Hush, dearest," said Hans, "or I shall think this is a hint that I have no right to ask your saintly father's daughter to share the lot of my unhappy father's nameless son. If you won't let me share your father, Chrissy, I shall really have had no father. My father gave me existence, which, but for the care of others, must have grown into a curse and misery to myself and the world. Your father took me in, a stranger, and cared for me, and spoke good words to me, and started me in the ways of honourable life."

"You would have found them somehow for yourself," pleaded Chrissy. "My father said so: he told me so."

"Then God bless him for the prophecy!" returned Hans. "God bless all good souls who make prophecies, and then work for their fulfilment!"

A glad smile was certainly lighting up behind Chrissy's tears, but still she whispered—

"A charge like this at the beginning of your life will weigh you down and keep you down, and I shall have to see you careworn and weary, and to know it is all through me."

"Chrissy," said Hans, with manly calmness, "I have something to say to you, and I want you to hear me out altogether, before you raise any objection to what I say. Will you promise?"

She looked up at him with gentle assent. There was so much reassurance in the knowledge that under this burden of hers he would at least stand beside her, whether she would let him share its load or no.

"You were told by me that my poor father had left me a legacy," said Hans; "and I added that after all that had happened to my mother, I could not take his money to soften or sweeten my own life. And you believed me so implicitly, my Chrissy, that you never even asked what that legacy was, feeling that it signified nothing more to you or me."

"I thought there might be pain for you in the very mention of it," whispered Chrissy.

"I think I told you that when I should come back to Europe I should go over to Germany and make arrangements about it," Hans went on. "Well, when I found that my return was so long delayed, I opened a correspondence with my father's lawful heir—his nephew. I found him to be an excellent man, who fully entered into my feelings on my own side, but on his side was equally determined that the money should not return to his coffers. He wrote me that

my father had spoken with much remorse concerning my poor deceived mother, and with much regret concerning myself, and that my rejection of the little gift by which he had striven to express his repentance, might seem like the rejection of his repentance itself. 'The money is yours,' he wrote. 'Yours to do with as you will. I can understand your shrinking from devoting it to selfish purposes; but is there

ing her hands in eestasy of delight. "O Hans! all my life I shall never have ended my thanks to you!" "A great deal of thanks for a very small matter.

little lady," smiled Hans.

"Only I should have liked to have paid that debt myself—almost," said Chrissy, wistfully, and yet aware that possibly a little subtle selfishness lurked in the wish.



"The door opened, and Chrissy sprang up."-p. 359.

no good work you would like to forward, no wrong you would like to mitigate? If there is none such within your ken at present, keep this money until the time comes. To let your poor father's gifts aid you in making the rough smooth, or the crooked straight, will be the noblest form of retributive justice—a sweet vengeance of forgiveness, in which your mother in heaven, herself, will be able to join.' Chrissy, I saw there was wisdom in his words. I shall set my father's legacy to pay your father's debt, It shall be my father's thank-offering to those who befriended his child."

"O Hans!" cried Chrissy, springing up and clasp-

"Perhaps you will have had more to do with the paying of it than you think just now," answered Hans. "My father's legacy is only five hundred pounds."

Chrissy stood still, serious. But the sunshine did not fade from her face. It was more than money which had been devoted to her father's service.

"But that is a great deal!" she said. "Father's estate left fifteen hundred owing to the Bank—I have paid off about ninety—this money of yours will bring it up to nearly six hundred—there will remain only nine hundred. Oh! Hans, if I could have only imagined this—a year ago!"

"But gently, gently," said Hans. "Has it ever occurred to you that if sickness, or misfortune, or death occurred to you (and to me, also, now that we are to be one), then this debt must remain unpaid?"

"Oh! Hans," she cried. "You ask if it has ever occurred to me! Why, I have had to try to forget it lest it should bring on the evils I feared. But we can but do our best, and, if God's will crosses that, then I think He takes our duties upon Himself."

"True, my darling," answered Hans; "but suppose we had it in our power to secure that the whole of this money shall be certainly paid—not very soon, perhaps, but certainly paid, whether we prospered or not. Would you not think it was a wise and right course which could secure that?"

"Of course I should," said Chrissy, "with attentive eyes, "but how could that be done?"

"Listen," returned Hans. And then he expounded to her the mysteries of life insurance, and how, by the immediate payment of some such sum as his father's legacy, they could arrange that the whole of Mr. Miller's debt to the Metropolitan Bank should be paid at a certain given date, or on the occasion of

Chrissy's death, should that happen before such date.

"And you will have had a greater share in paying your father's debt than may seem to you just now," Hans went on, "for I should never have known how this could be done but for something you did. You remember the ten pounds you lent me when I first went into Mr. Bilderdyk's service."

And then he told her the story of how that gentleman had overcome his scruples about taking the loan by showing him how he could protect its lender from loss. And he showed the deed of assignment and the pathetic little will, both of which he had that morning taken into his own possession out of the custody of Dr. Julius.

"I shall never return you that ten pounds now," he said, sagely shaking his head.

"That ten pounds 1" cried Chrissy. "How absurd to mention them when you have given me five hundred!"

"I have given you myself and all that I have or shall have," said Hans, playfully. "I only hope you will not find you have made a bad investment."

(To be concluded.)

# THE CISTERN AND THE FOUNTAIN.

by the rev. g. a. chadwick, d.d., author of "christ bearing witness to himself," and "as he that serveth."

My people have committed two evils. They have forsaken Me, the Fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to themselves cisterns, broken eisterns, that can hold no water.—JER. ii. 13.

UCH is the lament of the prophet over lost souls. For it must not be supposed that souls are lost only when bodies die. Then the loss becomes fixed, palpable. No one can mistake the fact any longer. There is no smile on the face, no answer when the world applauds, to make us fancy the man happy, who wanders forth out of this

world without a shepherd.

But how long had he been wandering already, wandering in this world without a shepherd? To forsake God and the green pastures and the still waters of life, and to lie down beside some treacherous cistern that will soon dry up, and leave the verdure to wither and the thirsty creature on the bank to die, surely this is to be lost!

The prophet forebodes earthly as well as eternal miseries, for his unprovided, unprotected nation, but in the meanwhile, he expresses their present misery by a vivid contrast, the contrast between the fountain which they forsake, and the cistern which they choose.

1. The one is free; the other costs much labour. They have the fountain and forsake it; the cistern must be hewn out.

Among the demands of modern Socialism, there is one which every party has cried out upon. Words cannot exhaust the derision poured on it by men who sympathise with a great deal of the Socialist programme. Now, what is this wildest of all wild expectations? Alas! it is simply that enjoyments should be provided for each man according to his capacities.

But surely it is a pathetic thing that we should count this impossible. Men virtually say, we may hope to find labour for you all—perhaps; to divide the world equally among you all—perhaps; to pull up by the roots the whole structure of society—perhaps; but one thing we know to be impossible—we can never satisfy your cravings; we never can make you happy.

So hard, by the world's own confession, is the rock out of which the cistern must be hewn, and so heavy the labour, to gather and retain a little water of life, a little satisfaction for the craving of thirsty hearts. Men doubt the assertion when they hear it from the pulpit; but so say the political economists.

A cistern is what holds the refreshment, whence we hope to draw it. Money, which gives influence luxuries and repose from many cares; position, which gives power; achievements that win

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applause and gratify vanity, are cisterns. But what toil of hand and brain, what weariness of heart are needed to hew these out of the resisting granite of our lives!

Suppose for a moment that they quench thirst when they are won; yet how hard it is to win

them!

Meantime, there is Nature's provision, the fountain whence she pours her waters. That is close at hand, the prophet says, if the distance be not of our own making, if we have not forsaken it.

And surely the life and death of our Lord ought to satisfy us that blessing is close to us, just as when the water gushes beside us from the rock, and all we need is to stoop down and drink. All is done that needs to be done; His salvation is an accomplished fact; surely He has borne

our griefs and carried our sorrows.

Therefore, amid the cares, the disappointments, the bodily and mental pains, the tropical heat around, and the feverish thirst within us, there are heard ever the clear voices of the Spirit and the Bride, and the increasing volume of the multitudes who have heard, calling to us to take of the

water of life freely.

And if we consider it, nothing is really free except what God bestows. The food that comes to us through other hands pays toll along the way, but not the air we breathe, not the water at the spring. And shall we think He would set a price upon Himself? For it is of nothing less than Himself that He is speaking here, saying, "They have for saken Me-ME, the fountain of living waters. By what surrender of the world's wealth, by what estrangement of its favour should we buy the boundless resources of the Father's house, the warmth of His heart, the Approval of the Arbiter of Eternity? After how many years should we dare to hope to have attained that prize? Therefore, when He gives Himself at all, He gives Him self without money and without price.

It is a familiar and a true saying—

In the devil's mart are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs a pound of gold,
For a cap and bells our life we pay,
Bubbles we reach with our whole soul's tasking,
'Tis only Heaven that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for asking.

2. The waters of a cistern are inferior to the flowing streams from a fountain, which the prophet

calls "living waters."

They lie inert and still, a limited measured quantity; so much as you conduct into the square unlovely reservoir by one tube, so much at the most you may draw out of another ungainly tube. And they do not improve as they lie. After a while, they lose the clear freshness which is their charm, and only the pressure of a thirsty craving, not the expectation of a delight, will any longer bring you there to drink.

A measured quantity, an artificial and unlovely storage, and a flavour that grows more vapid every hour, such is a cistern. And all experience declares that such also is worldly pleasure. Youth and inexperience may take it for a fountain-head, not to run dry. But sadly soon they learn what it can do and what it cannot; they are taught the difference between amusement and blessedness, they measure the poor capacities of what seemed so limitless, they gauge the shallowness of the cistern.

Sooner still, one discovers that it is very artificial, a made thing, "hewn out" in defiance of nature, which will not acknowledge it for hers, and the desire for simplicity, for the easy unaffected life, for natural spontaneous pleasure, protests within us against the insincere and worldly

life

So limited and so artificial, the quality also of such pleasures is like that of the heated waters which have been long in an Oriental cistern. How much of the first fine flavour have they lost! Where is the thirst-quenching coldness, as of sea-breezes and of mountain winds, that one associates with fresh water? It is gone: the veteran pursuer of pleasure will not pretend that the glow of early feeling lasts; the waters he drinks grow more and more lukewarm as he comes to them again and again. There is no testimony more unanimous than the confession of all ages that all the gifts of the world are too limited, too artificial and too vapid to satisfy a soul.

How different is the fountain that you come upon, half hidden in leaves and moss, offering, it would seem, a mere cupful of pure water among the sand. You draw from it, but it is none the less, and now you see that the tiny bason is for ever flowing over, and a long broad riband of greener grass tells where it streams, on and on, steeping the parched soil, feeding the plants and animals on all the lower levels, and emptying into the sea at last a far larger volume than it seems to possess at first.

Even such is the faith of Jesus. The witness of the Church in all ages is that His blessings deepen and expand, as we come to Him again and again, to make larger and fuller trials.

The text that brought us comfort when first we began to think seriously of eternity and the soul, and which then seemed to be adapted for that case only—in how many changes, anxieties, and sorrows have we come to it again, and found it as full, as clear as at the first!

The promise that nerved us long ago to resist a temptation, and again to discharge a duty, has it failed to speak again to us on a bed of pain, and teach us to suffer and be strong? Ages and nations have stooped down to drink, but the fountain is as full to-day as when, on the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying,

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

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And the consolations of Christ are as simple and natural, and therefore lovely, as any spring which reflects on its bright surface the primrose and the ivy and the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.

Here is not an artificial cistern, but a fountain, one with our natural affections, with gratitude to our Saviour, loyalty to our King, the calmness of infallible protection, the peace of a cleansed conscience, the ardour of hopes beyond the

And so these joys are always cool and fresh, whatever burning sun is overhead, whatever hot winds are blowing around, for they come not from a shallow cistern, dug a few feet into the soil. How often have you watched the grains of sand which dance for ever at the bottom of a mountain spring, and show that the water is rising steadily from unsearchable places in the heart of the everlasting rock, too deep to know the caprices of temperature above, always calm and pure and still!

Thus the believer can always drink of a cooling and refreshing flood, because it proceeds for ever, pure as crystal, from the throne of God and of the Lamb. There is the fountain of those living waters, by which blooms for ever the tree of life, unconscious any longer of sin, or curse, or misery.

3. Lastly, this is the one blessedness that endures.

Oh, do not let us recommend Christ merely

CHAPTER V .- "LIKE A SHEEP THAT WAS LOST."

because He will be a Refuge when the world is gone! No, He is best already. His joys are pure and deep and clear and wholesome as the spring by the hillside. They wrong Him basely who can only recommend His cause as the most prudent, an insurance against disaster, a haven of refuge against storms.

And yet this also is true. All our reservoirs of future happiness are already broken and treacherous things. You may hew them out of solid rock, but there is always some flaw, some fatal rift, and slowly or swiftly the cistern betrays its trust, the water is gone.

Shall we trust in friendship? At the best and truest, one of the two must pass away, and the other carry a lifelong wound.

Shall we trust in any delight of the senses? Sooner or later, stretched on a bed of pain, the body shall be our tormentor.

Shall we trust in fame or fortune? In that hour of physical agony, it will be a wretched consolation that the couch we toss upon is spread with silk, and the cup of bitterness at our lips is golden.

Moreover, one inevitable hour is coming forward, when the last draught of all earthly waters shall be drained away, and none of its streams shall ever feed our shattered cistern any more.

Only the friendship of Christ fails not: only His love is able to cool the anguish of all pains; only the treasures of His bestowal are secure; and in the hour of the failure of all else, only the water that He gives shall be in us a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

# "SEEK OUT DONALD!"

A STORY FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.



OFTEN visited Mrs. Sumners in the humble home I had provided for her, and was thankful to see as time went on that she seemed happier and more resigned.

Jemmy and Pidgey went regularly to school—the former making rapid progress in learning—but with Pidgey, as we have said, the case was

different. The master found it impossible to fix his attention for a single moment. His early roaming habits had unfitted him for school work, the result of which was that scarcely a day passed that he was not in trouble, which was a cause of great sorrow to Jemmy, who had taken him under his own special guardianship. Jemmy's grief may therefore be imagined when one day, just at the hour when the two boys usually set out to school, Pidgey was nowhere to be found.

They had said their morning prayers together, had shared the bowl of bread and milk always ready for them, and while Jemmy was helping his mother to stretch the lines in the washing-ground, Pidgey had disappeared, and though for days every search was made, he could not for some time be traced anywhere. At last it was discovered that a tribe of gipsies had passed the night in a neighbouring village, which left no doubt but that Pidgey, to whom the vagrant life would be a great attraction, had fallen in with them. Thus a fresh sorrow had fallen to poor Jemmy's lot, but the little fellow bore it brayely for his mother's sake.

Many a night, with sobs he could hardly repress as

he said his prayers at her knee, might be heard the words—

"Our Father, which art in heaven, take care of Pidgey, wherever he is; lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from the evil."

"I don't know where Pidgey is, mother dear; but I am sure God will watch over him, and bring bim back to me some day or another; because I have asked Him with all my heart, and He has said in the text which you taught me last week—'Whatsoever you ask, believing, it shall be done unto you; and the minister said so also last week in the sermon; and I know he was thinking of Pidgey and me, so I won't cry any more, but I will try and say my prayers oftener, and then God will surely hear me."

Such was the simple faith of this young disciple of Him who told us that "of such were the Kingdom of Heaven.

#### CHAPTER VI.-"THE HIDDEN THINGS?"

As the winter approached, and no tidings came of Pidgey, I could often detect a cloud of sadness on Jemmy's usually bright face. Further trouble was also, I feared, in store for the poor little fellow, for it was evident that Mrs. Sumners-for so she must still be called-was not long for this world. She had been ailing for some time, but would never allow there was anything amiss with her, and as long as her strength lasted she went on with her washing; but at last the poor tired frame could bear the labour no longer, and she took to her bed, which she never left. The doctor told me she was in a rapid decline. It was needless for me to hide the truth from her. She knew she was dving, and she was quite prepared for the great and happy change that awaited her. Her firm faith, like that of her child, never forsook her, and her daily prayer was not to be taken till the mystery of her husband's life had been found out, and she was fully persuaded that God would answer her before He took her to Himself.

How little I thought that the long trial of the faith of this good woman was so soon to have its reward!

The time had come when He Who of old said "Let there be light, and there was light," had decreed, that a wandering son's follies should be forgiven—not in his own lifetime, but in that of his child's—and that the name which William Sumners' dying lips failed to utter should now be made known to his wife before she joined him in the realms above.

For some days past my mind had been greatly occupied with my poor friend's history, which seemed such a strange and eventful one.

I had listlessly taken up a newspaper which lay beside me, more to change the current of my thoughts than anything else, when my eye fell upon the name of Sumners in an advertisement in the leading column of the paper. I could hardly believe my senses. "There must be some mistake," I said to my self. "My sight has deceived me." But no; over and over again I read these startling words—

Information required respecting Donald Ross, who let Scotland some fifteen years ago; is supposed to be settled somewhere in England, pursuing the trade of plumber, under the name of William Sumners. He or his next of kin are requested to communicate with A. B., Post Office, Stirling, N.B.

For a long time I could hardly believe it was not a dream. In wild delight I was hurrying with the joyous news to Mrs. Sumners, when my wiser judgment told me it would be better to wait till I had first of all communicated with the writer of the advertisement. The answer came without delay, and was of a nature far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I give the substance of it in the writer's own words. Well may it be said—

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

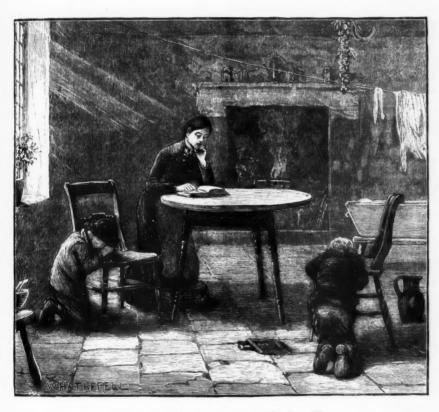
"The advertisement you have seen was put in by me to try and atone for the past, and I thank God that it has been answered, and that you are sent to remove a heavy load borne by me for many years past. I am rich now, but once was poor. For long I have thought it would have been better to have remained so than with the riches to have had to bear the pangs of a guilty conscience.

"My name is James Ross, the eldest son of my father, who was an honest tradesman. My younger brother, Donald, was his idol, and having given us both good educations, he expected we should make our way in the world. I rose to the high commercial position I now hold, but Donald would never take to business, and broke my father's heart by running away from home, and we never heard of him again. My father went to the grave with Donald's name on his line.

"'Seek out Donald!' he said to me. 'Give him my blessing, tell him I forgive him, and to meet me in heaven; and Jamie, my son,' he added, 'you are doing well now, and need no help. Donald will return, I know; but he will find the poor old man gone. The little money I have I leave for him in your charge. Take care of it.' And with the words, 'Seek out Donald!' the old man died.

"But, alas! that I should have to write the words, that dying scene passed away from my memory, and the sacred trust he had charged me with was equally unheeded. If ever the thoughts of early days crossed my mind when Donald and I were playing as children together, and when my mother had told me to take care of the little one crossed my mind, I banished them away.

"I had everything I could wish for in the world pleasant home, wife, children, and friends—and though money was not lacking, the demon of avarice had so possessed my mind that Donald's portion too contributed to my selfish worldliness, My heart was hardened by prosperity, but I had yet to learn how transient and fleeting are all earthly joys, and that, even in this world, the day of retribution shall come. 'Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord.' In a few short weeks my wife and four children were taken from me, leaving me only one son, the darling of my heart, and when the same fatal disease carried him off shortly after, I then knew what my father's anguish must have been at I vowed before heaven not to rest till I had sought out Donald. For months and years I travelled about without obtaining the slightest clue to him. I went to America, to Australia, to see if he had perchance wandered out to either of those countries, but returned home with no better success. At last, where I least expected it, and by following up a chain of evidences, I ascertained that a man had enlisted in a certain regiment answering to the description of Donald, and



"They said their morning prayers together."-p. 363.

being bereft of his best-loved son, and, like a voice from the dead, rang out in my ears his last words, 'Seek out Donald!' They were now like a living reality before me, and brought to remembrance my cruel neglect of my brother. But another still small voice spoke to me in equally thrilling tones, 'Not too late, not too late.' It appeared as if it was my father's voice calling to me from above—as if he must have known that I had not sought out Donald, and was entreating me to seek him while it was yet day, for that the night of death might come upon me also, when it would then be too late—and over my boy's grave

in the same year and at the exact date that we had missed him, but the difficulty of my finding him had been increased by his having assumed a false name and taken that of William Sumners. He was supposed to have left the army, and to have been travelling through England ever since as an itinerant plumber. There was now but one chance left to me—God put it into my heart to put that advertisement in the paper to help me in the work of atonement, and made you the means of bringing the truth to light.

"You tell me that Donald is dead—he is gone to meet his Father in heaven; but, thanks be to God!

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Donald's son lives. I come to him at once, and will bring him both the trust and the blessing Donald's father left for his son. "JAMES ROSS."

#### CHAPTER VII.-"WELL DONE!"

It was a lovely spring morning, and as I entered Mrs, Sumners' room I was struck by the bright hectic look of her cheeks, and taking her poor thin hand in mine, I asked her how she was.

"I am getting nearer home, dear lady," she said, "but the journey is not yet ended, and I feel quite happy because I know that the trial of my faith will be past before I get to heaven. I shall not enter there with any trouble on my mind. I heard again last night the same voice which called me to Jesus in the hospital. I was greatly agitated in my dreams about William, and I asked my Father to let me know what he had done before we met each other in His Kingdom; and the voice told me not to fear, that all was well. So now I am just waiting patiently, for I know and am persuaded that He is able to perform what He has promised. Amen."

I replied, "My good friend, let us pray;" and

Jemmy and I knelt at the bedside.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercies, Thine unworthy servant, here before Thee, gives Thee most humble and hearty thanks for Thy great goodness and lovingkindness unto her. She desires now to offer up her praises and thanksgiving for Thy mercies youchsafed unto her in giving her, in this life, the reward of her long-tried faith by restoring—"

Here I was interrupted by the dying saint raising herself up with an almost superhuman strength, and

exclaiming-

"Can it be true? What does it all mean? Has the answer come so quick? Has my boy an unsulfied name?"

"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, rising from my knees, "all is well, as this will show you"—putting Mr. Ross's letter into her hand, and supporting her as best I could.

She read it to the end; then, falling back exhausted on the pillow, she faintly articulated the words—

"Lord, let now Thy servant depart in peace."

The golden gates were opened, and another redeemed sinner joined the heavenly throng, who rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!"

The blank on Nelly's tombstone is filled up now—"Little Nelly Ross" are the two names on it.

There is another tombstone close to it, on which is written—"Sacred to the memory of Mary Ross; died May 1st, 1877. 'The trial of her faith more precious than gold.'"

She was borne to the grave by James Ross and Jemmy,

Faithfully has the past been redeemed. The neglected trust left by Donald's father to James Ross has been more than atoned for. Our friend Jemmy has replaced his uncle's dead child, and is now his uncle's adopted son and heir, and lives with him in Scotland. If ever a cloud comes over Jemmy's happy life, it is the thought of his old playmate Pidgey, whom we shall perhaps hear of some of these days. In the meantime, Jemmy never forgets to pray that if he is led into temptation he may be delivered from the evil.

# CHRISTIAN GIFTS OF HEALING.

THE HEALING OF DIVISION.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.



HIS, as I said in the last paper, is different from mere separation. Enmity divides. We need not look far afield to see evidence of it. Even families are sometimes divided against themselves; a little rivulet that a child might have crossed at first, broadens in time into the wide river that it is difficult

to bridge. So surely does the beginning of strife tend to deepen in intensity and malignity. If we are not at peace with each other, we are at war. Scripture tells us emphatically that this is the case in the highest relationship of all, viz., that of the soul towards God. "He that is not with Me is against Me." "The carnal mind is

enmity against God." The word sounds harsh, and we are not always willing to admit the fact, but experience and observation endorse the truth, and any thoughtful study of the philosophy of mind will afford us attestation; for the mind is full of forces, which are living forces, and as such must act in one direction or another. There are no other forces save two, in the mind-nature as in the material—the centripetal and the centrifugal: driving us away from or drawing us to the Centre

Now let it be considered how difficult a thing it is to alter the direction, or current, of any force. Our tendencies are towards the same direction, and unless a mightier force comes in to arrest and change, enmity and division will remain.

Let any man try to love his enemy, for instance, and he will discover how arduous is the endeavour. We never know the force of the river's torrent till we try to breast it. We never know how difficult it is to oppose the currents of dislike, and hatred, until we set ourselves resolutely to seek the better way. It is not denied that much may be done by a kindly heart, to overcome evil with good, but it is most earnestly contended in this paper, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has a power in it, which is nowhere else to be found, in the healing of human enmities.

Of course in healing the great enmity between our souls and God, the Gospel stands alone. It makes peace through the blood of the cross, and "Now in breaks down the wall of separation. Christ Jesus ye, who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." "We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Blessed indeed are those who, once enemies through wicked works, are now the friends of God. This is the Gospel's first work in us, and all-glorious and divine is its achievement. But let it not be forgotten that the Cross has not really achieved this work in us, until we are at peace in relation to "If any man say that he loves human enmities. God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him;" and the very language in which we are to ask Divine forgiveness, implies that we understand this-"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." In addition to which we have that most emphatic declaration—"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Here, then, we come upon this great revelation of truth—that the Cross which draws us near to God, draws us near to each

Let it be now further considered that human nature, unless it be constrained by the Divine Example and the Divine sacrifice, generally pleads many specious reasons for the preservation of enmity—that it was not the first offender—that the first offence has been intensified by many succeeding ones—that easy forgiveness will tempt the wrong-doer to renewed hostilities—that a man should be just to his own honour—that he does not wish to be a hypocrite and profess what he does not feel—and last, but not least, that his enemy has not repented.

But let it be remembered, that this last condition the Gospel takes due notice of. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him." So that there is no demand of impossible conditions. As God forgives all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe His Holy Gospel, so we are ever and always, even, as St. Luke says, "seven times a day," to forgive a repentant brother.

But the Gospel does even more than this. It commences by these significant words, "Take heed to yourselves: if thy brother," etc. (Luke xvii. 3). Be

sure that it is not you that needs to repent. Be sure that you still cherish willingness to forgive, and do not harden your heart against your brother. So live as to watch and welcome the least sign of penitence on his part.

Certainly it must be manifest that a man who lives under the consciousness of God's great forgiveness to him a sinner, must be more constrained to the exercise of forgiveness than those who know not this motive power: nor need we be afraid to press the argument from observation, that sincere Christians have ever been known as forgiving men and women. Not for them the duel, which is the world's way of guarding its honour, defending its rights and avenging its wrongs; not for them the paternal malice which cuts off an offending son with a shilling, in that most solemn act of life, the making of a will; not for them the treatment of a daughter who has wilfully and wrongfully broken their ideal of the home she ought to have chosen, and, as a Nemesis for a love which may have been unwise, and conduct which may have been unfilial, shuts the door of the first home against

her for ever and for aye. Life is too short for cherished enmities. As George Eliot so beautifully says, "When Death, the great reconciler, comes, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity." How true! Who amongst us does not wish that some whom we have known were amongst us still? Kind words might have healed some even trivial breach, that was never bridged. Do you not think, my reader, that Jesus was anxious to show the broken-hearted Peter-who wept so bitterly after the denial—that He had forgiven him? No other disciple is mentioned by name at the appearance after the Resurrection, save Peter. This was the glad message:-"Go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you" (Mark xvi. 7). I can but think that our Blessed Lord was anxious to let poor troubled Peter know how fully and freely He had forgiven that triple denial which brought such a cup of bitterness to his soul.

Not thus can we come back to speak peace to those who have wronged us, nor can the living show to the departed ones how sorry they are that they let the sun go down upon their wrath. I repeat it, we can, each and all of us, remember at any rate illustrations, some in our own histories, and some in the histories of others, where the last relationships, by look, or word, or deed, were not those of love. We all need more that "Gift of Healing" which the Gospel bestows—that power to love, not only our friends and our brethren, but our enemies too.

Imagine what the world would be if the divisions of Nations, the divisions of Neighbourhoods, and the divisions of Families were healed! Yea, and may I not add, the divisions of Churches too? For

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these latter have not been nearly the harmless varieties of custom and use, ceremony and ritual, catechism and creed, but have often involved heart-burnings and enmities, which have made the world itself declare that the odium theologicum

is the worst odium of all.

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men," this was the sweet angel-song, and he lives best, in this weary-hearted world, who tries to fulfil it. I do not say he will be honoured most, or admired most, for oftentimes men appreciate more fully one who feeds their antagonisms on the plea of pluck, and one who ministers to their pride under the inspiration of fidelity to honour. We all know that he who lights a conflagration attracts more notice than he who strives to put one out, and that he who pleases human nature by pandering to its weaknesses, is often more popular than he who aids in that greatest of all conquests, the victory over ourselves. To overcome evil with evil means a sharp and brilliant campaign, to overcome evil with good is to be disciples of Him Who did not cry, nor lift up nor cause His voice to be heard in the street, and who overcame the world by the sacrifice of Himself.

It is not easy to any of us to forgive. It is not always done when we think it is. The old fires are not quite trampled out; the dividing waters are not quite dried up. It has chanced to me to find that papers long ago in The Quiver have exercised a healing influence. It is a sweet reward. I need scarcely say that there are some in this world who seem to despise the idea of They wound intentionally, their forgiveness. vivisections of humanity seem pleasant to them. Contradictory though it may appear, they "like an enmity," and nothing seems able to satisfy their voracity for contempt and dislike. The countenance answers to the heart, and the curled lip and the overbearing manner bespeak overweening self-conceit, and cold indifference to the peace and pleasure of others.

But we must not judge humanity unfairly by exceptions. Taken as a whole, men and women are at heart miserable in their enmities and divisions. and the great multitude would freely and frankly confess that the morning that brings reconciliation between divided hearts, is indeed a blessed dawn. It is comforting to know that the entire Gospel of the grace of God is a "ministry of reconciliation," and in no other sphere can we find motives so mighty as those which constrain us to be followers of God as dear children, and to walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God. Nor let us leave human forgiveness till the last hour -that may come all too suddenly, neither is that a time to test much whether we are really sincere. We have all heard of a dying man who, when departing, was pressed by the minister to forgive an enemy he had long hated. Tremulous with some sort of dread as to how it might go with himself hereafter, he at last said, he did forgive him. But as the minister was going down the stairs, he called out—"Maister, if I get better, mind, it's nothing." Alas! he would forgive if he died, but must cherish his enmity again if he

Our conduct through all the remaining years is the way to test what we truly are in this as in all other momentous matters of life and character. Much is needed in ourselves to make forgiveness permanent and real, but all seems to be summed up in those beautiful words of Paul to the Colossians (iii. 12):—" Put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering: forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

## INTELLIGENCE IN ANIMALS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRIS, M.A.

out that some of the actions of the lower animals had as good a claim to be considered the result of reason as some similar actions performed by human beings. This doctrine may appear startling, not only to those persons who have never cared to inquire into the meaning of instinct and reason, but to some who will shrink from it because, in seeming to raise the brute to a higher level than they supposed proper, they fear that it really lowers mankind.

Like many another misconception, the prejudice which I have just mentioned is really the distorted aspect of a truth. That truth consists in the fact, not that the brute possesses no reasoning power, but that the range of ideas with which its faculty can deal is very different in extent from that with which human reason is conversant, and that the rational operation itself is very limited, or, to express it more strictly, the ratiocination of the animal never exceeds one or two steps.

A distinguished physiologist, who has studied the mental capacities of bees in two different ways, has formed the opinion that they possess some reasoning power. One way was the microscopical examination of the nervous and cerebral structure in the bee. The argument which he bases upon the presence of a

rudimentary brain can only be appreciated by the student of physiology. But this argument is supplemented by his observation of the varying action of the insect under varying circumstances.

Now, it may seem to the cursory observer of the bee in search of honey that its movements from flower to flower would be likely to be appealed to as the proof of individual intelligence. After trying one or two blossoms of a plant, the "busy bee" soon sees, perhaps, the futility of spending any more labour there, and betakes itself to another plant. We can almost fancy it saying to itself, " No use trying any more of these flowers; no honey here; I must be off somewhere else." It is not, however, in this movement that our savant sees any exercise of reasoning power. The bee acts thus, we believe, the first time in its life that it visits a bed of flowers, just as the newly-hatched chick will scratch the ground in search of seeds. In both cases the movement naturally follows a particular sensation, and is performed, without variation, by all the members of a species, Wonderful as it is, it is still instinct.

There is an instance mentioned by a naturalist of the last century in proof that reasoning power is possessed to some extent by insects. A wasp was observed with a large fly nearly as big as himself. Finding it too heavy, it cut off head and abdomen, nd then carried off the remainder, with the wings attached to it, into the air; but again finding the breeze act on the wings and impede its progress, it descended and deliberately cut off the wings. This is really the most intelligent act that has ever been reported in regard to insects; but a single instance of the kind, reported by a single observer, is not a sufficient ground for attributing reason to insects. And there are many familiar facts which seem to negative the theory.

It has been sometimes stated that all animals can, by instinct, distinguish the food which is wholesome for them from that which is poisonous. But this is not the case. It is often a matter of experience; and, consequently, the fact that they do distinguish is a result of reasoning power. "Our domestic animals," says a great authority, "when taken to foreign lands, and when first turned out in the spring, often eat poisonous herbs, which they afterwards avoid." Here we have a clear case of ratiocination. There is the memory of past suffering revived by the sight or smell of the herb which caused it; there is connection of cause and effect; and there is the wise determination to avoid the cause.

It is difficult to say to what extent a process of reasoning is concerned in the wonderful cleverness with which so many different species of birds, and of four-footed animals, as dogs, horses, etc., find their way over long distances which they may have traversed only once in their lives. And, except on the ground that such a faculty is natural to all the members of the species, it would be difficult to deny that bees exhibit a power of reasoning in the unerring

directness with which they fly to their homes when they have gathered as much honey as they can carry. They fly home in a straight line; and in consequence of this, the nest and treasure of wild bees can be found by following the converging lines of flight of two or three bees.

Whatever is doubtful with regard to reason in animals, it is clear that it has very narrow limits as compared with the human faculty. What may be called abstract reasoning seems altogether denied to them. Many of them have the power of remembering a past sensation, and, in consequence of such memory, of determining upon or of avoiding a particular action in the present. But the thought or memory must be directly called up by some present They cannot follow out a train of mere sensation. thoughts. Except in their dreams-and it seems certain that dogs, for instance, dream-they live almost entirely in the present, and only so far in memories of the past as these are immediately suggested by the simplest kind of resemblance in present circum-

The power of determining their course of thought by an effort of the will is absent from the lower animals. These, a great physiologist tells us, "appear to be entirely under the domination of whatever ideas or passions may for the time possess their minds."

There remains another and most important difference between the reasoning powers of man and of the brute; a difference which must not be altogether unnoticed, though it can be now but briefly touched upon. It consists, not in the manner of reasoning, but in the matter—in the ideas with which the reason deals. No brute can be imagined to ask itself why it exists, or to be able to distinguish between right and wrong as such. All knowledge of the future is mercifully denied to the lower creation:—

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed this day, Had he thy reason, would he skip and play? Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food, And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. O, blindness to the future kindly given, That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven!

With the absence of an ideal of right, and of the knowledge of death, there is absent also the idea of a future life, and, consequently, of the hope of that life hereafter, in which present aspirations towards the ideal may be exchanged for fulfilment.

We may fitly conclude this paper in the words of an authority quoted above, who asks, in reference to man's power of directing his thought and action, and his higher intellectual and moral endowments—

"May we not regard these endowments, as here existing, but as the germs or rudiments of those higher and more exalted faculties which the human mind shall possess, when, purified from the dross of earthly passions, and enlarged into the comprehension of the whole scheme of Creation, the soul of Man shall reflect, without shade or diminution, the full effulgence of the Love and Power of its Maker?"

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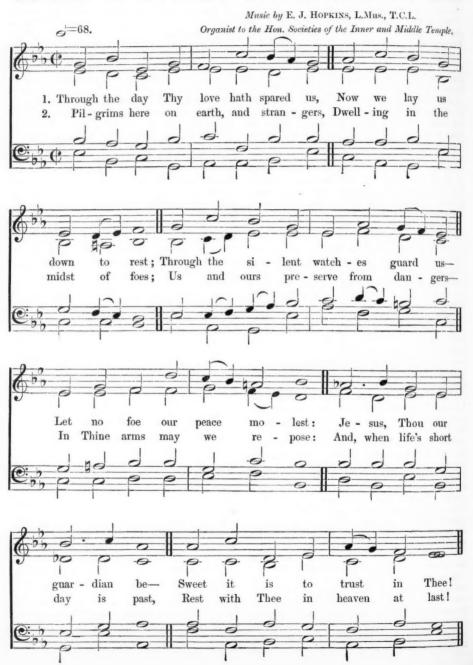
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# LESSONS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.



IERE is nothing in nature more suggestive in instruction, or more divine in influence, than the mountains of the earth. To the man of science and to the ordinary observer, they are fraught with instruction. The poet, the student of history, the patriot, the tourist, the worn invalid seeking a renewal of strength—all find them rich in treasure.

If we examine their structure, they reveal to us the method of creation. We see the manner in which the

Creator combines His agencies, and the gradual process of His operations. In the successive formations, from the central granite to the latest deposits, and in the fossiliferous contents of the stone book, we read the history of the earth. It is impossible to peruse the record without being struck with the wonderful changes our globe has undergone.

Some mountains owe their origin to volcanic action; and there is undoubted proof of their existence from a very early date. Etna, although nearly ten thousand feet high, and about ninety miles in circumference at the base, is entirely constituted of volcanic matter. In many cases, mountains have been raised to their present elevation, not by any sudden paroxysmal disturbance, but by a series of gentle and successive This is the case with large portions of the earth's surface in Africa, in the North of Europe, and in South America. Some mountains are not so much the result of upheaving, as of denudation. We see that their hollows and gorges were at one time filled by ice and snow up to the very summits. Their sides bear all the marks of the glaciers which descended from them during the ice-period, and carried to remote distances detached portions—the huge boulders of to-day. The mountainous features of North Wales are as much owing to water as to fire; and to the unequal hardness of the rocks which form the ridges.

Mountains illustrate the operation of natural laws. The continents increase gradually in height from the shore to the interior; still the maximum of elevation is not in the centre. Hence there are two slopes of unequal length. In the Old World the principal slope is toward the north; in the New World it is from the east to the west. In the Old World the greater heights occupy the

vicinity of the Tropic of Cancer; and in the New are near the Tropic of Capricorn.

Then, again, while the mountains vary greatly in their form, in all cases their structure and appearance are determined by law—determined, not from without, but from within—not by climate or any other external condition, but by the nature of the rock. Humboldt says that "in all latitudes the same kind of rocks, as trachyte, basalt, porphyritic schist, and dolomite, form mountain groups of exactly similar physiognomy. Thus the greenstone cliffs of South America and Mexico resemble those of the Fichtel mountains of Germany."

And as all over the world, in the chain of the Andes as in the mountains of Central Europe, the same kind of rocks have a similar outward form, so they have their peculiar vegetation. Limestone hills are noted for the richness of the pastures which clothe their base and sides; quartz hills are so sterile that the white or brown nakedness is hardly concealed even by a lichen. In North Wales, a botanist cannot fail to note the contrast between the flora of Penmaenmawr, which is igneous rock, and that of the neighbouring limestone hills of Llandudno.

Mountains are important factors in the promotion of health, mental vigour, and spiritual life.

Men with overwrought physical powers, or exhausted mental energy, or the nervous system unstrung—men complaining of lassitude and weariness, hasten away to the hills, and in due time return new men. The blood courses with natural speed; the face is ruddy; there is a healthy light in the eye; the step is firm; the hand has recovered its ancient touch; life becomes once more glad. Mountain climbing affords healthy excitement amidst the monotony of life. At the same time, it supplies a sense of stability and repose.

Mountains inspire religious feeling and worship. Whether you watch "the fast ushering star of morning come o'er-riding the grey hills with golden scarf;" or see "morn on the mountain, like a summer bird, lift up her purple wings;" or "stand upon the hills when heaven's wide arch is glorious with the sun's returning march;" or gaze on "the mountain's misty throne," or "mountains capped with snow," or "wrapped in midnight gloom," or standing clear in the meridian sun:—

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose;
While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper star
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar;



"Now from you peak departs the vivid ray, That still at eve its lofty temple knows,"—p. 371.

—under all circumstances, your noblest thoughts and feelings are called into exercise. Mrs. Stowe says, in her "Agnes of Sorrento":—"There is always something of elevation and purity that seems to come over one from being in an elevated region. One feels morally as well as physically above the world, and from that clearer air able to look down on it calmly, with disengaged freedom." A lofty mountain is "like an invitation into space endless, a guide into Eternity." It is a step towards elevation of thought and devotion.

I remark, once more, that mountains are clothed with instructive and inspiring associations. It has been thought by some that the character of nature has to do with the history of the human race, their character and culture; that the skies of Greece acted on its inhabitants; that the beautiful region between the Euphrates and the Ægean Sea awoke gentle feelings and gave social polish. There may be a measure of truth in this; but while man may receive some impression from nature, nature gains greatness from man.

They are associated with love of liberty. The mountain fastnesses of Wales protected the ancient Britons. The men who were slain by the bloody Piedmontese, the

Slaughter'd saints, whose bones Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,

have consecrated these mountains for ever. The Vaudois have

Left the living voice
Of their brave martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood —
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Tyrants hate mountains; they dread the winds that sweep their sides and summits, bearing the songs of freedom; but for lovers of liberty, men who will not suffer themselves to be slaves, who must be free or die, they have a special attraction. Here they bare their head to the stars, and breathe the pure air of heaven, free as the chamois and the eagle. He was a true son of the hills, of whom Coleridge sings:—

God gave him reverence of laws, Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause— A spirit to his rocks akin, The eye of the hawk, and the fire within.

Many mountains have Biblical associations. The ark rested on Ararat; God came down on Sinai, and amid its grim solitude gave the law to Moses; from the top of Pisgah Moses saw the promised land, and then died; on the mountains of Gilboa

the flower of Israel's army were slain by the Philistines; Carmel was the scene of Elijah's victory over the priests of Baal; that goodly mountain Lebanon still has its cedars, and Salmon its spotless snows. Tabor the mount of transfiguration, Calvary the place of the crucifixion, Olivet that witnessed the ascension, are all identified for ever with the life and ministry of the incarnate Son of God; and the mountains round about Jerusalem are still symbolic of God's protecting care.

Lastly, mountains have their correspondences in mental and spiritual things. Mountains are sometimes clearly seen, and appear nigh. Under other circumstances, even the outline is indistinct, or totally invisible. So is it with truth and eternal realities. Mountain ranges look smooth at a distance; but, as you come to observe them more closely, you notice their ravines and crags. So with human character, even the best. One character only is so perfect, that the nearer you come to it, and the more carefully it is studied, the more beautiful the vision. Mountain scenery is so grand that when you behold it for the first time, you are not prepared to appreciate it aright; you have to be educated to it. So is it with the Word of God, and with all spiritual worth. High mountains are difficult of ascent, some are impossible of ascent; but when you reach the top of any, you are able to see the whole surrounding region. So some truths are difficult of comprehension, and some cannot be comprehended; but when we succeed in mastering a great truth, such as the Fatherhood of God, we see from that truth a wide range, embracing many other truths. Mountain heights are points from which objects below look small. So as we ascend the hill of God, the things of earth grow "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The surroundings of the mountains change; but they themselves change Snowdon, Helvellyn, Ben Lomond, with their foundations deep in earth, and their summits at times hidden in the clouds, remain from age to age. Sunlight gilds them with glory, and evening shadows cast around them a veil of gloom; mists form and dissolve; tourists scale their heights and again descend; green ferns, the purple heather, and wild flowers of every form and hue have in successive summers adorned their sides; year after year birds have built their nests there, and brought forth their young; winter snows crown their heads, and summer suns melt those snows; decay and restoration, death and life, alternate with each other; but "the ancient mountains, and the lasting hills" know no change. So with God, and all earthly circumstances and associations :-

Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.



I.—THE FAVOURITE SON. (Gen. xxxviii.)
ACOB was very fond of his boy Joseph,
partly, I suppose, because he was Rachel's
son, and partly because the child was
born when Jacob was very old; and he
showed his fondness in many ways;
amongst other things, by making Joseph
a coat of many colours, and by sending
him into the fields to watch what his

brothers were about. It was hardly wise, or even right, I think, to act in this manner; a parent ought not to make such a distinction between one child and another. And it was very unwise, I think, to turn the boy into a spy. It would do the boy himself no good, and it would be sure to embitter his brothers against him.

However, there is something to be said for the step which Jacob took, unwise as it was. Joseph was a really good lad, and trustworthy, and his brothers were not; they were rough, coarse, violent, cruel men, most of them at least, and did not scruple, I daresay, to cheat their father, and neglect their work. And perhaps Jacob had really no one else whom he could send to look after them.

Well, Joseph did his duty: even when young he had a great idea of doing his duty; and although perhaps he did not much relish the office with which he was entrusted, he fulfilled it all the same, and "brought unto his father his brethren's evil report." He was told to do the thing, and he did it. I wish you to notice what I say, for this conscientiousness in difficult circumstances will appear again in Joseph's life.

But there was something more remarkable still about the lad. He had such strange dreams, all of them pointing to his own future greatness. And these dreams, when he spoke of them at home, irritated his brethren quite as much as anything else did. "Why should he set himself up to be so much better and grander than any of the family?" And his brethren hated him, and would not speak peaceably to him.

One day they had an opportunity of gratifying their malice, for Joseph was sent by his father to see how his brethren were getting on, and so came completely into their power. At first they determined to murder him; but after a while were persuaded into selling him as a slave to some Midianites who were passing by. This was a cruel thing to do, but they did it. In spite of his tears and entreaties, they gave the poor boy into the hands of the strange merchantmen, and then went back to their father to tell him a falsehood almost as cruel as their treatment of their brother. Joseph (they said) had been caught by a wild beast and torn to pieces. The sad news completely overcame the old father, who be-

lieved what was told him; but whilst Jacob was weeping and sobbing over his boy's death, Joseph was travelling down into Egypt, where he was sold as a slave to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, and captain of the guard.

Does not this story remind you of the Lord Jesus Christ? Jesus is the only good son of the whole family of man. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." In some way or other we are sinners before God; but He is holy and harmless and undefiled, and separate from sinners. Because He is such, the Father loves Him. He is the Elect, in whom God's soul delighteth. And because He is such, the rest of the family hate Him, and cannot speak peaceably When the Lord Jesus was on earth, unto Him. there were some who loved Him, and would have laid down their lives for Him; but the great mass of mankind conceived a violent dislike to Him, and rose up against Him, and tried to sweep Him out of their path by nailing Him to a cross. And so it is now. There are those who would kill Jesus if they could get at Him. And why? Because the darkness cannot bear the light. If you are good, you will love Jesus; but if your heart is unchanged by the Spirit of God, you will shrink from Him and hate Him.

## H.-FROM A DUNGEON TO A PALACE.

Poor Joseph is now in Egypt, in a strange country, and amongst strange people, far from his loving father, and all the associations of his boyhood. He is a slave-boy in the house of Potiphar. However, he tries to make the best of his circumstances, and to do his duty; and he does not forget God. Some people do forget God when they go abroad. But Joseph did not. He never neglected his prayers, though he was amongst idolaters, and he always remembered that God was the covenant-God of Israel, and that he, Joseph, was one of the people of Israel.

He was seventeen when he was carried off from home, and soon he grows up into a fine-looking young man. His master soon finds out his value. Joseph is so conscientious. If the other servants are slovenly and careless, Joseph is not. His work is always well and thoroughly done. And then he can be trusted. Potiphar knows perfectly well that whatever he puts in Joseph's hand will be safe; and he makes him overseer over the whole house. Joseph is clever, diligent, industrious, managing, discreet, and the Lord is with him.

After a time he is tempted to do wrong, but he resists the temptation; and then he is falsely accused, and cast into prison. Under such circumstances many people would have been inclined to have given up in despair, and to say it was no use trying to

serve God and be good. But this was not Joseph's feeling. Even in prison he does his best; he is bright and cheerful, trusting to the Lord, and hoping that the better days will come; he does his duty diligently, and presently he comes to be as much trusted in prison as he was in Potiphar's house.

Now, it seems strange that this great calamity of his imprisonment should really be the means of leading him up to the very highest place in the land, next to the monarch's throne; but so it was. It reminds me of the manner in which the cross of Christ prepared the way for His crown. One would have imagined that when the Lord Jesus died upon the cross, there was an end to Him, and to all His great plans for the benefit of mankind. No doubt His enemies-the Scribes and Pharisees-thought so; no doubt Pilate thought so; no doubt Satan thought so; but the cross was really a stepping-stone to the throne. Because the Lord Jesus descended so low, therefore it was that God highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name that was above every name.

But let me tell you how it was that Joseph came to be exalted. He was in a dungeon: who would believe that, at one bound, he would spring into a palace?

In the prison with him are two officers of the Court, who have fallen under the displeasure of Pharaoh. Both of them, I suppose, are noblemen, and both are anxious about the result of their imprisonment. They dream each of them a dream, and do not know how to interpret their dreams, and are very sad in consequence. Joseph one morning, coming in to see them, notices their sadness, and inquires the cause of it; and when they tell him that they are troubled about their dreams, he is able, by God's teaching, to give them the interpretation. After a while, the interpretation comes true—one of them is executed, whilst the other is restored to the monarch's favour, and to the position he once occupied. You would have thought that this man would have remembered Joseph, who told him that he had been unjustly accused, and cast into prison. But no; at his delight at being reinstated in office, he forgot all about poor Joseph. But one day Pharaoh dreams a dream-a very remarkable one, which no one can explain; and then the chief butler remembers Joseph, and mentions him to the king; and Joseph is sent for. He gives the interpretation, and the result is that the king makes the Hebrew slave his Prime Minister, and ruler over all the land of Egypt.

# III.-THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE SHEPHERDS.

What is this? A group of men (there are ten of them), who seem by their dress and manner to be shepherds, are prostrating themselves before a grave and stern-looking dignitary, seated on a throne. They are Hebrews: he, apparently, is an Egyptian. What is the meaning of it all? Why, there is a famine in the land of Canaan, and Joseph's brethrenare

come down into Egypt to buy corn for their households, and they are humbling themselves before the governor of the country, who happens to be-Joseph. I fancy I can tell you what he is thinking about. He knew his brethren directly they came in; but he is so changed, that they do not recognise him. How should they? The stripling of seventeen has become a full-grown man, and he is clothed in the robes of office, and surrounded by his officers and guards. It is not likely that they should discern in him the poor weeping lad whom last they saw dragged off, his hands bound behind him, by the Midianitish merchants. But as to Joseph, his mind is going back to far-off days in Canaan, and his father's fields, in which he played as a boy, and to the time when he came into the presence of his father and his brothers, to tell them of a remarkable dream he had had the night before. Why, here it is fulfilled! The sheaves are "standing around, and making obeisance to his sheaf."

Joseph is a resolute-a very resolute-man, but it is as much as he can do to keep himself from bursting into tears, when he sees his brothers thus humbly prostrating themselves before him. And then there is much to be done. I sometimes think that God told him to try his brothers with a severe discipline, not so much for the sake of punishing them for the sin they had committed years ago, as of trying to teach them to see the real nature of the evil they had done, and of making them sincerely sorry for it. I have not time to tell you all the ways in which he tried them. Let it be enough to say that at last, when he perceives the work to be done, and his brethren's repentance to be sincere, he makes himself known to them; and that though they are dreadfully ashamed at first, there is presently great rejoicing when they find that their brother is not dead, but alive. This rejoicing exends to the palace of the king himself. Joseph was very popular, for he had saved the nation, and all were delighted to think that their friend had found his relatives again. Pharaoh tells Joseph to send for his father, and all who belong to him. "Come to us," he says; "we will take care of you. You shall have the best place in the land. All the good of the land of Egypt is yours, for Joseph's sake. He has done so much for us, that we are only too glad to be able to show kindness to his family. Come and settle amongst us." He was a good and a grateful king, that king Pharaoh; very unlike the Pharaoh who pursued after Israel, and was overthrown in the Red Sea.

So the brothers go back to Canaan. What were their thoughts like, do you suppose? Some of them painful, some of them pleasant. They would have to tell their father of the wrong they did their brother so many years ago, of the lie they told, of the horrible hypocrisy of which they had been guilty when they attempted to comfort him after the death of his favourite son; and you may be sure they would shrink from doing this. On the other hand, they were full of wonder at what they had

seen of their brother's glory in Egypt, and of thankfulness to God for having preserved him and brought him to honour. It is hard to make Jacob believe the truth of the tale they told him; but at last he credits them, and goes down to Joseph in Egypt.

## IV .- THE BROTHERS AGAIN:

Old Jacob is dead. When he was brought before Pharaoh he was a hundred and thirty years old; but he lived seventeen years more in the land of Egypt, rejoicing, after all his trials, to see the greatness and prosperity of the son he loved so much. When he was seized with his last illness, Joseph came to visit him with his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. Jacob blessed the lads, and took them for his own children; and after that the inspiration of the Lord came down upon him, and he predicted the future of his sons, who were there gathered together round his dying bed; and when that was over, he yielded up the ghost.

Then followed the funeral. Jacob wished to be buried in his own grave in the land of Canaan, and Joseph obtained the permission of Pharaoh to carry out his father's wishes. A long procession went up to Canaan-much, as it appears, to the surprise of the inhabitants of the land. "All the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt" (you see how greatly Joseph was respected), besides all the men of the Hebrews, attended on the occasion, and there was a mourning for the old patriarch for seven days. After that, they

returned into Egypt.

Now, what I want you especially to notice is this. When they had all come back into Egypt, the brothers of Joseph began to entertain the apprehension that he would punish them severely for the wrong they had done him in his youth. "While our father was alive," they said among themselves, "he spared us for his sake. But now that our father is gone, he will surely revenge himself for our treatment of him in days gone by. He has the power, and he will use it. Let us go and entreat him to forgive, and to spare us." And they went. But how little they understood the noble and generous heart of their brother! They judged of him by themselves. They thought they could never have forgiven such an injury, and so they imagined that he could not. When they came to Joseph, and besought him to "forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father," Joseph was painfully distressed; he wept when they spake unto him; he was pained that they doubted him; he hastened to assure them of his forgiveness, and even tried to make excuses for their cowardly and cruel deed of days gone by. Observe these words-"The servants of the God of thy father !" So they were changed men. They had become true servants of God-thanks to the Divine blessing on Joseph's treatment of them; but the recollection of their old transgression haunted them still, and they could not fully understand the largeness of their noble-hearted brother's love. However, he managed to reassure them. "He comforted them, and spake kindly to them."

What does this incident remind us of? Of the difficulty we sometimes have in believing in the full and free forgiveness of God. When we have done wrong we seek forgiveness, and we believe, after a fashion, that we have received it; but still sometimes there comes across us the thought that God will yet take vengeance on us, and punish us for our transgressions of His holy law. Like the brothers of Joseph, we do not understand the largeness of the Divine love; we do not comprehend all the meaning of the sacrifice offered for sin on Mount Calvary. Let us remember then that when God forgives, He forgives wholly-like a king. Let us remember how wonderful His love and compassion are. Let us remember that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Let us not doubt God. It does not honour Him, to doubt Him. It does not please Him, to doubt Him. And certainly it does not contribute to our own happiness, to doubt Him. The Scripture says-let us believe it -" God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

## THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

## THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

"The multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."-ST. MATTHEW



MID an eager pressing throng, Whose shouting fills the air, A strange procession moves along, Towards a city proud and strong-Jerusalem the fair.

All hearts are full of joy to-day, "Hosanna!" is their cry: They strew their garments in the way, With branches of sweet palm and bay, For Him who rideth by.

And He-He cometh not in pride, As would an earthly king! With humble followers at His side, An ass's foal He deigns to ride-A lowly triumphing.

And yet what spirit moves the throng, That eager presses there? 'Tis their Messiah, promised long, And so the glad "Hosanna" song Is echoed everywhere.

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This was the one triumphal day Of Christ, the Lord of all! Thence passed He swiftly on the way, To Herod's scorn and mock array, To Pilate's judgment hall.

One day of triumph !-- for a space, Applauding crowds to see! And then—the suffering in our place, The clamour of the populace, The cross at Calvary.

# II. HUMILITY.

"I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."-St. John xiii. 15.

> PROUD of what we deem our worth, Proud of place, or power, or birth, Do we think we stand above Little acts of humble love? Let us pause awhile, and see What was Christ's humility.

On the night He was betrayed He for us example made; Lowly knelt, and thought it meet He should wash the Apostles' feet. Wonderful humility, For the Lord of all was He!

But, if Christ the Lord did thus, There's no room for pride in us! His example must be true! Nothing is too mean to do, If we feel and know it's right In the Master's holy sight.

## III.

#### PETER'S DENIAL.

"Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly."—St. Matthew XXVI. 75.

HE stood in the High Priest's palace, Waiting to see the end, And heard the words of malice Cast at his truest Friend; He saw the priests uniting In many a lying word; He saw the elders smiting His Master and his Lord; Yet stood he not beside Him-Peter, the fiery-hot-But, full of fear, denied Him, Crying-" I know Him not!"

Twice more the words were spoken, The loud-proclaimed denial; Then came the Saviour's token That spoke of Peter's trial! The cock-crow told 't was morning. And forth the Apostle crept, And, all his weakness scorning, Full bitterly he wept. Then bolder faith he cherished, And drove fear from his side, Till, full of love, he perished For Him he'd once denied.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—St. LUKE xxiii. 34.

THE last dread day of all has come, And now, while priests and scribes deride, And faithful hearts are stricken dumb, The Son of God is crucified.

Three crosses stand upon a hill, And there, a thief on either side, Obedient to His Father's will, The Son of God is crucified.

In His true heart that knows no wrong Pity and perfect love abide : Praying for all the cruel throng, The Son of God is crucified.

O wondrous love, that thus can reign Strong to the end in One so tried! Triumphant still o'er sharpest pain, The Son of God is crucified.

O perfect love! His life to give That all in Him their sins may hide! That erring man in heaven may live, The Son of God is crucified.

## V.

AN EASTER HYMN. "The Lord is risen."-St. Luke xxiv. 34. CHRIST is risen, no more to die! Christ is risen from the tomb! Christ is risen, no more to lie In its darkness and its gloom! "Christ is risen," let us sing! Christ, our Saviour and our King! Christ is risen, Who came to die, All His little flock to save! Death and Sin now conquered lie, Prisoned ever in His grave! "Christ is risen," let us sing! Christ, our Saviour and our King! Christ is risen, and if we try Each to serve Him here in love, We shall see Him when we die, Live with Him in heaven above.

"Christ is risen," let us sing!

Christ, our Saviour and our King!

# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE PROPHETS. THE PROPHET DANIEL

No. 1. FOUR YOUNG PRINCES.

Chapter to be read—Daniel i.

TRODUCTION. Have had lessons on destruction of Jerusalem, and people carried to Babylon. Have now some stories of the life of one captive in particular—used by God for a great work in exile, Remind how king of Babylon left the poor and feeble and took the noblest and best. Among them some young princes whose story we begin to-day.

I. The Princes Chosen. (Read 3—7.) What a sad life for these men—princes, and yet prisoners of war! were (ver. 3) of royal family—were also fine, handsome, noble-looking youths. Probably well-educated so far, and certainly had been taught to fear God—perhaps had good mothers. Their early training was going to be put to severe test later on. Now are picked out of all the captives—for what? To complete their education—to learn language and literature of Chaldaeans—noted for their learning. Would thus be able to take their place at court.

II. THE PRINCES' TRIAL. (Read 8-17.) Daniel, now fourteen years old, was placed in a difficulty. Remind how particular the Jewish law was as to not eating the blood (Lev. vii. 26), nor of anything offered to idols (Ex. xxxiv. 15); he knew, too, the bad effect of drinking much wine. What did he do? Boys generally fond of good living-also do not like to be singular-or make a fuss. Still he must make a stand-he could not go against his conscience-so begs off the rich food. What objection did the steward make? how did Daniel answer him? He could trust God to uphold his health and strength, for man does not live by bread alone. (Matt. iv. 4.) What trial was now made? Notice that Daniel persuaded his three friends to do the same-his influence over his companions so great, and used so well. So for ten days they lived on pulse, i.e. peas, corn, and vegetable food. What was the result? This not brought about by any miracle. Simply the natural result of simple fare. So they lived on through their three years.

III. THE PRINCES IN FAVOUR. (Read 18—21.) Who gave them strength to endure when tried? Same God blessed them in their studies—so that they were found wiser than all in the land. Point out how like Daniel was to Joseph—a prisoner in strange land—called to decide between right and wrong—in favour with his master—full of wisdom to interpret dreams. (Gen. xl. 8.)

Lessons. (1) Bravery in doing right. Daniel decided at once when wanted to do something he thought wrong. Much easier to act at once—take decided line on side of right. But see also how he

did it—pleasantly, not finding fault with others, but simply speaking for himself. Two ways even of doing right. (2) The diligent are rewarded. These men picked out because were intelligent. So Jesus when learning grew in favour. (Luke ii. 41.) Knowhedge one of God's best gifts—must be cultivated. (Prov. ii. 6.) Many kinds of knowledge, but what is the best of all?

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No. 2. THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

Chapter to be read-Daniel iii.

INTRODUCTION. A story to-day about the three young princes. What were their names? But where was Daniel, the chief? Perhaps absent in some distant part of the country.

I. The Command. (Read 1—7.) Nebuchadnezzar, one of the greatest kings of the old world—Babylon, one of grandest cities—king determines to have a great gathering near the city—plain near Babylon still called Dura. Whom does he gather together? Why were they collected? To join in dedication of an image! Some think was image of god Bel, others that it was image of himself. What proclamation is made? Can picture the stir and excitement among the people—bands playing, banners waving, crowds assembling round one spot. What was the signal for the worship? What was to be the consequence of refusal? Thus all were to submit to the king's decree.

II. THE REFUSAL. (Read 8-18.) Who alone disobeyed the order? But who are they? Strangers -captives-Jews. Probably were watched to see if would obey. People knew they were of different religion; would watch to see if obeyed king's order. Then went away and told the king. What did he do? Sends for them, gives command again himself-will give them another chance-but reminds them how all-powerful he is-more so the boasts) even than their God! (Ver. 15.) Picture the scene. The king ordering-the three young princes calmly listening—the people all watching, What shall they do? Is there any harm in bowing down? Can they not worship God too? But they could not bow down without worshipping—and what does the second commandment say? Did they hesitate? Not for one moment. What does the king say? What a fearful scene—the three princes seized—the furnace heated as much as possible-what do the flames do? Fancy the consternation as the soldiers are burnt up by the flames!

III. THE DELIVERANCE. (Read 23—30.) What became of the three men? they fall down in the midst of the fire—all watch the furnace eagerly. Now the king starts up; what does he say? They

cast in three, but there is a fourth! One of Divine form-the Son of God-come to help His servants. Now the king goes near himself and calls them out. In what state were they? What did the king say now? He praises God-declares His power-no one must speak a word against Him. Then he promotes these princes. So all ended well.

LESSONS. (1) Be decided. Sometimes necessary to choose definitely between right and wrong-God and the world. Must not hesitate-nor try a compromise -must make a clear, decided choice. (Matt. xvi. 29.) (2) Be trustful. God can and will deliver now, as much as then; in temptation, trial, difficulty, His help

promised and is sure. (2 Pet. ii. 8.)

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## No. 3. WRITING ON THE WALL.

Chapter to be read-Daniel v.

INTRODUCTION. Have passed over many years since last lesson. Nebuchadnezzar had been humbled by God; now his grandson Belshazzar reigning.

I. THE FEAST. (Read 1-4.) Common custom for kings to give grand banquets. Remind of Herod's birthday feast. (Mark vi. 21.) Perhaps this a birthday; great revelling going on. What vessels were brought out? Then all took occasion to deride the God of the Jews, and praise their own gods. their derision was short-lived, as we shall see.

II. THE HANDWRITING. (Read 5-9.) Picture the sudden alarm-part of man's hand visible-writing on stucco of wall, words in strange language ! Then the fear of all—the king turning pale—the hasty calling together the wise men skilled in all languages-their total inability to explain or even read them-all is confusion and alarm.

III. THE INTERPRETATION. (Read 10-29.) Who came upon the scene? Probably the queenmother-daughter of Nebuchadnezzar. Would recall Daniel's interpretation of her father's dream. She tells the king all about him-enlarges on his powers, and proposes he should be called. So he comes in. What a strange sight! The feast all in disarray the faces of all the nobles and guests now gazing at the wall-now eagerly turned to him-the wise men in confusion crowding behind. All listen eagerly while the prophet speaks. What had the king offered him? He will take none of his gifts, but he will declare God's message. Belshazzar had not taken warning, but had lifted himself up against God, and had not glorified Him. So this judgment was pronounced. What dreadful news! This great kingdom found wanting—was to be taken away and given to others. Teacher can tell the wellknown story of how the city was taken. The river diverted by canals into another channel—the enemy advancing through the bed thus dried up.

LESSONS. A day of reckoning certain. How are we living? Like Belshazzar or the rich fool, thinking only of this life? Let us live so as to be prepared to die-loins girded, lamps duly trimmed.

Live to God's glory in all things, then will not be found wanting.

No. 4. THE LIONS' DEN.

Chapter to be read-Daniel vi.

INTRODUCTION. Ended last lesson with account of taking of kingdom of Babylon by Darius the Mede. His first step would be to set his new kingdom in order. We shall see how he did so.

I. DANIEL WORKING. (Read 1-9.) Into how many parts was the kingdom divided? Who was set over these 120? But why was Daniel thus pro-Was a stranger—a Jew. Yes, but had shown his worth. Not only enabled by God to prophesy, but had been found faithful in all things. Like Joseph in captivity, was a trustworthy servant. How did the other princes feel about Daniel's promotion? This jealousy led them to hatred and malice, i.e., to plot some mischief against him. But what fault could they find? only about his religion. So what plan did they devise? No one was to ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days except of the king. Thus they hoped to catch Daniel. What custom was there as to the laws? Therefore king could not change his decree when once agreed upon.

II. DANIEL PRAYING. (Read 10-17.) Now turn to Daniel and watch him. Heard all about the decree -knew why his enemies had got it passed, but knew also the God whom he served, so went home just as usual. What did he do? Shut himself up and pray in secret? No, kept his windows open just as before—looking toward Jerusalem. Remembering the prayer of King Solomon (1 Kings viii. 48), and how God answered it, remembering the deliverance of his three friends in the fire. How often did he pray? With what special earnestness his prayers would now go up. Meanwhile, picture his enemies watching the house-peeping through the windows, then running off to accuse him to the king. How did the king take it? Was much vexed, and tried hard to deliver him-but could he? King must set example of keeping laws; so Daniel is put in the den of lions. But even the heathen king feels sure that he will be saved.

III. DANIEL DELIVERED. (Read 18-28.) What a wretched night for the king-what a happy night for Daniel! God's angel sent to visit and cheer him; how quickly the time passed with him, how slowly with the king. Then picture the morning scene-the king's coming-the sad question, for he hardly dare hope that Daniel is alive-the glad answer-the judgment on the enemies of Danielthe decree to all nations to fear Daniel's God.

THE LESSONS. (1) The value of prayer. "Call upon Me in trouble, and I will deliver." God is the same now. In all dangers to body and soul, He can and will both hear and answer. (Matt. xxi. 22.) Let our prayers be regular, earnest, and believing. (2) The value of courage. Daniel stood alone—yet never hesitated a moment. Did not hide his religion. So won king and nation to fear God.

# SHORT ARROWS.

"MARVELLOUS SUCCESS."



OR some time we have been promising ourselves a perusal of a report of the Zenana Missions, and we are now glad to bring the work done by the good labourers in that field again before our readers. It

is very satisfactory to read that during the last year the work has been attended with "marvellous success." Of course, it is not pretended that all has been sunshine, but, as is well known, the beauty of most earthly things lies in contrast. All sunshine is not so much appreciated as is a period with some cloudy days intervening-a shady time after the burthen and heat of day. So sorrows and disappointments have been mercifully permitted to give incentive to more exertion. The difficulty is to carry the glad tidings to the women, rich and poor. The peculiar views touching the imprisonment of women in the Zenanas are very difficult to combat, and even the poor, who are "at liberty," can obtain very little real freedom. It is most difficult. We in these enlightened countries can scarcely understand that when a woman ventures to stop to listen to a preacher the least movement of his towards her in order that she may hear better, is but the signal for her immediate flight. And, says a writer, "not unfrequently the mere movement of the man-crowd would bring about the same result before the women had time to listen to a word."

## A DEVOTED BAND.

The difficulty hinted at in the foregoing paragraph has fortunately been surmounted by the appointment of Native Bible-women who can penetrate where ordained ministers cannot go, and thus attack the enemy Ignorance with his fortifications. Without this link between the missionary and the Mussulman the work must have in a manner languished. But now a devoted and ever-increasing band of native Christian women are steadfastly carrying the banner of the Cross amongst the heathen in the true Christian spirit, for they are poor people, having given up all for this object; and this sacrifice in India means a great deal more than it would imply in Europe. We have ample testimony beside us that the efforts made by these women are blessed with success. We read in one instance that three old women, when dying, besought the teacher to continue the instruction to their children; and their last words, repeated subsequently in other cases, were a prayer to Jesus to forgive their sins and take them to heaven, for they believed and trusted in the Saviour. Many have renounced their idol-worship in the temples, and have declined to attend the festivals. Such is a very brief outline of the good the Mission for Women in India is doing. We could multiply instances, but we are glad to put on record that the tendency of all is the same—an advance made against evil, and many a poor wandering sheep brought safely into the fold, where they find safety and true rest.

## LIGHT TO THOSE IN DARKNESS.

The Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures has forwarded to us a very interesting report, including statements from many far distant stations. We are glad to see a long list of sub. scribers at the end, but the sums are not large, and when we learn that the Association has, since its initiation, distributed more than five thousand Bibles. over sixty thousand Testaments, and fifty thousand Gospels by means of voluntary and free labour, subscribers will see that their contributions are not wasted in expensive machinery. The only cost incurred is in the transmission of the books, and even this necessary expense is obviated as far as possible by purchases made on the spot. Throughout Europe, in Palestine, India, Persia, Mexico. and Japan, the Word has gone forth to the people who sit in darkness, and on them has the light shined, and the grateful testimony received, we are assured, would gladden the hearts of the friends who assist the work. This success is an incentive to extra exertion. There is a tremendous field yet to be tilled. One thousand millions of men and women are still in the world without a copy of the Word, and the supply of books does not nearly keep pace with the increase in the population. The responsibility rests upon those who can and who will not subscribe to carry out the Divine mandate, "Go ye into all the world," bearing the glad tidings to every creature by your cordial co-operation. Sow the good seed broadcast, so that the bread of life may be eventually enjoyed by the poor ignorant millions. The hon, secretary's address is, 1, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, London, N.W.

## THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

There are, as we said, many very interesting cases reported, and a few selected will, we are sure, prove acceptable to our readers, as illustrative of the actual benefits resulting from honest work in a holy cause. At a certain station in India, when the Bibles were distributed, a gang of thieves were caught, and were visited in gaol. One penitent desired to have the Scriptures brought to him, and, reading it, became quite a changed character. He had no hope of pardon in this world, but he sent for the bishop, and had a long and earnest conversation with him. He confessed the justice of the sentence passed upon him, and expressed his faith in Jesus. At the time of his execution he sought for the boon of a little time for private prayer, and it

was granted. When he gave the sign, he ceased to live, but he went, as all hope, to join the penitent who died beside his Lord, and to be with Him in paradise.

## A LADY'S TESTIMONY.

Writing from Paris, a lady correspondent, who has far a long time interested herself in Bible distribution, sends pleasant testimony. The people never appear to have seen the Bible before, she says. Paris is an inexhaustible field, much the same as London is, we suspect. In the hotels, and on hoard the Swiss lake steamboats, this lady finds ample scope for her energies, and meets with great success. At Geneva, the servants hear the Word, and are proud of their books; and on the steamer, from the captain downwards, all had a good word for the diligent worker. A school of many French boys, including a master, all had books, and accepted them gladly. The crew of the French frigate La Commune, at Marseilles, all came flocking to obtain the Testaments; and in that port the work is daily carried to a successful issue.

#### THE EXAMPLE OF FAITH.

On board a certain vessel which sailed last year from Europe to America there was the usual complement of passengers, and some of them began to discuss the Gospel and its teaching. There were a few arguing in favour of it-some, alas! against its Divine truths. There were infidels, Jews, and others on board, and the defenders of the Bible were narrowed to three earnest Christians; but, as will be seen, they gained the victory. The discussion continued for some days, and got very earnest. length a terrible storm came, and the safety of the ship was seriously imperilled. Those who had been mocking the idea of the Divinity were in the greatest alarm of all. Amongst the fanatical crowd the three Christians stood calmly resigned, full of faith, like the "three children" who were sentenced to (apparent) destruction in the fiery furnace. The scoffers questioned them, and said, "How is it that you are not afraid?" The Christians replied that their faith sustained them, and their Pilot, Jesus, would bring them into "the haven where they would be," and if not, they did not fear to die. After the storm had abated, the old discussion arose again; but now there was no one who dared to contradict these three men. On the contrary, they assisted many waverers, and were requested to give some of them the New Testament to read. A meeting was established in the saloon, and many came, acknowledging by their presence that they had sinned in doubting the existence and omnipotence of the So these firm hearts sustained the doubting, and turned many to the light, full of faith amid the storm, trusting in the Saviour Who said, "It is I, be not afraid !"

## HELP THEM TO A HOME!

It is necessary to inquire at this time, when so many young women are seeking employment in so many directions, what provision is made for their accommodation in London, and how they are being cared for. It has been stated that in this vast metropolis of England there are not less than sixty thousand girls employed in various branches of manufacture, These girls do an immense deal of work, and as a rule at a rate cheaper than the average man worker. Nor in many cases do the girls meet with over-much consideration. In not a few instances they may be discharged at a day's notice, and even are liable to be sent away at a few hours' warning should any incident arise to offend a customer or the overseer. In addition to the weary hours behind the counter-standing, be it remembered-expected to be cheerful and attentive to every whim of the customer, never impatient-a sign of dissent construed into an impertinencetrouble within, and temptations without, ought we not to do more for these honest girls? We have, in common with others, advocated the necessity of seats being provided for girls in all shops. glad to believe that in some cases our suggestions have been humanely carried out; but some of these employers of female labour who would subscribe to release a negro slave would not hesitate to demand the "pound of flesh" from an employé; and when they leave the premises where are they to go? Perhaps our dainty ladies and well-dressed customers do not consider the temptations that beset a young girl in London; but we would have them realise the situation, if possible, and make allowances, and practise kindness and charity to those who serve. Help them to a Home!

## A GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.

There can be no doubt that such homes for working girls are greatly needed, and we are very glad to add our testimony to the good the few already opened are doing. At the latter end of December a new "Home"-one of a series-was inaugurated in Islington, and this makes the fifth establishment set going by the charitable ladies and gentlemen who have the welfare of working women at heart. Since 1878 every succeeding year has seen a new Home added to the list, and no doubt the good work will be continued in such a manner that no inmate need ever be obliged to leave because she is unable to pay her subscription for a short period. We understand that instances have occurred in which girls have been obliged to leave the shelter provided because they had not sufficient funds to pay the weekly sums demanded. Thus, at the very time when, almost despairing, perhaps, of employment, the poor woman is sent forth to battle with the world she had at the best of times found it difficult to encounter. We would suggest that some reserve fund should be provided, so that the deserving

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inmates could be assisted to fight on, and that the Committee should endeavour to find them situations, or should induce the inmates to communicate with their friends when work is slack. We hear that some girls are "too proud" to ask assistance from their relatives; but, putting aside this mistaken notion, we think that if every inmate were to give the names and addresses of her nearest relatives when she enters the Home, the difficulty would be solved, and assistance would be forthcoming. The new Home is at Woodford House, 25, Duncan Terrace, Islington, and a sixth Home is about to be prepared in South London. The cost of fitting up, etc., approaches one thousand pounds; and a seventh Home is expected to be arranged in the East End. This is an excellent work, and many ladies desirous of doing a real good, and anxious to assist their sisters, cannot do better than bestir themselves. not only in dealing with them kindly in business hours, but in extending a kindly hand to them at " Home."

# THE BOLINGBROKE PAY HOSPITAL.

Facing Wandsworth Common there is a home for sick people who can afford to contribute something towards their maintenance in return for hospital treatment and nursing. The Vicar of Battersea has been the guiding spirit in this institution, and the report—the first annual report—is now before us. The circumstances which led Canon Clarke to establish the Hospital as it now exists, are detailed in the report, and the house was purchased, many kind and influential parishioners warmly seconding the vicar in his undertaking. The object is to make this a "pay" hospital, and as the project is to benefit the artisan class and middle class of clerks, the scale of payment must be necessarily limited; so each patient has been permitted to fix his own scale according to his means. So far this plan appears to have been successful. A very important question has arisen, and that is whether the insurance principle cannot be extended to this very deserving institution, and applied to it so that by a certain annual payment the subscriber can insure a month's treatment in hospital if necessary, and insure against a doctor's bill. A great many applications have been received from people who are willing to pay a small sum per annum for this privilege; and so far as we can see, there is no reason why it should not be understood that a payment of a shilling a month should be the basis of payment. The trustee has already received many encouraging replies to his suggestion, that the large employers of labour in and around the Metropolis should guarantee the payment of a certain sum by their employés annually as insurance. This does not absolve the workman, but in cases where misfortune, or undeserved and accidental temporary deprivation of wages, might militate against the payment by the employé, he would not lose the benefits of the insurance. Such an institution would be selfsupporting, and when the excellent suggestions have been carried out, we have no doubt that the Boling-broke Hospital will do well. Meantime the vicar as trustee has to meet a deficit, and we trust all those who can sympathise with the energy he has devoted to this excellent institution will assist him to carry out the objects for which it is designed, by clearing off the outstanding debt and enabling the deserving classes to obtain the full benefit of the good work he has initiated. The hospital in its first year has attained to 67 per cent. of self-support, and a little assistance would enable the institution to be independent. We feel we need only indicate the way to our readers to insure its success.

#### TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

Not every one who travels is aware of the good done by the commercial gentlemen who, in the pursuit of their various callings, are to be found in every town. Many a traveller has been glad to find a copy of the Scriptures in his bedroom, and, in thousands of instances, he is indebted for that to the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, We will relate an anecdote of the good that may be done by a word in season—the tale was related by the chairman of the Association. A young traveller was one of a party in the room where singing was the rule, and, when it came to his turn to sing, he excused himself, saying he knew no song suitable to that company. which was a very merry one. A derisive request for a hymn was supplemented by a remark that "they would all join in the chorus;" and the young Christian took them at their word. He selected a well-known hymn, and sang it fervently; and ere he had concluded, some thoughtful faces and moistened eyes showed that the seed had fallen upon some good ground. Several of the party thanked the young man, and, though the uproarious fun had ceased, a happier spirit had taken possession of the assembled travellers.

#### A BLESSED RESULT.

We will now pass to the ending of the evening. After the young singer had retired to his room, a member of the party came to the door, and when he entered he seemed much distressed. The cause was soon divulged. The hymn he had just before heard had touched the chords of memory, and had recalled to him his mother's voice, and the songs she used to sing. His life had been sinful and careless, and now, with feelings deeply stirred, he came to this Christian traveller, and asked, as was asked of old, "What must I do to be saved?" He retired comforted, leaving the young teacher happy to think that he had been instrumental in pointing out the way to his erring and repentant brother. Scarcely, however, had the door closed, than an elderly man-also one of the party-sought admission and forgiveness. A long conversation ensued; and when at length the

young soldier of Christ lay down to rest, he was full of thankfulness that his testimony for his Lord had been so wonderfully rewarded. The Commercial Travellers' Christian Association holds prayer meetings in hotels, and in many ways encourages the spread of the Word, by supplying good books, etc. The offices of the Association are at 186, Aldersgate Street, and the General Secretary will, we are sure, supply any information to friends desirous to assist this praiseworthy work.

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#### WORKHOUSE CONCERTS.

Lady Brabazon has recently written a letter referring to an article which appeared in THE QUIVER last year, describing a concert given in a workhouse; and her ladyship adds, "Why should not the disabled, the infirm, and the aged enjoy such a bright cheerful evening-say, every month?" Why not, There are many ladies who, we are sure, would do anything in their power to assist in such a good and benevolent work. So many can sing and play, or even send a few flowers, if they have been denied the gifts of music. "We think a deal of if afore it comes, and a deal after it has gone," say the poor inmates of the House. There should be no difficulty in giving them this great pleasure, which does so much good, and costs so little in the doing. Let us not bury our talents in the earth, or put them out only to high interest of self, in hope of gaining the praise of a drawingmom audience. Let us help our poorer friends, and no greater appreciation will ever be bestowed upon us than theirs. Lady Brabazon very kindly has offered to assist by her advice and experience any one desirous to organise a series of concerts, if they will address her, at Combe End, Kingston-on-Thames. Such an opportunity should not be lost; and we are hopeful that her ladyship's kind offer will meet with a hearty response, and a great boon will be thus conferred upon the needy and sorrowful, in the evening of their lives.

## THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL.

If any additional testimony to the value of the work performed by William Tyndale in first translating the Greek Testament into English were needed, it would be found in the preface to the "Revised Version" lately issued. The foundation of this translation was laid by Tyndale, and the committee for the erection of a worthy memorial to him are eager to complete their work. A suitable site has been obtained upon the Thames Embankment to commemorate the martyr's work and life, and his death for the faith. A guarantee find has already been suggested and responded to to the amount of £800, and thus a basis is being built upon which further subscriptions may be laid. The cost of the memorial is £3,000, and, amongst the worshippers in our Protestant faith, there should be

no difficulty in obtaining the sum needed. No doubt there are many earnest Christians in America and other distant lands who will gladly forward their "mites" to further this object. The committee have resolved "to place upon the monument the name of any university, county, society, or town which contributes the sum of £100 to the memorial fund," and all English-speaking Christians are earnestly requested to unite in this testimonial to the brave martyr who gave us the primary version of the message of peace and goodwill. Contributions will be gladly received by the hon, secretaries of the committee, 11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

#### MODERN GOOD SAMARITANS.

The example set by the Good Samaritan of Bible record has doubtless prompted many a kindly act involving self-denial since. The following incident will show this :- A gentleman with a large family of his own, and with only a moderate non-elastic income, recently entered a market town in the West of England a few days after the annual chartered fair had been held and closed. His attention was attracted to a solitary caravan standing on the site of the pleasure ground, and whose appearance denoted a somewhat forlorn condition. Upon inquiry, it was found that the exhibition had not been a success, that the van was impounded for rent of ground; that the horse was also on lien for its keep; that the hand-bell and gong which announced the opening of the show had been sold; and, in fact, that the prospects of the proprietor were in dismal plight. The debts were soon paid and the bell and gong repurchased; and then with a little gift of money and a few well-chosen remarks about Him for whose sake the act was done, the poor showman, ill, but grateful and jubilant, departed. The benefactor, however, was not at ease. He noticed the illness of the van proprietor, and troubled that he had not done sufficient. A vehicle was obtained, the man overtaken, medical advice sought, and the invalid brought back to the infirmary, where a subscription fee was paid, and certain necessary precautionary guarantees given. In about a fortnight, however, the guarantee given to meet the funeral expenses of inmates dying in the hospital had to be met; for disease, medical want, and anxiety had proved too great for skill and Christian kindness,

Let a man do his work; the fruit of it is the care of another than he.

Upward steals the life of man, As the sunshine from the wall, From the wall into the sky, From the roof along the spire; Ah, the souls of those that die Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

Longfellow.

# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

#### NEW SERIES.

61. Who was Shelomith, and what important charge was given to him?

62. Who are specially mentioned as having dedicated the spoils of war to the service of God?

63. At what time were the Levites obliged to give up their homes and possessions because of persecution?

64. What difference was made in numbering the Levites, and in the numbering of the rest of the children of Israel?

65. What stranger did King David appoint as head over the camels, etc., which belonged to him?

66. What king of Egypt came against Rehoboam and conquered him?

67. Which of the kings of Judah seems to have been a very gifted speaker?

68. Where do we find the expression, "A covenant of salt," and what does it signify?

69. "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." To what custom does this proverb allude?

70. Going from Jerusalem to Jericho, the man fell among thieves. What was the distance between these two towns?

71. What city is called the "city of palm trees"?

72. What prophet had foretold that Christ should dwell in Egypt?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

50. "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to the Lord of Hosts" (Isa. xix. 18).

51. "A lion, which is strongest amongst beasts, and turneth not away for any" (Prov. xxx. 30),

52. Eliphaz the Temanite (Job v. 7),

 Queen Esther, as a thanksgiving and memorial of the deliverance of the Jews from their enemies (Esther ix. 21, 32).

54. Susa (or Shushan), the capital of Elam, was situated on the Choaspes. It was the residence of the kings of Persia, and is now known as the village of Sus on the River Kirkhah (Neh, i. 1).

55. "The first" (or former) rain occurred in the early part of the Hebrew civil year—viz., in October and November; the "latter" fell in March and April. (Deut. xi. 14.)

56. The widow of Nebuchadnezzar, grandmother of Belshazzar, and most probably named Nitocris, as mentioned by Herodotus, (Daniel v. 10.)

57. Jacob, before his death, commanded his sons to go to Joseph and ask pardon for their unkindness to him in former years; for this purpose, therefore, they sought an interview with him. (Genesis I. 15—22.)

58. The plain of Dura, where Nebuchadnezzar erected an image of gold sixty cubits high, which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego refused to worship. (Daniel iii, 1.)

59. The prophet Habakkuk, who says, "The just shall live by his faith." (Hab. ii. 4.; Heb. x. 38.)

60. Our Blessed Lord, on the return of the seventy disciples from their mission. (Luke x. 18.)

#### JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

#### PROMISES AND ASSERTIONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

#### JEWELS FOR THE BEREAVED.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14).

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee (Heb. xiii. 5). After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb (Rev. vii. 9, 10).

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord (Rev. xiv. 13),

#### JEWELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Those that seek Me early shall find Me (Prov. viii, 17).

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom (Isa. xl. 11).

Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven (Matt. xix. 14).

# JEWELS FOR THE RICH AND PROSPEROUS.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble (Ps. xli. 1).

He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack (Prov. xxviii. 27).

He which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. God loveth a cheerful giver (2 Cor. ix, 6, 7).

# SYMBOLS OF SALVATION AND JOY.

THE CHURCH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.



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has long been our conviction that "the dry light" of science does but imperfectly aid in the apprehension of that which the universe is, by the Divine Author of it, made to mean. This "dry light" enables us to search out physical laws which underlie the phenomena of nature, but it offers little help to the full understanding of what the Almighty, the Allwise, the Allgood intended by His marvellous works to teach His intelligent creatures, respecting their spiritual character and their divine relationships. Poetry,

however under-valued by some, goes deeper and higher into the true signification of material things than the other branch of study, of which it should be ever regarded as the companion and the complement. As in the investigation of the outer world more is needed than a hard inquisitiveness, so in our ponderings upon Holy Scripture more is requisite than grammatical criticism. Much in the inspired books has, as it were, to be read between the lines. More is intended to be conveyed than what lies on the surface; and a true instinct, though often betrayed into foolish excesses, may be found at the bottom of those allegorical methods of interpretation, which were adopted by some of the early fathers. Of course the literal meaning, the historical element, and the scope of the connection are to be carefully considered in our examination of every paragraph and passage; but it must never be forgotten that a Revelation from God to man may be expected to comprise a good deal which cannot be construed by a passing glance. Reasoning, as well as perception, ought to have a place in our Biblical studies; and often imagination is to be employed as a handmaid of the understanding. Especially in reading the Book of Revelation, the latter faculty is needed in company with the former.

In pursuing our reflections, we now reach the beautiful words describing the multitude before the throne—"Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,"

I. White were the Levites' robes, symbolical of worship; white too the angels', symbolical of beauty; and, above all, "white and glistering" were those of our transfigured Lord—symbolical of glory. And so worship, beauty, glory, are ideas raised in our minds as we look into

these richly associated words. They bring within view obvious attributes of redeemed humanity in its celestial condition; but more comes out than seems at first to belong to general terms and ideas, when we turn to the particular uses made "He that of them in other parts of Scripture. overcometh," it is said, "the same shall be clothed in white raiment;" and it is thought, this may refer to what Maimonides, the Jewish Rabbi, tells us was a fact, that the priest, found defective and unfit, was clothed in black, and dismissed from the sacerdotal circle, whilst every one tested and found perfect was clothed in white, and went into the holy place to minister with his brethren. The white robed one, then, we may regard as being fitted and made meet for the Divine Master's use, as consecrated and set apart for His worship and service. The word "white" is also used in a memorable text respecting the raiment of the Lamb's Wife; "to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white [or bright, as we read in the margin, for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." Here we are plainly taught the purity and holiness of those accepted worshippers. Nothing defiled can enter that temple -- "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." To be good is to be happy, and it is false in religion, and vicious in morals, to imagine any one can have peace without purity-that any one accepted of God can remain unsanctified. Indeed, it is a dream of darkest inspiration which paints real bliss on earth or in heaven, apart from the transformation of human nature into the Divine image. We have then two ideas here brought out; that the Church of the Firstborn is composed of those who are accepted of God-who, to use New Testament language, are justified in His sight, are accounted righteous; and also, that they are made internally holy, sanctified in every attribute of their nature, made "allglorious within "--to adopt the Psalmist's words in the description of the King's daughter, in "clothing of wrought gold," and in "raiment of needlework." These two views of the Church of the Firstborn are distinguishable in the writings of St. Paul; and whilst the distinction between them may be clearly traced, nothing is more clear than that the two aspects of redeemed humanity are inseparable in fact. Hence the thought of the one is often seen overlapping the thought of the other in the writings of that inspired divine -as, for instance, in the eighth of Romans: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life

in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for [or concerning] sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the

Spirit."

When we think of those white robes of acceptance and sanctity, we are apt to be dismayed lest we, who have often sad accusations of conscience, should not be numbered at last amongst the multitude of the worshippers; but then there comes in for our relief the thought, that however sinful we have been, there is the blessed possibility of change-foreshadowed in a very old vision-"And he showed me Joshua, the High Priest, standing before the Angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist Him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel, and he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with changes of raiment." Yes, the soul's raiment can be changed; and this truth comes out in another way, in a verse following those on which we mainly dwell in these meditations respecting the Church of the Firstborn-"They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Here, added to the revelation of a changed condition, we have a glimpse of the redemptive method by which it is accomplished. It is through the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. It is through the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sin, according to the riches of His grace." This passage on the one hand marks the forgiveness of sin as a consequence of the sacrifice on the cross; again, we read, "Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people through His own blood, suffered without the gate "-these words, on the other hand, specify the consecration of the Church to holy use and office, as an intended purpose of that which was done on Calvary. When the Apostle John says, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin," he seems to combine both views, and to point out pardon and holiness as alike effects of our Divine Redeemer's death. The representatives of the saved are, in a vision already noticed, described accordingly as falling down before the Lamb, and singing the new song, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

II. In connection with the manner in which they are clothed, we proceed to notice that which

they carry—"palms in their hands."

The feast of tabernacles was the most joyful in the Jewish calendar. It was a saying, that those who had never seen it did not know what The Courts of the Temple, and the joy was. roofs of the houses, the Mount of Olives, and the valley of the Kedron, were covered with a sudden and artificial verdure. Firs, myrtles. pomegranates, and especially palms were gathered in massive branches, and wreathed into bowers and arbours, presenting a contrast to the autumnal tints of the forests, with which, however, they blended in a harmony of colours. And at eventide the citrons and apples of paradise glowed amidst the dark green, in the light of lamps kindled by thousands all over the city, looking as if the breadths of foliage were powdered with stars. And at early morn, as the sun reddened the hills, and the lamps went out, and the lamb was killed, and incense was burnt in the holy place, there marched a procession of priests round the altar to the sound of trumpets; and water from a golden pitcher was poured forth, while the people sang, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the well of salvation," and walked in procession round the Temple courts, having "palms in their hands." It was, in fact, a national harvest home; and in heaven they celebrate the rich in-gathering of the fruits of redeeming love.

Palms were symbols of honour paid. As our Lord entered Jerusalem when, having looked at the city, He wept over it, the people shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David," and took branches of palm and strewed them in the way. Impressively were we reminded of this occurrence when, some years ago, we visited the East, and saw, near the gate opening towards the Mount of Olives, crowds of people on the walls, and among the palm trees, looking down upon streams of pilgrims on their way to the neighbourhood of the Jordan. How could we, under such circumstances, help thinking of the multitude who greeted with short-lived joy the approach of the Holy One of Israel, covering the dusty road with their own garments, and a carpet of boughs and leaves for Him to ride on? in doing which they went, in typical acts, far beyond their conscious intentions But they who are here represented with palms in their hands are engaged in doing nobler honour to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the

Lamb.

Palms are symbolical of suffering—of suffering past, of suffering crowned with honour and glory in that world where witnesses for truth and righteousness are recompensed for their privations and pains whilst here below. We well remember a beautiful fresco, which we saw in a French church, representing a procession of martyrs, carrying palms in their hands, on their way to the Celestial City,

with the words written underneath-"With joy and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace." In the Church of Santa Prassede at Rome we have noticed, above the arch which separates choir from nave, a mosaic of the New Jerusalem described in the Apocalypse. The walled enclosure has a gate guarded by angels: within is the Saviour, with a company of the blessed seated on thrones, and approaching Him appears a crowd of martyrs, pressing on with crowns, and palms in their holy hands. The past blends with the present in the Apocalyptic vision as in these forms of early art. The memory of sorrows is combined with a new experience of joy and glory, as, welcomed by the once suffering but now glorified Lord, they enter through the gates into the City, to take their place in the choir of angels and of saints. Nor let us think of suffering unto death as the only experience which gives gracious right to a place in the ranks of Christian confessorship-

Meek souls there are, who little dream Their daily strife an angels' theme, Or that the rod they take so calm, Shall prove in Heaven a martyrs' palm.

Palms are symbolical of victory. They were of old carried by conquerors; and appropriately may we close this paper by thinking of the warfare once waged on earth by the multitude now in heaven. In a subsequent chapter the holy warriors are thus represented-" And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of

They have fought a good fight, they have finished their course, they have kept the faith, and they should inspire us with renewed ardour, constancy, and courage in our daily battle with evil, which to the end we shall here have to carry on-

O champions blest in Jesus' name, Short be your strife, your triumph full, Till every heart have caught your flame, And, lightened of the world's misrule, Ye soar those elder saints to meet, Gathered long since at Jesus' feet, No world of passions to destroy, Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW RALPH FULFILLED HIS MISSION.



Ralph de Montmorency, come at Mabel's request to renew her father's offer to Mrs. Lacy. He had augured ill from the crowded room; but the appearance and the manner of the woman he had come to advise and set right had a surprising effect in the con-

trary direction. When she rose and addressed him, his past impressions and his present made together such a confusion in his mind, that he had some difficulty in replying with the due amount of gentlemanly composure.

"I am afraid I have come at an inopportune moment," he said, courteously. "The fact is, this is my only free day, and, as I had promised myself the pleasure of calling upon you- My name is De Montmorency."

"I believe you are a relative of my children." Suspecting that the young gentleman had come to repeat Mr. Lacy's offer, Adela armed herself with dignity to meet him. "Will you not sit down?" she said, looking round. "Is there not a chair?"

Two or three of the guests rose.

"Please allow me to stand," said Ralph, in some distress. Some one went to fetch a chair. "And I hope," he went on, reading disappointment in the faces around him, "that you will not allow me to disturb you. You were reading as I came in."

"No, sir; she were telling us a tale," said Mrs. Crake, who liked to contradict, even on small points; "and it's a sight better, it is, to hear a person speaking out of their own head, as the saying is, than go on reading out of a book."

"There's more spirit in it, like," said old Mrs. Young, apologetically.

She had a profound respect for broadcloth and shining hats, and felt that Mrs. Crake's defiant attitude required explanation.

"Oh, yes! I agree with you," answered Ralph, frankly. "Ever so much more spirit. I am a perfect baby about stories."

At this the faces of Mrs. Lacy's guests relaxed into smiles; he turned to their hostess a face almost boyish in its eager interest.

"I must make a confession," he said. "As I came up the stairs I caught a few words of the story you

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were telling, and I think—Î am not sure, but I think—I read it long ago when I was a child."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Lacy, and looked at him for a few moments searchingly. Ralph would have been much surprised, could he have known that she was taking his measure; that had she observed in him any shrinking from her humble friends, any mistake concerning her own position, or a failure, even the slightest, in gentlemanly bearing, she would have refused to continue her tale. She read nothing but frank kindliness and unaffected interest in his face, and she went on, with a smile, which Ralph felt, would have graced a princess—"If you really care to hear me, I will go on; but I must tell you that it is very long since I have read this little story, and my own ideas have, no doubt, become mixed with it."

Ralph said, courteously, that this would only increase the interest of the tale, and without another moment's delay Adela took up the thread where it

had been broken.

He listened attentively, watching her face. At first he was critical. It seemed almost necessary to be on the look-out for defects. He had come with preconceptions fully formed. Surely, he thought, they must have some basis in fact. But he found very soon that the critical mood had passed away; nay, that it was exchanged for an admiration deeper than he had ever experienced for any woman with the exception of his own mother.

But the time came to an end. Mrs. Lacy knew that the hour had arrived when her neighbours would require to prepare the afternoon meal for their

husbands.

"I must tell you the rest another time," she said.

They all got up; one thanking her timidly, and another roughly.

She invited them to come again.

"Come any afternoon," she said. "I can work and talk at the same time."

There was a general request for a sight of her work, which was popularly supposed to be "something lovely;" and when with a smile Adela drew aside the sheet which was thrown over the half-completed screen, Ralph had a new surprise.

At last they were left alone together, save for Queen Mab and Herbert, who held shyly aloof from

this new type of visitor.

Then Ralph, approaching his hostess, said, with some timidity of manner, that he ought not to trespass any longer upon her time. He must thank her for having revived in his mind some pleasant childish memories; yes, and for having given him a new idea about work amongst the poor. He hoped they would meet again. Would Mrs. Lacy object to his mother calling upon her?

There was something more than a gentleman's courtesy to a lady in his manner: reverence for the woman who, in the midst of the most unlovely surroundings, had preserved her ladyhood umblemished, and who, being rarely gifted, was making of her

gifts a light to shine in the earth's dark places, with the chivalry of a strong nature when brought into contact with misfortunes nobly borne, shone in Ralph's face, and was revealed in the low deep tones of his voice.

His self-revelation helped his purpose. Never, since the days when her Herbert was alive, had Adela been so deeply touched, and she answered Ralph with a voice and smile that were full of friendliness. It would give her the greatest pleasure, she said, to receive a visit from Mrs. de Montmorency, of whom she had often heard her husband speak with great admiration.

"But you will sit down for a few moments, will you not?" she went on. "I should like you to make the acquaintance of my little ones. Come here, Mab, and shake hands with this gentleman."

Queen Mab advanced out of the gloom, followed by Herbert, who was a little tired and fretful.

Ralph had a pleasant manner with children, and the three were soon on the most excellent terms,

"Your little boy is like his father," said Ralph, while Herbert, at his urgent invitation, was busy searching his pockets for biscuits and nuts. "Poor fellow! I have such a vivid recollection of him."

"You knew my Herbert?" cried Adela.

"Yes; well. It was many years ago. Herbert was a grown man. I was a mere child. He was my hero, of course. As gentle as he was brave. Always my protector when we were together, but always allowing me to consider myself his equal."

"That was so like him," said Adela, with glisten-

ing eves.

Ralph, having now found out how he could be most agreeable, continued to talk in the same strain, and Adela-who had never heard much about her husband's early days, since Ada, the only member of his family with whom she had ever been on intimate terms, had seen little of her elder brother in her childhood-led him on by her eloquent eyes and eager wistful questions. Queen Mab, too, beginning to realise that her mother and the gentleman were talking about the days when her own papa was a little boy, stood with her arms around Herbert to keep him quiet, listening with the deepest attention. Then after the long talk it was necessary that Herbert should be rewarded for his patience by a romp. Ralph, in fact, spent a very agreeable hour; but realising, at last, the fact that the time was passing swiftly, he rose to his feet.

"My visit has been of an unconscionable length," he said: "really, I feel ashamed of myself."

"You have made us very happy," Mrs. Lacy replied; "an hour has gone by like a moment. We shall not forget Mr. de Montmorency, shall we, Mab?"

"But he's coming again, isn't he?" said Queen Mab, looking up shyly. And Herbert was clamorous for their new friend to come to-morrow, and every day. "We'll take 'oo for a walk, and 'oo sall be my horse," he said.

Mrs. Lacy smiled. "You see, the children have adopted you as a playfellow," she said. "It is your own fault; you have been too kind to them."

his uncles in town. His uncle, a hard-worked judge, was spending from Saturday till Monday in the country. Ralph had taken advantage of his absence Ralph replied that he was charmed to find he had to entreat that his mother would dine with him; he



"The three were soon on the most excellent terms."-p. 383.

won their confidence, promised them that he would come again, shook hands with Adela, and hurried

In the interest of the occasion, he had, until this moment, forgotten the fact that he had promised to meet his mother that afternoon at the house of one of

had chambers not far from his uncle's house, where Mrs. de Montmorency had been staying for the past few weeks. Her home, since her husband's death, which had taken place about two years before, was in Devonshire, near the coast.

She said that business brought her to town; but it

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is probable that hunger to see the face of her only son, and to know how he fared in his town life, had

been the chief motive for her journey.

Mrs. de Montmorency's nearest neighbour and chief friend was a certain Lady Mackenzie, a widow, and childless, who, about a year before, had taken, re-decorated, and furnished a stately house close by the wild sea-shore, which had been some time uninhabited, and suffered to fall into disrepair. Similarity of circumstances and kindred sympathies had drawn these two ladies together. Lady Mackenzie was much richer than her neighbour; and while Mrs. de Montmorency, who was a first-rate woman of business, was always ready with advice and valuable assistance on the management of her friend's business, and the righteous distribution of her numerous charities, Lady Mackenzie took a deep interest in "the son," as she always called Ralph.

She also had come up to London on business. She had a handsome town house in one of the West End squares. The early part of that day, her first in town, she had spent with her friend; and when, the day beginning to wane, she looked at her watch, and said she ought to be on her way home, Mrs. de Montmorency begged'she would stay a few minutes

longer.

"I expect my Ralph," she said; "and I should so like you to meet him."

But the few minutes were prolonged, and still Ralph did not come.

"I hope he has not forgotten me altogether," said his mother. "He promised to be here an hour ago,"

"We must have patience," replied Lady Mackenzie.

"I am thinking of you."

"Oh, I have waited so long, I can easily wait a little longer; and I want to meet your boy. Without knowing him, I only seem half to know you."

As she spoke, a rap at the front-door, and a firm swift footstep on the staircase, announced the arrival of the loiterer.

Ralph came in hastily; his face was flushed with rapid exercise, his dark curly hair was thrown back from his broad forehead, his eyes were shining. He looked so fine a creature that his mother, in her pride and mother's joy, was fain to forgive him, even though, during the last half-hour, her irritation had been decidedly on the increase.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, mother," he cried out, before she could speak. "I am so sorry!" Seeing Lady Mackenzie, whom he recognised from his mother's frequent descriptions, he saw the situation at once. "I am sure you are Lady Mackenzie," he said, in his most winning way; "and I believe my mother, who is always a little foolish about her big boy, has been keeping you here to meet me."

"You are a young wizard," said the lady, smiling, "and you have guessed exactly. But it is more my fault than your mother's. I was determined to find out whether or no her big boy—of whom she

talks pretty often, I can assure you—was not a myth, after all."

"You will say I am a tolerably substantial myth," Ralph replied. "But I must tell you that I have been almost in the same position. I heard such wonderful accounts about you that——"

"Ralph," interrupted his mother, "when Lady Mackenzie and you have finished romancing, I should like to draw your attention to the fact that it is

getting late."

"And my cook will be in a state of mind bordering on distraction," said Ralph, with a look of comical despair. "Lady Mackenzie, I wonder if you would think me too audacious if I entreated you to join my mother and me this evening. I cannot offer you anything récherché, you know; but I will do my best to make you at home."

"I will dine with you with the greatest pleasure,"

Lady Mackenzie replied.

And the three went together to Ralph's chambers, where a somewhat homely dinner, made pleasant by the warmest of welcomes, awaited them. Nothing, however, would he consent to say about his day's adventure until dinner was over, and his two guests were established in the two most comfortable chairs of his cosy study.

"I ought to feel proud," said Ralph, then looking from one face to the other. "I wonder if any other young bachelor in London is so honoured as I am

this evening."

"It is not every bachelor who would care for such an honour," said Mrs. de Montmorency, smiling; "but come, Ralph, you shall not be let off, for all your pretty speeches. We must have an explanation of your extraordinary delay this afternoon."

"Are you prepared for a great surprise?" said

Ralph, "a very great surprise?"

She turned a little paler, and, glancing at Lady Mackenzie, "If it is too dreadful, do not tell us."

"Dreadful! It is quite the other way, mother. Poor Herbert's widow is one of the most wonderful women I have ever met."

"And she lives in Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials?"

"And she lives in Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials. There is a puzzle for you. It must have been a puzzle for her. But she solved it, and in a way in which I should think no other woman in England, except yourself, could have done. Such an instance of any human being rising superior to circumstances I never met in my life. It would astonish you. It would fill you with admiration. And it will, for I have promised that you shall call upon her."

"I call? at Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials? You must have been out of your senses to propose such a

thing, Ralph."

"On the contrary, mother, I was never calmer or more collected."

"But, my dear son, consider!"

"I have considered everything. I can come to no other conclusion. It would be wrong in you to refuse to know Mrs, Herbert Lacy. Pardon me, mother, It is not my place to dictate to you. But you know me. I am not wilful and headstrong, and, as a general rule, I act from reason. Now, is not this the case?"

She acknowledged that what he said was just, and he begged her in this matter to rely on his judgment.

"I will drive to the place with you, if you like," said Lady Mackenzie, kindly, fearing there might be some difficulty of transit; and Ralph, turning to her a face beaming with gratitude, proceeded to give, in words whose fervour surprised even himself, a description of the room in which he had found his cousin's widow—of her and her children and her strange incongruous surroundings.

As he spoke, he was surprised to see the face of his mother's friend change suddenly. She blushed like a girl whose secret has been surprised, a smile of intelligence played about her lips, and she murmured two or three times—

"How very extraordinary!"

When Ralph had finished his story, she asked if it would be indiscreet to beg for the name of the lady who had so interested him, and, upon his complying with her request, she struck her hands together triumphantly.

"I was sure of it," she cried out; "there could not be two such women in London. But how strange it is! more wonderful than a fairy tale. I am afraid I am something of a baby still. I do delight in these singular coincidences,"

"If you know Mrs. Lacy," said Ralph, "I am sure I shall have you for an ally."

His mother declared that the perplexity was becoming too much for her, and begged for an explanation.

Lady Mackenzie smiled.

"I suppose I must explain now," she said, "and give up my little secret,"

She addressed herself to Mrs. de Montmorency—

"Do you remember," she asked, "your last visit to Leeford before we started for London?"

"You showed me your superb collection of butterflies," replied Mrs. de Montmorency.

"Yes, and you expressed strong admiration for them. You said you wished you could paint them, and we designed a screen together of flowers and grasses, with some of these lovely creatures hovering over them. That set me longing. If I were an artist, I said to myself, I would carry out the idea. But my fingers were never good for much, and I knew that was impossible. My next idea was to take the collection with me to London, and have a screen designed after our ideas. If it came at all near them I meant to surprise you by sending it to The Glen, and letting you guess who sent it. I went to an art-furniture firm, and saw one of the partners, who is a man of taste in these matters. He said at once that he knew the very person to execute my order. I asked to be allowed to see her. He threw a few difficulties in the way, but I gained my point. A meeting was arranged between the artist and me,

and I was delighted to find her a perfect lady, quiet, unassuming, extremely interesting in appearance."

"Then you think," said Mrs. de Montmorency, "that your artist is the Mrs. Lacy for whom we have been searching?"

"Well! does it not seem probable? I was not given my Mrs. Lacy's address. These firms will not introduce you to their work-people if they can help it. But I understood that she lived in a poor part of London. She was a widow; she had to work for her children; she was a woman of perfect refinement, and some originality. Is it likely there would be two people of the same name who both would answer to this description?"

Mrs. de Montmorency looked only half-convinced; her son, however, maintained that there was no room for doubt. The two Mrs. Lacys were identical.

"And if we want further proof," he said, "I can give it. She was working at a screen. I am no artist myself, but I know what is good when I see it, and, certainly, I thought her work the most beautiful thing of the kind I had ever seen."

He turned to his mother, and, with a winning smile-

"Now, does not this give a new interest to my story? You will surely go to see Mrs. Lacy, if only through curiosity?"

Mrs. de Montmorency replied quietly. Yes, she said, she would go. She believed it would be right to go. But she did not show that enthusiasm which her son had expected to see in her. In fact, as he waxed more eager, her interest seemed to die down. Ralph thought he had never seen his mother so unsympathetic before, and he reflected, more bitterly than it was his wont to reflect about anything, on the power of prejudice over the noblest minds.

Lady Mackenzie was a woman, and she understood far better than Ralph what was the cause which prevented his mother from warming into sympathy, and what were the suspicions which crowded upon her mind.

Why Mrs. Lacy had been so open with her son, and of what nature was the influence which this new acquaintanceship had already begun to wield over him, she would have to discover before it would be possible for her to accept Mrs. Lacy, talented though she might prove to be, for a friend and an equal.

It was in answer to this body of unexpressed feeling that Lady Mackenzie said—

"It is impossible to judge of any one on the spur of the moment. We must see Mrs. Lacy at her own home."

"And if you are not at once struck with admiration—" said Ralph.

"Ah," interrupted his mother, smiling a little sadly, "we do not look at things or people now with the eyes of youth, Ralph. But I will certainly call upon Mrs. Lacy. If you will come with me, Lady Mackenzie, I shall take it as an act of friendshin."

Lady Mackenzie said she should be delighted. It

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would be killing two birds, indeed, with one stone, for she was impatient to see her screen. And the two ladies exchanged glances, and smiles, which said plainly—

"We intend to be very shrewd, and take note care-

fully of everything."

### CHAPTER XXVI.

MABEL SET RIGHT.

The minds of the young and inexperienced have an awkward tendency to leap from one extreme to another.

Ralph had undertaken the task of visiting Mrs. Lacy, in obedience to the request of Mabel, whose tenderness and wisdom had so much impressed him that for one whole week he carried about her image in his mind, as typical of what is best and gentlest in woman. Naturally her estimate of her sister-inlaw had been imbibed by him, and he went to his task with a preconceived idea in possession of his mind. Happily, it had not been strong enough to prevent him from using his own eyes and judgment effectually: still, prejudice there had been on his part, and in casting about to find out whence it had arisen, he remembered his interview with Mabel. Immediately he experienced a strong revulsion of feeling. He had done Mabel more than justice before; he did her the scantiest of justice now. He failed to conceive how she could have brought herself to repeat her father's offer to Mrs. Lacy. In full memory of that gentle mother's face, the offer seemed to him both barbarous and cruel. No woman who had the heart of a mother in her could have looked into that face and given the cruel message of the rich and heartless man.

Thoughts such as these were busy in Ralph's mind as, on the day following his little entertainment, he made his way to the house of Mabel's father,

He went by appointment, and Mabel was expecting him. The young girl had been very happy all that morning. She was at that stage—some of us know it well—when strange new voices are beginning to sound in the heart, when one dear thought possesses it, when trifles light as air make us unreasonably happy and gay.

The trifle which, upon this occasion, made music in Mabel's life was nothing more than a slight difference of manner in one who was by no means her oldest friend. It dated from her conversation with this friend about her unfortunate relatives. What pleasant dreams had passed before Mabel since that evening! For she believed in her ally entirely. Had he not said to Mabel herself, and with a look which was enough to convince any one, that only a man could form any adequate idea of the value of high education to a boy? Mrs. Lacy would be convinced—she must. Perhaps she would give up the boy at once. Possibly he would be brought to his aunt that very afternoon; and if, at this point of her meditations, Mabel allowed the scene of the meeting to pass before

her eyes; if she saw herself interesting, and Ralph admiring; if another and more marked change in his manner made the glad voices in her heart sing joyfully together, we must forgive her. It was natural. We have most of us been given to this kind of posing at some period of our lives.

Mabel had asked Jane Elliott, Ralph de Montmorency's friend, to spend the afternoon with her, and Jane had gladly accepted the invitation. A bazaar was on foot at the time, for enlarging the parish school-house, and fancy work of every kind was the order of the day. Mabel's little boudoir, where the two girls sat together, was full of odds and ends of brightly-coloured silks and wools, which had been hunted out from long-forgotten corners and were now to be converted into a variety of attractive little articles.

Jane thought Mabel very charming, as, in her pretty grey dress and pink ribbons, she sat prattling and smiling amongst the picturesque confusion, that made a suitable surrounding for her. From the moment of their close acquaintanceship, Jane had made up her mind that Mabel was in love with Ralph. About his feeling she could not be so sure. She thought it would take a deeper nature than Mabel's to move him deeply; but seeing how great were the worldly advantages he would derive from such a union, and believing Mabel would make him a good wife, Jane began to hope that he would care for her.

Under the stimulating influence of such a hope, women are seldom inactive. Jane allowed Ralph to see how much she thought of Mabel. She drew them out before one another, when, as had happened several times of late, they three were alone together; and she had already remarked with satisfaction that Ralph's feeling for Mabel was becoming more pronounced in its character.

The two girls had been talking of him as they sat together that afternoon. Finding only friendly feeling and sympathy in her companion's face and manner, Mabel had been moved to express herself more openly than ever before. She said she was curious, so curious, about the result of the meeting between Mr. de Montmorency and her sister-in-law.

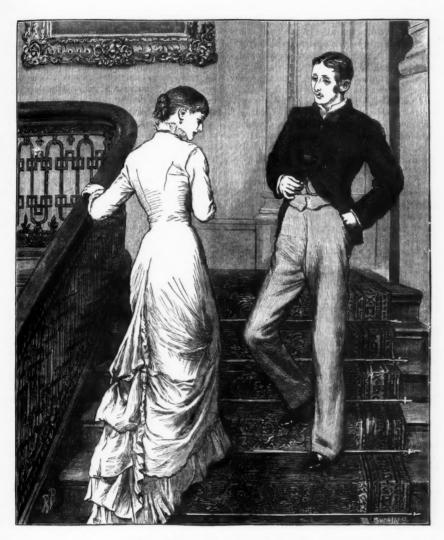
"I wonder," she exclaimed, apropos of nothing in particular—they had just been discussing the relative merits of two designs for a footstool—"I wonder if he will be as much impressed as I was with her room and everything about her?" And she added, argumentatively, as Jane did not seem to have any opinion ready formed on this important point, "Men never observe so closely as women."

To this her friend was able to assent at once, and Mabel went on with a little low laugh, "Do you know, I was so silly the other day. I very nearly left the place without giving Mrs. Lacy papa's message. I never in my life had such difficulty in bringing out words. And when she answered so indignantly, you know, and said she wouldn't sell her boy, and that kind of thing, I was as penitent

as if I had done something cruel. But Mr. de Montmorency said papa's offer was generous, and I really think it was, under the circumstances."

They both smiled together at Mabel's folly; they

she had shown through life. So the pliant-minded Mabel, seeing herself ably supported, let all uneasy thoughts die down. She was confident, to use a phrase much affected by persons in easy circumstances



"She met her brother on the stairs."-p. 397.

decided, too, that it was a good thing to have experienced friends who are able to correct weak judgments, and Jane fully agreed with Mr. Lacy's estimate of his daughter-in-law's behaviour. Her outburst had been a little piece of melodrama, that was perfectly in keeping with the character and of an indolent habit of mind, that everything would be for the best.

She did not know how often, in the world's history, it has happened that the indolent waiter upon events either never reaches at all the best, to which he idly looks, or reaches it only through redeeming

tears and agonising efforts. As little could she have imagined that the folly of which she had so nearly been guilty would, by him who was fast becoming her conscience, have been regarded as the truest wisdom.

In due time Ralph arrived. The scene into which he was ushered, the room littered with materials to be wrought into money-producing articles for the work in which he was interested, the companionship of the two women whom he had brought together, and Mabel's radiant upward glance, ought to have disarmed him of his displeasure.

But, being full of other thoughts, these things had little or no effect upon him. He looked grave, responded to Mabel's greeting coldly, and was alto-

gether, she thought, unlike himself.

Being extremely sensitive at this time, the young girl let her eyes drop upon her work, while the multitude of questions that had been trembling on her lips died away, and she was much relieved when Jane Elliott said, in her frank way—

"Well, Mr. de Montmorency, what success?

Miss Lacy and I are full of curiosity."

He replied, with a gravity which sounded ominous, "I have had no success; at least," turning to Mabel, "no such success as you and your father expected. I did not take your message."

Mabel opened her blue eyes wide. She felt a little

frightened. Why did he look so solemn?

"Oh!" she said, making an effort to speak lightly, after the manner of Lady Torrington and others she knew. "Something prevented you from going. I ought to have remembered that gentlemen have always so much to do in London."

Her sense of irritation at his persistent gravity helped her to preserve her indifferent manner, and she proceeded to apologise airily for having troubled

him about the matter at all.

"I hope you will put it out of your head altogether," she said. "I will speak to papa, and most likely he will go and see Mrs. Herbert Lacy himself. After all, he is the right person, is he not?"

Here she paused, for Ralph was smiling. Was it a satirical or a friendly smile? Mabel was inclined to think the former, and she shrank like a poor little hermit-crab into her shell, and let her work drop into her lap, and looked with large troubled eyes appealingly into the face of her friend Jane Elliott, who was much cleverer than herself, and might be able to unravel this riddle.

She would have been still more unhappy had she known that, while she was speaking artificially, Ralph was comparing her with the woman he had so lately seen. The idea of taking away little Herbert from his mother, and giving him to Mabel, seemed almost ridiculous to him at this moment.

In answer to Mabel's look, Jane pressed him to explain his enigmatical words and behaviour. Had he seen Mrs. Lacy? What did he think of her?

"Miss Lacy and I are so much interested in her," she said, "we have been talking of nothing else all

the afternoon. I think we half-expected to see you come like a conquering hero, with the child in your hand."

"If that was Miss Lacy's idea," said Ralph, "I am afraid I must disappoint her." Poor Mabel's lips were trembling already, and the happy flush had died out of her face. She wished she was herself a child, for then she might have cried; and this disagreeable feeling rather increased as he went on. "The real fact is, that I had no sooner seen poor Herbert's widow, and recognised the nobility of her character, than I found it utterly impossible to give her Mr. Lacy's message. I wonder "—he turned now to Mabel, and spoke more gently than before, in pity, perhaps, to the poor little woe-begone face and twitching fingers—"I wonder, Miss Lacy, that you did not see this as I did."

He paused. Mabel felt it incumbent on her to speak; but what should she say? Again she looked pleadingly at her friend, who was, happily, indifferent. Her hopes had not fallen, with a swift run, to the ground. It was nothing to her that Mr. de Montmorency was displeased. It should be nothing to Mabel. She felt not only disappointed, but bitterly humiliated, as she thought of the silly part she was playing—of the miserable manner in

which she was betraying herself.

Jane was sorry for her, and, for the first time since their acquaintanceship had begun, she was vexed with Ralph.

"I wonder why it is," she said to herself, "that

good young men will be priggish."

She tried to relieve Mabel by changing the conversation. But this was not what the young girl wanted. Though she saw her own hopes had fallen, she was still full of curiosity; she was still burning to justify herself a little in his eyes. She managed to say, "You see, I know papa so well. He will only help them on his own conditions. And it seems so shocking that Herbert's children, that the children of any gentleman should be brought up in such a place. Then, you know, there is education, which you say is so important." The last words were spoken falteringly.

"I know education is important," answered Ralph, "but Mrs. Lacy knows this too. If you had inquired, you might have found out that she had no intention of -bringing up her son as a boor; she is giving him the best possible education now, teaching him to be fearless, manly, and truthful; and she intends to give him the best education in the future. Did you find out, by-the-by, why she lives in so miserable a

neighbourhood?"
"I supposed it was because she could afford nothing

better."

"And you were wrong. She could afford something much better; yes, at the present moment, but she thinks so much of her children's future, that she will give herself no indulgence, nor any rest. It is really surprising; she is not only earning sufficient money to support her children, she is putting by largely, considering her position. There is not the slightest fear for them; and I really believe, too, that she would refuse assistance on any terms from your father."

"Or from me," said Mabel, her lips trembling.

He answered, "I think that would depend on the way in which it was offered."

Jane said that Mr. de Montmorency's description had made her curious. Would it be possible, she asked, to make Mrs. Lacy's acquaintance? Ralph replied that his mother intended to call on Mrs. Lacy; and Mabel's eyes opened still wider in wonder. Mrs. de Montmorency had taken no notice of her, and Mabel knew she was in town, and believed, from words Ralph had let drop, that he had requested her to resume the old acquaintanceship with her family. He proceeded to say that Mrs. Lacy worked for artfurniture shops, and was not adequately paid, considering the rare quality of her workmanship. The way in which he hoped to benefit her was by making for her a private connection, and introducing specimens of her handiwork into galleries and exhibitions.

"But I must consult Mrs. Lacy about this first," he said; "and if I have her approval, I am sure you

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"My people are enthusiastic about art-needlework," said Jane; "my mother, I am sure, would give Mrs. Lacy orders that would keep her busy for any length of time. I know several others with the same taste. We could find Mrs. Lacy a good clientele, but she would be forced, you know, to move further west."

"And I am not sure that we could persuade her to do that yet," said Ralph; "she is interesting herself in the people about her. She has become an apostle of culture to them. So long as her health and her children's can stand it, I think she will re-

main where she is."

Listening, Mabel thought that Mr. de Montmorency, considering that he had only paid one visit to Mrs. Lacy, knew her circumstances very well. But then he had doubtless been deeply interested in her, and, when this is the case, people make discoveries quickly. A pang shot through her, such as she had never before experienced. For a few moments she felt absolutely ill. She was thankful for her work. It gave her an excuse for jumping up from her chair and running to the window with a handful of wools; and she stood there for a little time, comparing the different shades of colour diligently, flattering herself meanwhile that she looked perfectly calm and composed, that she was indeed too much engrossed in her task to be able to give much heed to the conversation, which continued to run its course between her two companions. But that every word of that conversation was heard, that every word was recorded, there could be little doubt. Its subject was always the same. For Ralph, as well as Mabel, little as he himself suspected the fact, was passing through a new and very peculiar experience.

Jane Elliott, who, as we have seen, had her own

views for Ralph, thought him a little tiresome, and not a little wanting in perception as he continued to dilate on the scene of the preceding day, concerning which, it would appear, he found it impossible to exhaust himself. But Mabel, listening drearily, saw things more clearly than Jane or even When they had both gone, when the tire-Ralph. some festivities of the evening were over, and she was alone in her room-the room filled only a few hours before with rosy visions-when she could at last enjoy the luxury of letting her arms drop down dejectedly, and the overstrained muscles of her face relax, then, in the deep solitude, this poor rich child murmured to herself the secret she had discovered. "He loves her," she said, "and it was I who sent him. But I ought to be glad, for she has no one to help her.'

After that, her tears flowed; chiefly, she persuaded herself, for her own wickedness. It was a wickedness, however, easier to recognise than to get the better of, for presently she said to herself, bitterly, "But she has been loved before. Why should she be loved again? I have never been loved." Whereupon there came memories of those lovely visions that had haunted her since he had pressed her hand as no mere acquaintance presses hands, and looked into her eyes so kindly.

"And oh!" she murmured plaintively, "it must be good to be loved!"

She dragged off some of the glittering gems which adorned her, venting on them, like a child, her passionate pain, for at this moment they seemed to poor Mabel symbols of slavery.

"If I were only poor," she wailed, "poor as she is poor, I might live nobly, and people might admire me. But there is nothing for me to do. I am

rich."

Wherewith her womanly instincts revived, and she covered her burning face with her hands, and chid herself severely for her foolish thoughts,

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNPLEASANT REVELATION.

"What had we better do? Why, let the matter rest, of course," said Mr. Lacy, when, on the following morning, as they sat together over their breakfast, Mabel told him the result of her further efforts to secure the little Herbert. "You don't imagine, surely, that I will condescend to entreaty with the woman who robbed me of my son?"

"Oh! of course, I didn't expect that exactly," replied Mabel, falteringly.

Her father put down his paper, and looked at her.

"Exactly!" he echoed; "and might I ask, Miss Mabel, what, short of that, you did expect?"

Mabel would have preferred to make no answer; but, during the past night, she had made up her mind that, since she was unhappily cursed with riches, the only noble course open to her was to do what she

could to help her sister-in-law. Therefore, she answered, firmly-

"I think you might make Mrs. Lacy the allowance you mentioned without insisting upon taking Herbert."

Now, Mr. Lacy flattered himself that he was what is called a hard man. We all know the creed of the hard man. He believes profoundly in the weaknesses of humanity, and will not allow any special power to high motives. But, in addition to this, Mabel's father was in a bad temper that morning.

"Ah!" he said, "so you are tired of the new little game already! Too much trouble, I suppose. You think it would not be agreeable to have a child always in the way. Very well; that is all right—just what I expected. But look here, Mabel. Understand me! These are my conditions: no income without the child."

Poor Mabel was not accustomed to self-restraint, and her father's unkind words cut her to the very soul. To his extreme annoyance, she burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

It is another strong point about a hard man that displays of emotion never move him. As a general rule, their effect is to make him more strong than before. With a darkened brow, Mr. Lacy waited till Mabel was calmer. It took her some moments to regain control over herself. He helped her by one or two stern words; for, during the interval, his irritation had been growing. But, at last, she strangled her last sob, dried her eyes, and, noticing, with a feeling nearer fright than any she had experienced in her father's presence before, that he was very angry, she begged his pardon for being so foolish, and got up to leave the room.

But he ordered her to sit down again,

"I must understand," he said, "what all this folly means."

Trembling from head to foot, Mabel obeyed, and her father, turning his eyes to the paper, said he would not speak until she should be in a mood to listen quietly to whatever he might choose to say.

It was his will to continue for a full half hour his perusal of the paper; and meanwhile Mabel sat idly by, fighting down a dreadful inclination for tears, and a spirit of rebellion, which to her gentle nature was more terrible still.

But the ordeal came to an end at last. Putting down his paper, Mr. Lacy drew his chair from the table, and motioned to Mabel to sit down opposite to him.

She was now perfectly subdued in manner, and, seeing her quiet, her father spoke to her quietly.

"Listen to me, Mabel. You are my youngest daughter, and my favourite, and I have always treated you with unusual indulgence. But I have never been soft in my life, and, make up your mind to it, I do not intend to begin to be soft now."

The girl made a feeble effort to interrupt him. She would have given anything she possessed to have prevented him from going further. She was frightened; but she could not have told distinctly why or what she feared. Had she been older and more experienced; had she been capable of interpreting the dim outcries of her heart, she might have knelt down before her father, and implored him by all he held sacred not to stain the dear image of fatherhood, which, in spite of many a shock and dark momentary danger of subversal, still kept its place within her soul.

But this, of course, Mr. Lacy could not know, and he waved away her interruptions loftily.

"Just listen to me quietly, if you can," he said; "and when you have heard what I have to say, you may speak as much as you please. Now it seems to me that you have taken up new ways of looking at things lately. To that I do not object. Let every one have his own line, and keep to it. What I do altogether object to is your attitude towards my-self."

She murmured that she had always been ready to submit herself to his will. She did not think she was undutiful or rebellious,

To which her father answered that he wanted more than obedience.

"My judgments shall be your judgments," he said. "If they are not, you will take very good care to hide your disapprovals."

Mabel hung her head, and the warm flush that accused her father mantled her cheeks. Her manner annoyed Mr. Lacy.

As it happened, the post of that morning had brought him disagreeable intelligence. He expected to have an interview of no pleasant character with his son; he was troubled with premonitory varnings of an attack of gout; and he was well aware that these various excitements would aggravate the complaint. As Mabel averted her face, as he saw the shameful colour flood her checks, and knew that those blushes were for him, his anger rose.

Forgetting that this was his child, his own favourite little daughter, who had never before crossed his will, he said to himself, grimly, "Very well! I will put my young lady to the test."

When, after a few moments' interval, Mabel looked up, she saw him smiling.

"You care very much for your new relatives, Mabel?" he said.

She thought he was going to yield, and, more delighted on his account than theirs, she cried out with enthusiasm, "Oh! papa, if you only knew how much!"

"You would incur any kind of trouble for them?"

"Try me, papa."

"Oh!" he said, with a grimness of expression which made Mabel drop her eyes again, "I begin to think I was mistaken. This was not a childish whim of yours. Very well, then. Look up, my dear; listen to me. I am going to speak to you as a business man."

Tremblingly the young girl raised her eyes. Her father went on-

"You know, perhaps—your sister will have told you—that from the date of her marriage I agreed to make her a considerable allowance. You did not know this? Well, then, you know it now. There is no principle of share and share alike in my family. I let my elder children understand that. I repeat the same to you. Those who please me, those who are obedient, amiable, and well conducted are those I favour."

Her white face and startled eyes seemed to ask why he was telling her all this, though she found it impossible to bring out a single word of inquiry. In answer to her look he proceeded—

"You are surprised; you would like to know what this has to do with our late subject of discussion. This. Your turn will come to marry. Don't be absurd, my dear child. I know what I am speaking about. You will probably not marry so well as your sister. I have foreseen this, too, and intended to provide against it by a handsome settlement, for it is not my intention that any of my children shall marry into poverty."

So he spoke, then paused and looked at Mabel, as if to gauge the effect of his words. The poor girl had buried her face in her hands. She dared not let the waves of colour which flooded it, and the eyes which glowed and shone, and the rich red tremulous lips, which would not keep still, be seen even by the light. She longed to rush away; to hide herself. There was no time to reason. All her mind could grasp at this moment was the fact that she had not been alone in entertaining the fond suspicion that had for these many days illuminated

Her father was not displeased with the effect of his words. "But," he said, with a return of the former grim manner and expression, "in this case I could not afford such an allowance as I proposed to Mrs. Herbert Lacy. The largest fortune has limits, Mabel. My son is extravagant. You see, the matter rests with you. Stop!" for she was lifting her head from her hands, and preparing to speak with energy and gladness of heart. For what a great, unlookedfor, happy chance was this! "Wait a moment before you speak. I see what you are going to say: Fling money to the winds. You have no need for it. Love is quite enough for you, I daresay: but it is not enough for me. Now, do you understand? Unless I can make the settlement on you, which I proposed to myself when this idea about you first occurred to me, I shall refuse my consent to any poor marriage.

It was a hard test, and only a man whose heart was hard could have proposed it. But Mabel met it well.

Not even for a moment did she waver. Whether she was supported or no by the fair possibility that once more had dawned upon her, and by her knowledge of what Ralph de Montmorency would have done under the circumstances, we need not stop to inquire. Certain it is that her bowed head was raised

swiftly from the clasped hands, and that the burning colour in her face gave place all at once to deadly pallor, as she answered, firmly—

"Let me entreat you not to consider me at all, papa. I am glad you have told me this. It has set me right. I know now what I ought to do. Please, believe me" (this she said pleadingly), "I had rather do anything. I had rather be poor, yes," her voice breaking, "and lonely to the end of my days, than that you should refuse to help them. You will help them, will you not?" she added.

Naturally, her persistence did not tend to allay her father's wrath. His experiment had ended in an unlooked-for result. He had not been true with his daughter. It had never been his intention to yield to her request. What he had desired was to enlist her as a partner in his own injustice. He therefore murmured something about absurd Quixotism and ridiculous exaltations; told his daughter, with but little gentleness, that the settlement of which he spoke was not even in question yet; that, in fact, it might never be. When the actual moment arrived, she would very likely take a different view of things.

But, in the meantime, she asked, would he do nothing? Might not she do anything? She knew she was braving her father, and she shrank into herself, and trembled, when, in a voice of thunder, he commanded her to speak to him no more upon the subject.

After that she rose from her seat, and no further impediment was put in the way of her leaving the

She met her brother on the stairs.

"Good morning, Mabel," he said. "Any one in the dining-room?"

"Papa is there," she answered, and tried to pass him. She was afraid her stained face and swollen eyes might betray the fact that there had been words between herself and her father. And Douglas was the most insistent person in the world. If he discovered this, he would tease her about the subject of their discussion; then there would be another, and even more painful, dispute, since Douglas—for what reason poor innocent Mabel could not conceive—had a still stronger objection than his father to his step-brother's widow.

He stopped her, however. "There's something wrong," he said. "He"—jerking his hand towards the dining-room door—"is not in the best of tempers, I suppose."

"Really, Douglas," said Mabel, firing up, "I think you might find out these things for yourself. Why do you ask me such questions?"

She went on, and to her distress, he followed her.

When they were together, in her little boudoir, he threw himself on the sofa, and, said with an affectation of pathos, "It's very hard on a fellow when not even his own sisters take any interest in him. I know sisters who care for their brothers, and are ready to help them in any way. And those are the fellows who always come out right."

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It struck Mabel that perhaps sne was hunting for far-away objects of sympathy, and neglecting those which lay near her hand, and she answered, falteringly—

"You know I am very fond of you, Douglas."

"How am I to know? by intuition?"
"But what am I to do? only tell me."

"Most girls don't want telling. They are always thinking of what they can do. They watch their brothers; they keep their fathers in good temper with them; they deny themselves little luxuries for their sakes."

This was a morning of surprises. Mabel's eyes opened wide.

What in the world could have so changed the grand and supercilious Douglas? Up to this moment he had treated her either with lofty indulgence or careless contempt. Was it possible that he was poor? Perhaps he had given away some money thoughtlessly, as Mabel herself had done, and did not like to tell their father for fear he might call him foolish. That he should entertain such a fear would not have surprised Mabel at all. In fact, she would have thought it most natural. With the tears in her eyes she rushed to her writing-desk. On the previous day she had been paid her monthly allowance.

"It was stupid of me not to think that you might perhaps want a little more money than papa can give you, dear," she cried out. "Men want so much. Will this be any help to you?" And she thrust notes to the amount of about thirty pounds into his hand; and, after she had done the deed, blushed and turned away, half expecting that Douglas would burst into one of his disagreeable fits of laughter.

He did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he thanked her in the most amiable way.

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"You are a better little sister than I thought, Mab," he said, kindly. "You see how we can misjudge people. I think it's almost worth while to fall into misfortune to find out who are our true friends."

Then he opened out her notes, counted them, returned two five-pound notes, and put the rest in his pocket.

"I must not leave you quite without money," he said; "your dress must cost you something."

"Oh," she pleaded, "I want nothing new just now, Indeed I don't. Take it all, Douglas; do, I entreat of you."

Her voice was slightly raised. She sat on one side of her little table, Douglas was on the other, the bank-notes were between them. He was on the point of yielding to her fond persuasions and pocketing them, as he had done the others, when, to the surprise of both, the door opened, and Mr. Lacy walked in.

(To be continued.)

## THE HEALING OF TEMPERAMENT.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

HE relation of the Gospel to what is often called by the generic name of Nervousness, is a very interesting and suggestive subject. It cannot be denied that there are very many who suffer intensely

from what is variously called Nervous anxiety, Nervous depression, Nervous apprehension.

Physical frames differ in extraordinary degrees. Just as the vascular system may be large or small, with strong or slender veins and arteries, so those who have seen the nerves under

microscopical examination know that the nervous system is wonderfully differentiated. In some instances we find what is called the wiry system, and in others the most frail and delicate organisation. In the latter case no remedies can recreate; there may be much to tone and to strengthen, and to quicken into healthy activity; but the system itself will always be the same till "travelling days are done."

Let it not be forgotten, then, that life under such circumstances depends immensely on conditions. I do not mean mere conditions of atmosphere and climate—but conditions of mind and heart. Much—very much—depends on peace within, on genial gladdening fellowships, and on hopeful aspects of life.

Under these circumstances I propose to show that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a divinely healing power—that through that, and that alone, we gain conditions such as I have named. We have a message of good tidings, we have a legacy of peace such as the world cannot bestow.

And first of all, what we mean by the human side of life is affected by these conditions. We all know that true cheerfulness cannot be forced—that it does not wait upon the will. Like the verb "to love," the verb "to cheer" has no imperative mood. We are in a world of great outward uncertainty, and this in itself makes us anxious, for we know not what shall be on the morrow. How much, then, depends upon our confident belief that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," that our times are in a

Father's hand, that "all things work together for good to them that love God." If we do not believe that there is a living Will behind all that seemed to the poor heathen like fate, how bereft we shall be of the consolation which belonged to Job when he said, "Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thy hands; " how we shall miss the sweet charm of St. Paul's faith-" My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." We shall be cheerful and hopeful just in proportion as we can commit mere trifles into His hands, unto Whom is nothing trivial. If we think that the whole disposing of life is in our hands, we shall, we must take "anxiety" for the morrow; but if we believe that the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord, we shall be able, with Paul and Silas, to "sing This is no songs" even in a Philippian gaol. speculative opinion; it is illustrated in the illuminated page of every truly Christian life. humblest homes, where daily supplies have to meet daily needs, have been bright and happy where the words of the Saviour have been earnestly believed, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of." And if the temperament be specially sensitive and anxious, the Gospel does heal such temperament. It is no It is no relief born of excitefalse anodyne. ment, or of change of air or of scene. It is God's own cordial, and as such, it has cheered and comforted millions of hearts who have been anxious about ways and means, about health and friends, about reputation and unjust

If all this be true in relation to the sphere of human life, how manifestly true it is, that when you consider the mighty interests of the world to come, we have here the only influence which can heal the anxieties of a heart that weeps and trembles as it ponders the mysteries of the future.

There is no tone of personal sadness in the New Testament. Its music is heard in the harmonious chords of faith, and hope, and love. I do not find this in the old classic volumes. Horace sings and sighs; but the sigh is deeper than the song, and reverberates when the song has died out. The golden vessels and the spilled wine remain after the guests have gone away satiated but not satisfied. The Egyptian writings tell us of the Death's-head brought in at the close of the festival to remind of the fact that there is a monarch more supreme than the Ptolemies or the Pharaohs. We do not trace in heathen literature what we mean by hope. Lutthardt says of the Greeks, "No nation felt more deeply than the Greeks the unhappiness arising from the weakness and the sin of the natural man. An undertone of lamentation runs through the national splendour and joy of Grecian life, from its beginning to its close. Its greatest poets and sages have repeatedly expressed the sentiment that no mortal can be esteemed happy before his death. In every mouth we find the same cry, "It were better never to have been born," and its fellow, "Or to die as soon as possible."

And yet Greece has been pictured as the land of the soft light, and of the sapphire sea, of the delicious atmosphere and fragrant bowers, of summer skies and enchanting shores. True, but the soul of man will ever and always assert its majesty and glory, and the altar to the unknown God revealed the secret of its deepest misery.

It is faith by which we walk, not sight—and this faith is not a mere intuition of a moral sense, not a mere æsthetic admiration of the true, the beautiful, and the good; it is a true revelation of things to come, and of Divine provision for salvation and sanctification, whereby we are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

The Christian faith is founded in history, revealed in the word of inspiration, attested by spiritual instinct and experience, and as such provides a sure foundation for each believing soul to rest immortal hope upon. It heals doubt, which is always distraction. It heals sin, which is always misery. It heals separation, which would else make our remaining days most dark and desolate; and it heals despair—that terrible horror which comes to us when we shut out the vision of a world where all God's ways will stand forth in clearest light as just and fair, beautiful and true.

Temperament is affected by religious faith. The ablest physicians know that full well; and just as the foolish empiric recommends the false anodyne of a fleeting excitement, so the wisest doctor who understands the laws of the mind knows that in his materia medica there is no cure for a mind diseased, and no remedy so safe and sure for anxious days and sleepless nights as that which is to be found in the old hymn—

Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be undismayed, God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

In all healings of temperament there must be reality. "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" It is mere "social effervescence," which soon passes away.

It is said of a young hypochondriac that he once said to his doctor, "I cannot walk out; I think the sky is going to fall on me." But under a regimen of rowing, digging, and manual exercise, his faith in the stability of the firmament returned. Here cause and cure were well related. But it is not always thus—there are those who feel as if the firmament above their souls was dark and angry; who see nothing but gloom through the mist of their own fears; who hear nothing but the reverberating thunder of their own consciences—

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souls that need to know the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who through the Cross is reconciling the world unto Himself. Alas! how many delicate temperaments have been broken down through religious, or rather, irreligious dreads, who have been nursed in an atmosphere of unworthy fear, who have never dwelt on the words, "The Son of Man is not come to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." To such souls true healing

comes in the glorious Gospel of the grace of God -for it breathes peace to every anxious heartwith that message which is the true balm of consolation in every age, "Come unto Me, all ve that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." I have not referred specifically to the anxieties of life, in this article, but shall close with a subject which perhaps more than all others embraces so large a number of our brothers and sisters in the world.

## THE DOOR OF PARADISE.

A PARABLE.

PILGRIM sought a door, and tried To force an entrance through; He heard the sounds of joy inside, And the sounds were sweet, he knew. And he thought it would be well to see Within that perfect door, And the more it would not open, he

He waited till the edge of night, And would not turn away; He waited through the waning light, And till the break of day: And all the time with constant voice He cried, to earth and sky,

Desired it all the more.

"Oh, let me see those pleasant joys Within, or let me die,"

And as the dawn with red and gold Came creeping o'er the hill. The massive door was backward rolled-The Pilgrim had his will. And as he turned away, he sighed-He smiled again no more ; It was such pain to look inside, And then to leave that door,

And often, now, by seeking more Than God sees well to give, We lose the peace we had before. And make it hard to live. The joys that are not ours we scan, And thus our souls entice To sorrow, like that foolish man At the Door of Paradise.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

# OUR ASIATIC GUESTS.



WENTY-FIVE years ago the position of an Asiatic who found himself thrown upon his own resources in London was a very pitiful one. A stranger in a strange land, speaking an unknown tongue, without money, and, as almost follows, without friends, he dragged himself

wearily about until, worn out by fatigue, and faint from hunger, he crept underneath some archway to die. It was true enough that though we sent Missionaries abroad, we utterly neglected the Mohammedan and heathen cast on our own shores; but this has all been changed. "The Strangers' Home, for the Natives of India, Arabia, Africa, China, Straits of Malacca, the Mozambique, and the Islands of the South Pacific," has since then been unobtrusively removing the reproach which lay upon our country. Its object is to offer every class of Oriental Africans and Polynesians who come to England a comfortable and respectable lodging with wholesome food, at a cost which shall render the Institution self-supporting. So admirably has it been managed that it performs this most useful and humane work almost unaided, and would actually pay if it were not for "the destitutemess" which it is necessary to provide for those who are taken in there in a penniless condition. It has been found that even these are generally quite willing to pay, as far as they can, for the food provided for them, out of their advance notes when they get engaged, and the institution is carried on, as strictly as is consistent with humanity, on the self-supporting principle. It may be observed that it thus furnishes a precedent f God
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OUR ASIATIC GUESTS.

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which might be advantageously followed by other charitable institutions. Apart from the sympathy which all who are not "forgetful to entertain strangers" deserve, much that is curious and interesting is to be seen at the Home in West India Dock Road, Limehouse. To many, the East End is, in itself, a strange region, but there are few who would not see on each of many visits to this "caravanserai" a glimpse of an unfamiliar country. Only very recently, we experienced a sensation similar, it may fairly be presumed, to that which we should feel if we were suddenly transported to Hong-Kong, when we suddenly found ourselves, on entering the building, in the midst of a group of some sixty Chinese sailors, who, clad for the most part in native costume, smoked and chatted vociferously in their own language about us "barbarians." In a corner of the large and roomy hall were a group of Arab sailors from Aden, who had been forwarded from Liverpool, destitute; and who would, we were told, stay here until a ship could be found for them. Round a large stove in which a bright fire was burning cheerfully, crouched a group of Lascars and Malays, and, as will be believed, the whole formed as motley an assembly as could be found even in an Eastern city. All seemed cheerful and contented, doubtless since they were free to come and go as they liked, and because they were only required to keep the few rules as to time which the proper working of the ménage involved. This absence of restraint, and the high minded kindliness which volunteers help but avoids interference with national prejudices, are heartily appreciated. The Annual Report which was read on June 2nd, 1881, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Institution, contains many interesting statistics. Thus we are told that in 1880, 601 men were attended to here, 256 being natives of different parts of India, 3 of Persia, 4 of Ceylon, 4 of Mauritius, 112 of China, 80 from the Malay Peninsula and Islands, 60 from Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor, 57 from various parts of Africa, 21 from Japan, and 4 from the South Sea Islands. No less than 570 of these men came in English vessels, and only 10 in American, 8 in French, 6 in German, 2 in Dutch, 2 in Danish, 1 in a Swedish, 1 in a Norwegian, and 1 in a Portuguese vessel. They were admitted into the Home in the following manner :-368 on their own personal application, 211 were sent by their employers, 15 by the Ottoman Consul, 4 by magistrates, 2 by the India Office, and 1 by the Siamese Consul.

The above data are sufficient to show the usefulness of the institution. But in order to indicate how admirably the system works, it is only necessary to add that this number of men were disposed of thus:—322 were shipped back to the East by the Home, 180 by their employers, 35 returned in the vessels in which they came,

25 procured employment for themselves on board ships, one died in the Home, three remained in England, leaving 35 in the Home waiting for employment on the 31st of December, 188θ, and these were brought over last year, and have all long since been shipped to the East.

The fact that no less a sum than £2,335 13s. was deposited with the superintendent in the preceding twelve months, making a total of nearly £30,000 worth of property which has been given to him for safe keeping since the foundation of the Home, is a singular testimonial to the high character which the institution has gained amongst those whom it befriends. All money received is, after the expense of board, &c., has been deducted. handed over to the depositor on leaving, or, if he wishes, transmitted to his family or friends, and since there is a strong probability that almost the whole of this money would, but for this institution, have been squandered or plundered by the "sharks" who infest our seaports, and trade upon seamen and foreigners, in this way alone much practical good has been done.

The class who now so readily avail themselves of the comfort thus put within their reach is, as we have already shown, a very large and varied one. All Indian ships employ a considerable number of Lascars, and most of these use the Home regularly. A great number of Asiatics, too, are employed as firemen on steamships, and as cooks and stewards, and, in West Indian ships, as doctors, and to all these this building is indeed a home. The number of bona fide travellers of Oriental nationalities who visit this country voluntarily is comparatively small, but many come to the great city of the Feringhees in circus and other troupes. Besides those who land in London or some other of our home ports, many are forwarded to Limehouse from continental ports, and we are told that "some of the British consuls in these latter ports have recently adopted the admirable plan of sending without delay all Orientals discharged under their care direct to the Home, and forwarding their wages in seamen's money orders."

Not the least important among the services which can be obtained here by these strangers, are advice and assistance, when they are ill-treated by unscrupulous captains, although happily nowadays it is only seldom that attempts to defraud them by withholding their wages are made.

It will occur to many people that difficulties must frequently arise in the way of interpretation, but the attendants are familiar with Hindustani and Chinese Pigeon-English, the languages most frequently used by the visitors. In other cases there are many linguists who willingly volunteer their services and visit the Home when required. Thus a few years ago, when some Cochin-Chinese fishermen were picked up in an open boat at sea, and brought here by the crew which rescued them,

their country was soon ascertained, their story interpreted, and their wants supplied.

Early in November, 1881, a strange company of visitors, even for Limehouse, arrived at the Home, consisting of eighteen pilgrims from the interior of Persia, bound for Mecca. It appeared that in consequence of the outbreak of cholera at the "Holy City" of Islam, they had not been allowed to land at Jeddah, and were therefore obliged to come on to London in the steamship Agra. Five of them, it seems, were already Hajjis, viz., had already performed the pilgrimage once. All were wellto-do, and some had body-servants with them, but the authorities of the institution were not by any means sorry to ship them back to Persia, for they were most irregular in their habits, and their notions of sanctity were strangely discordant with ours.

The Missionary to Asiatics is very indefatigable in his labours among those in the Home, and on the vessels in the docks, distributing amongst them tracts and copies of the Scriptures in their own languages. His report contains an interest-

ing account of his work.

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The arrangements of the establishment are carefully adapted to the wants of the visitors. Even in the coldest weather the temperature is carefully keptup to a minimum standard of sixty-five degrees, amost important provision when we remember how terribly these races feel the rigour of an English

winter. During the very severe weather of the winter of 1880—1881, more than one hundred men arrived at the Home from Aberdeen, and of these, one crew of sixty-five natives of India suffered intensely during their railway journey to London, their train having been stopped by that terrible snow-storm in the middle of January. In addition to these men a number of Malays and Chinese came to the Home at the same time, and we can better understand how invaluable such a shelter was for all these when we read that after receiving the most devoted care, medical and otherwise, two of the men died in hospital, and several had to be nursed for many weeks before they were fit for service.

Enough has been said to contrast most favourably the former situation of Asiatics in London, with that in which they are now placed, and to show that this kind of help was sorely needed, and is heartily appreciated. Those who visit the Home carry the tidings of English kindness into all parts of the globe, and do much to gain her a name for true charity. This is an example of that practical Christianity which brings home to Muslims and heathen the true lessons taught by the faith we profess, and it may be confidently hoped that much will be done by this means for the spiritual as well as bodily wants of those strangers who visit our country.

W. M. C.

### THE SILENCE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.



HERE is," said the wise man,
"a time to keep silence, and
a time to speak." "Speech
is silvern, silence is golden,"
is an uninspired saying to
much the same effect. To
speak or to be silent at the
right moment is an art only
attained through much selfdiscipline and under the
teaching of the Spirit of wisdom. Complete control of

the tongue, that most unruly member, marks the perfect man, who is able to bridle the whole body. In the portraiture of our Divine Exemplar, the Lord Jesus Christ, we accordingly find this feature illustrated in its truest and highest form. All who can appreciate the good and true, even those that deny the Saviour's Godhead, have admired the surpassing grace and wisdom with which He spake. The comment of the Jewish officers has been re-echoed through all the ages, "Never man spake like this Man." His silence, however, on other occasions is quite as worthy of attention. The sacred reserve which Jesus main-

tained when words would have been untimely or injurious, meets us throughout His ministry, but especially at its close. At present we will confine our notice to those instances that strike us most forcibly in His demeanour before the Jewish and Roman Courts of Justice. At one moment we find Him returning full and explicit answers to the charges laid against Him, and immediately afterwards relapsing into a calm and dignified silence. If we reverently examine each case, the circumstances may suggest the reason of our Lord's behaviour and point the moral for ourselves.

(1) We turn first to the preliminary inquiry before Annas, recorded by St. John. The other members of the Sanhedrim had not yet assembled, and during the interim the High Priest, probably hoping to draw from Jesus admissions of guilt that might be used against Him at His trial, asked Him of His disciples and of His doctrine. Now this was certainly to take unfair advantage of the Accused. Such questions, too, implied the suspicion that He had been engaged in a secret conspiracy against the authorities of the nation, and reflected upon the truthfulness of His character as well as upon the

lofty spiritual nature of His mission. Mark, then, the wisdom and holy consistency of His conduct. While declining to enter into unnecessary details, He simply appeals to the openness and publicity of all His proceedings. "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the Synagogues and in the Temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them which heard Me what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I have said." His own honour and His Father's glory were deeply involved in those base insinuations. could not, therefore, be ignored. So He said no more than was necessary for this purpose, and appealed for a fair unprejudiced investigation of His claims. In the same spirit also, when this admirable reply had roused the resentment of one of the officers to such a pitch that he struck Jesus with the palm of his hand or with a staff, our Lord did not comply literally with His own precept, and turn to him the other cheek, To do this would have been comparatively easy, while the heart was burning with anger. Rather, with marvellous self-composure, and a calmness which no insult could ruffle, He meekly said," If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil, but if well, why smitest thou Me?" In all this, how bright was the example He has left His people of holy jealousy, whenever His own Name, and the interests of His Kingdom, are involved, as well as of much endurance, when personal feelings are alone affected.

(2) In the next act in the solemn drama, we are struck with the sudden change in our Lord's demeanour. The Council has met. He is arraigned before the representatives and authorised judges of the nation. Caiaphas has taken his seat as president. They are resolved by fair means or foul to substantiate a charge of blasphemy. To keep up a show of justice, witnesses are called, but in vain. Their evidence proved contradictory, and could have no force. Their false statements refuted each other, and needed no cross-examination to expose them. Jesus was therefore silent. At last appeared two false witnesses, professing to report the very words He had used at the outset of His ministry. They affirmed that He had said, "I am able to destroy the Temple of God and to build it in three days" (Matt. xxvi. 61). This we learn from St. John was a complete misrepresentation of His words. What He really said was this, -" Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up," and He spoke of the temple of His body. It also seems probable, from the difference between St. Matthew's and St. Mark's accounts, that even these witnesses did not agree. then not surprising that Jesus should have deemed their testimony equally unworthy of notice. Still, if there had been a spark of selfish anger smouldering in His pure bosom, it might have been kindled by their falsehoods. But He was quite content to leave such baseless accusations to break down of themselves. Even the High Priest expected a reply; but He remained silent. Mest truly did He fulfil the ancient prophecy, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth (Isa. liii. 7).

What a lesson is this for those who in His service are exposed to the malignity of calumnious tongues! There is a time, indeed, to speak in such cases; but there is also a time to be silent. Often false charges are best left to refute themselves. Sparks soon die out, if not blown upon. David found it so, when, instead of answering the reproach of the wicked, he said," I as a deaf man heard not, and I was as a dumb man, that openeth

not his mouth" (Psalm xxxviii. 14).

(3) We pass on to mark the contrast to this which followed immediately. Caiaphas, baffled by the failure of the witnesses, resolves, if possible. to make our Lord His own accuser. He puts Him on His oath, and adjures Him by the living God to tell whether He were the Christ, the Son of God. This was the decisive question at issue. To pass it over, would have been to conceal His real character, to be false to His true position, and to refuse the cup which His Father had given Him to drink. There was therefore not a moment's hesitation. Jesus saith unto him, "Thou hast said; nevertheless, I say unto you, henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven" (Matt. xxvi. 64). This was the very avowal that His accusers desired, and led at once to His condemnation.

How plain is the practical inference for ourselves! When our Lord's Divine claims are brought in question, or our own relation to Him is put to the test, silence is treason. Reserve is denial of our Master. If we are ashamed of Him, He will be ashamed of us at His appearing.

(4) The scene now changes. Jesus is arraigned by the chief priests and elders before the court of Pilate, the Roman Procurator. They may have hoped that he would without inquiry ratify their sentence. Finding, however, that the governor insisted upon investigating the case for himself, with hypocritical cunning they change their tactics, and frame other charges, such as would be sure to arouse his attention. "We found this Man perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that He Himself is Christ a King (St. Luke xxiii. 2). Perceiving now that not a mere religious dispute, but a political crime, was before him, he thinks it best to sift the matter first in a private interview. Alone in his audience chamber, he puts the momentous question, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" This inquiry, like that proposed before the Sanhedrim, admitted of no concealment. The occasion, too, was most precious for enlightening

the Roman Ruler as to the spiritual nature of His Kingdom, and assuring Him that the truth regarded by him as a mere philosophic dream, was a solemn reality. Accordingly, Jesus spoke freely, and spared no pains to improve to the utmost the golden opportunity, which if Pilate had only seized himself, he might have been saved from the awful guilt of condemning the Holy One, and secured an interest in the reign of righteousness and peace. How invaluable are such moments, which from time to time occur to the Christian amidst the world's rushing tide of engrossing interests, to speak a word in season to Christless yet anxious souls! What need of wisdom from above to turn them to the best account! On such slender wires are eternal interests often made to depend.

That memorable interview was soon ended. Pilate had asked, "What is truth?" but waited not for an answer. Abruptly he returns to the tribunal in company with Jesus. The trial, if such a travesty of justice can be called one, proceeds. But it is very noticeable that, when he now publicly asks Him, "Whence art Thou," Jesus gives him no answer. He had already unfolded the spiritual nature of His Kingdom, and His own Divine origin; He had thus proved His innocence of the charges brought against Him, and He would add no more.

(5) Another illustration of our subject claims our attention, with which we conclude. Anxious to secure popular favour, and at the same time keep his own hands free from shedding innocent blood, under the technical plea of the Accused being a Galilean, Pilate transfers the case to Herod the Tetrarch of Galilee. That licentious, heartless ruler, who had silenced the Baptist's faithful admonitions by putting him to a violent death, was wholly unprepared to profit by any testimony

from the Saviour Himself. He had before heard of His fame, and was at first filled with superstitious fears lest He should be the martyred John risen from the dead. But now, so far from dreading to meet Him, he was exceeding glad, for he had been long desirous to see Him. He had not, indeed, the faintest wish to examine His claims as the Messiah, but was simply moved by an irreverent curiosity to look upon One of Whom he had heard so much, and the hope of drawing from Him some display of power for His own release, All better feelings had long since died within him. His conscience was already seared and proofhardened against all impression. No appeal even from the lips of Christ would have had the slightest effect upon him. None ever came within the Saviour's all-embracing influence more thoroughly incapable of appreciating His character or of yielding to the drawings of His love. No wonder then that, though Herod questioned with Him in many words, Jesus answered him nothing. Argument and entreaty would alike have been wasted on one so utterly hardened. They could but have increased his responsibility and deepened his condemnation, and were therefore withheld. How awful was that silence! It was an omen of coming wrath-"the wrath of the Lamb." Do we ask, Is Christ ever thus silent now? Alas! we fear too often. The same gracious Saviour speaks still, not to the outward ear, but to the hearts of men, in His word, by His Spirit, as well as through His Providence. They that will respond to His pleading voice, receive Himself as their guest, and with Him ever clearer and fuller intimations of His will. From those that pay no heed to His overtures of mercy, His voice is gradually withdrawn, while they are left to the dreary silence of their own unbelief now, which must at last be broken by the startling call to Judgment.

# EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—WHERE MR. BENTLEY'S SERMON ENDED.

T was soon decided that Hans must presently return to America, to take charge of a branch establishment which Mr. Bilderdyk was about to start in one of the new western cities. The worthy merchant, who had not forgotten the pretty wistful face of her whom he had set down in his mind as "Miss Miller's young friend," began to throw out hints to his protège that a young man in a new country was the better for a settled home, and that the salary Hans was to receive, though modest,

was sufficient, and would always be on the increase. So, when Hans blushingly announced that "Miss Miller" had promised to take upon herself the part of help-meet in the new Eden of the West, the old gentleman exclaimed, in dismay—

"Miss Miller! But isn't she quite an elderly lady? Did I not see her saying good-bye to you when you left England two years ago?"

"An elderly lady?" said Hans, forgetful of Mr. Bilderdyk's former blundering, and so for one moment puzzled. "An elderly lady? Oh, I see. That, sir, was our dear friend, Miss Griffin. The young lady with her was Miss Miller."

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"O—oh!" was Mr. Bilderdyk's prolonged exclamation. "So it was the young lady who lent you the money. Indeed! Were you engaged then?"

"No, sir," said Hans, proudly. "No sir, I had to become in some way worthy of her before that could happen. She helped me for her father's sake."

"Well, her little dowry will do you no harm," said Mr. Bilderdyk. "I remember you said she had not much. I don't like mercenariness, but prudence is an excellent quality."

"She has no dowry but herself," returned Hans, prouder still. "When she lent me that ten pounds it was almost all she had in the world." He said it as a man might announce that he had received knight-hood.

"Well, well," said Mr. Bilderdyk, "it has turned out fortunately as yet, I will say. I do believe there is something beyond prudence sometimes." And he cast a thought back over certain incidents in his own life, and wondered whether he might not have dared where he had he sitated. And there came something very like a sigh. "It is so hard that one sees things when it is too late!" As if it was ever too late! Young people talk about "too late!" much oftener than older folk do, and possibly old folk say it much oftener than do the angels, and none of us all need believe it till we hear God say it.

Of course, there was some pain in the young people's preparation for their wedding and their going away. There always is, There was the parting from Helen, and from Miss Griffin, and from the old associations and ambitions gathered round the old home in Shield Street.

But it was wonderful how difficulties solved themselves. Chrissy had felt quite remorseful about leaving her old friend once more to that solitude whose dreariness Miss Griffin had frankly confessed, while expressing her delight in Chrissy's companionship. What was Chrissy's surprise, when Mr. Bisset, the bookseller, said to her—

"As you are going away, my wife and I are thinking of re-arranging our household. My wife thinks that nobody we could hire could replace you, and she thinks of taking your place in the shop, Miss Miller," he went on, looking gravely at the young girl who had earned his respect and confidence. "I feel it will be best so. Life is uncertain with all of us, and I, in particular, am not a strong man. I have seen distinctly, that if you had been a little older, and a little better off when your father died, you could have carried on his business successfully, and maintained your entire independence. Why should not I train my little wife, so that she could do likewise if I was taken from her? Until I saw this escape from my anxiety about her, I have never ventured to own how much my concern for her possible future has weighed me down. If I am relieved from foreboding on that score, I believe it will do more to lengthen my life than anything else could, But we must have some thoroughly trustworthy person, above the rank of a servant, to look after house

matters and domestic comfort in Mrs. Bisset's stead, And neither me nor my wife have any available aunt or cousin."

And Chrissy joyfully suggested Miss Griffin; and after the Bissets and the good old maid had mutually said that the arrangement was too good to be true, it was finally made.

As for Helen, a new plan was formed for her life about this time, with which, however, Chrissy and her movements had nothing to do. Aunt Daffy had a slight shock of paralysis, nothing which endangered her life, or even seriously affected her comfort, but quite sufficient to shake her nerves severely, and make her dread her isolated position, and long for something more than the careless attentions of the temporary hirelings of her kitchen. She invited Helen to take up her abode with her, no longer making it a secret that if the girl "showed her good sense," and devoted her time to her till the end, she would find it had been "worth her while." Aunt Daffy did not ask or expect love or duty, and Helen did not shrink from the thought of rendering such service without them.

"Aunt Daffy will live for ever; those chronic cases always do; it means that I shall give up all thought of marriage," she said, drearily. "Well, if I stay in Madame Vinet's show-room, nobody whom I should care to marry would be likely to give me the chance. So it comes to the same thing either way, only by taking Aunt Daffy's offer, I shall have ease and comfort, and a secure provision. And if a woman has those things, she hasn't very much reason to wish to marry. Marriage cannot give her more. It is not likely to give you so much, poor Chrissy. I expect you will be a hard-worked slave to the end. I always said that no good would come of my father's taking in that Hans Krinken."

Despite these dismal auguries, Helen intended to be at her sister's wedding. "It is a good chance for getting Aunt Kezia to give me a new silk dress," she said. And as she did get this silk dress, it is possible that she was not too much disappointed when, on the marriage day, Aunt Kezia suddenly fancied herself rather worse, and forbade her niece to leave her. "It will be a little awkward if she wants to shut me up entirely," Helen mused, as she folded away her finery; "but if I manage prudently, I'll get the upper hand of her by-and-by."

And so Hans and Chrissy were quietly married in the church of St. Cecilia-in-the-Garden, with Dr. Julius to give away the bride, and Mr. Bilderdyk and Miss Griffin for witnesses, and the Bissets for wedding guests. It was a very quiet wedding, of which few of the neighbours were much aware, most of them being much more interested in another event taking place in Shield Street at the very same hour—to wit, the removal of the Ackroyd family from their old house to a grand mansion near the West End parks—Mr. Ackroyd having had a run of "luck" in speculation ever since the smash of the Great Metropolitan Bank, and more especially since his son's

initiation into the mysteries of a stockbroker's office.

Chrissy—now Chrissy Krinken—went up to her Aunt Daffy's house to say good-bye to her aunt and sister there. And Chrissy felt that the sadness and the parting were not in the going away—not in the thousands of miles which would divide them—but in the great gulf which yawned between them, as they stood hand in hand. Chrissy even hoped, forlornly, that the silent thoughts which grow in separation might somehow bridge that gulf.

One visit to the father's lonely grave, one look at the tiny granite stone which would mark it possibly for some reverent pilgrimage made by Chrissy's children or her children's children-and then the last day came, and there was the crowded dock once more, and the little group of kindly "kenned" faces, half-tearful, half-smiling. One face which Chrissy would have liked to have seen at the very last was a-missing, and many were the kind messages for poor Esther Gray, with which Miss Griffin was charged by the happy young wife. For a terrible epidemic was lurking just then in the by-ways of London life, and Esther could not be spared from her labours in the sad lizar-house, even if it would have been safe for her to risk bringing infection into the spheres of health and joy.

Then the good ship moved off with her precious cargo of new life for a new land. And at last waving handkerchief and hand faded indistinct and disappeared, and the young pair sat hand in hand, in the first sacred solitude of a double existence.

The crowded deck, the river banks, familiar to Chrissy from her earliest childhood, floated unseen before her eyes. Her heart was busy with those she had left behind. She could fancy what they were doing. She could hear the tones of their voices as they spoke of missing her.

But in reality there was one picture she could not see—one scene her fancy could never have filled up.

In a darkened room, in the awful abode of terrible suffering and death, sat Esther Gray, watching by the side of one who would be soon past all human help. In that shadowy room she could not see his face, even if it had not been marred beyond all recognition by the ravages of disease. There was no name or description on the doctor's memorandum at the head of the bed; only the note, "Brought in from a common lodging-house—unknown—name refused." It was one of the worst cases that had ever been in the hospital, and therefore it fell to the share of Esther Gray.

The agonies would be soon over now. Speech might return for a little, just at the last; and Esther Gray sat ready for some sign which might comfort sore hearts somewhere. The hoarse question came—"Sure to die?"

"You are in God's hands," whispered the nurse. The poor head was shaken.

"I had just begun to be better, and then this stopped me."

"Nay, nay," said Esther Gray. "It did not stop the dying thief from being better, when Christ Jesus took him out of the world at the same time as Himself."

"I didn't expect to be worth much; only I'd stopped drinking, and got work. But I'm not fit for heaven."

"You're fit to be where Jesus is—why, God Himself is with you new—here," said Esther.

"You think so, because you have been always a good woman yourself."

"I know it, because I have been a great sinner—a greater sinner than it is likely you have been; and yet God has forgiven me, and even lets me work for Him. Our Brother Jesus will never turn us away. Our Father cares for us all the while, even while we are with the swine and the husks."

"You don't know what I have sinned against—what I have thrown away."

"God does—and He can put all the sins away, as far as the east is from the west. We can't forget them ourselves—but He can."

"If I got better I can hardly believe of myself that I should keep on trying to be straight,"

"Never mind that, if God believes it."

"Do you believe I should go on to do well?"

One moment's pause. But it only served to give emphasis to Esther's solemn—

"I do."

"Then it's easier to believe that God does."

That whisper came very low; and there was a brief silence.

"Oh, sir!" said Esther, "for I'm sure you're a gentleman), is there nobody to whom you should send a message? We don't even know your name here."

Again the dying man shook his head.

"No," he whispered; "it is too late to see them now—too late to show them all I mean; and if I sent them any message, they would find out all about the last few months, and their hearts would break with sorrow and shame. By the last they heard of me, they will think I have gone abroad, and they will hope for the best for me. Father and mother are growing old—it can't be long before they die—and then—perhaps—it may give them a pleasant—surprise to meet me."

He turned his face on the pillow.

"I don't think you're right, sir," said Esther, gently. "I can see your point of view. But I can feel theirs. And I'm sure you are not right."

"Ah, poor father and mother," he said. "Yes—but then my brothers and sisters, I mustn't disgrace and hurt them."

"Can't we think of any way to send some kind message?" mused Esther.

Oh, she knew how she had longed for any sign, any single word to break the awful doubt, the frozen fear, in which the fierce passion of her own life had

"You could do it," he said, brokenly.



"Hans and Chrissy sat on deck."

"Tell me what I could do," she asked,

"You could write a slip of paper so that those at home should not know where it came from. Will you do it?"

"Yes," said Esther, "but you must tell me what to say."

"Say only, 'Harold is dead. He told me to send his father and mother this word, and to ask them to see what the Prodigal Son said to his Father, and what the Father answered. And to tell them Harold had a good friend at the last.' Write that, and send it directly I am gone. And they'll thank God forit."

"I will," said Esther. "But where am I to send it?"

"To the Vicar of St. Magnus, Manchester," he murmured, after a pause,

Esther wrote it down. The name "Harold" had never impressed her. It did not occur to her that the vicar could be the young man's own father. She thought he was probably a stray sheep of the flock, and that the vicar was chosen as a fit person to break the blow to the bereaved parents.

It was not long before word went down to the hospital office that No. 52 was dead, and that evening, while the sunset was still red, the strange quiet nurse, Esther Gray, asked for an hour's leave of absence. She spent it in a walk to the General Post Office,

Hans and Chrissy sat on deck and watched that same glorious sunset.

Said Chrissy, suddenly-

"All this afternoon I have been thinking of the clergyman who preached in St. Cecilia's the night before my father died. I owe a great deal to that sermon."

"You have often told me about it," answered Hans,

"And I have been looking over all that has happened since then," Chrissy went on, "and noticing how little things grow into unexpected importance, and how one action or incident develops into quite unforeseen results. And I see plainly enough that to do each little bit of duty that comes before us, and to choose what seems right in every tiny choice we have to make, is the only way by which we can hope to be 'Equal to the Occasion' in the great events of life."

"Amen," said Hans, heartily.

THE END.

### CHRIST'S TEACHINGS CONCERNING HUMAN LIFE.

CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.



VERY religious teacher is judged by the truth, the greatness, the practical power of his religious ideas. In claiming to be the "Light of the World," Christ claimed to teach the truest and

greatest and most potent religious ideas. through the world's history sages, philosophers, and prophets have been teaching religious ideas. The world is full of religious systems. All nations believe some religious system or other, offer worship to some deity, rule their lives by some religious considerations. Christ's claim, therefore, is to teach the truest and best of all the religious systems of the world. A great and daring claim, as we have seen, but a claim that can be made good, whether we test it simply by its ideas, or by the practical effects which it has produced upon the life of men and nations.

We have compared our Lord's teaching concerning God with other teachings concerning the Supreme Deity, and have seen its greater nobleness and moral power. It is both a profounder philosophy of divine being, and it produces a nobler life in the recognition of it.

Let us now look at Christ's teaching about human nature and human life. Has any one taught so noble a doctrine of man-of his origin, of his relations to God and to his fellow-men, of his destiny? How does He answer the chief questions that men put about human nature?

I What is man? On all hands it is admitted that man is the noblest of creatures—the crown and consummation of all organic being. creature made up of the physical body, of the reasoning soul, of the moral and religious spirit. We do not need religious systems to tell us this; our consciousness tells us that we are superior to all other creatures. And this is not the Chinese complacency of an ignorant vanity, but the consciousness of large intelligent reason and experience, the consciousness that tells ordinary men that they are superior to brutes, that tells a Newton or a Shakespeare that he is superior to a savage; a consciousness that it would be insanity to doubt. A creature standing on the horizon line where the world of spirit and the world of matter touch. strangely combining the prerogatives and dignities of the one with the limitations and degradations of the other; -rising, on wings of imagination, and faith and religion, to communion with God, and sinking by the gravitations of mere sensuous passion to the level of the brute-

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicate, how wonderful is man!

His spirit cannot disencumber itself of the animal senses; his body cannot deliver itself from the rule and craving of the spiritual soul.

If it were needful to prove the transcendency of man as a creature, we might adduce-

1. His power of distinguishing right and wrong; knowing and feeling that certain things are wrong; his shame, self-accusation, guilt for wrong-doing; his admiration, self-satisfaction, pride in things that are right. You never say of a brute he ought to do this or that; you do say it of a man. Nothing in him is more mysterious than this feeling that he ought. Only a being with a moral nature can experience it.

2. The power of entertaining abstract ideas and reasoning about them; like Milton in poetry. or Newton in mathematics, or Bacon in philosophy, or Faraday in science. Brutes have no such

3. The feeling of God; yearning for Him, speculating about Him, sympathising with Him. Man cannot destroy the idea of God. Labour as he may to disprove or deny it, it will assert itself.

4. The capability of history; of accumulating knowledge, of literature, of advancing through successive generations. Nimrod's horse or dog was as intelligent and learned as our own. Our own generation of men is vastly more learned and wise than the generations before it.

5. The different religions of the world imply man's greatness. No religion is provided for brutes. Wherever man is, he must have a religion, and all religion has respect for man. Even when the Bible denounces men's sins, it has profound respect for the noble nature that sins.

These and many other arguments serve to prove how grand and transcendent a being man is.

II. What is the origin of man? Whence came this marvellous being? Various theories are propounded to us. Materialistic science says :- Man is a mere material organism. His lofty thoughts, his spiritual faculties, his warm affections, his high imaginations, his lofty aspirings, all the phenomena of his reason, his conscience, his religious sympathies, his human brotherhood, are to be accounted for by pure physical causes. He is the mechanical product of particles, chemical affinities, and natural laws; that is, the paradox is true in him, that the less comes out of the greater, organism out of atoms, life out of dead matter, intelligence out of mechanical law, moral feeling and religion out of mere physics; the cause is less than the effect, out of nothing something can come; which is an intellectual absurdity. We

cannot think it. So, again, the various ingredients of which man is made up are compounded in a special manner, and just as one man is clever and another a fool, one man good and another bad, so man differs from brutes. He is not, therefore, responsible for his character. He did not make himself. He cannot make himself good or bad. He is not responsible for his conduct. He cannot help acting as he does. He is not responsible for his belief. He must believe according to the quality of his mental faculties. If the particles that constitute him were differently adjusted he would be a different man.

A grain of truth in this there is: character is affected by physical constitution; but the entire consciousness of human life contradicts it as a whole. Every day we are acting on our conscious responsibility. We punish children for wrongdoing, and educate them to right-doing. We

punish criminals, and deter crime.

As to man's origin, we are further told that he is evolved from some lower organism—an arboreous ape, an ascidian molluse, a protoplasm. He is a "survival of the fittest," all weaker creatures being destroyed by stronger. His marvellous faculties, the curious mechanism of the eye or the hand, are developed by demand; because there is light, the eye unaided by a creator, simply by a natural adjustment of particles, grows into the wonderful organism that it is; theories which demand a very large faith, and to common sense look very like absurdities.

Turn now to Jesus Christ's teaching about the nature and origin of man. He is a creation of God, a spiritual breath of God, a soul, a spark of God's own life breathed into the physical body, a being of moral and religious qualities, endowed with a will to direct his own conduct, with a conscience to tell him what is right and wrong, a conscious freedom to do either; a being related to God, and capable of holding fellowship with God, entertaining lofty spiritual thoughts, holy affec-

tions, growing into noble character.

I do not enter into a metaphysical discussion as to which is the true theory of human nature. It is enough simply to set over against the material, immoral, and debased idea, Christ's nobler spiritual idea. Which is the grandest and most inspiring theory—a creature and character of physical laws and chemicals, or a spiritual child of God, a self-directed moral being, a grandly developed religious character?

At any rate, it is not the Bible, it is not Jesus Christ who teaches a disparaging and degrading doctrine of man. He does not reduce man's religious imaginations and aspirings to the level of brute instincts. This is the congenial function of materialistic science, of unspiritual philosophy, of the men who call themselves, forsooth, "broad thinkers."

How directly, and with what a divine intuition, Jesus Christ lays hold of the spiritual element in human nature, and lifts it to the life

of God!

III. What is the true law of human life? What is the power that rules it? A personal God, or inexorable physical law and circumstance? Why, it is objected, why should my life be in bondage to the idea of an unseen God? Why should so mysterious a being control my freedom, rule my conduct, interfere with my gratifications?

Well, but is it more noble, or free, or satisfactory to think of the hard inexorable rule of physical law, of mere circumstances; that I am a philanthropist or a murderer, according to the particles in my constitution, the forces in my circumstances, the chemicals in my atmosphere of life? If there be degradation, it is surely not in the rule of the lofty moral being that we call God, but in this ignominious necessity, this base subordination of all that is moral in my nature to brute matter.

It is surely a nobler rule of life to think of my conduct and character as directed and shaped by my own will and conscience; to think of God making me a free moral man and soliciting my service; to think of Him in His personal, benignant, righteous, loving rule, my tender Father, whom I can love with all my heart and soul. If you substitute science for God, circumstance for moral goodness, fate for God's Fatherhood, you have surely degraded the idea of life, made it ignominious and infinitely little; reduced man to brutehood, the living soul to a shrivelled mummy, a grand morality to chemicals.

## THE SEED-TIME.

N the young spring-tide of thy years
When, from a heart with life o'erflowing,
Thy future smiles, thy future tears,
Thy strength, thy weaknesses thou 'rt sowing,

Beware! for with what ample hand Thou may'st be strewing germs of sorrow! The dragon's teeth, from which a band Of strong armed foes grow up to-morrow.

Go, give that heart to God to keep;
Be thoughts and deeds with His life glowing;
Harvest of glory thus thou 'lt reap;
Beware, beware, of other sowing.

A. C.

# WHAT A RESOLUTION DID.

BY CHRISTIAN REDFORD, AUTHOR OF "KEEP ON SOWING," ETC. ETC.



"'It is only Albert Wood,' said Bessie to herself."-p. 412.

CHAPTER I.-"I WILL DO WHAT I CAN."

FATHER and daughter were standing together by the counter.

"Yes, Bessie," concluded the former, with a sort of sad impatience, "things are coming to a crisis with me, I suppose, at last."

Patter, patter, patter, went the dismal rain against the shop shutters, that had just been put up, and against the door, now closed and locked for the night.

Bessie shivered, and sighed a little; then looked up at the tall stooping grey-headed man beside her.

"But you may get over it all yet, father?" she asked, with auxious sympathy in the soft tones.

"It is just possible, but I don't expect to. . . . However, do not tell your mother just yet. She worries herself enough about your brothers, without having anything else to think of. . . . It was perhaps wrong and selfish of me to tell you, my child, but—"

He paused, and his voice trembled a little. Bessic's arm stole gently round his neck, and she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"I am glad you told me, dear father. Who knows what we may be able to do between us?"

"Bessie!" called a somewhat fretful voice, and a step was heard approaching the shop, "are you there? and where is your father?"

"Here he is, mamma," returned Bessie, as a pale delicate - looking woman entered. "Is Arthur gone?"

"No: and I wanted to speak to your father about him"

So Bessie crept away—up-stairs, past the drawingroom, whence sounds of music were issuing, to her own little attic bedroom, and, sitting down in the one chair which the tiny apartment contained, she leaned against the bed, and gave way to thought.

Patter, patter, patter, she could hear the rain still; and she listened, and finally wept, sorrowfully enough.

Only an hour ago she had felt so bright and happy, sitting all "alone among the crowd" at the new mission-room. And she had heard an address which she thought ought to have quelled dishonouring doubts and fears for the rest of her life. And now, here she was, on the very same evening, in the depths of overcarefulness and distress again.

The address had been upon Matt. xvii. 20-"If

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ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be

impossible to you."

"Ah," she murmured, slowly wiping away her tears, "it is one thing to enjoy hearing a beautiful address upon faith, and to think of mountains being removed at a word, but it is quite another thing to have real faith, and when one comes to face one's own mountain, one is far more likely to quail and tremble before it, than to say triumphantly with Zerubbabel of old, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain!' . . . And yet, why should one fear to depend upon a power which God Himself holds out to us ?"

And Bessie's plain but good and true little counten-

ance brightened, and pushing back her straight brown hair, she seemed to think

deeply.

Sounds of music still came up from the drawing-room. Soon Bessie rose and stole down thither, and opening the door, stood for a moment just within it.

It was a shabby room, though the best in the house. Everything in it had seen its best days, and there was nothing bright or cheering in the apartment except the fire, and, thought Bessie, the group at the piano.

There sat Juanita, tall, fair, and queenly, dressed, not like Bessie, in homely linsey, but in soft purple cashmere.

And beside her stood a

young and tolerably good-looking man, fair, with a good-humoured but very determined expression of

"It is only Albert Wood," said Bessie to herself with a little breath of content. "I don't mind him."

"How are you getting on?" she inquired, as soon as a pause came. They had both seen her.

"Famously!" answered Albert Wood, giving her a pleasant look and a word of welcome as she drew

But before she could speak again, a small commotion was heard below stairs, and the next minute Sir Martin Temple was ushered into the shabby little drawing-room.

Bessie rose to receive him; it was not the first time he had been there; but he had no eyes for her -only for beautiful Juanita.

He was a man of middle age, hale and stronglooking, with peculiarly firm lips, and quick observant grey eyes, half hidden under bushy iron-grey

brows. He had engaged Juanita Landor and Albert Wood to sing at a concert which he was getting up for the amusement of some favourite nephews and nieces who were staying with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Landor now appeared, and Bessie went down to the sitting-room. And there, sitting with his elbows on his knees, over the decaying embers of the fire, was her youngest brother.

Arthur Landor was clerk at a bank in a neighbouring town, and indulging in ideas and tastes far above his position, he was always in difficulties, and continually complaining to his father that his salary was altogether insufficient.

And Bessie had one other brother, some years older, who through an accident had become a constant invalid. He had a wife and a little family, who depended with himself in a great measure upon his

> father. So that poor Mr. Landor's burdens and anxieties were increased on all hands.

"I wish I could go abroad," muttered Arthur, on seeing Bessie. "I am sick of life as it is."

"Has father given you anything?" questioned Bessie, gently.

"No," was the gloomy reply; "he says he can't afford to give me even five shillings just now," And Arthur rose to depart.

Bessie sat alone for a few minutes, and then Albert Wood came down. He looked rather gloomy, and said little or nothing at first, only holding out his hands to the blaze of the fire, and looking sometimes at Bessie.

"How I wish that I could do something to earn some money !" said Bessie, at length, with sorrowful eyes watching meditatively the glancing flames. "I am not even clever enough to go out as a nursery governess. No one would think of taking me. I can only stay at home and try to comfort everybody a little. And perhaps they would not quite like to have me go away."

"I should not, for one," said Albert, quietly.

Bessie coloured vividly for an instant, then turned away, and her voice had a tone of pain in it as she answered-

"Ah, you would only miss me a little because I am Juanita's sister."

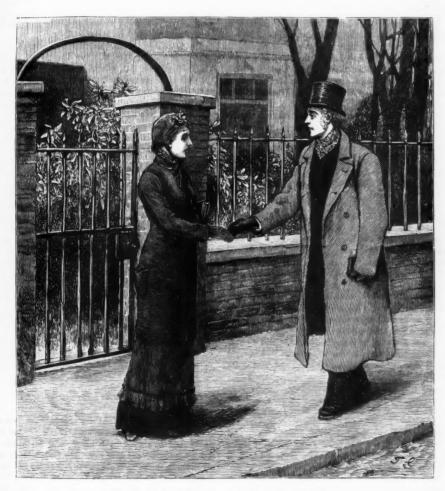
The Landors had only known Albert Wood a few months, but they were all perfectly at home with him and he with them ; and Bessie talked to him as simply and naturally as if he had been an elder brother; and indeed she felt tolerably certain in her own mind that he would be her brother-in-law one



"Sitting down in the one chair."-p. 411.

day—though Juanita did talk nonsense sometimes about marrying only a rich man.

"Do you think that there are such things as truth and faithfulness and disinterestedness in the world, Bessie?" questioned Albert, presently, with half a sigh, and a decided frown. ful eyes. "And I would get Arthur into some place abroad, as he wishes. And I would send poor James abroad also. The doctor says that a winter in Italy, with the rest he would be taking, would very likely set him quite right again. . . . And then I would buy mamma some new dresses, and Juanita a new



"She turned to shake hands with Albert Wood."-p. 414.

"Yes," was the gentle reply. "I know there are. But they are not to be found everywhere, I suppose," Bessie added, after a moment's pause.

"No, indeed!" But now Albert's face seemed to clear, and he led Bessie to talk of earning money again, and what she would do if she were rich.

"I would pay all dear papa's debts at once," she said, with eager animated face, and bright yet wist-

grand piano; and, of course, papa would give up the shop, and he and mamma should go out for a good long holiday."

"Anything else?" inquired Albert, smilingly.

"Yes. We would go into a new house, and buy some nice new furniture," and she glanced round the apartment.

"And what would you do for me, Bessie?"

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He put the question in his usual easy good-tempered tone, yet beneath it Bessie thought that he seemed in earnest, and she looked at him a little

"I don't know," she returned. "What would you like me to do? I daresay I would do anything I could."

He did not answer for a moment, and then only said-

" If I were anything but a poor musician now, I might be able-" But Bessie interrupted him-

"If you were anything but a poor musician, I should not make complaints to you," she said, decidedly. And then she smiled slightly; and apparently there was something in her look that pleased Albert, for he smiled also, and then sat looking at her in silence.

But presently she began to tell him about the address at the mission-house.

" So that with faith," she by-and-by concluded, in her low, warm, eager tones, and clasped her hands with unconscious earnestness as she spoke, "one may go on as though one could do everything ! Oh, I am so glad I went to that meeting! Yes, I know what I will do now-I will do what I can !"

"Hear, hear!" said Albert. "What can any one do more? The worst of it is that none of us do half of what we could—the world would be a different place else: and all those who really did all they could would be heroes and geniuses as great as any that ever lived !"

### CHAPTER II.-GENIUS AND FAITH.

It was Sunday morning; and Bessie, with her eyes red and swollen with weeping, was tying on her bonnet in preparation for going to church.

It was not a bright pretty bonnet; she had worn it too long for that. It was, as Juanita had several times declared, very dingy and shabby, and altogether old-fashioned.

And why had Bessie been weeping?

Because the blow had descended at last; and her father had told her the evening before that nothing could save him now, and that she might give up her own small efforts as soon as she pleased. He had told his wife also. The crash must come, he said; there was no help for it, and they must all bear it together as bravely as they could.

Slowly Bessie drew on her worn gloves, and then made her way down-stairs, and out into the quiet street, thinking all the while.

Only five or six weeks had passed since she had said, "I will do what I can;" but many little changes had come about in the time, and now the very last ray of brightness seemed to have gone out of her

Sir Martin Temple's concert nad been a great success, and it had brought Juanita both pupils and

Ana Albert Wood had offered himself to her-

well knowing that he would be refused-and he had been refused. Juanita had told him plainly that she was quite sure that she could never be happy as the wife of a poor man. Upon which he had bidden them all good-bye, and had left the place.

Christmas holidays were scarcely over-a sorrow. ful Christmas indeed it had been for the Landersand Juanita was away from home for a few days, And Bessie was going to church all alone. She thought her father and mother would perhaps like to be left to themselves for a little while.

Yes, Bessie had done what she could, and a very very little she thought it. Yet though the results appeared trifling, her efforts had been great, in all that lay in her power, and she had not flagged in her earnest labours once-until now. And now at heart she gave up altogether, and felt wholly hopeless and disappointed and weary.

"Faith is a present help," she murmured, as she walked slowly along, involuntarily shivering a little sometimes in the cold north wind. "Oh, if I only had it! Genius can do a great deal, but it is not given to many; faith can do ten thousand times more, and any Christian may have it for the asking, And I ask. But, oh, I know I ask amiss, for I doubt and fear all the time. Oh, dear Lord God, forgive my unbelief. I can do nothing, but Thou canst do everything. Please do something to help us, for Thy great Name's sake! Amen."

"Good morning, Miss Bessie!" said a voice now, which made her start violently; and with a face bright and flushed in a moment, she turned to shake

hands with Albert Wood.

"I've turned up again, you see!" said he; and while he spoke, he was looking the while at Bessie's bonnet-Bessie's shabby old-fashioned bonnet-with a tender loving smile.

They had not time to say very much to each other; but when they entered the church-together -their faces were both radiant with a joy that all who glanced at them understood.

"And to think that Albert should have been a rich man, after all," murmured Bessie. "And to think that he should have loved me!" for Alberther Albert now-did love her. He had told her so more times than she could count. And he had told her also that he had always intended to win a wife without the aid of money-a wife who would love him for himself alone.

They were married; and Albert set himself at once to fulfil as far as possible all his Bessie's pleasant day-dreams.

And so the Landors got over their long-threatened trouble, and all the help and relief had come which Bessie had prayed to win.

"But I am ashamed," she said to her husband, as they sat in their pretty new home talking matters over, "that when God was so good, I should have shown no faith at all. After all, it was nothing I did—no faith of mine—that brought the help for poor dear papa, though I so wished it."

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"And I say that it was," urged Albert. "Haven't I said, over and over, that I never was in love with the dear little woman"—and he looked into Bessie's eyes with a smile—"though I always liked her very much,

until the evening when she said, in the face of all that was against her, and with a sigh at her own want of faith, when I thought that she was showing a great deal, 'I will do what I can?'"

And Bessie smiled too, and laid her face against her husband's shoulder, and sighed a tiny sigh of almost perfect happiness.

# SARAH MARTIN; OR, THE SERVICE OF SOOTHING THE SORROWFUL

BY EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN, AUTHOR OF "HEROINES OF THE MISSION FIELD," ETC.

"I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me,"—Sn. MATT. xxv. 36.



ARAH MARTIN'S was eminently a beneficent life. She laid herself out to benefit others; and not only so, but she chose as the objects of her sympathy, the lowest, poorest, and most degraded of those lying within the sphere of her influence. Had she lived in this day,

she would prob-

ably have found an outlet for her energies in the work of hospital nursing, but failing this channel, she recognised "the gift divine" which was in her, and went to work in that part of the vine-yard which lay nearest. And while doing lowly work in a Christlike spirit, she was embalming her memory in the hearts of thousands, and earning a renown which shall not only last through all time, but shall gain honour before the presence of Him Who says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me."

Sarah Martin first saw the light some ninety years ago, in 1791, at Caistor, a village about three miles from Yarmouth. She was born in a humble station of life. Her father was a village tradesman; her education was received at the village dame-school; when her parents died, she was taken care of by a widowed grandmother who herself earned a living by making gloves; and on reaching young womanhood, Sarah earned her own livelihood, by following the trade of dressmaking. The aged grandmother knew and loved the Saviour, and conscientiously sought to lead her grandchild to know and love Him too. But the girl turned away from Bible-reading, at this period, to read with eagerness the novels, romances, and poems of that day. From these, she turned again to the works of Shakespeare, and other standard English writers, thus refining the taste, and improving the mind; although to some extent, at the expense of more serious reading. In the nineteenth year of her age, however, she had her attention drawn to divine things by a sermon, delivered by a devout man of God, from the words. "We persuade men" (2 Cor. v. 11). She says of this sermon, "Stranger as I was to Divine teaching, this first lesson was distinctly impressed, that the religion of the Bible was a grand reality, and that I had been wrong." After some months of doubt, mental unrest, and disquietude, she commenced studying the evidences of the truth of Christianity-for from various circumstances, she had grown into an atheistic frame of mind-and as she studied she felt more and more convinced of the truth of Revelation. One by one, her fancied objections fell to the ground, and she was forced to the conclusion that the Scriptures contained the truth of the eternal God. Then she saw herself a lost, ruined sinner, dependent only upon God's mercy, as displayed in Christ, for salvation.

Twelve months longer she wandered in the mists and shadows of unbelief. She endeavoured to bring somewhat, whereby she should find acceptance before her Maker, but no peace came by this means. She states how the struggle ended, in these graphic words :- "The way was suddenly opened to me, whilst reading the ninth and the eleventh chapters of Romans. There, seeing salvation, not in its commencement only, but from first to last, to be entirely of grace, I was made free, and looking upon a once crucified but now glorified Saviour, with no more power of my own than the praying thief had upon the cross, I also found peace." With the true instinct of a child of God, she looked about for work to do in His vineyard. Without any thought of seeking for "great things," or lofty and distinguished forms

of service, she took a little class in the Sunday-school, attached to the church over which the Rev. W. Walford was pastor, and whose ministry she attended for some years. It is remarkable how many of our best workers for God have commenced their labours in a lowly Sunday-school. It would seem as if this work drew out and fostered those qualities which are so necessary for higher and more difficult duties in the wider field. For some years she continued this post of duty, until other calls of usefulness so filled up her time, that she was compelled to relin-

quish it.

Her next step was to gain admittance to the work-In that institution a young woman lay seriously ill, and the means of instruction for the sick and dying, as well as of training for the children, were totally wanting. Accordingly, Miss Martin ministered to the dying young woman the comforts of the Gospel, until she passed away, when a number of afflicted and aged patients in the same ward begged earnestly that she would continue her ministrations. This she did, and in time extended her labours to all the other wards. Further than this, obtaining permission from the authorities, she gave up Monday in each week to the task of imparting instruction to the poor and neglected children of the workhouse. At first these children were taught in an old out-of-theway garret, but as the value of Miss Martin's labours became more apparent, the master of the workhouse fitted up a schoolroom in one part of the yard, and appointed some of the more competent inmates of the house to assist her in the work of instruction. Some of these assistants, though unpromising characters at first, dated their conversion back to the time when they were in this way brought under Miss Martin's influence. After some years of effort in her part, a new workhouse was built, and a schoolmaster and schoolmistress regularly appointed. She then turned her attention to the factory girls of the town, and devoted two nights weekly to their instruction. This school was held in the chancel, or vestry, of the church of St. Nicholas, and included a large number of young persons between the ages of sixteen and thirty, from a neighbouring silk factory. Her own class numbered between forty and fifty girls, and while she assumed the office of teacher, she also became guide, friend, and counsellor to many of them. But all this time, she was preparing by degrees for the more arduous work which her prison visiting en-It must not be forgotten, either, that she maintained herself during this period by her earnings as dressmaker, which earnings averaged a shilling or fifteenpence per day, with her board.

Yarmouth Gaol seems to have gained a very ill fame, even in the bad old days of prison mis-

management and loose discipline. John Howard called attention to it in 1776; and, in 1808. another prison visitor wrote, "There is but one courtyard for all descriptions of visitors. Master's. side debtors can have beds by paying for them. while common-side debtors are forced to submit to the prison allowance in this respect." There was no chaplain, nor any employment for the prisoners; classification and order were out of the The gaol doors were simply locked upon a herd of guilty prisoners, who swore, fought, gambled, and planned fresh crimes, until the very officials grew sickened at the scenes and sounds before them. The prisoners stood at the bars with begging boxes, to invoke the charity of the passers-by! and frequently, when means were obtained, orgies were indulged in which were simply horrible. The Government Inspector reported that the situation of the cells "was such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being The whole place was filthy, confined, and unhealthy, and its occupants were infested with vermin and skin-diseases."

Although Sarah Martin felt called to minister to the inmates of this abode of sin and misery, she tells us that her heart sank as she contemplated the work. She not only risked her health. but she also risked her employment; for she owns that she considered that her friends might not have felt themselves justified in receiving her as a dressmaker into their houses, were she to attempt to visit there. "Still," she says, "Ihad access to One whose care was over me, in Whom I had perfect confidence that I should be preserved from evil. Nor did I hope in vain. How eagerly did I resort to the Bible, and feed on such assurances as these: 'There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.'" Strong in the comfort of this promise, she did the work which lay so heavily on her heart. And it must be remembered that she had to encounter no common The work itself was novel, and difficulties. accounted strange: she occupied a lowly station in life, and earned her own living, so that she could not rank, according to conventional rules, with "ladies;" and while Mrs. Fry possessed all the advantages of good birth, wealth, higher station, and warm supporters, Miss Martin was single in her purpose, alone in her mission, and humble in her means. She obeyed the Divine promptings, stepped out of the beaten tracks of lowly life, to serve her Master, and struck out new and unaccustomed paths of ministry.

She commenced this work by visiting a woman of Yarmouth, who was confined for ill-using her child. This visit led to other visits, until she was led to give up a day wholly to the prisoners. "I thought it right," she says, "to give a day in the week to serve the prisoners. This, regularly given, with many an additional one, was not

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"She gave up Monday in each week to the task of imparting instruction to the poor and neglected children."

felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever honoured with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me." She started a service on the Lord's Day, in the prison; and failing to find a regular leader, took that office on herself. There was no provision made for religious services of any kind at the prison, hitherto; but so well was this effort of Miss Martin's received, that she soon started an afternoon service. At these services, she not only read, but gave addresses, and that with great acceptance. True, at the commencement of her labours among prisoners, she read printed sermons, of various divines; then, she wrote her own sermons, and read them; but for some years, she addressed the prisoners extemporaneously. Captain Williams, Inspector of Prisons, thus reports of one of these services:- "Sunday, November 29th, 1835. Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; a written discourse of her own composition was read by her, admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the most profound attention, and the most marked respect." Not content with ministering to their spiritual needs, she also provided them with employment for week-days. She knew that

> Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do.

Acting on this precept, she formed and planned work, first for the women, and afterwards for the men, with the best results. Indeed, so highly did the prisoners value the opportunity of labouring, that if refractory, keeping them idle became the most severe punishment. Thus, the Sundays were devoted to religious teaching, the week-days to profitable and interesting work, while two or three evenings of each week were devoted to the

school tasks of reading and writing. This multiplicity of benevolent work in time caused the dressmaking to vanish. But as her employment declined, friends generously contributed to her support. One lady of Yarmouth paid her weekly, one day's wage, to enable her to occupy that day in doing good; and occasionally, other friends made her presents of money, or clothes; but all of stated income on which she could rely, was the interest of about two hundred pounds left behind by her grandmother. Speaking of this time, she says, "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future, but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, Who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right, I will give you,' Experience, as well as the promises of God, justified the absence of concern as to my

temporal support. The highest elevation of desire and satisfaction that I could contemplate, on this side heaven, has been afforded me during the past five years." Thus for many years she had no regular income at all, but lived a life of pure faith and beneficent self-denial. During the last two years of her life, the Corporation of Yarmouth insisted upon her receiving twelve pounds per annum, not as a payment, but as a testimonial of their gratitude for her labours. After many objections, Sarah Martin took this allowance, but with much reluctance, and with many fears, lest her work should be "hindered" by the fact of her becoming, even by so small a sum, a paid official of the prison.

In addition to all this personal exertion on behalf of prisoners, she inaugurated plans for their benefit, after their sentences should expire. She sought out lodgings for those who were strangers to the town; got employment for the destitute; parents were written to for children, and children were sent home to the parental roof; young offenders were introduced to Sunday-schools; and sailors voyaging to foreign ports, encouraged to write home to her frequently. In all these varied labours, she had, for many years, small thanks. Often those whom she sought to benefit, put obstacles in the way, or manifested base ingratitude; while very frequently, officials allowed petty jealousies, or mischievous annoyance to appear and wound her feelings. Still she persevered, and during the last few years of her life, became the almoner of many benevolent sympathisers, who placed funds in her hands, feeling assured that they would be put to a good use, on behalf of discharged prisoners. She thus started, and was enabled to maintain, the Prisoners' Aid Society, the Female Prisoners' Employment or Sinking Fund, and other smaller funds, designed for the comfort, encouragement, or relief of those for whom she laboured.

Her private papers speak very forcibly of the deep and heartfelt nature of her piety, as well as testify to the largeness and culture of her mind, She sought daily strength for her onerous tasks, at the throne of grace; and thus encouraged and refreshed in spirit, went forth to minister at the gaol, without once suffering serious illness; but now she was to be tried by this also. In the winter of 1842 her health began to decline, and in April, 1843, she became entirely confined to her apartment. In spite of much loving ministry from those who had marked her self-denying career, she gradually sank, until she passed away. The tone of her mind was from the first humble, thankful, and adoring. She seemed to think it wonderful that she had been permitted so long to work for God and souls, that God had so owned her labours, and that she had been so long spared to carry them on.

While so completely laid aside from active

service, her communion with God seemed to grow in nearness and beauty. She said on one occasion—

I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light.

"The Sick-room," and other short pieces, were composed at this time, and reveal the fact that her talent was many-sided. A short extract from this poem will serve to show its beauty, and resignation of spirit:—

In sacred loneliness,

Apart from friends beloved below,
Lord, in Thy presence I find bliss

Thou only canst bestow.

Alone, how can I feel,
When faith's clear vision seems like sight,
With truth's eternal stores revealed,
To my glad heart's delight?

A pilgrim here; not far
From my blest home; my joyful heart
Bounds with the expectation high—
My home is where Thou art,

Had she not devoted herself so fully to active service, she might have shone in literary circles. Her loving helpers, faithful to the last, came around her, and by their attentions smoothed her passage to the tomb. Thus she passed away, on October 15th, 1843, aged fifty-two years, after about thirty years of self-denying service for her Lord and Master. After her death, a stained glass window to her memory was placed in the church of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth; while a far more enduring memorial remains in the lives of those whom she saved from ruin, and led to the Cross of Christ. Throughout eternity, these will hail her as the means of their salvation, and as such, a "co-worker with God."

## WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.



CHAPTER I,-HILLIAN'S PROMISE.

CONGRATULATE you," John Hughson said, as he returned to his mother the letter she had handed him across the breakfast table, "Your trouble with Martha is nearly at an end, and I hope you'll never undertake such a responsibility again."

A grave smile lit up Mrs. Hughson's comely face, but she made no reply. She was a woman of few words, and had never said one in her own defence when her sons and her neighbours expostulated with her for "stepping out of her way," as they phrased it, to stop the downward course of a thoughtless, passionate, ignorant girl who was drifting to ruin. It had been no easy task to curb the violent temper and control the wayward impulses of poor Martha, but by patience and firmness it was accomplished, and now she would be happily removed from the temptations of her native town by the invitation she had accepted to join some relatives who were doing well in Queensland.

"I see she will have to go on board the Hampton on Monday," observed Oswald Hughson, as he too read the letter and commented upon it. Steady, sensible young men were both Mrs. Hughson's sons; and she was a widow; not a needy one, for there was not such a well-stocked fancy goods shop in all the ancient cathedral city of Cherbury as Hughson's, at the best end of the High Street; and if the business had fallen off considerably during the long wasting illness of Mr. Hughson, his widow retrieved it by her energy and industry, taking the whole

management of it upon her shoulders till John and Oswald were old enough, first to assist, and then to relieve her. "Martha must go on board on Monday," Oswald repeated, "and we shall have to find some trustworthy person to take her to London, and see that she meets with no disasters by the way."

"I shall take her myself," said Mrs. Hughson, quietly, "I shall not consider my responsibilities at an end till I have satisfied myself that she will be placed under proper care during the voyage."

"You will go, mother! to London!" exclaimed both her sons, in such dubious tones that she smiled again as she responded—

"You seem to forget how often I used to journey there before my boys were old enough to go to the wholesale houses and select my goods for me. No, I have not forgotten that I shall have to find my way to one of the docks in the east of London; but a civil cabman will help me to do that."

"You always were and always will be a capable woman, mother mine," said John, affectionately; "but that is no reason why we should not do our best to take care of you. Monday is the August Bank Holiday; the trains will be crowded, and you will be jostled and inconvenienced, and perhaps annoyed, by some of the rougher people, who will be in full force on that day."

"I am not afraid," was the quiet reply; "and you must remember that I shall not be travelling with the stream of pleasure-seekers, but away from it. Do not say any more, Oswald, as I have quite decided on going. I have another errand in town besides taking charge of Martha. It is one of the few days on which I am likely to find my brother at home at his house at Highbury."

Both Mrs. Hughson's sons looked curious and expectant; and a young girl, their sister, sitting at the foot of the table, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, though without attempting to join in it, also fixed her eyes on her mother, and longed to hear more. It was so seldom either of the young people had heard the name of this uncle in London, whom they had never seen. That he was engaged as reader in some well-known publishing firm, and that he had a large family, had been casually mentioned in their hearing, and that was all.

And yet there was no actual mystery at the root of their mother's silence; a little soreness, perhaps—a consciousness that she had not been kindly treated; but nothing more. In the early years of Mr. Stapleton's marriage, when a series of misfortunes had reduced him to great poverty, she had helped him repeatedly; but as soon as times mended, he had ceased to write to her, and by degrees an estrangement had grown up, which lasted until a few months since; then a domestic bereavement had fallen upon him, and his sister was remembered, and appealed to for her sympathy.

"When your uncle wrote to tell me of the death of his wife," Mrs. Hughson went on, "I promised that I would go and see him at the first opportunity, and here is one. I intend to embrace it."

"But you cannot go alone! Oswald or I must accompany you," said John.

"No," she answered, in the quiet tones to which they had always been accustomed to defer. "Your plans for the day were made before you knew mine. I will not have you disappoint your Sunday class, Oswald, of the gipsy party you promised them; neither shall John deprive himself and his good little Mary of their trip to the sea. I will not have either of you, though I thank you for proposing it."

"But you will have me, mamma! There is no reason why you should not have me."

And the young girl, whose breakfast had been long since forgotten, glided to the back of Mrs. Hughson's chair, to lean over it, and lay her clasped hands on her mother's shoulder, and her smooth cheek against hers. There were very few points of resemblance between the two faces, for it was from her father Hillian inherited her mobile, delicately chiselled features and fair complexion. Her hair, too, was one of the lightest shades of golden brown, while the smooth bands under Mrs. Hughson's widow's cap were nearly black. Nor could there be a stronger contrast than lay in the square chin and firmly-set lips of the one, and the rosy child-like mouth of the other, that never opened without quivering with every emotion, and betraying the dimples lurking in either corner. And yet they might have been known anywhere as mother and daughter by the same dark grey eyes looking forth from the fringe of intensely black lashes, that curled upwards at the points, with the same steady thoughtful light in their depths. Perhaps it was brighter in Hillian's, for sorrow and trials, anxieties and watchings may have

dimmed it a little in her mother's; but it was never sweeter than in Mrs. Hughson's when she raised her eyes, as now, to her daughter's; for she could not look at her without being reminded of Hillian's sister, for whom she still wore the outward signs of mourning, and mingling with her love for her child on earth some natural regrets for her child in heaven.

"You will take me, mamma," said Hillian, confidently. "I like the bustle and excitement of a crowd. I am an excellent traveller, and shall be able to watch over you and see that you don't over-exert yourself; and I have not any engagements in the way. How glad I am that you and I had arranged to spend the day quietly and soberly together; aren't you?"

"It is not to be thought of," said her elder brother, in the prompt decisive manner at which his sister was often inclined to rebel. "Mother would not be so rash as to burden herself with two helpless girls instead of one. Don't be unreasonable, Hillian. If she will not have Oswald or me, let her invite some thoughtful sensible friend to accompany her."

And "Don't be unreasonable, little girl," repeated Oswald, before following his brother, who had risen in answer to a summons from the shop. "If you really wish to make yourself useful, come and boil the kettle and cut bread and butter for my lads. To me you would be a help, to mother only a hindrance."

"Do you agree with him, mamma?" queried Hillian, anxiously. "Am I, at eighteen, so very incapable as those teasing boys call me? I'll not urge my wish if you do think that I should be a trouble to you; if not, please say yes."

"Why should I?" objected Mrs. Hughson. "Because you have never yet seen London? You could not do so to less advantage. The journey to the docks will only leave me an hour or two to spend with my brother; I shall have no time to give you a peep at any of the lions; or if I had, museums and picture galleries would be too thronged for comfort."

But still Hillian was not satisfied.

"As for museums, I can see those when John is married, and I go with him and Mary to stay at her aunt's at Brompton. This will be a business journey, of course, and—and I have something to do in town, mother, as well as you—something that has been neglected so long that it worries me very much."

Mrs. Hughson turned herself a little in her chair to gaze at the pleading face of her daughter, then smiled at her own astonishment, telling herself that girls were but too apt to talk in this high-flown style of their trifling perplexities.

"I think I know what you mean. You have saved your money to buy a token of goodwill for Mary; but the shops will be closed there as well as here; had you quite forgotten that?"

Instead of making a direct reply, Hillian came round her mother's chair to take her favourite seat on the hassock beside it, and fendle her mother's hand, the one that wore her wedding ring.

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"You have never let me tell you the particulars of my last interview with Mrs. Macey. You have always put me off when I began to speak of it, with 'some other time,' or 'I cannot listen to you to-day;' but you will listen to me now, won't you? for it is to fulfil a promise I made to her when she was dying that I wish so very much to go with you to London."

Mrs. Hughson knit her brows slightly.

"I let you visit Janet Macey in her last illness because she and I were old school-fellows, and I pitied her too much to ignore our girlish friendship; but she should not have exacted promises from my daughter without my leave."

"Mamma, she was dying, and there was no one else," said Hillian, tearfully. "No one else, I mean, who could enter into her feelings as I did, and believe with her that her boy was not guilty of the theft imputed to him."

Mrs. Hughson moved uneasily, and would have withdrawn her hand, but it was held too firmly.

"It was an unfortunate affair, very unfortunate," she said, speaking to herself more than to her daughter. "If I had but been at home!"

"Ah, yes," cried Hillian, eagerly, "that is what poor Mrs. Macey always said—if you had not been away nursing dear Winnie at St. Leonard's, Thurstan would have had justice done him."

Mrs. Hughson put up a warning finger.

"Hush, child! When you speak like that, you reflect on your brother, and you are not justified in doing so. I have gone over the circumstances with John more than once, and was obliged to acknowledge that he had good cause for suspecting Thurstan Macey of dishonesty."

"But, mamma," Hillian ventured to urge, "you began to say just now that if you had been at home——"

She looked inquiringly at Mrs. Hughson, who paused before she replied.

"You must not suppose from my saying this that I should have reversed John's decision. Ever since we consented to take Thurstan Macey into our service, we had trusted him greatly, and he knew it. He was shrewd, and clever, and industrious, and we marked our sense of his abilities by increasing his salary frequently. It was a great shock to me when I learned from your brother that a sum of money had been stolen from us which no one could have taken but Thurstan."

"Mamma, that is what John has always asserted, but may he not have been mistaken? When Thurstan went home and told his mother he had been discharged, and why, he assured her that he was not guilty, and she never lost her faith in his innocence. It comforted her during the long months of her illness; it sustained her in her last hours. Although she was poor, and many people were shy of her after Thurstan went away—heart-broken, she told me, at being suspected of robbing his benefactors—she was not very unhappy. It grieved her that he did not write more

frequently, and she said, when the end drew near, that it was hard to die without seeing him once more, but she looked forward always to their reunion in heaven. Now, if it was some one else who took that money—if poor Thurstan has been wronged all these years——"

"Say no more!" exclaimed Mrs. Hughson, rising abruptly. "I have fretted over this accusation more than any one has imagined. Setting aside the question of Thurstan's guilt or innocence, it grieved me that he was permitted to fly from his home, to become, perhaps, reckless and hardened. They tell me I have exaggerated notions of our duty towards those who work for us, and it may be so; and yet I would not have shielded the boy from punishment if his sin were brought home to him. But, on the other hand, I would have remembered that he was young and fatherless, and helped him to retrieve his character."

"Mamma dear, I wish you would not talk as if you—like John—felt convinced of Thurstan's guilt," entreated Hillian. "Even Oswald admits that John may have acted too hastily."

Again that upraised finger silenced her.

"I have great confidence in your brother's judgment," said Mrs. Hughson. "I am sure he deplored very much the step he—as my representative—felt bound to take, and he would be as glad as I if we could hear that Thurstan is doing well."

"Why, then, you will no longer object to take me to London," cried Hillian joyfully. "It is to find him, to carry to him his mother's last message, and a small packet that she confided to my care, that I wish to go. The only letters she received from him were written from the house of a relative in Agar Town. It is there I must seek him. Where is Agar Town?"

"I cannot tell you. I know very few of the suburbs, and, Hillian, this is not the kind of errand I should care for you to undertake," said Mrs. Hughson.

"You are so young, so inexperienced."

"But I promised; you would not have me break so sacred a promise! Think how tenderly, in spite of John's injustice—yes, mamma, I must call it by that name!—Mrs. Macey helped us to nurse Winnie till she was ordered to the sea; and you can never know how she strove to comfort me when "—Hillian's voice sank into a sob—"when we had the news that you were coming home alone."

Mrs. Hughson walked to the other end of the room, and re-draped the curtains, and methodically arranged the books on a shelf, before she returned to lay her hand softly on the head of her daughter. It was the nearest approach to a caress that she had ever bestowed on Hillian—for she was not a demonstrative woman, and a latent fear that she was disposed to be too indulgent to her youngest child, often induced her to behave with a coldness she was far from feeling.

"I will take you with me on Monday, and, should there be time, I will go with you to Agar Town; but



"Bringing into the room two shadowy white-faced tiny creatures."—p. 425.

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I am afraid you will have to wait till another opportunity offers."

"And that may not be for weeks, or months," sighed Hillian.

"Then we will make one," her mother replied. "Janet Macey's boy shall not be deprived of the best legacy his mother could leave him-her blessings and her prayers."

#### CHAPTER II .- THE JOURNEY.

THE last hours of Martha's sojourn under Mrs. Hughson's roof were stormy ones, for she was, or appeared to be, wildly elated with her new prospects, and evinced such a longing to be gone that her fellowservants taunted her with her ingratitude, and Hillian and her brothers shared their disgust.

Only Mrs. Hughson took no notice, but went on gathering together comforts as well as necessaries for the voyage, and bidding the rest have patience with the girl, whose excitement was so great, even when fairly en route for London, that it was only by seating her between her mistress and Hillian that she could be induced to behave quietly. Nor did the confusion on board the vessel, the limited space between decks, or the scolding and complaining of the women and children who were to be her fellowpassengers, discourage her. It was not till she had been recommended to the care of the matron, and Mrs. Hughson's parting gift, a Bible, pressed into her hands that her high spirits vanished, and she clung about her generous friend, weeping noisily.

"Don't think I haven't felt sorry to leave you," she sobbed. "My heart's failed me many a time, though I wouldn't own to it; where shall I find any one that will put up with my tiresome ways and awkwardness as you have done? And don't let them persuade you that I shall ever be unmindful of what you've been to me. I wish I could make it up to you. I wish I'd done more for you while I lived in your house. Who else could have taken me into it? Oh, mistress, how can I leave you! You've only to say 'Stay with me, Martha,' and I'll stay and work my hardest in your service."

With some difficulty, she was induced to see that Mrs. Hughson would be better pleased to let her go to the new home offered to her, than to let her remain where the errors and temptations of the past would beset her continually; and even when the girl had acquiesced in this decision, her tearful protestations were poured forth as long as her mistress could stay to listen to them.

"I will be a credit to you; indeed, I will!" were amongst the last words Mrs. Hughson heard her say. Those who had asserted that the trouble bestowed upon her would be wasted should have seen her then, every better feeling within her responding to the prayer that she would keep herself unspotted from the world.

"I'll always be afraid of doing wrong, and then, maybe, I shall keep right; and oh, mistress, if Miss Hillian should marry, or you should be ill, send for me, and if I'm millions of miles away, I'll come back to tend you, and ask no wages for it.'

This was not the only parting that took place that day on board the emigrant ship, and some of the scenes Hillian witnessed left her cheeks so pale and tear-stained that, as soon as they were once more on shore, Mrs. Hughson thought it advisable to enter an hotel to rest awhile, and dine before going further.

More than once, in the course of that day, was she inclined to repent having undertaken to call on her brother. The early morning had been so wet that only the most enterprising of pleasure-seekers had ventured to brave the heavy showers; but towards noon the sun shone forth and the clouds vanished. and then the waiting crowds streamed forth into the streets, flocking to all those suburban resorts that have been dear to them from time immemorial.

They filled to suffocation the carriages of the Underground Railway, the trains and the omnibuses ; and the two quiet females, who were not accustomed to press to the van, were so often pushed aside, that more time than Mrs. Hughson could spare was taken up in getting from the docks to the north of

our overgrown metropolis.

This did not trouble Hillian. She was amused and excited by all she saw. From her first glimpse of the shipping in the port, of St. Paul's, and the huge warehouses by the Thames, everything was fresh to the country-bred maiden, who had not imagined that any edifice could be more imposing than the grey old cathedral under whose shadow she was born, or the streets filled with more pretentious emporiums than the shops in the High Street of her native place. The delays that vexed her mother were scarcely felt by her, while she eagerly watched the motley groups flitting past as in a camera; and it was not till a ragged lad slouched by who in some inexplicable manner recalled the figure of Thurstan Macey, that her hand was pressed to the packet she carried in her bosom, and she found herself debating with a shudder what she should do or say if the smart pleasant boy she used to know had degenerated into such a creature as the one from whose contact she had just been shrinking.

Then her thoughts wandered from the welldressed talking laughing holiday-makers to the poor little room where Mrs. Macey had sighed away her lonely life, sorrowing over the loss of her boy and his blighted career, but never losing her faith in him, and content at last to leave him to wiser Guidance than her own could ever have been.

Hillian was listening in fancy to the feeble utterances of a dying woman, and renewing her own promises, when her mother touched her arm.

"This is Highbury, and I am told that ten minutes or a quarter of an hour's brisk walking will bring us to your uncle's house. It is in one of the new streets that have sprung up where I used to see fields and gardens when I came here years ago."

On hearing that she was so near her destination,

Hillian's busy fancies were diverted into a fresh channel. This uncle, of whom her mother spoke so seldom, what would he be like? and the unknown cousins, of whose very names she had been ignorant till the preceding evening, how would they receive her? Leigh, and Eunice—her mother's namesake—and Fanny, were older than she, and might be inclined to look down on the little kinswoman, who was already feeling shy and out of her element in this vast city, where she knew no one, and no one knew her.

But here her meditations were put to flight by a rush of her fellow-pedestrians to get out of the way of a horse in a light trap, a powerful brute that, without any seeming provocation, began to put in practice all those equine tricks known to the initiated as jibbing. Every attempt made by the kind driver to induce him to trot on only caused him to back the cart on to the pavement, and endanger the safety of every one who happened to be upon it. Mrs. Hughson drew her daughter into the nearest doorway; while men shouted, women shrieked, and children let their curiosity hurry them into danger, from which some friendly hand had no sooner snatched them than they contrived to get into it again. Hillian suffered agonies, in a very short space of time, for the safety of one thoughtless urchin, whose indifference to the warnings hurled at him on every side seemed as inexplicable as his restlessness, till she heard a woman who had sought the same place of refuge say to her companion-"It's my neighbour's child, and he's been deaf from his birth; he don't hear a word of all they're shricking to him. Why don't some one catch him up before he gets hurt?"

"Why, indeed!" thought Hillian; her pity, thus awakened, leading her to watch the child more anxiously than before. But at last the refractory horse consented to move on, and thus far no one had suffered by his caprices, save the driver, who had lost his temper, and now brought the whip down on the animal's flanks with a force that revived his evil mood. In an instant he had turned round with a rapidity that made those in the vehicle cling to it desperately, and was galloping back to the place from whence he started, scattering the lookers-on, who fled in all directions.

Every one fled before the creature, except the unfortunate child, and he, busy with a marble he had picked up, was unconscious of its approach. Seeing this, Hillian yielded to the generous impulse that made her attempt to save him. Before her mother guessed her intention, she had darted from her side, her hands outstretched to seize the boy; but a gentleman who had just come upon the scene, and whose quick eyes saw that she was imperilling her life in vain, grasped her dress as she flew by, and drew her aside.

That momentary check saved her. She did not know what followed, for though neither the horse nor the wheels passed over her, she was thrown down, and stunned by the violence of her fall. But the greater danger that had menaced her was averted, and, while the poor little boy was being carried away to the nearest hospital, crushed past all hope of recovery, Mrs. Hughson was murmuring a thanksgiving over her rescued daughter.

It was the same gentleman who had stopped Hillian who now raised her from the ground, and placed her in the arms of her mother. But Mrs. Hughson had lost her wonted presence of mind, and when the girl's head dropped helplessly on her bosom, she trembled excessively, and could scarcely sustain herself.

"There is a chemist's shop close by," exclaimed the gentleman, almost as much agitated as the trembling mother. "I feel sure that she is not hurt—not seriously, I mean; but if you will let me take her there for you, something can be done to revive her."

With a little assistance from one of the very few persons who had not been drawn away to decide whether the injured child still lived or had breathed its last, Hillian was conveyed to the chemist's, where some cold water and sal volatile soon brought her back to herself.

It confused her to find a strange face—a bearded and moustachioed face—watching for her recovery, as well as her mother's, and in dreamily wondering whence it came and to whom it belonged, she could not immediately take in the sense of Mrs. Hughson's inquiries.

"No," she said, at last, with an effort to sit up, "she was not hurt. Her forehead felt as if it were bruised, and one of her ankles pained her, but not much. As soon as she was in the open air—for the odour of the drugs would account, Hillian thought, for her faintness—once in the air she should be all right again."

"Have you far to go? May I try if I cannot get you a fly, if there are no cabs on the stand?" the gentleman queried, and Hillian blushed as she gathered from her mother's reply how much she was already indebted to him, and tried to falter a few grateful words in addition to Mrs. Hughson's more effusive thanks; but he scarcely stayed to hear them. It was by his exertions a cab was found, but the mother and daughter saw him no more, although he was sufficiently interested in them to keep the vehicle in sight till it stopped at the door of Mr. Stapleton.

Hillian was startled by the convulsive energy with which she was pressed to her mother's heart as soon as they were left together. It was not till that moment she was able to realise fully the extent of the danger she had incurred, and even then she was more oppressed by the mental picture she drew of her mother's anguish, and her sorrowful journey home without her daughter, than by any sense of her own narrow escape from sudden death.

Mr. Stapleton was just going out for a solitary stroll when his guests arrived, and not being a sociable or hospitable man, he was inclined to regret that he had not taken his departure ten minutes

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sooner; but when he saw Mrs. Hughson, and the tears that moistened her eyes as she raised her face for his brotherly kiss, he softened towards her. She was his sister, he reminded himself, and a good woman, though a trifle narrow in her notions, and inclined to be bigoted, as women often are; and if an uneasy consciousness that it was not her fault that they had seen so little of each other of late years betrayed itself in his heightened colour, he did not think it necessary to make any allusion to it.

"And this is your daughter! Is it possible? Why it seems only yesterday—— But come in, Eunice, come in. Ah! there is no one here now to

greet you but me."

As Mrs. Hughson had always considered her sister-in-law a peculiarly unpleasant person, this reminiscence did not affect her as much as it was expected to do.

"Still you are not alone!" she said; "your

children-you have them?"

"Yes, there are the children," he answered, curtly.
"Had I known you were coming, they should have stayed at home to make acquaintance with their cousin. This is your only one, Eunice?"

"I have two sons living besides Hillian."

Mr. Stapleton put up his shoulders.

"No more? Lucky woman to be spared the carks and cares of a large family! But you look tired. Have you dined? you are sure? But I may offer you a cup of tea; there must be some one about the house who can make it for you. Lil! Lilias! where are you, child?"

He had ushered his visitors into the front parlour of the house, which was the last of the row in one of those interminable terraces of six and eight-roomed tenements that have sprung up like mushrooms to meet the wants of clerks, etc., employed in the City. Built after the usual fashion—smartly and slightly—showing signs already of a disposition to fall to pieces; in spite of its fanciful verandah and the ornamental balconies at the upper windows, it was outwardly shabby, and one quick glance around the interior showed so keen an observer as Mrs. Hughson that her brother's furniture was as much the worse for wear as his dwelling.

Yet he looked tolerably content as he stood before her, hale and upright and well clad, in his fashionably cut suit of dark grey: his hair and bushy whiskers slightly silvered, but not a trace of care on his smooth features. A very gentlemanly-looking highly respectable man, his neighbours termed Mr. Stapleton, and Hillian could have endorsed their verdict as she sat by the window furtively surveying him while he talked to her mother, but she marvelled the while how it was that not even the wide band on his hat stirred her sympathies when he alluded to his recent bereavement. How should it, when the allusion was made in as cold and passionless a tone as if the event had not actually affected him at all? He spoke of his wife as "poor Sophy," and said, in answer to Mrs, Hughson's questions, that

her decease had been rather sudden, and then glided into another subject.

" Lil!"

The imperative call was answered by a girl about fifteen, so tall and angular that she had grown out of the shabby mourning, that consequently left her bony wrists bare, and had cracked at all the seams of the bodice. Her intensely black eyes looked too large for a face so thin and colourless, and her low voice had a frightened quiver in it, as if she were always in dread of being scolded.

She vanished as soon as she had received her father's commands, to return in a few minutes bending under the weight of a large tray, from which Mrs. Hughson, with a motherly pat on her arm,

hastened to relieve her.

"This was much too heavy for you, my dear.

Have you no servants, William?"

"I think not," Mr. Stapleton answered, carelessly, "Have we, Lil? No, I remember now. We tried the experiment of a maid-of-all-work, but my young housekeeper could not control her; so we manage—don't we, Lil?—with the occasional help of a charwoman."

"Do you find this a good plan?" asked Mrs. Hughson, doubtfully, with her eyes fixed on one of the sideboards where the dust did not appear to have been disturbed for days.

"Do I? Do my daughters, you mean? Yes, I suppose so, but I never meddle with the domestic affairs. It is good for the young to be able to 'keep house,' and experience is the best of teachers."

Mrs. Hughson still appeared dubious, but she said no more, and though Lil did the honours of the teatable awkwardly, it was with an evident desire to please. Once, when she ventured to make a remark to Hillian, and it received a very cordial reply, her face lit up so brightly as to be almost pretty, but her nervousness returned as soon as a little wailing cry was heard in the adjoining room. She half rose to attend to it, at the same time casting a deprecating glance at her father, but, on meeting his eye, sat down again sadly disconcerted.

"Are some of the younger children at home?" asked Mrs. Hughson, who had also heard the sounds.

"If so, pray let me see them."

"They will tease you, and mess your dress with their dirty hands," said Mr. Stapleton, helping himself to another lump of sugar. "If you have no babies in your house, niece Hillian, you may not be aware that it is their normal condition to have sticky fingers and wet mouths. I never allow my friends to be annoyed with my youngsters, but if your are in earnest, Eunice, and it is not merely cut of politeness you wish to see the small fry, you shall have your way. Suppose, Lil, you fetch Tom; he is the most presentable."

Lil's mouth opened and shut twice before any sound issued from it. Then, in the frightened breathless manner that struck Hillian as so extraordinary, she contrived to say that Tom was not at home,

"Ah! it does not signify; one will do as well as another," her father observed, languidly. "I dare say he would have been noisy and troublesome, so your aunt is spared an infliction. Let us have the little girls."

Drawing a long breath, as if greatly relieved, Lilias did his bidding, bringing into the room two shadowy white-faced tiny creatures, who clung to her skirts and shrank from the strangers with a timidity that was distressing to witness. Only Mr. Stapleton smiled, and playfully called them little savages, and told his daughter she had better take them away again. "They looked," Mrs. Hughson said to herself, compassionately, "as if they were reared in the dark." And it must be confessed that their attire was not

calculated to improve their appearance.

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It exhibited none of the lace and muslin and ribbon in which fond mothers are prone to adorn their rosy darlings; the black frocks had been cut out by such inexperienced hands that one of Rosy's sleeves was considerably shorter than the other, while Posy's shapeless garment had to be pinned together at the neck and belted in with a scrap of rusty crape to prevent its slipping off.

Lil, who had proudly named them to her aunt and cousin, looked very much concerned when Mrs. Hughson exclaimed in astonishment at hearing that the tiniest of these mites would soon be five—her sister was her elder by nearly two years.

"Small? Do you think

them so very small?" questioned Lil, surveying them meditatively, and twitching the sleeve that would not match with the other. "Well, I suppose they are; but they are such good children!" she added, enthusiastically.

"You see, Lil has the maternal instinct strong within her," laughed Mr. Stapleton, "and we are foolishly, I am afraid, permitting her to indulge it. She ought to have gone to the School of Telegraphy before now—I do not allow any of my children to grow up in idleness—but she fancies that the little ones could not get on without her!"

"Is there no one to take care of them but this mere child?" asked Mrs. Hughson; and her brother put up his shoulders, as he had a habit of doing.

"It is not a very onerous task to play with a couple of babies, and keep them amused, is it? Besides, it will not be for long. Miss Letts, my late wife's sister—an excellent woman, by-the-by—has

suggested a plan for taking them off our hands for a few years. She is working tremendously hard to accomplish it. But you are not eating anything!"

"Thanks; we must be going," said Mrs. Hughson, starting up. "The train I intend to catch leaves Waterloo at six; we shall have no time to spare. We cannot do your errand to-day, Hillian," she added, turning to her daughter, and signing her to resume her hat and jacket.

"No, mamma, I suppose not; but I am sorry, very sorry"—and a hot flush of pain rose into the cheeks that had been pallid with the unusual fatigue and excitement—"not about Thurstan Macey—I was not thinking of him just then—but sorry to have to make you uneasy. I cannot stand; the

foot that I hurt in my fall is so swelled and stiff that I cannot put it to the ground."



(p. 419.)

CHAPTER III.—WITH LIL.
THE injured ankle was examined by Mr. Stapleton, who prided himself on some little skill in simple surgery, and pronounced to have received no injury beyond a strain, for which he prescribed rest and cold water bandages; and Mrs. Hughson began to cast about for the easiest way of getting her helpless daughter home.

"Why not leave her with us?" demanded Hillian's uncle, "She does not look as if she felt equal to a long journey this evening, and her cousins will be pleased to pet and nurse her for a few days."

Mrs. Hughson paused be-

fore replying to this very unexpected invitation. It is doubtful whether she would have been willing to accept it had she guessed the feelings by which it was prompted. Mr. Stapleton was too selfish to have burdened himself with a young girl he had never seen before, and in whom he did not feel a particle of interest but for a hope that he or his would ultimately benefit by it. Mrs. Hughson had an excellent business; why should there not be an opening in it for one of his younger boys? Leonard, who was so often ailing, and might be better for country air; or Fred, who annoyed his father by the facility with which he lost the situations procured for him. Anyhow, a little civility shown to Eunice's daughter could do no harm, even if the only results were a hamper or two of Christmas gifts at the end of the year.

While these thoughts were passing through her brother's mind, Mrs, Hughson was considering too. She had never been parted from Hillian; home would be strangely silent without her, but there was a reason why she should not be sorry for her child to be away for a little while. A neighbour's son, a thoughtless plausible young fellow, had made the discovery that Hillian was a charming girl, and was eager to win her affections. To bestow her precious child on one who was both idle and unprincipled was not to be thought of; and if she were out of his way for a little while the passing fancy might die out. But what said Hillian herself?

"I should like to stay, mamma," she whispered, in reply to the question her mother's eyes were asking her. "I should dearly like to know my cousins."

Mrs. Hughson felt a very natural pang. Hitherto her companionship had sufficed for Hillian; now she must give place to others; but she hid the pain, and smiled assent.

"And then there is Thurstan Macey, mamma. As soon as my foot is better, I can go to Agar Town, and find him."

"But not alone," said her mother, quickly. "I will not have you go alone."

"Certainly not, mamma. How could I? But you may depend on me to remember all you say."

"If you intend to catch that train, Eunice——"interposed the bland accents of Mr. Stapleton; and with a hasty embrace, and an injunction to write frequently, Mrs. Hughson bade her daughter farewell, and went away with her brother, who proposed accompanying her as far as Waterloo.

The arrangement had been made as suddenly as unexpectedly. Shrinking from the pain she would have had to endure on the homeward journey, and curious to see more of her relatives, Hillian had acceded to it without hesitation; but when her mother was gone, and she realised that she was left to make herself agreeable to a large family of young people, all of whom, in spite of their kinship, were absolute strangers, she felt very forlorn, and repented her decision.

But there was no altering it now, and she forced a smile as Lilias, clumsily but kindly, settled the cushions on which her foot was resting, and, putting out her hand, drew the girl down beside her.

"You are my first acquaintance here, little cousin. You must teach me how to make friends with your brothers and sisters."

"They are sure to like you," answered Lil, rather absently. "Would you mind my bringing Rosy and Posy in here? They are the best of children, but, they always fret if I keep them tied up too long."

"Tied up, dear!" echoed her astonished hearer.

"Well, you see," explained Lil, confidentially, "I often have to leave them while I answer the door, or make the beds; and for fear they should fall into the fire, or down the cellar stairs, I fasten them to two of the legs of the kitchen table. They play there very prettily; but if I do not go to them frequently, I suppose they find it dull, poor little darlings. They will be as good as gold here."

Hillian thought there was something quite un-

canny in the gaze of the children as they sat on the lap of Lil, staring solemnly at her, and rejecting all her efforts to coax them to her own knee.

"Are they always so very quiet?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, they are the best of children," was the exulting reply. "They have never been known to disturb papa but once, and that was when Rosy had the earache, and Posy cried for company."

"But is it good for them to sit so still, and be so silent?"

"They talk to me when we are alone—don't you, darlings? and if—if they were noisy, and romped about the house, like the children over the way, papa would say, as he did once before, that I was not able to control them, and they would be taken from me; and they would die, I am sure they would die, if any one was rough and unkind to them—my darlings, my little poor motherless darlings!"

Lil's tears were falling plentifully on the upturned faces of her little sisters, and Hillian, seeing that they were inclined to weep with her, diverted their attention by singing some simple songs. She had a sweet fresh voice, and her small audience listened with such rapt delight, that she continued to amuse them with all the quaint nursery rhymes and infant-school songs she could remember, till Lil, who had been casting uneasy glances, first at the clock, and then at the window, started up, and seated her charges on the floor.

"You'll not mind my leaving them with you for a little while, will you? It's Tom, you know. I did not dare to tell papa, but he will run away; and when it begins to get late, I always feel so frightened. Twice the policeman has brought him back, when he had wandered miles and miles from here; and last week he came home without his new boots, which some woman had taken off his feet. But if I can pounce upon him before he leaves the field where he and some of the boys in this street are allowed to play——"

Lil did not wait to finish her sentence, but, snatching up a battered straw hat, sped away, the babies proving that they could cry lustily, by the yell they set up as the garden gate clanged after her.

It was nearly an hour before she returned, dragging with her a roguish-looking curly-haired urchin, who stoically submitted to be sent to bed without any tea, knowing, perhaps, by experience, that Lil would creep up-stairs presently, to extort a promise that he would not wander away from home any more, and seal his forgiveness for his last misdemeanour with a thick slice of bread and butter.

After this, Rosy and Posy were carried away to their crib in the attic, and Lil, sitting on the floor beside her cousin's chair, did her best to amuse her. But while she talked of Leigh, her eldest brother, who was a clerk in the Post Office Savings Bank, or of Eunice and Fanny, both employed at post-offices in the neighbourhood, and mingled with their names those of a certain Sydney Heriot and Melissa Wylder, Hillian lost the thread of what she was saying

Then out of the misty half-consciousness in which her senses were steeped, there rose a face—could it be John's or Oswald's?—that bent over her as it had done earlier in the day. She heard Lil's voice, not droning on as it had done before, but sharpened by terror, and answered by another that was reassuring her. Aroused at last by a smart shock, she sat up to find her face bedewed with cold water, to hear some one move hastily away, and to see Lil regarding her anxiously.

"Are you better, cousin? I'm afraid you fainted,"
"I'm afraid," Hillian replied, with an attempt at a laugh, "that I have been rude enough to fall asleep. Has no one come home yet? Would they be very much shocked at my want of manners if they found that I had gone to bed? I am wretchedly

With Lil for her willing handmaid, she was soon

undressed, and if the room allotted to her was strewn from end to end with feminine litter, she was too weary to notice it. From her first uneasy doze she was awakened by footsteps and whispers on the stairs, the steps pausing outside her door, and the rustle of feminine garments becoming audible.

"In our room, too!" she heard some one exclaim in tones unconsciously raised; "and we shall have to make shift with Lil's poky one. Now, I call that a shame! I hate being put about!"

"How selfish you are!" another and more musical voice retorted. "Isn't she a stranger here, and our own cousin? For shame!"

And then the speakers passed on, and for Hillian the day ended. Sleep overcame her once more, and when she awoke it was morning—her first morning in the house of her Uncle Stapleton.

(To be continued.)

# THE TOMBS OF EGYPT, AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.



ORE than half a century ago, the antiquarian world of London was startled by the announcement that an adventurous Italian had discovered in the valley of the tombs of the kings a new royal sepulchre, and that it contained paintings of many scenes taken not only from the public but the domestic

life of the Egyptians. The man's name was Belzoni, and he made a series of drawings illustrating the paintings of the tombs.

The model, which was founded on the series of drawings, was built up in sections, enabling the spectator to examine the whole interior in detail. The person in whose honour the tomb was erected was said to be Pharaoh-necho, the conqueror of King Josiah. At present the sepulchre is attributed to a Theban king of the name of Seth or Sethi I. When this tomb was discovered by Belzoni, it had already, at some remote period, been opened and violated, but no injury had been done to the sculptures on the walls, so that when Belzoni first saw it, every bas-relief was perfect, and the paintings as fresh as the day when they were completed. Fifty years' exposure has considerably spoilt their original beauty, and the visitor marks with regret the defacement to which they have been subjected. So that we are obliged to examine the tomb of Rameses III., discovered by the traveller Bruce, which throws considerable light upon the furniture, the arms, and the domestic habits of the old Egyptians.

In this sepulchre, we are introduced to a long procession, arranged in four columns, representing the lamentations of the women and the approach of the casket or coffin, containing the body of the deceased, drawn on a sledge by four oxen. On the opposite wall of the tomb is a fowling and fishing scene. Among the more interesting of the outer chamber paintings is that of a party entertained at the mansion of the royal scribe, who, seated with his mother, caresses on his knee the youthful daughter of his sovereign, to whom he had probably officiated as Women dance in their presence to the sound of the Egyptian guitar, or place before them vases of flowers and precious ointment. Each guest, seated on a handsome chair, is attended by servants who offer him wine in golden goblets, he having been previously welcomed with sweet-smelling ointment, with which his head was duly sprinkled.

One of the most remarkable features of the social life of the ancient Egyptians is the elaborate arrangements made for the burial of the dead. Wealthy Egyptians preferred to be buried in certain places, such as Memphis, Abydos, and Thebes, considered by them to be holy, and from all parts of the country their mummies were dispatched by water. For this purpose the great Nile river was constantly utilised. The silent stream was scarcely ever free from a long boat, containing in the centre a bier, on which was placed the coffin of a mummy. These were accompanied by the undertakers, who were generally ladies of the family. The mourners carried with them large vases of precious

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ointment, which they poured on the heads of distinguished members of the bereaved family. All these practices are illustrated by facts narrated in the Old and New Testaments of the Holy Bible. Thus, when Mary of Bethany brought a box of spikenard, "very precious," and poured it on the feet of Our Saviour, Our Blessed Lord replied to the objection of those who stood by,

"She has done it for My burial."

A correspondent of *The Times* newspaper,
January 9, 1882, who derives his information from documents found at Thebes in 1820, in a jar of family archives, and a papyrus discovered by M. Revillout in the Egyptian museum at Berlin,

gives a picturesque description of the duties and emoluments of the professional contractor for these interments. The following is an abridg-

ment of his narrative :-

Filial piety waxing cold, the duties to the dead came, in the time of the Ptolemies, to be relegated to Choachytes (whose name signifies libation pourers). These men were priests, and, in contradistinction from another class, whose duty it was to cleanse and embalm the body, were concerned with it only as it was destined once again to become the dwelling place of the soul. A choachyte represented the eldest son, whose duties of libation and prayer he vicariously performed. He also received the mummy on delivery at the shore, or, in the case of wealthy clients, performed the journey with it. He built, leased, and sold tombs in the necropolis, and contracted for memorial services. So profitable was his businessfor in time he became more a tradesman than a priestthat he brought up his son to it, and, as appears by several papyri in the British Museum relating to such transactions, he was careful, by clauses inserted in his contracts, to secure to his children and grandchildren the right to perform the liturgies in endowed memorial services.

All this corroborates the statement of the old Fathers, that the only ancient people who really understood the doctrine of the resurrection of the human body were the primitive Egyptians.

Without going into the subject of their glassblowing, which exhibited great ingenuity, let us rather examine a little closely the interior of their residences, and the details of their home life. They were in the habit of employing regular physicians for even slight attacks of illness. Diet was strictly attended to. Their pharmacopæia consisted chiefly of vegetable simples. They had a certain knowledge of anatomy, and used to examine the bodies of the people after death, to ascertain the nature of the diseases of which they died. They were an hospitable people, and nothing gratified them more than to entertain a crowd of guests. When the guests arrived, they found at the entrance of the house a large fibrous mat, on which they were expected to wipe their feet, and the interior of the reception room was covered with a rich carpet. In addition to the glass-blowers, the proprietor of the house had in his regular employ workers in gold, potters, tailors, bakers, and makers of sandals. prudent self-reserve not often found amongst Eastern nations, he limited himself to a single

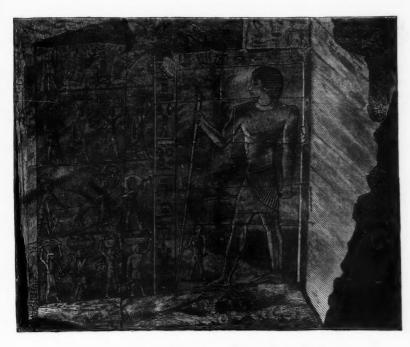
wife, "whom," says Rawlinson, in his history of the country, "he made the partner of his joys and troubles, and treated with respect and love."

His household consisted of male and female domestics in about equal proportions. His wife had her waiting-maid, his children their nurse or nurses, he himself had his valet, who was also his barber. His kitchen was entrusted to the management of three or four scullions or cooks. These were invariably men; no women were thought competent to discharge such important duties. One, two, or more grooms had the charge of his stable, which in early times sheltered no nobler animal than the ass, but under the new Empire was provided, says Birch, with a number of horses, Coach-horses were provided for their chariots, in which the noble proprietor might take an airing. The more wealthy lords had probably several such vehicles, while litters were kept for the infirm and aged, who were conveyed in them on the shoulders of servants. Four stout carriers were required as bearers, and a fifth walked behind, carrying a large sunshade. Men of all ranks shaved their heads and entire faces. The Egyptian gentleman having dressed himself with the assistance of his valet, put on his ornaments. These consisted, for the most part, of a collar of beads, or a chain of gold round the neck, armlets and bracelets of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise round the arms, anklets of the same character round the ankles, and rings upon the fingers of both hands. Then the lord took his bâton or stick, and quitting his dressing room, made his appearance in the eating apartment.

The toilet of the ladies was more elaborate than that of the gentlemen. They wore their own hair. The weather being for the most part very hot, they wore only a single garment, a petticoat; to this they sometimes added a loose robe, made of the finest linen. Their nails were dyed with henna, and their breath sweetened with pastilles. In a country so hot and full of insect life as Egypt was, the necessity for frequent bathing is obvious. "Warm as well as cold baths," says Wilkinson,\* "were used by the ladies; and a picture in a tomb represents a lady seated upon a carpet or mat surrounded by her attendants. These are women, either entirely nude, or with the scantiest possible clothing. One rubs the arm with the hand as in the modern Turkish bath; another holds a flower, the sweet odour of which she offers to her mistress to smell." We do not know how they passed their time between the morning and the evening meal, and yet we ought to presume that they shared the amusements and employments of the

Like all other people, the Egyptians were strongly addicted to the pleasures of the chase.

<sup>&</sup>quot; "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by Sir J. G. Wilkinson.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE. (From Ebers' "Egypt.")

For this purpose vast numbers of slaves and other dependents were employed to scour the neighbouring countries, and to prepare a battue for their masters. In one of the pictures the result of their work is delineated; vast numbers of beasts, from the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus downwards, including gazelles, and many other varieties of goats, and occasionally a camelopard. These were driven into a precinct prepared for the purpose, and there shot down with arrows and javelins at the leisure of the hunters. The extent of the wanderings of these beaters was enormous, unless we are to suppose that lions, tigers, and hyænas visited lands of Egypt where at present they are utterly unknown.

From what has been said, the attentive reader will infer that he has only to read, even if cursorily, the pages of the Old Testament to find that they are corroborated by every fact stated in the present article. No wonder that some of the most eminent Egyptologists say that they have only to refer to the Bible to find an adequate explanation for nine-tenths of the difficulties which they encounter in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Do the hieroglyphics show us the manufacture of bricks, and the task-master with his long stick, and the captive slave, a man with a dark beard and fair complexion? Then the mind turns instinctively to the Jews under the reign of

the dynasty that "knew not Joseph," and confessed no obligation to the children of Israel. Is the picture presented to us of a miserable culprit stretched on the ground, and being belaboured by a stick? Then we learn from the Bible that the bastinado was a common form of punishment, and that it has been handed down from generation to The reeds of generation to the present day. Egypt are Biblical types of everything that is at once weak and cruel. In the pictures, vines and fig trees are intertwined, so as to make one bower. In the Bible, men are promised that they shall sit under their own vine and fig tree, no man daring to make them afraid. The Old Testament speaks, as a proof of the luxury of certain of the people, "that the harp and tabret are in their feasts." The pictures show us the banquets of Thebes, and a band of stringed and wind instruments provided for the entertainment of the guests. The granaries are represented as spacious and numerous. These illustrations might be increased to almost any extent, but all combine in proving that the more we know of Egypt, its history, manners and customs, and antiquities, the better we shall understand the writings of Moses, himself "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and who left behind him, as his legacy to his compatriots, an account of Egyptian manners and modes of thought.

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# Oh, Kappy Sainfs, who dwell in Light.



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Released from sin and toil and grief.
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

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# ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT TABITHA'S WAIFS," "LITTLE HINGES," ETC.

CHAPTER I .- THE FIRST ORPHAN.

ATHANIEL LEVER and his apprentice, Jacob Wise, sat mending odds and ends of jewellery. Both were seated at a high desk, which was littered with a profusion of indescribable articles, including the insides of watches, pendulums of American and

other small clocks, broken brooches, old rings, clasps, necklets, cases of watches, watch-glasses, and a hundred other things. A bright jet of gas was burning over the desk, and the master had made himself more peculiarlooking than he really was by fixing in his eye a jeweller's magnifying glass, irreverently described by Jacob as "Muster Lever's goggle." The shop itself showed that "Muster Lever" was no ordinary individual. It was formed out of a huge railway arch, which Mr. Lever himself, with the help of a friend, had boarded in, and made into a very decent shop and dwelling place. It was just one of Nat Lever's happy ideas, He was tired of working for masters, and felt sure if he could only make a start he could get on; but a shop was a great expense. Strolling disconsolately along by the station one day, he was struck by the waste of ground taken up by the great railway arches. "Why, it's big enough to build a little house inside-a shop, for instance, with a parlour behind and bedrooms over," he said to himself. The idea took hold of Nat; he communicated it to a friend in the building line, who considered it a capital notion, and advised Lever to go in for it. In the end, the aspiring jeweller's assistant obtained the use of the arch for a nominal rent; his friend, Jack Mason, helped him, as he had promised, and the process of time saw Nat Lever settled in his new quarters-a tiny shop-a tiny parlour-a fair-sized awkward-shaped kitchen, and three bedrooms overhead, all strangely shaped, but very habitable.

No one who came out of the station could help seeing the large gold letters over Nathaniel Lever's little shop. Many turned in from mere curiosity, and finding a pleasant civil little man, very willing to clean their watches, or do any other odd job, it came about that Mr. Lever got a good deal of custom, and not only paid his way, but paid off a great portion of the sum he owed to Jack Mason for building materials.

Nathaniel Lever often sat and chuckled to himself at his high desk, as he thought over the stroke of business he had done when he determined to go in for the railway arch. Up to that time fortune had not smiled upon him. He was not very handsome to look at, for a delicacy of constitution in childhood had, through neglect and hard work, developed into a sharp curvature of the spine, and, at eighteen, his head had so sunk between his shoulders, as his back

grew out, that he was shorter than when a boy of twelve. His head, which had always been large, seemed magnified by the small size of his wasted body, and his long thin hands and feet added to the strangeness of his appearance.

As Nat began to get on in his little shop, he thought that it would be a good thing to have an apprentice, some one who would liven up the long dreary winter evenings and be companionable. So he cast about to find a nice intelligent lad, whose friends could afford to pay a trifle until he knew enough of his trade to be of some use; for Nat prided himself above all things upon being a sharp man of business.

At this time there was a lad who used often to come into the little shop-the very last in the world suitable for Nat's purpose. His mother was a very poor widow, who came once a week to "clean up Muster Lever," as she called it, which process included setting the little place straight, cleaning it thoroughly, and doing such washing as was needed. The following day, Jacob unfailingly appeared on the scene, carried off the clothes to be mangled, and brought them back again later on.

The boy was a dull heavy-looking lad, overgrown, lanky, starved, and miserable-looking, "no credit to anybody," as Nat remarked to himself. He had a vast admiration for the little jeweller, whose knowing way of twisting the watches about, picking up the tiny wheels, dropping them into their places. and bringing all the elaborate machinery together again, seemed to him like magic. He would often stand by Mr. Lever's side, his great lank body all squeezed up in some impossible corner, his head on one side, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, watching the clever fingers of the little jeweller with intensest wonder. Suddenly Nat would bob up his head, and ask him what he was staring at, when Jacob would slink away, exclaiming, "Lor, Muster Lever! you do scare one, 'specially with that goggle o' yourn lookin' so fierce like."

One day the lad came into the shop very early, in the place of his mother.

"I've come to clean you up, Muster Lever, if so be as you'll 'ave me," he said, in a doleful sort of way.

"Come, come! this won't do," said Mr. Lever, who had a great idea of keeping folks up to their duties, "I didn't bargain for a chair-boy, but for a chairwoman. Be off, and send your mother round !"

"Can't," replied the lad, in the same stolid sort of way; "mother's dead these three days. The parish has got her, and buries her this arternoon."

Nat Lever turned sharply away. It gave him a shock, but he wasn't the man to show any such weakness for people to take advantage of.

"And what are you goin' to do with yourself?" he asked, briskly.

"Nothin'," replied the lad.

"Nothing!" cried Nat, sharply; "then you'll soon follow your poor mother—as hard-working a soul as ever lived—and serve you right, too, if you talk like that."

"There ain't nothin' as I can do," said the boy, unconcernedly, "'cept breakin' stones, or summat of the sort."

"Nonsense!" cried the dwarf, imperiously. "You're

a finer grown lad than me [he was, indeed, a good head and shoulders higher], and look at me. Don't tell me! What sort of trade do you seem to hanker after?"

"Oh, as for 'ankerin', 'tain't come to that, 'cos it's no good; but if a great awk'ard feller like me could ketch up them little wheels. and whip them into their places like nothing, why, now, I think as he'd be the cleverest feller as knows on." said Jacob, very slowly.

"Ah, flattery, I see!" laughed the dwarf, not ill-pleased. And then this clever man of business added, "All right, Jacob, my lad, you shall

be my prentice, and if any man living can make head or tail of you, I'll do it."



"'Mother's dead these three days."-p. 431.

#### CHAPTER II .- ANOTHER ORPHAN.

THE sharp little jeweller and his lanky apprentice were as opposite in appearance as in habit and disposition, yet they got on wonderfully well together. Jacob was slow and clumsy, but his master exhibited great patience; and though, after a year's teaching, he could only be entrusted to brush the tiny wheels of a watch, both master and lad looked forward to the day when he might put them together.

As the two were sitting at their work on the after-

noon when our story opens, a straggling crowd came past the shop.

"What's up now?" asked the master, peering curiously through the window.

"It's a funeral, master," replied Jacob, in his slow dull way. "Little Benny's mother, what died t'other day of the cholera."

"Ah, little curly-headed Benny! I remember," said Nathaniel, musingly. "His mother brought him in here about a fortnight ago, when she came to see if I'd give her anything for her husband's

watch. Hewasn't long dead then, and I said at the time she must have been precious hard up to part with it. Nice decent sort of body; and now she's gone, poor thing."

'The watch hangs there, master," Jacob said, pointing to a large old-fashioned gold repeater. "You guv her half a suv'rin, which you won't never get out of it."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Lever, with a sternglance at the lad. "Tisn't the time to remember that, Jacob."

At this moment the objects of interest with the little crowd drew near. They were the mourners for

Benny's mother—one or two women dressed in rusty black, and leading the child, grotesquely arrayed in borrowed black garments which had belonged to other people's children of various ages, and had no sort of fitness about them.

Mr. Lever got up and went to the shop door.

"Hi, little one!" he said, beckoning to the bewildered child, "come in here and see my pretty things, will you?"

Mr. Lever was pretty well known.

One of the women, leading the child, began a volley of excited explanation.

"That you, Mr. Lever? Poor little fellow! he's a right down reglar orphan now, with neither father nor mother, and left to the mussy of strangers, and



"Mr. Lever looked down very tenderly at the child "-p. 434.

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's a ther and if it hadn't been for me, his poor mother would have gone to the grave without a follerin'; and what's to become of him I don't know, for they hadn't been long enough in the parish to have no claim, and besides, the work'us ain't much of a bringin' up for a little delicate sort of chap like him."

Mr. Lever looked down very tenderly at the child, who was regarding his voluble companion with a

sort of terror.

"Strikes me as you'd have done better to leave the little chap at home," he remarked, shortly. "He looks as scared as he can be. What does a child like that understand of 'following?'"

The other women began a torrent of indignant words, and the idlers who had joined themselves to the "following," pressed round the door to hear what was going on. Poor little Benny looked from one to the other in piteous bewilderment.

"Get rid of that crew, Mrs. Lake," the little jeweller said, impatiently. "Bring the child in here,

and let them go about their business."

This was more easily to be said than done. The crew, as Mr. Lever called them, didn't see why they shouldn't have their full share of the excitement; but Mr. Lever could be prompt and stern when he liked.

"Look here, friends," he said, "you can't do this little chap no good by scaring his wits out of him, and you can't follow him about the place for the rest of the day, so you may as well make up your minds to part with him now."

After which the jeweller, drawing Mrs. Lake and the child inside his door, shut it to, turned the key in it, made the knot of busybodies a low bow, and retreated into his back parlour.

Once there, he got little Benny on his knee, and soon soothed and interested the little fellow.

"We'll give him some tea, we will," he said, cheerfully, and then he went to a cupboard and got out the necessary articles with a deftness that many a woman might envy. Presently he and Mrs. Lake and the child were seated round the table as cosily and happily as might be.

"Strikes me, Mr. Lever, he won't get this sort of thing up there," Mrs. Lake remarked.

"Who's going to take him there?" Mr. Lever asked.

"Well, you see, there's none of us can't keep him," Mrs. Lake replied, apologetically. "We're all as poor as we can be—me a widder, and Mrs. Gibbs next door with her bad drunken husband. I'm obliged to get the parish relief, and what could I do with another mouth to fill? There's no one else as knew them, for they held themselves so proud like; and as for his friends, no one seems to know nought about em. What can I do but give him up to the parish?"

"There are plenty of well-to-do folks who'd be ready to give the poor little chap a home, if we only knew where to find 'em," Mr. Lever remarked,

thoughtfully.

"Just what I says myself," replied Mrs. Lake.

"And you, bein' so much among them along of their watches and what not, is jest the person to hear of such a thing."

"Yes," said Mr. Lever, not ill-pleased. "Tisn't unlikely, Mrs. Lake. Anyhow, you might leave the little fellow with me and Jacob for a while, to see if anything can be done. Bring him round his bits of clothes, and me and Jacob 'll settle him for a day or so, anyhow. Won't we, Benny?"

The little fellow slipped down from his chair, and came round the table to Mr. Lever, who lifted the

child on to his knee.

"So you ain't frightened of me, though I have got an ugly face and a poor bent back?" he said, bending over the child.

Benny put his hand up to the "ugly face," and stroked it.

"Benny likes you; you's kind," he said.

"Dear heart! now hear him!" cried Mrs. Lake, who was rejoicing to get Benny off her hands without the grim necessity of the workhouse. "How natural you two do take to each other! You ought to have little ones of your own, Mr. Lever. Oh, lor! what's that?"

It was the long thin face of the apprentice flattened against the tiny window which looked into the shop.

"You can come in and fetch some tea, Jacob," called his master.

Jacob came shambling in, took the cup and plate his master held to him, and stood looking, with a queer expression, at the little group, especially at Benny sitting on Mr. Lever's knee.

"What's the matter ?—any one want me?" asked

Mr. Lever.

"No, master," answered Jacob, turning away back to the shop.

Mrs. Lake presently took her departure, parting from Benny with mingled delight and regret.

Mr. Lever sat talking and playing with little Benny for a while; then he took off the odd black garments, and laid him down to sleep on the little couch, tenderly covering him with a rough warm blanket he had fetched from his own bed.

"Now, Benny, you must lie quiet there, while Uncle Nat does his work, and he'll come and have a

peep at you every now and then."

Benny lay down quietly, and Uncle Nat went back to the shop. Jacob looked at him several times as if he would speak, but said nothing. Then he glanced at the parlour, from which a flickering glow of firelight was visible.

"Master," he said, at length, in an anxious tone, be you goin' to take the little 'un in?"

"Jacob, Jacob," cried his master, reproachfully, "why do you ask me that?"

"'Cos I wondered how you'd manage it," Jacob returned, uneasily.

"You needn't frighten yourself. It's only till I find a home for him," Mr. Lever replied; "rather than let him go to the workhouse."

"Master," said Jacob, slowly, "you won't never

let Penny go to the workhouse, not if you never find a home for him."

Mr. Lever scratched his head, and looked thoughtful.

"I reckon I should have a hard heart if I did," he said, presently. "But it don't become you to be jealous, my lad," he continued, sternly. "You might have been there yourself, if I hadn't taken you in."

"Maybe some one else might come to you," Jacob suggested.

"Then it 'nd be time for you to go," Mr. Lever said, rather sharply. "Perhaps that's what you're afraid of; but it doesn't become you to mistrust me,

'T isn't that you're wanting an excuse to go, is it?" he added, suspiciously.

"No, no," Jacob replied, hurriedly. "I wouldn't like to be leavin' you, master."

"Then say no more," Mr. Lever replied. And the two worked away silently till it was time to put up the shutters. Then Jacob and his master sat down to their frugal supper of bread and Dutch cheese, after which Jacob departed to his little slip of a room in the side of the old archway. Mr. Lever, taking the now sleeping child in his arms, carried him up the ladder-like stairs, and placed him in his own little bed.

(To be continued.)

# AMONG THE PRISONERS OF SIBERIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THROUGH SIBERIA."

HEN passing through Petersburg after one of the attempts upon the life of the late Emperor, an American merchant was telling me of the detestation in which the would-be murderer was held, and how, upon his saying to one of his workmen that "The assassin ought to be hanged," the workman replied, "Oh! hanging is too good for him: he ought to be put in chains and sent to Siberia!" If going into exile meant the wearing of chains such as those represented over-leaf, most of my readers would probably agree with the workman, that death would be

But such irons are unknown in Russia and Siberia. The two prisoners before us were taken in Finland about the time of my visit in 1876; one of them having been a well-to-do peasant, but chief of a band of thirteen robbers. For some time he escaped from justice by bribing witnesses, but was captured at last in the country. Now, it is their plan in Finland to carry felons thus caught to the nearest town in farmers' carts, and as the confederates sometimes waylay the carts, and deliver the prisoners, the authorities resort to the putting on suits of chains terribly heavy, as a preventive. I am not prepared to say that these sets of chains (weighing from 100 lbs. to 120lbs.) are never worn for a longer period. They are sometimes used for a prison suit, but it is not usually so. I have found in none of the prisons of Europe chains so heavy as those in use in Finland. The heaviest of those I met with in

Russia or Siberia, were not much more than onetenth the weight of the heaviest in Finland. The Finns, however, stand in a more favourable position than do the Russians with regard to exile to Siberia. I suppose the majority of Finnish exiles in Siberia ask to be sent there! It happens on this wise: Finland formerly belonged to Sweden, and when subjugated by Russia, was allowed to retain her Swedish laws. Now, by Swedish law, a murderer should be executed: whereas by Russian law, he commonly undergoes a long term of imprisonment. This mitigated punishment is now commonly inflicted upon murderers in Finland, and it frequently happens that, becoming weary of prison life, they petition that their sentence may be commuted to banishment to Siberia, where after a time they live as colonists.

Tobolsk was the first of the penal colonies established in Siberia, as indeed it remained for a long time the capital of the whole country. At the present day it is almost the only Siberian city that possesses objects worthy of being named historical. There, if I mistake not, is the oldest Siberian church, and there also is the monument, erected in the honour of Yermak the conqueror of the country. Most of the early stories of exile life are connected with Tobolsk, the name of the city having been made familiar to English ears by Madame de Cottin, who laid near it the scene of her pathetic but fictitious story of "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia." The mass of Siberian exiles pass through Tobolsk, and it still possesses three large prisons, in which I found about 1,000 prisoners. Felons condemned to the mines, however, do not stay long in Tobolsk, and I understand that there the prisoners do not perform the hardest kinds of work. Some are employed in sweeping the streets, and others I saw engaged

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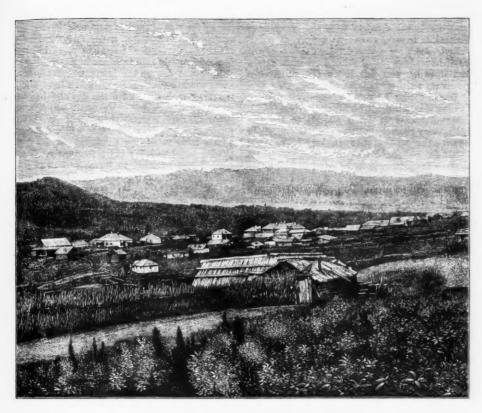


FINNISH PRISONERS BOUND FOR SIBERIA. (From a photograph.)

in various handicrafts, but none at labour commensurate with that of the mines.

The convict mines are thousands of miles further east. There are silver mines less distant—to the South-east in the neighbourhood of Barnaul, where convicts were formerly employed, I believe; but I ascertained during my stay in that town, that the mines of the Western Altai are now worked by free labourers.

The tendency of the Russian convict system has been to send the worst offenders further and further eastward. In the early part of the present century, efforts were made by the Russian Government to utilise convict labour at a colony called Telma, near Irkutsk, where they erected a salt factory, and other buildings for the manufacture of cloth and glass; but though heavily subsidised by the Government, the plan did not



A SIBERIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT. (From a photograph).

succeed. The factories still eke out a feeble existence, worked by free labour. Not far distant, at Alexandreffsky Zavod, originally built for a distillery, is the largest prison of Eastern Siberia, in which I found some 1,500 hard-labour convicts, but almost all of them without employment. This place could hardly now be called a colony. The prisoners cultivate a few acres of land, but I heard of none of the convicts living outside prison bounds, as in the colonies further east.

The places in Siberia that earlier in the century gained for themselves the most sinister reputation were the colonies beyond the Baikal, about Chita and Nertchinsk. For many years the mention of these places caused the ears of Russians and Poles to tingle. To Chita at first were banished the military officers concerned in the insurrection at the coming to the throne of Nicolas in 1825. Subsequently they were marched a few miles westward to Petrovsky Zavod, where they dug the foundations and built for themselves a prison planned

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by the Emperor. Gradually these gentlemen prisoners were released and allowed to colonise, sometimes in the neighbourhood, but more frequently in distant parts of the country.

The penal colonies about Nertchinsk were more severe than any I have yet mentioned, though a great many misstatements have been made respecting them. It has been common, for instance, to speak of the "quicksilver" mines in which Siberian exiles were speedily killed by unhealthy This is a myth and a delusion. After making diligent inquiry I have come to the conclusion that there is not a quicksilver mine in any part of Siberia, and I can find no adequate evidence that there ever was one. There are silver mines at Nertchinsk, in which, however, the convicts do not remain underground night and day, but live in colonies scattered over the district, sometimes in a prison which may stand alone, as at Akatuya, and sometimes in buildings or prisons contiguous to a village, where some measure of intercourse is allowed with the people. To Nertchinsk were sent in large numbers the Poles implicated in the insurrection of 1863. Many of the criminal convicts were sent away from Nertchinsk to make room for these Polish political prisoners; but a considerable number of the silver mines have passed out of government hands, and there are now left only a few exiles com-

paratively to labour in this locality.

One of the largest penal colonies now existing in Siberia is at Kara, situated on the river Shilka. I was fortunate in being allowed to see this colony very thoroughly. The place is difficult of access, the winter road thither being from Stretinsk, on the ice of the river, whilst in summer the journey must be performed on horseback or by boat. The colony consisted of half-adozen prisons situated at intervals on a line fifteen miles long.

Near the prisons of the colony are houses for the officers, and the military and store houses, and also houses in which prisoners may live comparatively free with their families, when by good conduct they are entitled to be placed in a certain category. There is a church at Middle Kara, and also a treasure-house where is kept the government money, and the gold obtained from the mines. It was the discovery of gold in the valleys running down to the Shilka, that led to the establishment of the colony. The government determines the quantity of gold to be washed each season, and in the course of years much of the precious metal has made its way thence to Petersburg, but the mines are now so exhausted, that the yield does not pay commercially, the outcome being regarded only as an alleviation of the cost of supplying hard labour for malefactors. I found at Kara more than 2,000 convicts, of whom a large proportionperhaps half-were living comparatively free. In and about the prison were 800 murderers, 400 robbers, and 700 vagabonds, or vagrants, who can show no good of themselves, will not divulge their names, and are most likely runaways from confinement. To Kara, I have been recently informed, are sent the Nihilists, but I have reason to believe that the numbers of these, and of political prisoners generally, supposed to have been sent to Siberia during the last two or three years, has been greatly exaggerated. failed to learn from any trustworthy source that they have been exiled in "crowds," "troops," "thousands," or even "hundreds." Scores would, I think, be nearer the mark. Political prisoners at the mines and elsewhere are usually kept apart from criminal offenders, and frequently in separate cells. I found at Kara a new building for some politicals then on the route, and containing about thirty cells, and I heard subsequently from one in the best of positions to know, that this number had to be increased, but that even so it did not amount to sixty; and I have further heard from

one high in the prison service that the number of political prisoners of all kinds sent to Siberia during the year of the late Emperor's murder, was seventy-two. Of these, nearly forty had been condemned during four preceding years, but had been temporarily kept in prison in Russia.

Kara was one of the few places out of the many penal institutions I visited in Siberia, where the prison authorities knew the day and hour on which to expect me. Usually it was not so. Some of the governors probably knew that a foreigner might be expected to call upon them with a letter requesting permission to see their prisons and hospitals; but I frequently left the route I had intended to travel, and often presented my letters at a prison before I had arrived at the residence of the governor at all, mention this because some have suspected, and even suggested, that the prisons were made ready for my coming. But no one practically acquainted with the circumstances under which I travelled, the hundreds and thousands of miles traversed, the détours by the way, and the uncertainty of arriving at a stated place on a given day, could seriously entertain such a suspicion. At Irkutsk and Kara (the only places I remember where my coming visit was notified on the previous day), the rooms may have had an extra brushing, and green boughs put fresh in the hospital wards, but it would be absurd to expect that the authorities were able (even if they wished to deceive me) to have made considerable alterations in their ordinary routine; and the fact must sooner or later be recognised, that the Siberian penal buildings, though a long way behind the best European prisons in point of order, cleanliness, and discipline, are nevertheless not the miserable underground hovels they have been sometimes represented, and that they are very much on a par with the dwellings of the people of the classes from which prisoners principally come.

There are yet some penal colonies further east, in the Island of Saghalien, which is likely to become the Siberian prison of the future. At the time of my visit to the neighbouring coast there were about 2,600 convicts on the island, employed in the coal mines at Dui, or on the farm which they are attempting to work, or at the south of the island in Aniva Bay. But the colony which of all those I saw in Siberia seemed the least dreadful was a small exiles' village nestling among trees a few miles distant from Vladivostock. There the men (some of them murderers) lived with their wives and families, worked in the neighbouring town, and might take as much land as they chose to cultivate. They had, in fact, a good opportunity to retrieve their character and do well. I was told, however, that they rarely do this; one reason of which I suspect must be the utterly inadequate provision in the Russian penal system for the moral and religious training of the prisoners. Prison chaplains, in the English sense of the word, are unknown; hard-labour convicts are robbed of the Sabbath, and made to work on the Lord's Day, and prisoners at best attend church and hear but three or four sermons a year. I was rejoiced to be able to leave a New

Testament, or a copy of the Gospels, for every room of every prison and hospital in all Siberia, and from this I hope for great results; but I would that the authorities might be led to see that a proper reformation of their prisoners, apart from moral principles, is impossible, and that they might make more adequate provision for the prisoners' spiritual necessities.

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

THE STORY OF MOSES. I.-THE CHILDHOOD.



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HE Hebrews were very unhappy in Egypt. Years before, when they first came into the country, they were well received, and placed in the province of Goshen, where they grew and multiplied in a wonderful way; but now times are changed; a jealous and cruel monarch sits upon the throne, and the condition of the Hebrews has become most miserable. They are slaves, and do all the hard and laborious work of the country; they

are very badly treated by their Egyptian masters; and to make matters werse, an edict has just been issued by the king, commanding the people to throw the little Hebrew boys, as soon as they are born, into the river Nile.

It almost seems as if God had forgotten His people, and given them over into the hands of those who hated and oppressed them.

But it is not so. God is watching over them all the while: He knows what is taking place, and in His own good time and own good way He will be sure to interpose on their behalf.

Let me tell you how He does it.

A little baby is born-a boy-in a certain Hebrew family. He is an unusually fine child, and, had circumstances been different, his parents would have rejoiced greatly over his birth. But there is that cruel edict of the king; and they know that they are liable at any moment to have the baby taken from them, and thrown into the river. So they are full of anxiety about him. They manage, however, to hide him for three months, and then, when concealment, for some reason or other, is no longer possible, the mother makes a kind of cradle, or "ark" (as it is called in the Bible) of bulrushes, and, daubing it all over with pitch to keep the water out, she puts the little fellow in, and, taking him down to the water's edge, commits him to the stream, with many tears and entreaties to God to preserve him,

Whether she knew or not that the king's daughter was in the habit of frequenting that part of the river, I cannot tell; but certainly it happened that soon after the baby had been sent floating down the stream in the way I have described, the Princess Royal, with her attendant ladies, came to the bank for the purpose of taking her morning bath. Presently she spies out the cradle, and sends one of her women to draw it in, and bring it to her; and when it is brought, and opened, and she sees the baby, who begins to cry, poor little fellow! her heart is touched, and she determines to take the child, and rear him up as her own.

Now, I should tell you that the baby's sister, a clever quick-witted girl of about thirteen or fourteen, had been watching the whole proceeding from a distance, keeping herself, no doubt, carefully out of sight all the while. Her name is Miriam. Observing that the princess is in a good humour, she comes forward and asks if she shall fetch one of the Hebrew women to be a nurse to the child. "Yes," says the princess. And off the girl runs—quite delighted, as you may suppose—and fetches her mother. To his own mother then, the princess, not knowing who the nurse is, but ascertaining, of course, where she lives—entrust the baby, and promises to reward her well if she does her duty by him. "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

We can understand what joy there was in the little homestead. When the mother rose in the morning she could not feel sure that her beautiful boy would be alive at night. He might be drowned in the river, or he might be killed by some cruel and revengeful Egyptian. Now he is safe. Though he is taken back to his mother's house for a time, nobody dare touch him, because he is the adopted child of the king's daughter. And is it not strange to see how God's Providence orders it, that the child who, when a man, is to bring the people of the Hebrews out of Egypt, is taken into the family of the Egyptian king, the great enemy of his race?

#### H.-THE EDUCATION.

What a blessing it is to have a good mother and a good early training! The lessons which we learn when

we are young, whatever they are, we do not forget when we are old, and if we have been educated carefully by godly parents and instructors, we ought indeed to be thankful.

This great advantage Moses had. You remember that his mother had the care of him when he was quite a baby, and for some years after; and you may be sure she made the most of the opportunity, and took pains to bring up her child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Had it not been for her instruction Moses would, in all probability, have become an Egyptian-I mean an Egyptian in heart and feeling. Indeed, had he been removed at once into the palace, and brought under the influence of the princess and her companions, this would almost inevitably have been the case. He would have known nothing and cared nothing about the Hebrews, or the history of the Hebrews, or the promises which God had made to the Hebrews. As it was, his mother took care to teach him all these things. He was a quick child, and learned easily. And he was a thoughtful child-anxious to serve and to please the Lord God of his forefathers. And so it came to pass that when Moses went out from his father's house to live in the king's palace he was not an Egyptian, but a Jew-a thorough Jew; he cared for his people, and loved them, although they were poor slaves in the brickfields, and he a young prince in the king's

Just think of another thing too. It was necessary that the future deliverer and law-giver should be well educated-an ignorant man could not have answered the purpose. But how was Moses to be well educated if he remained amongst the Hebrews? Why, they were so driven and worried by their taskmasters that they had no leisure for anything but work. All that they could do was to fulfil their daily tasks, and to avoid being beaten, Perhaps they had some schools for their children; at all events, the mothers would teach the children what they knew themselves; but as to the higher branches of learning, they were quite out of the reach of the chosen people. But the Egyptians of that day were the cleverest and best-informed people on the face of the earth. They were acquainted with arts and sciences; they had books and instruments; and were great observers of nature. They had great armies, and understood war. They had other people subject to them, and understood how to make and give laws. And so God ordained that his servants should be brought up amongst them, and be "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.'

And there is another thing to be thought of. If Moses had grown up amongst slaves, he might, nay, he must have contracted a slavish spirit, and so have been unfit for his future work. But by being educated in the court, he gained the disposition of a free man; instead of being crushed to the earth by oppression, he had noble thoughts and lofty aspirations, and became fit to be a leader of men. Think, then, what his feelings were, as he grew to be

able to observe and to understand! He would look sadly on the poor Hebrews. How badly used they were! They were driven in gangs to the brickfields, and obliged to do hard work, to carry heavy loads day after day under the burning sun, and all not for themselves but for their proud and cruel masters. They had no time, no leisure, no hope for the future, and no rest but in the grave. And then he turned to contemplate his own lot. "Here am I," he would say, "one of their brethren, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. I have honour, while they have shame. I have education, while they have ignorance. I have comfort and abundance, whilst they crouch under the whip of the taskmaster. Oh! why should this be? and when will this end?" Such, we believe, were the thoughts of Moses about his people.

#### III.-THE OUTBURST.

If Moses did not understand at the time—why he was nurtured in the house of Pharaoh—we do. God was preparing him there for the great work of being a deliverer and leader of His people Israel.

By this time Moses is forty years old. It is said that he had been a great warrior, and had conducted several campaigns successfully against the enemies of Egypt, but about this we know nothing for certain. Scripture only tells us how he felt and how he acted towards the people of Israel. He still retained his affection for the people; still regarded himself as one of them. Now, this is all the more remarkable when we consider the difference between their position and his. They were a horde of poor slaves, oppressed, and degraded by oppression. They were cowardly and sensual, though they were the chosen people of God: there was nothing attractive about them; nothing, except their misery, to make them objects of interest to anybody. Understand that they were not so originally; but many years of slavery had brought them down, and crushed them to the earth. Then look at Moses. He stood next to the Egyptian throne-and, at the time of which we are speaking, the Egyptian monarchy was the most powerful on the face of the earth. The nation was highly civilised, cultivated, and wealthy, and Moses was the foremost personage in it. He had vast ability. He stood highest of the scientific men and learned men about him. He had gained position; for, as I suppose, he was the heir to the All the riches and honours of the world were at his feet, and yet, strangely enough, he was willing to sacrifice everything in order to cast in · his lot with the despised and degraded people of the Hebrews. As the sacred writer says, he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." And why? Partly because he felt that the Hebrews were his brethren, and that he belonged to them; partly because his natural disposition led him to take the side of the wronged and the oppressed; partly because he knew that the Hebrews were the people of God, to whom the promises were made; partly because he was

sure that in espousing their cause he was only doing his duty.

One day-full of sad thoughts about his brethren -he went out from the palace to pay them a visit, and to see how they were being treated. He had got a great idea (I daresay it grew up in his heart when he was a mere boy) that he was to deliver these people out of slavery; or, more properly speaking, that God would deliver them by his means. And with this idea, he goes out to see what Alas! the sight is a sad one. is being done. poor people are toiling in the brickfields; wearied out with their labour, hopeless and spiritless, and altogether in despair about deliverance. Presently, as he walks on, a little apart from the crowd, he hears the sound of blows and loud cries, and hurrying up, he finds an Egyptian taskmaster flogging a Hebrew most unmercifully. In an instant Moses' blood is on fire with indignation, and catching up some weapon that lies near to hand, he flies upon the cruel Egyptian, strikes him to the earth, and kills him on the spot.

Now, did he act rightly here? I think not. Possibly the Egyptian deserved the fate he met with; but Moses had not received any commission, any direction from God—and he acted hastily. He ran before he was sent. And so, when he offered himself to the people as their appointed deliverer, they refused to recognise him as such. "Who made thee a judge and a ruler over us?" Moses could say nothing to this. He had made himself a ruler and a judge. This was his mistake. Now he had to retrace his steps. Humbled, desponding, driven out from Egypt and all its glory, and rejected by Israel, he had to retreat in the wilderness, and learn to be a wiser and a better man.

## IV .- THE TRAINING.

"So there is an end to it all! I had hoped to have raised the people from their misery, and saved them, but my hopes have come to nothing. I am not the man for the work, that is clear; I am not fit for it. The task (for it will be done) must be left to some one else to accomplish." Such, we suppose, were the bitter thoughts which arose in Moses' mind, as he hurried into the wilderness to escape the anger of the Egyptian king. But again he was mistaken. God did intend Moses to be the deliverer of his people, but not Moses in his present frame of mind. He has to learn humility; he thinks too much of himself just now. He has to learn dependence upon God, and distrust of his own power; and when these lessons are learnt, he shall be sent forth to do the work.

But, of course, Moses just now knows nothing of all this. He feels that he has failed, and failed in the project which he had at heart all his life, and he has not the smallest intention of ever coming forward again.

Observe him, then, as he travels on, and at last, wearied with his journey and the excitement of flight, sits down by a well. Presently some girls come up with their father's sheep, and draw water for the flock; but before the sheep can drink. a number of rude coarse shepherds of the neighbourhood appear on the scene, drive off the girls and their sheep, and use the water for their own flocks. This is more than Moses can stand. He always fires up at the sight of oppression; and accordingly, though he was only one man against many, he catches up a weapon, as he did when he slew the Egyptian, and attacks them furiously, compelling them to take to flight. The girls, on their return home, tell their father what has happened; Moses is sent for and brought into the family, and ultimately marries one of the daughters.

The father's name was Jethro. He was a priest of Midian. He appears to have been a good man, a true servant of God; and it was a great advantage to Moses-in his perplexed and confused state of mind-to have such a friend to consult. With him, though not always in the house, Moses remained for forty years, living the life of a shepherd! What a change it was for him! In the past was all the glory of Egypt; the bustle and stir, the intercourse with learned men, the activities of the State, the splendour, and wealth, and ceremony, the pomp and pride of successful war, and the riches, and the pleasures, and the flattery which the heir to the throne was sure to Well, it is true that Moses did not care much for these things. He had learned how to cast them behind his back. But still it was a great contrast to pass from such a condition to the calm and quiet of a little pastoral household like that of Jethro, and to the perfect unbroken stillness, as Moses led his sheep into the green places of the wilderness, or lay out watching them by night under the beautifully bright stars of the Eastern sky.

But the change was just what was wanted. God was training His servant and preparing him for a great work, and Moses was learning to understand his own weakness; to perceive how unfit he really was to undertake the office he had been so hasty to assume. He had long intervals of solitude for meditation and prayer. All alone, under the majestic peaks of Sinai, he spoke with God, and day by day was acquiring strength and fitness for his future work, though perhaps he was quite unconscious of what was taking place. And when he returned from his lonely wanderings to the tent, and found Jethro there, his "heart burned within him," as the two friends talked together of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

# THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

I.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

"Clear shining after rain,"-2 SAMUEL XXIII. 4.

HE winds and rain have had their day,
Their needful work is done,
And now they swiftly pass away
Before the glowing sun;

And flowers blossom everywhere In wonderful array,

And all the earth is very fair: The rain has passed away.

Just so the winds of grief arc still,

The rain of tears is o'er,

The sun of joy peeps o'er the hill
As brightly as before.

In God's great merey, sorrow's rain
Lasts only for a day,

And then the sun shines forth again And drives the clouds away.

" Feed My lambs."-St. John xxi. 15.

II. A LAST COMMAND.

"LOVEST thou Me?" the Saviour said; And Peter stood with humbled head, Before his Master thrice denied; "Yea, Lord," he cried.

And then a loving trust Christ gave
To the apostle now so brave:
His flock of little ones to heed,
His lambs to feed.

Twice more the questioning words were heard, And Peter, his whole spirit stirred, In firmer tones each time replied. "Yea, Lord," he cried.

'Thou, Who all secret things canst tell, Thou knowest that I love Thee well, Thou knowest that in more than word I love Thee, Lord."

Twice more the trust that he must keep Was given to Peter—"Feed My sheep!" And Peter heard but to obey, By night and day.

We too must Christ's commandment heed, And strive His scattered flock to feed, With all our heart and all our power, At every hour. And doing thus we too may show Our love for Christ on earth below, Until we know His perfect love In heaven above.

III.

THE HOME ABOVE.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—REVELATION XXI. I.

When Jesus left this world of pain,
Which for our sakes He trod,
He went in majesty to reign
On the right hand of God.

And if to Him we gladly give
Ourselves, our faith, our love,
Then we may hope some day to live
In His bright home above.

And what a home that heaven will be!

Death cannot enter there,

And it will be for ever free

From sorrow and from care,

And none will suffer in that day, Neither will any cry, For God Himself will wipe away The tear from every eye.

IV.

THE COMFORTER.

"Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind. . . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts ii. 2, 1.

Long years ago, with sudden stir, The Spirit sent from heaven, The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, To men was given—

The promised Spirit, Who should guide Each faithful heart aright, Until at last it should abide In realms of light.

Not as at Pentecost—not thus
The Comforter is given,
But none the less He comes to us
From Christ in heaven;

And every child of God may find
This Spirit full of grace,
Although there be no rushing wind
To fill the place.

# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE PROPHETS-STORIES FROM EZRA.

No. 1. THE EXILES' RETURN.

Chapters to be read—Ezra i., ii. (parts of).

NTRODUCTION. Story now changes from Babylon to Jews' own land. The captivity coming to an end. Have had lessons of conduct of some pious Jews during their exile. Hear no more of them by name—but interest centres once more n whole nation.

I. THE PROCLAMATION. (Read 1-4.) Who made it? Have we ever heard of Cyrus before? Remind of prophecy of Isaiah xliv. 28; xlv. 1-4, where he is called the Shepherd of the Lord, and His Messiah or anointed one. Time come for fulfilment. To whom was decree spoken? Sad to be in exile. Remind of St. John at Patmos (Rev. i. 9), little maid in Israel (2 Kings v. 2), Napoleon at Elba. Many had been born in Babylon-never even seen their own land. What an excitement there would be! Proclamation read in streets-crowds gathering, news spread abroad. Some rejoicing-some (like Sarah) doubting-some laughing-some crying. But what was the proclamation? This heathen king going to build a temple for the Lord! How came this about? Who put it in his heart? Thus God can turn all men's hearts as He pleases-can make even kings willing to obey him. Who was to go and build this temple? Cyrus actually invites the exiles to return, and says that the God of Israel is the God of all the earth. What a happy day in Babylon!

II. THE PREPARATION. (Read 5-11.) What a stir there would be among all the Jews! Hasty packings up, preparations for long journeys-would take at least four months. No railways, scarcely any toads or bridges, all on camels, horses, or asses. Would all be equally eager? Some had become rich, might be unwilling to leave, but God stirred up hearts of people as had of the king. Find in chap, ii. 64, the total number of those who returned, 42,360 besides 7,337 servants. What an immense caravan! Would not now sing sad Psalm exxxvii. had sung in exile. Rather perhaps Psalm exxxvi. Can fancy hear the priest singing ver. 23. "Who remembered us in our low estate!" And whole people joining in chorus. "For His mercy endureth for ever," But what did they take with them? Same vessels Belshazzar had profaned at his feast (Dan. v. 3) now restored by Cyrus. Now they approach Jerusalem. See from far the hills around. (Ps. exxv. 2.) Enter one of the well-known gates. Are at home once more. What a happy day in Jerusalem!

LESSONS. (1) God's fuithfulness. All came about exactly at time and in way God intended. So are all God's promises sure, (2 Cor. i, 20.) Only let us trust Him. (2) Heaven is our home. We in this world like exiles. Christ our King will come Himself to

take us home. (John xiv. 3.) If the summons were to come now, should we be ready?

No. 2. THE SECOND TEMPLE. I.—THE WORK BEGUN.

Chapters to be read-Ezra ii., iii. (parts of).

The exiles arrived at Jerusalem. In what condition did they find it? (Lam. i. 1—4, ii. 8, etc.) Have seen ruins of castles or single houses. Fancy a whole city in such a state. But all do not stop there; settle down in other cities (Ezra i. 7), perhaps at first in tents or huts; then by degrees repair houses.

1. Feasts Revived. (Read 1—6.) Now the seventh month has come. Remind of sacred days in that month—on first day a holy convocation, on tenth great day of atonement (Num. xxix. 7), and on fifteenth Feast of Passover (Ex. xii. 6). So all the people assembled at Jerusalem. Picture the gathering on the beautiful hill of Zion (Ps. xlviii. 2), the old men pointing out the site of the Temple, of altar of burnt offering, then carefully replacing it, and at once re-commencing the daily sacrifice; could not build Temple all at once; plans must be drawn, materials collected, etc.; but do what they can at once. Begin daily prayer, praise, and sacrifices. Like travellers in desert, no church to go to, but having daily prayers together. Then returned home.

So spring and summer passed. People could not manage this first year to have Feast of Passover and Pentecost; but when harvest all gathered in, kept Feast of Tabernacles. Then, next year, kept all feasts in due order, as God appointed.

II. FOUNDATIONS OF TEMPLE LAID. (Read ii. 68, 69; iii. 7-13.) Where did the money come from? All could give, though all could not work. See how the money was spent. Sent to Lebanon for cedar trees, just as Solomon had before (1 Kings v. 6, 9), arranged the Levites to be workmen, and set all in order for beginning. At last, happy day for beginning the work. A solemn ceremony observed. like laying foundation-stone in these days. Describe . the scene. Four classes of people. The builders, laying the stones well and true for a firm foundation; the priests, in sacred garments, to offer up prayer and sacrifices, and so ask God's blessing; the Levites, as choir, to lead the singing of Psalm cxxxvi.; the people, shouting for joy, and praising God. But what strange noise is this? Weeping? By whom, and why? Remembering the old Temple. This could never be like that. Why not? The ark lost, with its tables of the law, pot of manna, and Aaron's rod. (Heb. ix. 4.) No glory of the Lord hanging like a cloud over the mercy-seat. Still this temple should, in one way, have greater glory (Haggai

ii, 10), for Christ should come and teach in it—should make it a house of prayer for all nations.

LESSON. The importance of God's worship. To restore this the first care of the exiles, Is it less needful now? Let each ask, "Do I love God's House? (Psalm xxii. 8.) Is it to me a house of prayer?" Then may expect a blessing.

No. 3. THE SECOND TEMPLE. II.-THE WORK HINDERED.

Chapter to be read—Ezra iv., v., vi. (parts of).

RE-BUILDING of Temple begun so happily—might have thought would go on prosperously. But Satan sure to stir up opposition to good works done for God. So hindered this work.

I. ADVERSARIES. (Read iv. 1-6.) How interesting to watch the progress of a building-see foundations well laid. Walls slowly rising, windows put in, roof laid on. A church especially interesting to large number of people-their own common house of prayer. Can fancy numbers of people daily watching progress of Temple. Who hear of it? Who were these adversaries? Were Samaritans, a mixed nation-many come from Assyria mixed with remnant of people in Samaria (2 Kings xvii, 24); were half-heathen people, sort of mixed religion, partly Jewish, partly heathen. So Jews would have nothing to do with them. Could not join with any in building Temple who did not worship God truly. What did these adversaries do when forbidden to help? Not allowed to help, did all they could to hinder. What a mean spirit! Wrote an accusation against the Jews to King Artaxerxes. What did they say? (Verses 13, 15.) What was the result? The work stopped for fifteen years.

II. THE HELPERS. (Read v. 1, 2.) Sad times in Jerusalem. Temple stopped, probably sacrifices not so regularly kept up, people growing careless. But God's eye upon them (v. 5). What prophets were sent? Haggai blamed them for building beautiful houses for themselves while Temple still in ruins. (Hag. 1, 4.) And then added his prophecy of glory of this latter house. (Hag. ii. 10.) What did they persuade the people to do? So the work was begun once more. Don't hear of adversaries trying to hinder again; but who does hear of it? Tatnai, governor of that part of Persia which included Palestine. He inquires into the matter, writes to Darius to know if such a decree as that of Cyrus was made (v. 7, 8). Where did they search? (vi. 1), In the Rolls Office (as we should say), What was the result? The decree was found, a fresh order pronounced, help of all sorts-money, bullocks, wheat, oil to be given for the building and sacrifices (vi. 9). So all ended well.

Lessons. (1) Reverence. See what care is required in any holy work lest take God's name in vain. (See Ps. v. 5.) Must worship God in holy fear,

(2) Perseverance. How easily are discouraged by opposition. Yet what seems against us often turns

out for our greatest blessing. Like Joseph sent as a slave to Egypt, was able to save his whole family. Therefore trust God that He will protect us always in path of duty, and endure to the end.

No. 4. THE SECOND TEMPLE. III.-THE WORK FINISHED.

Chapter to be read-Ezra vi. (part of).

TWENTY years passed since foundation of Temple was laid. Now approaching completion. Arrangement for solemn dedication. Remind of dedication of Solomon's Temple five hundred years before. Then people assembled from all parts of his vast dominions—vast multitudes of sacrifices (2 Chron. vii. 5), visible tokens of Jehovah's presence when glory of God filled the house (1 Kings viii. 10). This on smaller scale, but still very memorable.

I. THE TEMPLE DEDICATED. (Read 16-18.) Once more a gathering at Jerusalem. Great satisfaction at completed work. Old people who remembered former Temple all dead-no weeping to spoil this day. Such a dedication festival would be new, and therefore come with great force to all present. Notice the offerings. Very different in number to those at first Temple, but of same kind. Offerings for sin and offerings for thanksgiving. These two must always go together. No details of the service given, but many of the later Psalms belong to this time. Perhaps Psalm cl. one of those sung-at any rate, all there who had breath praised the Lord. (Ps. cl. 6.) But worship not to end that day-arranged the regular courses of Priests and Levites to minister before the Lord as ordered in the law.

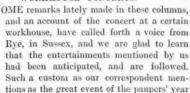
II. THE PASSOVER KEPT, (Read 19-22.) Remind how this was the most important and solemn feast of the year. Taught them to look back to their bondage in Egypt, and wondrous deliverance by blood of a lamb, and to look forward to blood of Jesus Christ-the Lamb of God, without spot-as saving from sin. (1 Peter i. 18.) Remind also how previous reformers always revived this feast-e.g., Hezekiah and Josiah. (2 Chron, xxxi, 2, 3; xxxv. 4, 5.) So the Priests and Levites arrange a Passover now. On which day was it kept? This, the proper day, as ordained by God. But who ate it? Only circumcised Jews allowed to partake. (See Exodus xii, 48.) But some strangers were there. Must have been proselvtes, such as the eunuch of Ethiopia (Acts viii. 27), who had forsaken the sins of the heathenjoined the Jewish Church, and partook of the feast. How this would add to the joy of the festival—pious Jews would rejoice at converting the heathen around. Copying their idolatry had led to their exile. Now, on their return, are leading some to seek the Lord.

LESSONS. (1) Joy in finished work. Christ teaches us that finished work brings glory to God. (John xvii. 4.) Let us try to finish the work God gives us to do for Him. (2) Joy in mission work. What are we doing for others?—leading them to sin,

or to God?

# SHORT ARROWS.

WORKHOUSE CONCERTS.



at Rye, is one to be imitated in every workhouse in the kingdom, and we trust that the masters and matrons of these institutions will realise the fact, which we regret to believe all do not realise-that the poor people under their care are not criminals because they are obliged to seek shelter in the Union. It is generally the unfortunate ones who appear at those gates, and the more kindness and consideration we "outsiders" can bestow upon them, the easier will the heavy burden sit upon the aged shoulders of the inmates. As we have said, we congratulate Rye upon its annual custom, and hope to hear that many other places, far and near, have already initiated, or will shortly establish, concerts for the poor, not only in the workhouses, but in the almshouses. It is not for us to judge our fellow creatures, who may have only themselves to blame for their present condition-and is not self-reproach the hardest to bear? Rather let us, with open hand and heart, each in our several ways, make the days remaining to them brighter and happier, endeavouring to cheer them on to the close of that even-time when they shall find the Light to usher them into the everlasting brightness of Heaven.

### THE CROLE WYNDHAM CONVALESCENT HOME.

In the bracing neighbourhood of Shooter's Hill stands a Memorial Home for Convalescent Children, who, if not suffering from any disorder likely to interfere with the health or comfort of inmates, are admitted without distinction of class or creed. The Home, however, is conducted upon strictly There are certain conevangelical principles. ditions upon which children are admitted-the limit of age for girls being four to fourteen, of boys from four to ten; the payment of five shillings a week in advance being a sine quâ non. There are certain days set apart weekly for parents and relatives to see their children and relations, but Sunday is not one of the privileged days, for all is then peaceful and quiet at the Home. Of course, there is every facility for play in winter and summer. Children, particularly those who have lately recovered from illness, must be amused; and though a donation or a subscription is never out of place, still, toys, children's books, and games, are the contributions most sought for here. Numerous

readers have old books, pictures, and toys which have been discarded by children at home. Cannot these more fortunate little people be persuaded to help the children at the Convalescent Home? An old doll or a scrap album would come as a boon to some child, while new toys or pictures would cause rejoicing. We have all noticed the affection frequently lavished upon a battered wooden baby, loved with all the inherent motherly instinct because it is so unhappy-looking. Such a gift would be prized by a poor child, though, may be, discarded by a richer sister. There must be many who wait for an opportunity to help the children. This is a good one, as we can youch.

### A CONFERENCE ON CONVALESCENT HOMES.

The Charity Organisation Society, through one of its committees, has lately been considering the best means for assisting the poor, and the subject comes opportunely before us in connection with the foregoing paragraph. A short time ago a conference was held by many interested in convalescent work and institutions, and the questions put forth referred to the boarding out of children in the summer, and to the co-operation of the various hospitals, so as to give patients the much-needed change of air. The various questions put were answered by the persons to whom they were addressed, and the outcome of the conference was that resolutions were adopted for making arrangements to board children in the country in summer, and for consumptive and infectious cases. The latter will, we fancy, be a difficult resolve to carry out, but, with proper administration and isolation, need not be insurmountable. general principles upon which the work is to be carried on have already been arranged, and the regulations are being drawn up, so that there may be no doubt as to the manner in which each case shall be dealt with. This movement is a step in the right direction, and if the necessary certificates be forthcoming from the medical attendants, and if the various details be carried out as intended, and certain obvious precautions and conditions be observed, we shall have to congratulate the Society upon a humane and excellent work. We shall also be glad to hear how the arrangements are progressing.

## WORK AT WINCHESTER.

A few years ago, a young lady came to Winchester, and, after some preliminary training, she devoted herself to the spiritual welfare of the militiamen and soldiers in the garrison. The good seed had already been sown among the lodging-houses in the town; and this energetic lady, with her sister, have now the satisfaction of seeing their noble efforts crowned with success. A Soldiers' Home is now

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erected, and every evening there are meetings there, at which soldiers and civilians attend in numbers, the working classes eagerly uniting with the professional element. The proofs of the success which has attended the work accomplished by Miss Peeks and her sister are found in the pleasure with which those convinced of sin carry the Gospel tidings into the streets and lanes of the city, and away into the surrounding villages, meeting with full testimony to the appreciation in which their efforts are held by all around them. What nobler occupation than this for women? We know of another instance of this, at Aldershot, where ladies are daily assisting the local clergy, working for their Heavenly Master, denying themselves, and humbly following in the paths He trod on earth, going about doing good; leaving, as we happen to know, the attractions of the world, so that they may minister to the poor and the afflicted. This they do, not expecting nor desiring praise or recompense in the vocation they have voluntarily chosen. They shall in nowise lose their reward in His Kingdom.

#### A TRUE CONVERT.

Not very long ago a young man, well connected, who had been brought up in a godly family, fell into sore temptation. He could not resist it-he fell, and was convicted of theft. In due time he was sent to prison. Not unnaturally, his past life, his parents' misery, his own desperate situation, then came before him more vividly than ever. He had no excuse. He confessed his act, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Under the rules of the prison where he was immured, he was permitted to converse with some fellow-prisoners. It was not in England that these events took place. Now mark the sequel, and we wish those, if any there be, who will read this, having any lingering doubts as to the wonderful ways in which God makes Himself known to men, to note the manner in which the wretched convict passed his days in his prison. Many men would have become hardened and sullen, would have refused to look upon the Cross which alone could save them, and would perhaps have thus perished miserably. No, the young man did better. He endeavoured to reform a prisoner of a lower class. We have some particulars forwarded to us which some may have already heard, but the tale is indeed worth the telling.

#### A PENITENT'S STORY.

The gaol companion had made his friend a promise that he would abstain from crime for three months after he came out of prison, and try that—for thieving had not prospered. We all know how difficult it is to return to the path of duty when we have strayed from it and been found out while astray! The finding out by our fellow creatures is usually regarded as a much more dreadful occurrence than the act of sin is,

The thief was in time released, and of course without funds. On the very day of his release he was sorely tried. A lady's pocket-book was temptingly displayed, and such an opportunity, Satan whispered, should not be neglected. The man took the pursebut remorse instantly seized him. Conscience said. "You promised to be honest for three months." That promise was hard to keep-old habit had asserted itself-but the fight was won. As the lady was leaving the train, the pickpocket returned the purse into her hand, and was only thanked for his civility in restoring the valuable article and its contents. But his faith and endurance were to be tried once again. The incidents which follow-and which are quite true-should be confirmatory evidence that 'men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

#### THE PRAYER ANSWERED.

Penniless, hopeless, the late inmate of the prison found himself in a few days on the brink of despair, He might easily have gained a living at his late dishonest occupation, but the thought of the young man who had converted him came with force upon his heart. God prevailed, and he prayed simply, in what would perhaps be termed very commonplace terms, for guidance. Fortunately, the words are of no moment; it is the spirit and the desire for assistance which count for so much, when sincere. In this case the prayer was heard. About an hour afterwards a runaway carriage, with two children in it, came down the street. The man at once, seizing upon a piece of wood, dashed almost recklessly into the roadway, and, hitting the horse a tremendous blow, succeeded in arresting his career for a second or two. In that short space the late convict seized the reins and held down the animal's head. Assistance arrived. The father of the children paid the man handsomely, and, at his own request, gave him work. The offer to return the money till he had earned it was declined; and the next day master and man met again. The latter confessed all his past life, and his desire to do better. The master retains him still in his service, at good wages, and he is already enrolled as a Sunday-school teacher. Now, here is an instance of good coming out of evil. A repentant sinner was by grace enabled not only to reform himself, but to bring another soul out of the darkness. Is not this a proof that in whatever circumstances we may be placed we shall always find a way to do good, and that the light shineth in darkness to lead us into the way of peace at last, if we will but turn

#### THE JEWS IN THE WORLD.

While the late accounts of the Jewish inhabitants of Russia are still fresh in the minds of all readers, it may be as well to notice how that ancient nation is distributed over the world at the present

time. We learn from late statistics that the total number of Jews does not exceed seven millions, or about the same number who existed during the reign of King David. Of this total, Europe claims five millions, or thereabouts; Russia heading the list with two millions and a half and upwards. Austria has 1,375,000 residing within its territories; Germany, 512,000; Roumania, 274,000; Turkey, 100,000. In Holland there are 70,000, and in Great Britain and Ireland 50,000. France includes 49.000: Italy, 35,000; while the Spanish peninsula and Sweden and Norway harbour only 4,000 between them. Besides these there are in Asia 200,000; in America nearly 1,500,000; in Africa, 80,000. In the Holy Land we find there are 25,000 Jews; and of the population of Jerusalem, which amounts to 26,000, more than one-half is composed of the chosen people. This last total is being annually increased-a fact of which the significance is apparent.

#### COUNTRY LIFE FOR POOR TOWN CHILDREN.

We have received the following communication :-"Will you let me say in your columns, that the house and grounds here, Horsfrith Park, Ingatestone, are, for the sixth year, open freely to really poor children from the more crowded parts of London from now until the end of October? Each child is received free of cost (excepting 1s. railway fare), for twelve days or longer, if specially delicate, upon the recommendation of any clergyman, surgeon, or donor towards the needful expenditure, but the application should come from the parents themselves, giving the names, ages, and addresses, of the children. As I have every year to say "No" to a large number of children from want of means, it is advisable that early application be made, as I take children in the order of application, excepting that children recommended by donors and those that are especially delicate or poor, have a preference. All donations to the funds are quite spontaneous, as I do not ask for help beyond saying that I am willing to receive as many really poor children as I have means of supporting. All letters should be addressed to me here, or to William Rossiter, Free Library, Kennington Lane, London. I do not under any circumstances receive any but really poor children.-I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Elizabeth Rossiter." We trust that other readers, in a position to do so, will be induced to follow the excellent example of the writer of this letter.

## "CHOOSE YE WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

Obedience to temporal authority put over us is inculcated in more than one case, and St. Paul earnestly advises us to yield obedience in matters spiritual and temporal. But at times a great trial comes, and we find it very difficult to choose the side we will take. An incident, illustrative of this, has lately come to our knowledge, and it is full of encouragement to any

one who may be tempted by temporal considerations to yield to influences opposed to the honest dictation of conscience. It happened that a certain employé was bidden to do a certain thing by his employerit does not matter what-in the daily round of business, and the young man, knowing the act to be dishonest, refused to obey. He was determined, and when the tradesman found all his remonstrance was unavailing, he gave the young man notice to quit. His agreement was to obey-if he did not choose to do so then he might go about his business. The young man at once recognised the seriousness of the situation, but he did not hesitate. He quitted his employer's service, and went home to his young wife and child-practically without means of subsistenceresolved, however, to adhere to his principles, and to trust in Him "Who is mighty to save." He laid bare his trouble in prayer, and kept up his spirits as well as he could, but it must be confessed with some little foreboding, as the surroundings did not look Yet he persevered. Shortly afterwards cheering. he was surprised by a visit from his late employer. He had come to recall him. On consideration, the master had come to the conclusion that under the circumstances the clerk was quite right in refusing to do what he deemed wrong, and putting aside for the moment the religious and higher view of the question, the employer was convinced that the man must be honest and true. He was accordingly reinstated, with an increase of salary, and more than that, his employer saw his own error, and strove to amend his ways. The young man returned to his work rejoicing in the goodness which had placed him even in a higher position than that he had vacated, by his testimony and faithfulness.

#### FALLEN IN THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

We are apt to look upon the army and navy as the services most likely to swell the death-roll, but there is another calling which can reckon its losses far too highly—we mean the noble Mission Service. In the course of the last forty years, in one small district in Africa alone, no less than one hundred and twenty noble labourers in the mission fields have fallen in their Master's service. But, large though this number is, it is in a measure compensated for by the number of converts made, who, we read, amounted during that period to no less than thirty thousand souls. Such victories as this, though costly to the victors, are glorious in their ultimate results.

### THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION.

While speaking of Africa we may mention that during the six years in which the above mission has been established a sum of £21,000 has been expended, and not only have the Gospel tidings been preached on the shores of Lake Nyassa, but the abominable traffic in slaves in the country has received a decided

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check through the influence of the missionaries. Several new missionaries have already gone out, and there is every prospect of the good and successful work being carried on with even more beneficial results than heretofore, as the Bishop of Central Africa has received eight new recruits, who are admirably fitted for the service unto which they have been called.

#### NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

In connection with the London Missionary Society, the increase of native workers has been large. A brief comparison shows that the native ordained pastors in 1870 amounted to 106, while in 1880 they had reached a total of 371. The native preachers have shown a still greater increase. In 1870, they amounted to 1,644; in 1880, they numbered 4,529. This is encouraging indeed; and in connection with the subject, we may mention that the Fiji Islanders, who, within a comparatively late period, were simple savages, now bestow nearly four thousand pounds in the aggregate upon religious observances, and out of the total population of 120,000, the regular worshippers number 102,000. These facts and figures

will assure us that the contributions we give, and the efforts we make—maybe the self-denial we practise—from time to time to assist the good work, all tend to the advancement and spiritual welfare of our fellow men.

#### HINDOO CONVERTS.

We can supplement the above statistics by a few words concerning the condition of things in India. The first Hindoo baptism was performed about seventy years ago, and at the present time there are in India. Ceylon, and Burmah, more than half a million of native professing .Christians. In one district in Southern India there was, in 1770, a small band of Christians, forty in number, steadily adhering to their new faith. Now we find a grand total of 97,605 living professing followers of the Saviour, while thousands have passed away in faith and hope during the period that the Gospel has been preached. The latest reports continue to be of the most satisfactory description, and we are sure our readers will rejoice to hear that the influence for good is taking such hold upon our fellow-subjects in India and in the neighbouring territories.

# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

73. Under what name is the town of Acre mentioned in the Book of Judges?

74. What is the meaning of the word Decapolis, and to what district is the name applied?

75. What is the first occasion on which we read of fire coming down from heaven?

76. What tribe of Israel is noted for the great political sagacity of its people?

77. What two places are noted for the large quantity of brass obtained from them by Solomon?

78. Quote a proverb in which the Wise Man sets forth the comfort of a peaceful home.

79. What advice does Solomon give concerning the manner of approaching God in public worship?

80. To what custom does the prophet Isaiah refer when he speaks of the women as having "burning instead of beauty?"

81. What king of Israel took Jerusalem, and broke down its walls?

82. What prophet speaks of people hiding themselves in caves and rocks to escape the fierce judgment of God?

83. What advice is given by King Solomon concerning diligence in work?

84. What special title does the prophet Isaiah apply to God?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

61. He was the great-grandson of Moses, and had charge of all the spoils taken in war, which had been dedicated to the maintenance of the House of the Lord. (1 Chron, xxvi, 26, and xxiii. 18.)

62. 1 Chron, xxvi, 28.

63. 2 Chron, xi. 14.

64. The children of Israel were usually numbered from the age of twenty; the Levites from the age of one month. (Numbers i. 3, and iii. 15.)

65. 1 Chron. xxvii. 30.

66. Shishak (or Shesheuk I.), King of Egypt, who caused a history of this invasion of Judah to be written on the wall of the great temple at Karnak. (1 Kings xiv. 25, 28.)

67. Abijah, the son of Rehoboam. (2 Chron. xiii. 22.)

68. Itsignifies a most sure covenant. (Num. xviii. 19.)

 It should read, "strain out a gnat," and refers to the custom of straining wine before drinking it. (Matt. xxiii. 24.)

70. Jericho was situated about eighteen miles north-east of Jerusalem. (Luke x. 30.)

71. Jericho. (Deut. xxxiv. 3, Judges i. 16.)

72. The Prophet Hosea, who says, "And called my son out of Egypt." (Hosea xi. 1.)

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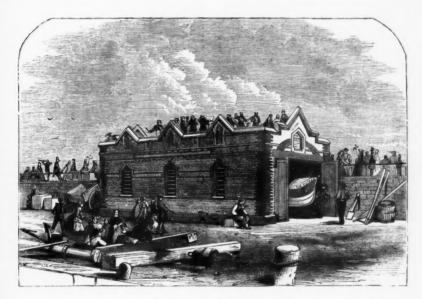
# A PLEA FOR "THE QUIVER" LIFEBOATS.

TO OUR READERS.



SHIP lies wrecked upon the Goodwin Sands. It is night, and night without moon or stars. So black is the darkness that the rockets sent up from the unfortunate vessel are scarcely seen at the coast-guard stations on the neighbouring shore.

But the loud boom of the signal guns, telling of a ship in distress, pierces the air; and, without loss of time, without hesitating an instant to think of the danger, without pausing to consider is rising, and soon the hull of the vessel will be covered! Nothing remains save to seek safety in the rigging and on the masts, and here the half-frozen crew betake themselves. Signals can be fired no more: all that can be done is to cling on despairingly for very life, till the numbed limbs refuse to exert themselves longer, and the poor seamen drop off one by one into the sea beneath. The fierce wind still rages, and dashes the salt foam into their eyes, and freezes their hands, but still some cling on with the courage which is born



"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT STATION AT MARGATE,

the probability of ever finding the vessel on such a night, lifeboat crews at various stations are on the alert, and proceed to get ready their boats to set forth to the rescue.

Meanwhile the brig lies on the sand-bank, at the mercy of the raging sea. Heeling over on her beam-ends she meets the full fury of the gale! Her sails have been torn to ribbons, and the wind whistles through the rigging as though clamouring for its prey. And what of those on board? They can do nothing, save fire the signal guns, and wait! No ordinary boat could live in such a sea: they have tried to launch one, and at once it and its occupants have disappeared from sight. And now a new danger threatens: the tide

of despair. Then, as the tempest shrieks more wildly, and seems to gather up its strength for a final effort, one of the masts gives way, loaded as it is with human beings, and is suddenly carried off in the trough of the sea. The survivors still hang on, all through the weary night, and, thank God! not in vain, for with the morning light, they are sighted by one of the lifeboats which has been beating around the sands for hours, lost in the darkness, but hoping almost against hope to be of use at last.

But the danger even now is not over. It is only after repeated attempts that the boat can get near enough to rescue the poor fellows whose power to assist in saving themselves is well-nigh gone. As one by one they are taken into the boat, many and many a dead body is seen lashed

to the rigging, frozen and lifeless!

Soon the lifeboat is full, crowded almost beyond chance of safety, and still some remain. Oh, that another lifeboat were at hand! "We'll come again for you," shout the gallant rescuers; but, alas! the revulsion of hope is too much for the over-wrought men left behind, and long ere the boat returns to take them away, they have dropped into the sea, or, frozen to death, lie bound to the masts.

And yet this might not have been! There was another lifeboat station close to the scene of the disaster, but when brought down to the beach the boat was declared unseaworthy. She had seen good service, and had saved many lives, but the time had come when patchwork and repairs could do nothing more for her! To send her to sea in such a storm as this meant certain death to her gallant crew. And so a dozen or more lives—the lives of brave men who had fought hard against death all through the night—were

lost for ever.

Readers of The Quiver, this is no fanciful picture, but the plain truth—a story unadorned! And just as the owners of that unseaworthy boat must have felt, so will you feel, unless you come at once to the rescue, and renew The Quiver lifeboats ere it be too late. You generously contributed the cost of the boats, and placed them under the management of the National Lifeboat Institution. Since then they have jointly saved the lives of scores of shipwrecked sailors on our coast. But the average age of a lifeboat is only sixteen years, and the period is inevitably approaching when The Quiver boats must be replaced, or they will be as useless lumber in the houses constructed for their reception.

It was in 1865 that The Quiver Lifeboat Fund was first established, and a most liberal response followed the appeal then made. As a result, three lifeboats were placed at the disposal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and they were stationed-one at Southwold in Suffolk; one at Margate, in close proximity to the Goodwin Sands; and one at Queenstown, at the mouth of Cork Harbour, to act in connection with a steam tug for the rescue of crews in distress on the dangerous south coast of Ireland. As an instance of what has been accomplished by them, it may be mentioned that the Margate boat alone has saved upwards of sixty lives since it was first placed on its station; but, as we have just said, the time cannot be distant when a new lifeboat will have to be provided for Margate.

But sixteen years is, after all, a very short time in the world's history, and if the boats were replaced now, the time would soon come when they would again require to be renewed; otherwise lives would be lost because the boats that might have done so much had grown too old for service. Shall such things be? Should not rather a grand effort be made to permanently endow these three boats and their stations, so that as long as the world lasts, to the very end of time, there may be found The Quiver boats, ready to save all who may call for their help? Readers, it is for you to say "Yes" or "No!"

The cost of a lifeboat and her equipment, including life-belts for the crew, skids, and transporting carriage, is about £650, and the average cost of a boat-house is £350. The average annual expense of maintaining a lifeboat station is £70, which amount is expended in paying the crew of the lifeboat for going off and saving or attempting to save, life from shipwreck, for exercising in the lifeboat at fixed periods, for paying the coxswains, who have general charge of the boats and houses, for replacing gear, repairing the station, etc. As, however, THE QUIVER has already provided a boat-house for the Margate boat, it has been calculated that something under £2,000 will suffice to endow that station in perpetuity; while for each of the other stations about £2,300 would be required. This sum would provide boat-houses, would materially relieve the Lifeboat Institution of the annual cost of maintenance, and would suffice to establish a Guarantee Fund for the replacement of the boats whenever needed. It is proposed at the present time to endeavour to raise at least enough money to endow the first station-that at Margate -which, from its proximity to the Goodwin Sands, has been of the greatest assistance to shipwrecked sailors; and the Editor of THE QUIVER appeals confidently to his readers to help him. He does not ask them to undertake any new work, but only to see that not through their fault will it be that the noble work which has been begun by them will be suffered to become of no

And does not such a cause appeal to the hearts and sympathies of each one of us? As we lie in our beds on a stormy night, and hear the wind rattling at the windows and groaning round the houses or among the trees, we get some faint idea of what a storm at sea is like, but it is only a faint idea after all! Picture if you can the unimpeded force of a mighty tempest; see the poor vessel meeting its full fury, and driven savagely upon the shoals or the rocks; and then think of the wearied mariners, wet through to the skin, clinging for hours to the wreck! and it will be strange if a strong pulse of sympathy does not throb through your hearts and minds. cannot help to save the lives yourselves, but this it is your grand and noble privilege to do: you may provide the means by which their rescue may be accomplished; and experience proves, that all round our coast there are hundreds and thousands of brave heroic men, who will be ready

at the first call to use those means which you have provided, and to launch forth into the deep

on their errand of mercy.

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Think for one minute of the work there is for lifeboats to do. When THE QUIVER Lifeboat Fund was first introduced to you, it was stated that on our shores "life is lost to the extent of nearly a thousand souls every year-lost under the most appalling circumstances, and lost, to a large extent, unnecessarily. The coast of our kingdom is a huge tomb, which swallows up annually (in round numbers) about two thousand ships, a thousand lives, and two million sterling! Not this year only-not last year, but every year that rolls towards eternity, we incur this loss in property and lives." And it is sad to have to record that notwithstanding the large increase in the number of lifeboats and life-saving appliances, the loss of life on our coast still continues very large, averaging seven hundred a year, and this is mainly caused by the great increase in our shipping and commercial transactions, for the annual increase in our commerce brings corresponding increase in the number of wrecks. How important is it, then, that no single lifeboat should remain unseaworthy even for a day!

Readers of THE QUIVER, if only one life could be saved by your means, would not the money be well spent? How much more, then, when in all human probability hundreds of men may always be found to bless the boats which have saved them from a watery grave, and restored them to home and kin! This is a grand work in which you are called upon to assist! May God grant such a measure of love and charity and sympathy in your hearts, that the appeal to you be responded to with all the heartiness and promptitude of which such a cause is worthy.

Each copy of this part of The Quiver contains a Collecting Paper for "THE QUIVER Lifeboat Should any readers require additional papers, application should be made to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, and they will be forwarded immediately. As far as possible, contributors are requested not to send their subscriptions in stamps, but to forward cheques, Post Office Orders, or Postal Notes, which last may now be obtained at so small a charge. A list of all contributions will be published in our pages, but in consequence of the wide circulation of THE QUIVER, it will be impossible to acknowledge contributions until some considerable time after their receipt. Amounts of £5 and upwards, however, in addition to the public announcement, will be separately acknowledged through the post.

# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



O Mabel's horror and disgust, she saw her brother's face change.

"My dear girl," he said, in a voice much higher than the languid drawl which he usually affected in his intercourse with her, "you cannot surely imagine that I will take your money." Then,

as if only just aware of his father's presence, "Ah!" he said; "I was on the point of going to your study, sir. Mabel met me on the stairs, and called me in. She thought I was looking ill."

"And she wanted to cure you after her fashion," said Mr. Lacy.

He looked at his daughter severely.

"I have brought you up too indulgently, Mabel. You seem to think money a drug. Just put up those notes. Thank you! Now sit down again. I have no objection to your hearing what I have to say to your brother."

Though Mabel would have much preferred not to hear, she obeyed; and Douglas, for whose opening of the interview Mr. Lacy appeared to be waiting, said, carelessly—

"You received my note, by-the-by?"

"Yes," replied his father. "You say you are in difficulties again. The last time that was the case I told you I would not help you further, except on one condition."

"And I have come to tell you, sir, that I am ready to accept your condition. My mind has changed. We are subject to these changes, you know."

"Let us leave your feelings," said Mr. Lacy.

Curiously enough this thing, which for some time past he had been urging upon his son, had now, in the light of that son's self-justification, begun to look ugly. "Have you spoken to Mr. Perry?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Douglas, "I thought you would probably do so for me."

"The ladies dine with us to-night; you had better show particular attention to Madeleine. This will pave the way for my proposal. Now I wish for a clear statement of your position."

"Thank you, sir, I will send it to you; meantime, you know, even courting costs money."

"I will write you out a cheque," said Mr. Lacy, rising. "Come to me in my study presently."

As soon as they were alone together, Mabel turned to her brother a face full of bewilderment and distress.

"What does all this mean?" she cried out. "You are not going to marry Madeleine Perry?"

"Certainly; if she will have me."

"When you call her ugly! when you turn her into ridicule!"

"People change, as I said just now to our father."

"Douglas," said Mabel, with an expression of indignant horror in her face, "I believe you are going to marry poor Madeleine for her money."

"Well, and if I am-what then?"

"Oh! and you can speak of it like that! Think, I entreat of you, Douglas. It is wicked to her—it is wicked to yourself. How can you expect happiness if you go and do such dreadful things?"

"Since I never did expect happiness, there is nothing much in that argument, Mabel. Madeleine is an amiable girl, and she appears fond of me. No doubt we shall jog on very comfortably together."

"But that is not life," said Mabel, her eyes filling with tears.

"My dear child," replied Douglas, loftily, "don't try to talk about matters which you cannot possibly understand."

Here Mabel bethought herself of another argument. She turned a crimson face to her brother, and said, falteringly, "Have you ever really cared for any one, Douglas?"

"Don't ask such absurd questions," he answered, angrily.

"I believe you have," she cried. "Do not fight against it, dear. It does people so much good to love truly. Look, Douglas. I shall have plenty of money some day. Papa says so, if—if—— Well, it does not matter about that, does it? I shall never want much money, and I could easily help

At this point she broke off suddenly. Strong pity, reinforced by her impulsive nature, had urged her to speak. Two considerations, neither of which was very pleasant, made her hesitate and blush. She was to have the money only in a certain event that had not yet come about, and she had pledged herself to see that her dead brother's children were helped before she took it.

During the pause that followed, Douglas looked

at his sister fixedly. She had been puzzling him all the morning. He believed he understood her now.

"Oh!" he said, resuming his languid drawl, "so that's it, is it? I am to be robbed that that fellow may be enriched. I am to marry for money, that you may marry for love. Well! there are inequalities in families as well as in the world. One ought not to quarrel with that. But was it not just a little unnecessary on your part to make such a fuss about mercenary motives? Why don't you accept the inevitable, as I do—take the sweet, leave me the bitter? It should be for me to make wry faces, not you."

Mabel tried, but in vain, to interrupt this speech. Douglas, who experienced a strange relief to feelings which had been under considerable restraint that morning, in thus turning the tables on his sister, was determined to have his say.

When he stopped, she reproached him, sobbingly, for his unkindness,

"And you are quite, quite wrong," she protested.
"Nobody wants to marry me, and nobody ever will."

"My dear girl," replied Douglas, with provoking coolness, "I may be mercenary, but I hope I am not blind. I should think every one has remarked how young De Montmorency hangs about the house, and how our father favours him. I remarked it some time ago, but I did not know, until you so kindly informed me, that there had been any talk about settlements. By-the-by, is not that something like putting the cart before the horse?"

And, thereupon, seeing that she was too indignant to answer him, he sauntered out of the room.

Left alone, Mabel gave way to one great indignant burst of sorrow; then, since she was no passionate heroine of romance, but only a very childish girl, whom life was crossing for the first time, she dried her eyes, chid herself for being silly, and brought out her basket of odds and ends for the bazaar. This changed the current of her thought, and soon glad girlish smiles were wreathing her lips. For through the pain and confused emotions of the morning, one clear note of joy had sounded. It told her that possibly she had not been so foolish after all, and that others besides herself had entertained the suspicions which, for a few happy days, had made music in her life.

"If it is true," Mabel murmured, "everything will be right. He will tell me what I ought to do. If not—if there is nothing in it—I think I shall never

venture to look into his face again."

It would have pained Mabel had she known how small a place she, in the meantime, was occupying in Ralph's mind. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be wondered at, for he had much to occupy him at the moment. It happened, strangely enough, that his visit to Jinks's Lane had corresponded in date with the working within him of a ferment of new desires. In addition to his professional duties, which were tolerably severe, Ralph had offered himself as lay assistant to the rector of a West-end parish, and he did much valuable work in his district.

But in the matter of work this young man was insatiable. He was strong, restless in mind, active of limb. Possibly he knew what are the evils, which, in slothful days, when heart and mind lie fallow, are in darkness. Of work such as this he did not find he had sufficient. But the visit to Jinks's Lane gave him a new opening. Having made inquiries, he found that it formed part of an enormous poor district, that, for



"The first sight they saw was that of two charming children's faces."-p. 454.

"born of too much strength;" he may have found it necessary to fight down "the devil within him," and he could not, as some do, discipline himself with long spells of sedentary labour. What he wanted was to be up and doing, to war with "powerful ill," to smite "all monstrous growths," to be the champion of the downtrodden, and point out the light to those who walk

lack of hands and means, was not worked as it should have been.

Ralph went to his friend the rector, under whom he worked, and laid the facts before him.

The rector could not forbear a smile at his enthusiasm: but he gave him some valuable advice.

"When you have your new agencies at work," he

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"Few men can give that caution so well as you, sir," said the young man, reverently; "we all know how great, as well as how wise, your generosity is."

"Not always wise, I fear," said the old man, sadly.

"But to our own Master we stand or fall. Let us be for ever thankful that He knows our motives, for our actions are too often stained with folly."

Those gentle words of wisdom had a quieting effect upon Ralph's mind. They did not blunt his energies, but they suggested thought, and it was in a thoughtful spirit that he entered upon his new task.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

### LADY MACKENZIE'S PLAN.

SHORTLY after Ralph's dinner, and while he was still busy getting up statistics about the corner of London to which Jinks's Lane belonged, the dwellers in the lane were plunged into wonder and excitement by the pulling up before No. 4 of another vehicle of the kind known as private. It was not a victoria this time, but a small brougham drawn by one horse, and the blinds were down.

"Shouldn't wonder if it was the Queen coming unbeknown, like, to see Mrs. Lacy's work," whispered Mrs. Crake to Mrs. Sullivan, as from an upper window they saw the door of the brougham open from inside, and two elderly ladies step out upon the pavement. It was early in the afternoon, and the week was yet young, so that Jinks's Lane was busy over washing, and in the front rooms on the ground-floor of No. 4 no one was to be seen.

The two ladies, finding the door open, went in at once up the stairs, and, as the stopping of the carriage and the sound of their footsteps had awakened the curiosity of Mrs. Lacy's little people, the first sight they saw was that of two charming children's faces peeping out from the half-open door of the room above. The girl's golden hair and the boy's darkbrown silky curls were smooth and bright; their faces were rosy, their eyes shone; they had on black frocks and white pinafores, and looked better cared-for than many children who have nurses to attend upon them.

The two ladies—they were Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. de Montmorency—looked one at the other silently. There had been much discussion between them, and Lady Mackenzie, who had throughout sided with Ralph in his opinion that Mrs. Lacy, whatever her present circumstances, was a true lady, could not forbear a little smile of triumph, as she whispered—

"Those are certainly the children of a gentlewoman."

Meantime Queen Mab ran back into the room, and whispered to her mother that two ladies were coming up-stairs, and that one of them was smiling at Herbert.

Remembering Ralph's promise that his mother should call upon her, Mrs. Lacy put down her work, and went to the door. The ladies were now on the small dark landing. She invited them courteously to enter.

Lady Mackenzie, having met Mrs. Lacy before, went first, and Adela's smile of welcome was changed into a smile of surprise. She did not suppose that her employers would have given her address to their client. But she did not lose her self-possession. When Lady Mackenzie said, smilingly, "I think we have met before?" she replied—

"Yes, and I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you again. It is owing to you that I have been given one of the pleasantest tasks which has occupied me for many a long day. And I have to thank you, too, for several baskets of flowers."

Then Lady Mackenzie introduced her friend; and Mrs. de Montmorency, whose manners were truly polished and refined, not delicately veneered with a coating of worldly varnish, surrendered at once. Mrs. Herbert Lacy was a lady: she herself was a lady. Though one was staying in a West-end mansion, and the other in Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials, there was a freemasonry between them. They were equals: they could be friends.

She smiled, therefore, most pleasantly, took the seat offered her, and, after apologising for having allowed her son's visit to precede hers, went on to say that, now the ice was broken, she hoped they might meet often.

"It is a little painful to go back over the past," she said, "and I am sure, from what my son told me, that you understand how it was our families fell apart. Poor Mrs. Lacy, your Herbert's step-mother, was not a lady. We loved him; he was a noble creature always, and my husband had a certain regard for his father; but the new arrangements of their house were insupportable to me. I could not continue to visit there. You know the consequences. We heard, of course, of poor Herbert's marriage, but only some time after it took place. I wish now he had brought you to see us."

This was said cordially, with a look that expressed the kindliest interest.

Adela's eyes shone, and her heart glowed, and not for her own sake alone, for this tribute to her was a tribute to Herbert.

"My husband often spoke of you," she said, softly.
"He used to talk of trying some day to renew the acquaintanceship. But, in the early days of our marriage, we lived entirely out of the world. Afterwards his illness came, and then everything was forgotten but the one."

"I can so well imagine that," said Mrs. de Montmorency. "Was he ill long?"

"About a year. They said afterwards that it was wonderful he should have lived so many years."

There was a pause. Adela had not yet reached

the point of being able to speak with composure of her Herbert's last days. Then Lady Mackenzie came to the rescue.

"Is it not strange," she said, "that Mrs. de Montmorency should be the very friend for whom I wanted the screen?"

Adela smiled. "And I am sure," she said, "you are feeling curious about whether I have been at all successful in carrying out your ideas."

"I have been trying to shut my eyes; but if you would favour me with one glimpse beforehand, I should certainly be grateful," replied Lady Machangia

Again Adela's heart beat high with pleasure; but this time the pleasure braced her nerves, and it was with no tremulous hand, rather with a glad consciousness of power, that she threw back the muslin covering which hid the greater part of her design.

"Yes," she said, in answer to the ladies' expressions of wonder and delight, "I confess I am a little pleased with it myself. A great many pleasant dreams and happy memories came to me, while I was working. I think I have worked some of them into it."

After the design had been explained and talked over, Lady Mackenzie turned to the children. Childless herself, she was an ardent child-lover. Presently she drew the little Herbert to her knee, and, though he objected as a general rule to being kissed by any one but his mother, this lady's face was so kind, and her hands were so soft, and her rings were so sparkling, that he graciously permitted her caresses. Mrs. de Montmorency in the meantime was making friends with Mab, in whom she was interested to find a likeness to the pale handsome boy who, so many years ago, used to frequent her house.

Then Lady Mackenzie went down to the door, with Herbert hanging to her skirts, and they came up again, carrying a large parcel between them, which, when opened, was found to contain lovely bon-bon boxes and oranges, a baby-doll, and a large panniered donkey.

Great was the rejoicing this marvellous parcel produced, and a pleasant ten minutes passed by, during which conversation was drowned in the outcries of the children, and their excited appeals for sympathetic admiration of each new treasure.

"How shall I ever thank you?" said Adela to Lady Mackenzie, when the two ladies rose to take their leave.

"By letting me come again, and come as often as I like," was the answer. "I am a childless woman, you must know. This scene will live in my memory, and make me happy for days. Besides," and she glanced at the screen, "you are doing me the greatest service. It is right I should show myself grateful."

Little Herbert's arms about her neck, and his rapturous kisses, and his entreaties that she would come very soon again, were pleasant to Lady Mackenzie.

As she and her friend drove away, she spoke enthusiastically of Mrs. Lacy.

"She is charming," she said. "A lady, an artist, a good mother, and noble woman. Your Ralph has a clear judgment,"

"Yes, but it would never do for him to fall in love with her," replied Mrs. de Montmorency.

"Ah, my dear friend, calm yourself; you are over-anxious. If he should fall in love with her, what harm will it do him? And, so far as his future is concerned, make your mind easy. Your son is fascinating, I grant you. He is a noble creature: I meet with few like him; but he would never be to that woman what the father of her children was."

"But consider her solitary position. Women so placed have been known to marry from other reasons than love."

"Women, yes; but she is not an ordinary woman; she is an artist. Did you notice her expression when she swept the covering from her design? At that moment she was a queen."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Montmorency, and added, with a mother's inconsequence, "In that case my poor boy will have to suffer."

"The suffering will not hurt him. Depend upon it, no young man is the worse for his first love, even though hopeless, being one he can look back upon in after years with satisfaction."

From that moment Adela Lacy was looked upon as a friend by Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. de Montmorency, and they immediately set their heads together to devise schemes for the improvement of her position without injury to her just pride.

On one point they were agreed. She ought to move into a better locality.

"You see," said Lady Mackenzie to Ralph—he was spending the evening with her, and was her only guest—"I mean to introduce her to several art-loving people, and she will have to give her address."

"Are you sure," replied Ralph, smiling, "that Jinks's Lane will not serve as a stimulant?"

"There is something in what you say. People like telling contrasts. But look at it from another point of view. I think of herself—her children."

"The children seemed healthy."

"Healthy!" cried Lady Mackenzie, indignantly. "Why, they are miracles of beauty and grace."

"That is precisely my argument. Do you think they would look as they do if the neighbourhood did not suit them?"

"Ah! you reason like a man. Have you ever seen them in any other place—playing in a meadow, for instance?"

"But," said Ralph, "I am inclined to think Mrs. Lacy will not care to move just now."

"Ah! if you are in her confidence!"

"I am so far in her confidence that she has promised to help me in a little matter I have greatly at heart just now."

Lady Mackenzie put down her cup of tea upon the table, and sat, for a few moments, gazing, with mute surprise, into the face of her guest.

"Well! well!" she said; "we are thinking about how we can help Mrs. Lacy. You want her to help you. Surely we are pulling different ways."

"What, then, if we turn round and pull together,

Lady Mackenzie?"

"With all the pleasure in life, my dear boy. I like you, as perhaps you have guessed, and I like your way of setting about things. But I could not

pull in the dark, you know."

"I believe I am the last person in the world who would wish you or any one else to do so," said Ralph, and therewith he opened out his plans. In the interval he had paid Mrs. Lacy a second visit, his object being to ask her advice about setting on foot a mission in the neglected district where she lived, for she, as he knew, had for some time been trying to help her neighbours out of the prison which the fretting cares and wearing anxieties of daily life makes for so many human spirits, though lack of room and lack of means had prevented her from accomplishing so much as she could wish.

"I told you," said Ralph, "of her little Sunday afternoon tea, and the story I overheard, which certainly set my own mind soaring. Mrs. Lacy has had other 'at homes' of the same description. In fact, she tells me she is 'at home' every afternoon to the few her little room will hold. Of course, owing to the small accommodation, this causes her inconveniences of many kinds; but her poor friends so appreciate the privilege of being allowed to drop in, that she will not give up her plan. What we propose is to set on foot afternoons and evenings on a larger scale. I have made inquiries, and find I could hire the corner house, largest in the lane, and I would be allowed to knock two or three rooms into one. I mean to enlist your help and my mother's, for our room must be tastefully fitted up. It is not to be like a school or church. It is to be a lady's drawing-room, a pleasure resort to which we can fairly invite our friends."

"Ralph," exclaimed Lady Mackenzie, "if you were my son I should be frightened of you. You are

dreadfully energetic."

"Ah!" he said, "there is so much to be done, and there are so few to do it. But I must tell you that I have Mrs, Lacy's promise to take her work to our drawing-room every afternoon, when it is completed. Some of her neighbours she will invite; others will drop in from curiosity. She will talk to them, enter into their troubles, tell them her wonderful stories, and let them examine the pictures and scientific toys which we shall get together there; in fact, try to civilise them. In the evening my task comes. I will hold classes, give addresses and lectures, lend out books and pamphlets, try to beat up recruits for the mission church, and persuade some of our friends to take the pledge."

Here he broke off, and said, laughingly-

"I am afraid I am becoming tiresome. This thing has been working in my mind to such a degree that it has grown into a kind of possessing idea,"

"I can understand that," said Lady Mackenzie, and then paused for a few moments, since she, too,

was seized with an idea.

"Do you think," she said, presently, looking up, "that you could spare me a room in your house for a nursery?"

Ralph said he believed there was a crèche in connection with the mission room, that was less used than it might be.

Lady Mackenzie laughed a little low laugh at herself.

"It was of the brown-haired boy and his sister I was thinking," she said. "I should so like to fit them up a play-room according to my own ideas. They ought to have more space to move about in, poor darlings. I think I must make you a proposal. If I may be allowed to do this, I will be responsible for the rent of the house."

"That is much too good an offer to refuse," said Ralph, "especially as it falls in precisely with my own ideas. A room for her children is a very small thing to offer Mrs. Lacy in return for her valuable help."

"But we must be careful," said Lady Mackenzie.
"I read in her face that she will accept no assistance

which could lower her in her own eyes."

"Leave all that to me," replied Ralph, confidently.

"Mrs. Lacy and I understand one another—that is "—his colour rising a little under the keen, if kindly, glance of his mother's friend—"I understand her, and I am quite sure that it would be impossible for me to say or do anything that would hurt her feelings."

"I hope so," Lady Mackenzie said, gently, and, at least, so Ralph thought, with intentional emphasis.

After that they spent a delightful hour planning out the arrangement and disposition of the house in Jinks's Lane; and when they parted, at a late hour in the evening, they were fast friends,

It was upon this evening that Mrs. de Montmorency first met Mabel Lacy. Her son's repeated requests that she would resume her acquaintanceship with the Lacys, and certain rumours, brought to her ears by the side-wind of social gossip, had raised in her mind the suspicion that it was on his daughter's account Mr. Lacy had shown so much partiality for Ralph. She knew the Elliotts, and one day when Jane, in pursuance of her friendly scheme, was speaking to her warmly about Mabel, she expressed a wish to meet the young girl.

Jane repeated Mrs. de Montmorency's remark to her mother, who immediately made arrangements that they should meet at her house. She gave a little friendly dinner, and amongst her guests were Mrs. de Montmorency, her brother the judge, and Mabel Lacy. Mrs. Elliott, who had both taste and tact, so grouped her guests that Mabel and Mrs. de

Montmorency should sit facing one another at the dinner-table,

The young girl looked particularly well that evening. She was happy, for Jane had whispered to her beforehand that the dinner was given because Ralph's Mabel was modest, and girlishly timid; but gay withal, and ready to be pleased. She was the true girl, a being, by-the-by, that has become somewhat rare in our old-young world, and her pretty fair face, mild blue eyes, and dainty little figure, were in



"In a few moments Ada was in the new room."-p. 462.

mother wished to meet her, and she was dressed with a simplicity that suited her style.

"The child has taste," said Mrs. de Montmorency to herself. She was thinking probably of the elaborate costumes of Mabel's mother. The favourable impression was confirmed during the evening. the eyes of a lady like Mrs, de Montmorency so many points in her favour.

After dinner she sought an opportunity of talking to Mabel, and when they had spoken for some minutes on different subjects, she said, gently, "It would please me to see more of you, Mabel; but I must ask you first—it is so long since your father and I have met—do you think he would like me to call upon you?"

"Oh, I am sure he would," the young girl replied,

earnestly.

"Very well, then, I will come. Thursday, I believe, is your afternoon, and I hear that your rooms are generally full then. I should prefer to come when you are quiet."

Mabel said that would be so much the more delightful, and begged to know when she might expect Mrs. de Montmorency, as both her father

and she would like to be at home.

An early day was named for the visit, and shortly after they parted—Mrs. de Montmorency determining to tell her son how much she had been pleased with Mabel Lacy; Mabel so happy that she could searcely contain herself, wishing for night, and when night came, wishing for day; for joy, in its deep restlessness, trenches often on the borders of pain.

Those who remember clearly the days of their youth, will have little difficulty in imagining the chain of sweet sophistry through which Mabel reached the happy conclusion that there was, as she would have expressed it—she was still in the region of charming vaguenesses—" something in it."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

### THE COUNTESS ZERLINA.

On the day following Mrs. Elliott's little dinner, Ralph told her father of Mrs. de Montmorency's proposed visit, and he seemed much gratified.

"She has evidently taken a fancy to you," he said. "You may look upon that as a feather in your cap, Miss Mabel, for she is fastidious—she does not like everybody. Your mother and she could not pull together at all."

"I wonder why," said Mabel; "Mrs. de Mont-

morency seems amiable."

"She can be very much the reverse, I warn you. However, plenty of time for you to find out that. Meanwhile, make yourself agreeable to her."

This was precisely what Mabel intended to do, and from no subtle design; but, when her father put it to her in this way, she felt a little less sure, a little less natural.

She went to see her sister Emily that morning.

Lady Torrington was in her morning-room, halfreclining on her sofa, with a French novel on her lap, and a cup of chocolate on a table at her elbow; while a servant, who looked pale and ill, and who carried a delicate child in her arms, was turning to leave the room.

Mabel begged to be allowed to take the child.

"You must be tired," she said, looking kindly into the nurse's face.

"That I am, miss," the girl replied; "it's all on and off, cry, cry."

"It is your own fault," said Lady Torrington, from

the sofa; "you spoil the child. Give her to Jane, and let her cry; she'll soon get tired of it."

"Excuse me, my lady," said the girl, "that's just it—she doesn't get tired of it."

Mabel took the pining baby in her arms; and Lady Torrington, who felt a little ashamed of herself, sent the nurse away to rest, and told Mabel to sit down on a lounging-chair by the sofa.

"Life is full of worries," she said, fretfully, "and I really think I have more than my fair share of them—a delicate baby, servants without a particle of thought for me, and an indifferent husband, who takes no notice of anything, and lets his people

behave just as they please."

Almost unconsciously, Mabel had allowed her eyes, meanwhile, to wander over the little room. It was a lovely retreat—rose-coloured, deliciously scented; the daylight softened by hanging plants in the windows, and jardinières of rare and exquisite flowers; the hot air tempered by ferneries in recesses, over whose miniature rocks, the home of mosses and feathery ferns, tiny fountains played unceasingly. Every luxury was here, every refinement of high civilisation—books, pictures, costly toys, rich hangings, china from Japan, and jewelled glass from Venice, rugs from Persia, table-cloths from Cashmere.

Lady Torrington caught her sister's glance on its

passage.

"You think these things ought to give me pleasure," she said. "That only shows how little you know of life. I can get whatever I like. 'If a thing pleases you,' Sir Francis always says, 'get it.' The consequence is, nothing ever does please me. I sometimes feel as if the world were getting narrower and narrower."

Perhaps it was the force of contrast which caused Mabel's thoughts to fly, at this moment, to Mrs. Lacy, the poor widow, who, poor as she was, felt the world amply wide enough for her.

She said, somewhat inconsequently-

"You were saying, the other day, that you wanted a new fire-screen?"

"Yes, by-the-by, and that is another annoyance. Mr. Fairlight sent me a number of designs, you know. There was not one which the Countess or I could bear."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, with enthusiasm, "I wish you could see Mrs. Herbert Lacy's work. You know I was telling you about her the other day; but you

will remember her, of course?"

"I remember that Adela Maffeo was thought to have very good taste; but it might be awkward for me to go and see Adela Lacy. Suppose she expected to be met on the footing of relationship—to be asked to the house?"

"You need not be afraid of that. She is almost too proud and independent. You would have to offer your friendship in a most delicate way, if she would even consent to accept it."

Mabel spoke with some heat; and the baby, who had been lulled by her gentle swaying movement, began to whimper again. This created a diversion, and saved Lady Torrington the trouble of taking up her sister's challenge, which she looked upon naturally as ridiculous in the extreme. The bell was rung, and the baby committed to the nurse's charge.

Then Mabel said-

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"But you might at least go and see the work. That will commit you to nothing. Mrs. de Montmorency went; she was delighted."

"If the woman were only not one's sister-in-law!" said Emily, with the air of one who is complaining of a grievance. "But where did you meet Mrs. de

Montmorency?"

"She asked to be introduced to me"—Mabel spoke with a little air of superiority—"so Mrs. Elliott kindly arranged a little dinner, and Mrs. de Montmorency is going to call on us to-morrow afternoon. Papa is very much pleased."

"Mrs. de Montmorency thinks far too much of herself," said Emily, haughtily. "In her own county she may be known, but in London she is

nobody!"

"Ah! well; we are not much ourselves," said Mabel, whom this supercilious speech had nettled. Whereupon Lady Torrington reproached her warmly for running down her own people. "Depend upon it," she said, "new relatives think all the better of you for standing on your own dignity."

"I don't know what you mean," cried the girl,

her face flushing.

Lady Torrington laughed a little artificially, and entreated Mabel not to be a baby.

"I suppose you are in love with young De Montmorency," she said, "or you would not be so absurd. You are a lucky girl, Mab, and you deserve your good fortune. You were certainly made for a domestic life. But the curious thing is that papa's choice should fall in with your inclinations."

Two or three times Mabel had tried, but vainly, to interrupt this speech. She now burst out wrath-

fully-

"Why do you all go on about this? It makes me wish I was in a desert away from every one. And it is wrong to him. He has never said anything to me; he is a mere acquaintance. It is in the worst taste to talk so."

"The worst taste!" echoed Lady Torrington; "bravo, Mabel! you are improving. But pray don't be silly and sentimental, my dear child. Now, now, it's a mistake—it really is—to protest too much. You don't really suppose that so poor a man as Ralph de Montmorency——"

This sentence, however, Mabel could not hear to the end. With flaming cheeks, she leapt from her

chair.

"Oh!" she cried out, "I do believe you have no heart, Emily. I do believe you think everybody does everything from worldly motives. It is too bad. I would not feel as you do for anything."

In the midst of this little ebullition of wrath, the deor opened, and a small lady, elegantly dressed, with bright black eyes, straight brows, and crisp black hair, was shown in.

She ran immediately to the sofa, with both hands extended.

"Now, do not rise," she cried out. "I am the friend, and I will not be treated with ceremony."

So saying, she kissed Lady Torrington effusively, then, seeming to be aware, for the first time, of Mabel's presence, she gave a little start of wellsimulated surprise.

"I thought you were alone, cara," she said, softly.

"If I disturb you, I can run away again."

"No, no," answered Emily; "this is only my sister Mabel. You have heard me speak of her, you know."

"But that is the more reason. You were speaking confidences."

"We were on the point of becoming exceedingly tiresome to one another. Now take off your bonnet, I mean to keep you for the day."

"But I have some little things to do—paying accounts—shopping."

"And I have nothing in the world to do. I will drive you to as many shops as you please."

This was precisely the programme which the Contessa Zerlina had arranged in her own mind. Nevertheless, she hesitated. "It will be so much trouble for you," she murnured; "and, not thinking to remain, I left my money behind. It is all shut up in my escritoire. But we might send a messenger. Yes: now—where are my keys? Oh, how shocking it is to be so shiftless as I am!"

"Why mind your keys or your money?" said Lady Torrington, "You know my purse is always at your

Again the countess hesitated, then cried out impulsively, "You are right, dear friend. It is I who am wrong. This is my weakness. They all tell me the same story. I am too proud in friendship. Yes, I will treat you as a friend. I will accept your generous kindness."

These words were spoken in a soft voice, and, as they fell from the countess's lips, her dark eyes grew moist.

Mabel was touched, and immediately blamed herself for having judged her sister hastily. If Emily were really so worldly and cold-hearted as she had imagined, she could not have inspired so warm a friendship in a person of the Countess Zerlina's type.

"By-the-by, Mabel," said Lady Torrington, presently, "what was that you told me just now about a woman who is clever at art needlework?"

"I told you of a lady—an artist," returned the young girl.

Lady Torrington and her friend exchanged smiles of amusement.

"Do you happen to have her address at hand?" asked Emily.

"Yes, but I do not think you would care to go there." "Is it in a very low part of London?"

"The neighbourhood is a miserable one."

"Dear me! But how can she manage to do fine work there?"

"Go and see; you will be surprised, I assure you."

Here the countess interposed, "I become interested!" she said. "We have heard of great artists living in garrets, but then the artists are men. A woman-artiste in Bohemia will be something new."

Before Mabel left she had the satisfaction of knowing that a visit to Jinks's Lane was to form part of her sister's programme for the afternoon,

She wished she could have formed one of the party. She was so afraid Emily would be supercilious, and offend Mrs. Lacy's susceptibilities. That was out of the question, however, as she had to ride with her father in the park after lunch. But she was full of anxiety, and she took an early opportunity of paying another visit to her sister to hear the result of the interview.

For the first time since she had known her sister, Mabel found her full of admiration and enthusiasm. Mabel thought it very likely that the Countess Zerlina, who was evidently of an artistic temperament, and whom the contrast between Mrs. Lacy and her surroundings would certainly have struck, had stimulated Emily's feeling. Naturally, however, seeing that she had found the artist, and had sent her sister to find her, the young girl was exceedingly pleased with the result.

"Do tell me all about it from the beginning," she said, and her sister was graciously pleased to

indulge her curiosity.

"You will have noticed, I daresay," she said, "that I was careful to mention no name to the contessa. I did not entirely trust your judgment, Mabel; and I was afraid of being disgraced. Adela Maffeo, as I remember her, had plenty of commonsense. I hoped Adela Lacy would have the same, and not thrust the fact of her relationship upon me until she saw that I was ready to accept her as a relative. The moment I saw her I ceased to have any fears of that sort. She is a lady. Really, now I look at her, I quite wonder at our father. The countess says she never saw any one with finer manners. And then her children!"

"Are they not little darlings?" cried Mabel.

"Yes; but how strange it is! Here is my poor little Amy, with every care and luxury, always pining, while those unfortunate children, brought up in the gutter, as one may say, are strong, and rosy, and as happy as the day is long."

"But they are not brought up in the gutter," Mabel

retorted, with indignation.

"Well," sighed Lady Torrington, "we need not argue out the point. I promised to tell you of our visit. We introduced ourselves as ladies interested in art needlework, who had heard of her talent. She recognised me, of course, and I would have known

her anywhere; but she had the good feeling to treat me as an ordinary visitor. So we chatted for a few minutes, and then she showed us specimens of her work, with which the dear countess was in raptures. I ordered my screen, and bought a picture of still-life, which I mean to present to the countess. After that we sat and talked for nearly half an hour. Mrs. Lacy spoke to us quite freely. It seems that she is laying by money for the children's education, and she is helping the miserable people about her. She even teaches them. Think of that! And I hear there is to be a room fitted up in the lane. which is to be her drawing-room, and to which she can invite her poor neighbours. That was Mr. de Montmorency's idea. The countess was charmed with it. She says it is quite poetic. I think so She says she will take her guitar, and sing them a song some day. Did you not know she was a musician? Oh, you should hear her! She sings in the most exquisite way. But, as I was saying, we talked, and, somehow, Mrs. Lacy's views of life impressed me. She doesn't feel the world narrow, Is it not curious-living in the way she does, with so little change, and no excitement-while I, who have everything- However, I must not go on about that. Francis says I am very ungrateful, and he would like me to try what poverty feels like, just for one day. I am afraid it would not suit me, One requires to be strong, and not to have known anything better, to be able to bear it."

So Lady Torrington, upon whose weak nature a powerful impression had been made, rambled on, and Mabel listened with strangely mingled feelings.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE LARGER ROOM.

LADY MACKENZIE had called Ralph dreadfully ener getic. She was not herself behindhand in this quality, and no sooner had the idea of a play-room for the brown-haired boy and his sister suggested itself to her mind, than she set to work with a will to carry it out.

Before the month of July was well in, Mrs. Lacy's new drawing-room, with all its decorations—the fern-cases and jardinières, the pictures and stained-glass windows, the books, the ornaments, the scientific toys, and the play-room above, corresponding in size, not elaborately furnished, but full of toys and pictures—were ready.

It was suggested that a little ceremony should be got up for the opening of the new room, and invitations were sent out to Mrs. Lacy's neighbours for an afternoon-tea.

Both Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. de Montmorency promised to attend. The Countess Zerlina, having heard of what was on foot, offered to be present with her guitar and to give a song to Mr. de Montmorency's poor people. Mabel wished very much to go, but her father, attributing the whole movement to Mrs. Lacy, who he believed, or professed to believe,

was actuated by the desire to make herself notorious and to discredit him, sternly forbade his daughter to have anything to do with it, and as the poor girl knew that to argue with her father on such a subject would be worse than useless, she was compelled, by an unexplained refusal, to appear proud and unsympathetic.

Ralph, who generally credited his friends with the best motives for their actions, would not, however, in all probability, have put any unkind construction on Mabel's refusal to help them, had not the idea been suggested to him.

The Countess Zerlina was a new acquaintance of his. He met her at one of his rector's "at homes," and she succeeded in interesting him.

Ralph had mixed freely in good English society, and could have undertaken to pass a stiff competitive examination on the different types of character to be met with in London drawing-rooms. Of foreign society he knew very little, and the Countess Zerlina was a new type to him. He was at the inquisitive age to which novelty in human character has all the charm of an undiscovered country, and, when the countess made gentle advances to him, asked his opinion on points of doctrine that had been troubling her, begged for advice on English etiquette, and wished, sighingly, for a friend upon whom she could rely for good counsel in this land, wherein, she said pathetically, she was a stranger, he asked permission to introduce his mother to her.

This was how the acquaintanceship arose, and in the space of a few weeks it made rapid strides. The countess had told Mrs. de Montmorency that her evenings were the saddest part of her life. "I feel sometimes," she said, "as if the great loneliness would kill me;" and the kindly-hearted lady, pitying her, begged her, while she was in London, to come and see them whenever she should feel so inclined.

The countess did not often take advantage of this invitation, but once or twice, at about half-past eight o'clock—on most such occasions Ralph was with his mother and uncle—she came in with a black lace mantilla thrown over her head, with sad eyes, and pale woe-begone face.

"And oh!" she would cry out, "I am a baby; send me away. I have seen you—that is enough for me. It will change the current of my thoughts. I will see no more the dead past, but your quiet fire-side. I will rejoice, because others are happy."

Whereupon she would, of course, be entreated by no means to go away, as she proposed, but to seat herself in the most comfortable arm-chair in the room, and take a cup of tea.

Then the judge would lay down his paper, Ralph would put aside his book, and Mrs. de Montmorency's work would drop in her lap, while they all devoted themselves to the task of cheering the solitary stranger,

The task was not a hard one. Gradually the look of sadness would disappear from the dark expressive eyes, and smiles would wreath the rosy lips: in

fact, before the evening had well run its course, the countess was amusing her entertainers. This was a fact to which the three persons to whom she had fled for refuge from her sadness gave very different interpretations.

The judge said, "She is a charming little creature, and she amuses me; but I would not trust her further than I can see her."

Mrs. de Montmorency answered, "We must allow, you know, for difference of nationality. But I grant it is difficult for English people to understand such very swift transitions of feeling."

While Ralph asked, reproachfully, "Don't you think such a thing is possible as to control one's own feelings in consideration for those of others?"

Whereat the judge smiled, in a way that rather annoyed Ralph, who of course, after the manner of his age, considered himself quite as capable of swift and accurate judgments as any one else.

One of these little occasions took place shortly before the time fixed for Mrs. Lacy's "at home" in Jinks's Lane.

In the midst of a discussion about the arrangements, the countess said to Ralph, "I saw your friend Miss Lacy this morning at her sister's. I said to her, 'Will you not come to this tea? You could read us a poem, or play some music on the piano. She makes no answer; she turns as red as fire; she looks at her sister, and talks of something else. Now, why would not Miss Mabelle, who is so kind, help us in this?"

Ralph replied that it was impossible to say. He had thought of calling on the Lacys before the meeting, and personally enlisting Mabel's sympathies. He now resolved hastily to do no such thing. He would not ask to be refused. He had no business to reprove Mabel Lacy, and he did not care to be the witness of her foolish pride and absurd false shame.

It was possible that Ralph had really more feeling for Mabel than he imagined. Certainly the thought of her blushing face and averted glance, when her sister-in-law was mentioned to her, cut him to the quick.

The countess warbled on. "But is it not a pity? a charming girl, and with benevolence! They tell me what she gives away in charity is enormous—and all to be spoiled by prejudice. But we must remember, my friend, the prejudice is from her education. It is difficult to be free from that chain of adamant—ah, how difficult! I know, who have experienced." Then, fancying she read in his face distaste to the subject of her conversation, she hastened to add, "But let us talk of this no more. I wished to excuse her to you, that is all. The young judge the young with harshness, and you are strong—ah, yes: I read it in your face. You are the strong man."

Ralph smiled. It did not strike him that the countess had cleverly contrived to flatter both herself and him in the last speech, at poor Mabel's expense. He fell readily into the trap laid for him, and

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determined to leave Mabel to hug her pride, and reap what satisfaction she could from the world's approval.

She had been hoping that Ralph would pay them a visit himself before the meeting, and ask her father to allow her to take part in it, a request which she did not believe Mr. Lacy would refuse, if it came from him.

She was disappointed. The days went by, and nothing more was said to her about Jinks's Lane, where, she presently concluded sorrowfully, her services were not wanted.

Early in the afternoon of the day appointed Mrs, Lacy was in her new drawing-room with her children, who were brimful of curiosity and interest. To please her new friends, and carry out their ideas, she had dressed herself with care, and her dress was one long laid by, which had been her husband's favourite, a soft cashmere, of the colour of heliotrope, with dainty lace ruffles at neck and wrists, and clinging closely to her tall slight figure. She looked very fair, and exquisitely fragile. Beautiful as Adela Maffeo had been, some might have thought this woman with the noble face and earnest eyes, that told their tale of sorrow and victory, an even more interesting figure than that of the young girl.

And now the sound of wheels was heard in the lane.

Adela was at her work. She had posted the children at the window to observe.

"Aunt Ada in a hansom," cried Mab, "with lots of parcels."

"Run and help her up with them, darling," said Adela.

In a few moments Ada was in the new room. She was now a handsome and comely woman, not very slender, and high of colour; but vivacious, bright and decided, as of old.

"How good of you to spare time to come, dear!" said Adela, "I suppose you have left Joseph in charge."

"Yes, we can't both leave the place together. But I was determined to come if possible." She looked round her. "This is what I call practical," she said. "Only if I had my way, I should make two or three little alterations. I have brought you some brackets and a pair of plaques."

But before she could open her parcels there was another rolling of wheels outside, and Mab, who had returned to the window, cried out, "It's an open carriage, mother, and there are two horses, and there's that lady that Herbert likes so much, and another, and another, and the tall gentleman who plays with us."

"Then it is time for me to put away my work," said Adela, and she moved her frame into a corner of the room, and went forward to meet her guests.

(To be continued.)

# THE FOOTSTEPS OF MINISTRY.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.



ERHAPS one of the greatest examples we could have of the truth of the declaration that "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways," is to be found in the fact that, He sent forth His Son "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." For ministry is the last idea which we should naturally have connected with the Son of God. Our eyes, always easily dazzled by the magnificent.

would have fixed themselves upon the throne of His glory, upon Him as the One to Whom everything converged, to Whom every knee should bow, Whom legions of angels were ready to serve. Behold Him in this His glory! If any one had said to us, "He is destined even to wash poor men's feet," we should have replied, "Lord, that is far from Thee," but we should have heard in answer what Peter heard—"Get thee behind Me, Satan, for thou art an offence unto Me; for thou savourest not the things which be of God, but those which be of men."

Seeing, then, that the Father destined the Son for ministry, we may be certain that ministry

occupies a great place in the mind of God—that He considered it to be something worthy of the highest manifestation and exemplification. It existed in the mind of the Father before the world was, and He embodied the idea in no less a being than His Son. He determined that it should have a perfect exemplification; and so, He did not leave its setting forth to the changes and chances of human careers, however active, however selfdenying, however holy; but He committed His ideal to His Son, and bade Him to work it out. But the idea of active ministry goes back even to the Father Himself. He did more than hold a theory about the excellence of ministry; He wrought it out. Even He did not live unto Himself-nor did He create anything, animate or inanimate, so to do. Out of His Own fulness He ministered to all. Education, provision are the ministries of the parent to the child; God taught and provided for everything He made after its kind. Creation is only a pictured history of ministry. The sun ministers to all-it makes the diamond flash and the grass-blade grow, it glitters on the gold and silver of the palace, and dances on the whitewash of the cottage-the moon, the stars tread their silent paths in ministry-in

ministry the tides ebb and flow, and deep down ocean currents pursue their appointed way—all, down to the earthworm, and to myriads of microscopic agents, are in ministry too. Therefore all ministry, from that of the humblest plant or insect upward to the sun itself, to angels, to men, traces itself backward and upward to the height of all pedigree—to the fountain of all honour—to God Himself. Is it any wonder, then, that Jesus came to give expression to the mind of God (amongst other things) as to ministry—to make us understand it in the person of the Son, as we could not otherwise have done—to give us visible manifestation and teaching?

The selfishness of our nature needed no less a teacher concerning ministry than the Son of God Himself, Who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; and Who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and Who said, "I

am among you as He that serveth."

The privilege of continuance in ministrieshigher doubtless than any we know of here, may be the portion of the saints for ever. But Scripture is silent on this subject. It has not left us, however, without conducting us a little way into the future. Those who ministered to the hungry and thirsty, to the sick and the imprisoned, for Christ's sake, are accounted as ministers to Him, and their reward is a Kingdom prepared for them by the Father. Thus, in the far-off past of the ideal of the Father's mind, and the far-distant future of the royal rewards for ministry, the subject is compassed with glory. But between the two there lies a long valley of travel-a battle-field in which ministry meets with continual enemies in the various forms of "self"—so that we can often minister only after conflict-in this battle-field Jesus was, and in it we also in our measure must be.

Let us examine a few of the characteristics of Christ's ministerings, and see how they may be

helpful to ourselves.

All the ministerings of our Lord were performed under a law of service. Turn where you will, you are met by law in some form, and there is no exception here. There is no haphazard in the mind of Christ. The impulses, the fancies of the moment, mere sentimental feelings, which often make us do so much, were no motive powers in Him-"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" rang out as the early keynote of His life; and those who have ears to hear, hear pitched in that selfsame key the last cry with a loud voice, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He was to be a great lawabider in a great law-breaking world—the world had revolted from obedience, from all law of service save to self; and here Christ came, as in obedience, not to destroy law, but to fulfil it. "I came," He said, "not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me;" "I am among you," said He, "as He that serveth."

The ministries of Christ were carried on in a consciousness and estimate of life in relation to others-a thought which never enters into the mind of many. For some never think of what life really is at all, and not a few, if they do think, look upon it only as so much time in which they are to try how much they are to get for themselves, or how much they can enjoy themselves. They are created by God many-sided-to touch their fellow creatures—to touch, perhaps, great issues at many points, they round themselves off into a smooth polished circle which bounds off from everything, or from which everything bounds off, as it rolls along. They are as it were but the stumps of trees, with the branches which should have spread, and leafed, and fruited, gone. "Herein is My Father glorified," said Jesus, "that ye bear much fruit," but they had withered into themselves, by the operation of that spiritual law which says that what will not expand must contract-that that which in the spiritual world will not bear fruit shall spiritually die.

These, then, amongst other principles, lay in the background of Jesus' ministry, and from them

flowed unweariedness and power.

And now, where and in what, were these ministries performed? The answer is, everywhere that He happened to be-in everything that came to His hand. Jesus took what came to hand. He had no need to make opportunities for Himself. Whether the ministry to be accomplished was healing, or feeding, or teaching, or any of the lesser kindnesses or sympathies of daily life, they came to Him as the present work for the present time, and so were done. There were roadside ministries, and bedside, there were teachings on the mountain, and in the Temple; to Nicodemus by night, to the woman by the well, to the thousands in the desert place, or by the sea-shore; as people and opportunity presented themselves, so He ministered. For Jesus believed in providence. He knew that each day would bring its own appointed work; and that, to do that work in that day was what His Father willed. There was with Him no fret concerning spheres of duty; He who taught us to say, "Give us this day our daily bread "-Who taught us that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, was Himself a Man of the day, taking no thought for it, only being sure that the morrow, whenever it came, would bring its ministries to Him.

And He performed His ministries with very humble means. The clay, the barley loaves, and two small fishes; the touch, the simple and homely word, and not eloquence of any kind, according to man's idea of eloquence, these were all He used. It may be said, "Ah, yes! but with His word went forth miraculous power." True! but He clothed that power in simplicity itself, and He, and He only, is responsible for such a power. We are accepted according to that we have, and

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not according to that we have not. With our five talents, or even our one, we are not held responsible for ten. Only let us mark how in the exercise of the highest, the humblest was used, leaving us an example to sanctify and use the humble too. The great Father and Creator Himself has placed even the humblest things in nature, down to the grass-blade in the field, and to the moss upon the bare stone, in ministry of some kind; His own great purposes He carries out often by the feeblest instrumentalities, setting the sand grains, as the sentinels which give even the fierce waves their challenge, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther. Here as elsewhere we may be spoken of as workers together with God, the materials wherewith He wrought being given to us to work with, in our measure, too.

These ministries of Christ are in great variety. He was no specialist. He, so to speak, turned His hand to everything-to anything, so as it was His Father's work. At one time we have Him teaching, at another preaching, now relieving, now sympathising, ever the servant of His generation in some form or another. And often His ministry was unthanked, and it was fruitless, at least to all appearance; and those who hailed Him as a benefactor to-day execrated Him as a malefactor to-morrow. And He knew what was in man; still He carried on His work; because He did it as to God, and not to man, and the sustaining principle came from above, and not from beneath. The flow of ministry—that ministry of love and grace over man-was from fountains of living water; had it been of any earth-born reservoir, it must have soon dried up.

And all this time that Jesus was performing isolated acts of ministry, He was fulfilling the great

circle of His life. Time was not being lost because He stopped here, and turned aside there, to do this act of ministry and that. It was thus He was to spend and be spent until His crowning act of ministry on man's behalf was to be accomplished-until He died-then He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem. During the hours of His day He wrought; then came the night, when no man can work. We say, He was fulfilling a great circle-we say also that He knew it. This and that which He was called upon to do, were not interruptions to His lifework, but accomplishments of it. All were pieces of a dissecting map which fitted everything into its place—the least being necessary to complete the whole. Yes, and the least of more importance, perhaps, than we imagine, just as the least of the pieces of the dissecting map may contain the name of some great town, perhaps even of the capital itself.

So it is with us. Lives are everywhere being wrought out. There are those who are working out a great circle of evil life, and they go on, for "the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full "-they are bent on working it out to the end. Their isolated acts of evil have relation to a great whole of evil, which will eventually be wrought out. And lives also are being wrought out for good-each day's work filling that circle which is indeed to be called "our life"-for our life is not our breath, or health-not what we have, but what we are. In mathematics we say that "the greater includes the less," but in the heavenly science not only does the less take its place within the greater, but it also brings the greater into itself—the circle of our life being, so to speak, ever present in

this deed and in that.

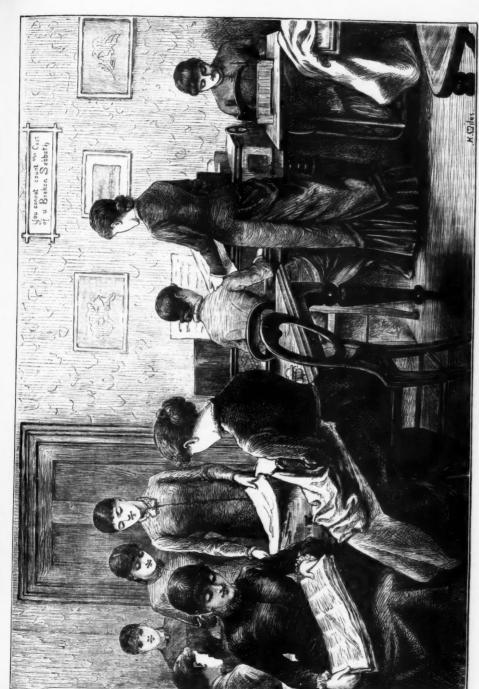
# WORKING GIRLS IN LONDON.



is only of recent years that a long-felt desire to help the working girls of London has taken a practical form. Many, doubtless, were fully alive to their need of aid, and fully conscious of the terrible dangers to which

a great number of them were exposed in their hours of need; but so great were the difficulties which had to be met before any measures for their good could be made practically useful, that it was not until the pressing necessity for immediate action was felt that any united effort in this direction was made. The working classes, in spite of the bad effects which indiscriminating charity has upon them, possess for the most part a sturdy spirit of independence. It is the idle and the depraved who are most ready to throw

themselves on the charity of others, and it is to be feared that, in many cases, honest and hard-working people, who are reduced to great straits through no fault of their own, are left without help, while their less scrupulous and less deserving neighbours live upon the alms of benevolent but thoughtless people. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it is no less the fact that among women of the mendicant classes, a deformed man is considered to be a more eligible husband, from a mercenary point of view, than an able-bodied workman, and it is well known that begging is a widely practised and lucrative trade. The numberless cases of begging impostures which are made public, should, in themselves, make people more thoughtful in giving. There is no lack of deserving objects, and among these, none are more worthy of help than those who strive to help themselves. It is hardly necessary



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to dwell in detail here upon the needs of working girls; and it would seem that all that was necessary, was to point out the proper way to help them. The class is a very numerous one, and the tendency of the time is to increase its numbers in large towns. It has been estimated by Sir Thomas Chambers, Recorder of the City of London, that there are more than sixty thousand girls employed in different branches of manufacture in London alone, and although possibly the majority of these have friends and homes of their own, there is no doubt that very many are without either, and are in fact "alone in London." Few of us can realise the full meaning of these words; but many a young girl is placed in that terrible situation, and has to fight the battle of life under those circumstances, with a result often sad beyond words.

The bustle and glitter of this great city of ours attracts many from choice, and more from necessity. When a country home is broken up, and the girls must go forth into the world and earn their livelihood, they are advised to come to London; again, many a girl, earning a small wage in a country town, hears that she could do better for herself in London. Thus it is that many a working girl is country born, and comes thither utterly inexperienced in the trials and temptations of life in Then follows the dreary search for work, while her slender resources melt rapidly away. When work is obtained, what a pittance does she earn! When food and clothing are paid for, how much is left for rent? Where can she live? In what part of the metropolis, which, for all its size, can hardly contain its teeming population, can she find a respectable dwelling for the sum which she can pay? The position of a girl whose early years have been spent amidst the smiling brightness of a country village, condemned to toil among the squalid surroundings of the East End, is a very pitiful and dangerous one.

It was considerations such as these that led to the formation, in 1878, of a committee for establishing Homes for working girls in London, Since then, five have been opened, and have proved to be most heartily appreciated, and a sixth is being established in south London, with the name of "Garfield House," with the warm consent of Mrs. Garfield, the widow of the late President of the United States. It has been wisely decided that this is the best way of helping them, and that the lives of many of them could be made much less burdensome if a suitable lodging were placed within their reach, The five Homes now in existence are Alexandra House, 88, St. John's Street, E.C.; Victoria House, 135, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.; Morley House, 14, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W.; Gordon House (for Germans), 8, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; and Woodford House, 28, Duncan Terrace, Islington, N. In these accommodation is provided for one hundred and seventy-three inmates, who are com-

posed of those engaged in factories and workrooms, in the various trades of book-binding and envelope making, in the manufacture of bonnets and caps, artificial flowers, fringes, mantles, and costumes, cravats, collars and cuffs, shirts and shirtfronts, ladies' underclothing, dressmaking, and general machine work. It is this section of female workers which contains the most helpless and friendless ones, and the very low rate of wages paid to women in these occupations renders their position, more especially in the metropolis. one of great penury.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is familiar to all of us, as one of the most pathetic ballads in the English language, but, while admiring its pathos, we must not forget that it is a true picture of real life, and that, so far from the hardships and woes of over-worked and under-paid sempstresses being over-rated in this and other similar sad stories. nothing in the pages of poetry or fiction can exceed the misery which some of them undergo. The happiest hours of many are those spent in the work-room, and so far from closing time bringing them rest, it but too often merely brings back a terrible sense of solitude. Driven by the noisy uproar of their lodging-house out of their wretched garrets, they strive in vain to find some solace in wandering about the streets, and their position when out of work is, of course,

It is to meet the wants of such, that these "Homes" have been founded, and we cannot do better than attempt to describe the way in which they are conducted. Victoria House, which is situated in Queen's Road, Bayswater, is suited to the needs of the class of workers employed in that neighbourhood, and is perhaps in some ways a favourable example. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the workers in the West End are really much better off than their sisters in the East. They may perhaps earn higher wages, but are drawn from a better class, and, although the neighbourhood is more healthy and pleasant, "rent" must prove to be a heavy drain upon their resources. Any one visiting Victoria House-and all are welcome-must be struck with its comfort and cleanliness. It is a large and roomy private residence, which has been converted with admirable judgment to its present use. On the ground floor there are two parlours, both well furnished, lighted, and warmed, which are easily capable of accommodating the twenty-nine inmates for whom the Home provides. The sleeping arrangements are in every way excellent, the larger rooms being fitted up on the cubicular system, so that each girl has a neat little apartment to herself, which all take a pride in keeping as clean and bright as possible. In each there is a chest of drawers (serving as a dressing table), washstand, chair, piece of carpet, looking-glass, and over each bed an illuminated text of Scripture, one of the

most appropriate of these seeming to us to be-"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The rooms on each floor are large and lofty, and the partitions separating each bedroom, being only seven feet or so in height, there is a free circulation of air, so desirable in sleeping apartments. Some of the smaller rooms are arranged for the occupation of two sisters or friends, and on a higher storey is a room filled with beds on the dormitory system, which are cheaper than the others. The charges are exceptionally moderate. Full board—that is, breakfast, dinner, and tea (Sundays included)-is provided for each resident at four shillings and sixpence per week; separate meals can be had at fixed prices, viz. -- breakfast for twopence-halfpenny, dinner for sixpence, tea for twopencehalfpenny, and supper for a penny-halfpenny. No stimulants are allowed on the premises. The rent of bedroom accommodation (including the use of dining and reading rooms, with magazines and newspapers) varies, according to the bed occupied, from two shillings and sixpence to four shillings per week. But notwithstanding the very low scale on which these charges are framed, we learn with regret that, in some of the Homes, they are beyond the means of many of the inmates. Some of these, "although they work from early in the morning until a late hour in the evening, can earn barely enough to pay for breakfast, dinner, and tea, to say nothing of their lodging; indeed, they find it a difficult thing to procure more than two meals each day, and these are generally the two cheapest, viz., breakfast and tea.

In this Home the rent receipts are more regular than in some of the others, owing to the constant occupation of the beds, and the weekly charge for the compartments producing a higher average. The ladies of the Committee living in the neighbourhood regularly visit the house, and the weekly Bible-reading, sewing, and musical gatherings have always been well attended. Among other comforts, the inmates enjoy the use of a collection of books, as yet, however, very small, among which we noticed with pleasure some bound volumes of The Quiver and Cassell's Family Magazine.

Of the other homes one of the most interesting is Alexandra House, which is situated in the city. This was the first opened, and provides accommodation for thirty-five residents. Those who frequent it are of course of the poorer class, employed in dressmaking, millinery, and shoe-binding, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. The arrangements here are similar to those we have already described, except that the cheaper open beds at two-

and-sixpence a week are in most request, so that the more private compartments are not provided here. In this populous district a Home of this kind is indeed a welcome shelter to those poor but respectable girls, and, limited as are the abilities of many of them to pay for all the comforts that it affords, they are heartily thankful for those which they can obtain. When out of work or changing situations, they cannot of course pay their way, and it is impossible to over-estimate the usefulness of the institution at such times.

These Homes are founded upon a distinctly Christian basis, and each resident when at home is requested to attend family prayers, which commence at half-past eight in the morning, and half-past nine at night, and the Bible-reading held on Sunday and also on one evening in the week, but the Homes are open to all respectable young women, without distinction of creed.

Enough has been said to show the nature of this movement, and there can be no question of its usefulness so far as it extends. There can. however, be no doubt of the terrible inadequacy of the remedy to the extent of the grievance. The question of the smallness of the wages earned by these girls is one of great difficulty, but we must not forget that even as it is the supply of female labour is greatly in excess of the demand, and that there are a great many applicants for every vacancy. The question with most of these young women is not whether they receive "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," but whether they can earn anything at all. As an example of the scandalous oppression to which some of them are subjected, one of the speakers at a meeting held near the end of last year to inaugurate the opening of Woodford House, the fifth Home, gave the case of one poor creature who was employed in sewing on the braid of gentlemen's coats. It appeared that she was paid at the rate of a pennyfarthing for each garment, and since she could not braid more than three of these in a day she had to subsist on less than two shillings a week. We need say no more.

The list of subscribers to these Homes is in itself a lesson in charity, and shows how this is a work in which all can help. There is something very touching in "A Poor Shop-girl" sending her contribution to help her poorer sisters, and a sermon might be preached upon two successive entries, the one being, "A Working Girl's Mite," and the other the magnificent contribution of a countess. Again, is there not a story without words in a subscription "From a Thankful Heart?"



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## THE PEARL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."



OW much mothers have to bear! And how little credit they have for all that they suffer and for all that they do!

Perhaps some thoughts of this kind were passing through the mind of a mother of seven children as she sat herself, somewhat wearily, on a settee in the drawing-room, after a morning of

household cares, distractions, work, and worries.

But scarcely had she sat down before in came her third boy, home now some weeks ago from school, frantic to have some flour out of the store-room, and some currants and candied peel, to make some buns on the schoolroom stove.

"Oh, must you have it just now?" she exclaimed, somewhat pettishly.

And the boy turned away.

"I can never do anything I like; I'm always in the way at home; I shall go some day and be a missionary."

This he said, just because he knew that the mother's fond heart, clinging to her children, would receive a little stab by the words.

"You had better," she said, however, "learn self-denial and self-control at home before you talk of undertaking work abroad,"

For she was over-tired, and a little put out by the unreasonableness of mankind in general, and of children in particular.

The boy flounced out of the room then, with a saucy answer. This his father happened to hear, from his study, the door of which was partly open, and sharp and stern was the reproof he gave.

Then the patient mother, waiting until the study door was closed, lest her kind relenting should be frustrated, rose to go to the store-room, and minister to the fancy of the boy. Happily, however, a la bonne heure, in came her second girl.

"Oh, Hilda," the tired mother said, sinking down again, "you can just run to the store-room, and get what Bertram wants."

"Oh, but mother," was the reply, "the ponycarriage is just ready, and we do so want to go to Guildford in good time. We have our five shillings to spend, and shall have such a lot to do."

"Very well then; go, child," the mother said,

and again rose and went to the store-room, and provided the stores required by the would-be cook, who did not care, having nothing to spend, to join the pony-carriage party.

She knew well that the father would have forbidden that the boy should have his way, after his ungracious conduct. So she herself went up the back stairs, and brought the desired stores. The boy, however, still abashed with his father's reproof, did not, as she had hoped, throw his arms about her neck, with, "O, you dear old mother!" He took what she gave much as a matter of course, and set to work at once, not even holding the door to let her out.

There were a good many stairs, and she was not well; and just the little added fatigue and the small disappointment overbrimmed the cup, and when she sat down again she began to cry quietly.

Just then her husband happened to want her, and coming into the drawing-room he surprised her in tears.

"Overtired, dear?" he said, and went at once for a cup of tea, and murmured to himself as he went, "Ah, and not only that! What a thankless life a parent's will sometimes seem to be!"

But when the young ones escape, and fly off on their own devices, the old pair, at least, have their mutual sympathies, anxieties, and interests. And, having been a little cosseted by her mate, the ruffled feathers smoothed down, and the eyes brightened at the sound of her praises.

I often quote Keble's "Soft Green Willow" as an apt emblem of a mother's kindly heart—

Though the rudest hand assail her, Patiently she droops awhile; But when showers and breezes hail her Wears again her willing smile.

The children of this family were, we may observe, not worse than children in general—indeed, they were better. Poor mothers sometimes have to bear with—well, brutality from the boys; but none of these would have thought of saying "What rot!" or the like, to anything their mother said; they had been far too strictly brought up for this. No; but they would "arzle and barzle" with her, instead of at once doing what they were told, and ill looks and a saucy word would meet her not seldom, especially when the holidays were drawing to an end, and the newness of home had gone off.

This the father had observed several times with anxiety. Not that such things took place in his presence, but that he would overhear now and then, or his wife would sometimes talk to him about it. A man of very delicate health, and with a most precarious life, he was the more desirous to nip in the bud any possible growth of disrespect or selfish conduct towards their mother, especially on the part of her

sons. He had seen in other cases how distressing was the position of a widow with grown-up sons at home, defying her authority, ignoring her wishes, and careless of her comfort.

It was not an uncommon device of his to clothe in the garb of a story, or an allegory, any lesson which he specially wished to impress on the minds which had been committed to his care to fashion aright. hour before), thus began his story to the children, the placid mother sitting in her easy-chair opposite, and listening too.

"I am going to tell you a story this evening about a Talisman. You have, I know, read enough of Fairy lore to understand what a talisman is."

"A fairy tale on Sunday evening?" asked Hilda, with wonderment.



"The father . . began his story to the children."

And the twilight time, before the lamp was brought, and the children were all gathered in the drawing-room, on Sunday evening, was a time in which he was often conxed to tell a story. Boys and all were eager for it, especially if there were in it some mystery which they might employ their wit in trying to solve before the end was reached.

On the next Sunday evening, then, being, as the young folk urged, the last Sunday of the boys' holidays, the father (his eldest girl, of thirteen, in his lap—a post which she had secured by promise an

"You will see all about it in good time, madam," said the father.

"Well, you remember in one story how a ring formed a powerful talisman; and how a mighty slave of the ring was always ready, when summoned, to aid its possessor. My story is of a Ring, a simple pearl Ring, which proved to be a Talisman of great virtue.

"It was a ring which was the common property of a somewhat large household; indeed, there were in that family as many children as there are in this, and about the same proportion of girls and boys. It was a ring holding a jewel, very plain, but really very precious. It did not flash as the diamond, scattering fifty sparkles about the wearer's hand. It had not the rich colour of the ruby or the sapphire; no, nor the fresh green of the emerald, far less the everchanging colours of the opal. It was just a plain homely pearl, and constantly would be neglected and set aside for other rings which had in them more brilliancy and dazzle.

"For, according to their moods, the children of this somewhat singular household were in the habit of shifting from time to time the rings which each might select from a heap that was lavishly put in their way. Still, this plain pearl ring alone possessed

the talismanic virtue.

"The little children wore it oftenest—always, indeed, when quite babies—and it seemed to have power to bring over their infant minds, even when fretful or in pain, a marvellous sense of content and quiet. The babies wore it always, and the little children often; but, curiously you will think, as they grew up towards maturity it fitted quite as well. Only then it got often slighted, put aside, and neglected.

"Of course, you will say, rings cannot feel. Oddly enough, however, this ring could, and did feel very acutely, any unkindness or neglect. You must remember it was no common ring, but a Talisman. Talismans cannot be judged by ordinary rules.

"But you are anxious to know what were the pecu-

liar properties of this Talisman.

"The Pearl is the gem that is formed out of suffering, so it is said. And it is the gem full of all quiet, warm light—tints and brightnesses suppressed, and shaded, as it were—a softened brilliance that keeps, so to speak, at home in the pearl's heart, instead of flashing its demonstrative gleams here and there on all sides.

"And the properties of this pearl were in accordance with its appearance. It had the power of cheering, and of consoling. Gentle and wise counsel it could yield, and its influence was very soothing to angry minds. It could bring a marvellously healing balm over the pain of a slight, and that miserable soreness of the heart from which some suffer more, some less, but all, sometimes. It had that property which Macbeth in vain demanded of medicine, for it could often 'minister to a mind diseased, raze out a written trouble from the brain,' and even encourage the sufferer to 'cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.' Perhaps you will wonder to hear such a thing said of a Pearl Ring, but it had some of that magic power which—

"Makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast, Is manna to the hungry soul, And, to the weary, rest.

"But seeing that its virtue came direct from God, you need not be surprised even at this.

"All that could be said of it, other than in praise, is that it had, from some slight imperfection in the

setting, I suppose, its little roughnesses, now and then. And those who had sought it, with some want, expecting to find it as a matter of course ready to minister to them, would sometimes rudely throw it aside, if it were not quite smooth to their touch at the time; easily forgetting the many occasions on which it had been readily at their beek and call.

"When they came back for it, however, it was ever ready at hand, and willing to exercise its healing and helping virtue. And they were sure to come back to it sooner or later. A child that had fallen and grazed its little knee would be certain to limp crying off to seek its sympathy, and would be sure to feel better soon, from the clasp of that magic circlet. Sometimes the girls would take a great fancy to other more showy rings, sometimes they would for weeks together desert that tried Talisman for even tinsel jewels and gilded brass. But if at any time the eyes grew heavy and the hands hung down, if an illness drew near, and there was need of help and comfort, then there was nothing like the poor despised old Pearl Ring after all. So, too, if there were any sorrow and unkindness, the wounded heart instinctively sought the remedy that had been familiar from childhood, and never had failed. And the help was always as ready as if the Pearl Ring had been ever regarded as number one, and not easily neglected for the first gleam of a new stone.

"The boys, too, found it quite easy to do without the Ring, when all went smoothly and well with them. They would east it on one side—often for, it might be, months. But they would get into some difficulty or trouble, at one time or another, and then the Pearl Ring would be in request at once. Especially if any trouble, at school or in the holidays, had caused displeasure from their father. Then the mediation, as I may call it, of the Pearl Ring, would be held of incalculable value. It was wonderful how its quiet potent agency would smooth the trouble waters, or, so to speak, darn holes that might

have become ever-widening rents.

"Now I said that brighter gems, that even tinsel rings, could easily and for long, supersede this quiet pure Talisman. But the rings with the more showy stones in them were not comparable, for their counter-attraction, to the influence of a plain gold ring-quite plain-without gem or engraving, which ring did for a while, at any rate, absorb the whole regard of those who wore, and even of those who gave it. Still often it so happened that after a time there was in the wearing of this ring even-this, which was to have been the even hoop of all delights-a certain disappointment, a certain dissatisfaction. And, never owning this, of course, yet the wearer of it and the giver of it would come back, time and again, to the old Pearl Ring, even as of old, for comfort and for healing. And the genius of the Ring knew all about it, be sure, although with wonderful tact never obtruding that knowledge.

"Now, was not this a marvellous Talisman?

"You might suppose that every one of that house-

hold valued it immensely, and held every other treasure cheap in comparison of this treasure.

"It was not so, however, as I have, indeed, shown you. No; everybody used the Ring. Nobody valued it much. At least, perhaps I ought to say that nobody knew, for some time, how valuable this talisman was, and how all did really value it.

"The knowledge of its value was to be brought about in a later day.

"The time came when all the members of the household were hurriedly summoned, those who were absent, having spread wing and left the old nest, and those also who were still home-birds, were all assembled, and a something more than consternation was depicted on every countenance.

"An intense anxiety was to be seen in the look of all. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of some, and those whose sorrow was a dry arid sorrow seemed, perhaps, more to be pitied than those who could weep.

"And what was it all about? Well, the head of the household had summoned all its members together, having announced to them that there was every probability that the Pearl Ring, the Talisman of helpfulness and comfort—was about to be withdrawn. It was, after all, only a loan, and there was every likelihood that He who lent it was about to reclaim it.

"There was then indeed distress, open and unexpressed. There was but one word now said, among all, of how precious the plain Pearl Ring had been; of how faithful and ever near at hand had been its ministry; of how little the value of it had been understood, and the worth of it regarded.

"They wished that they might have it a little longer, if but they might make amends for old slights, for old unkindnesses, to a Ring which, being no common ring, had, they now saw, been sensitive to every neglect.

"But while they spoke in suppressed tones, and each would refuse to entertain the dread which yet overshrouded all, the master of the house came quietly into the room, and announced, in a voice which, from its very suppressed emotion, was unnaturally calm—

"'The Pearl Ring is lost. The Lender has taken back His loan. Yet, no, not lost. Only the gold circle is lost, and that but for awhile. The Pearl remains: it can never perish; it is but removed to the King's treasury. There its beauty and value will never know a slight—will be fully appreciated. We were not worthy of it here. But we may look forward to having it again one day. It will be safely kept for us,"

There was a silence of a minute, as the teller of the story ceased to speak. But Bertram had risen, and, in a stormy way, flung his arms round his mother's neck. And Hilda had nestled closer to her father, and a hot tear fell in his hand.

"Well, Hilda, and the lost gold circle was—Yes, dear—a Mother's circling arms.

"And, Bertram, the pearl that was lightly valued, then greatly missed, but that could not perish, was—— You know, I see, but cannot tell me.

"Yes, you are right; it was-a MOTHER'S LOVE."

# THE LITTLE BAND AT HERRNHUT,

AND HOW GOD ANSWERED THEIR PRAYERS.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER.



WE evening in 1707, five young men were gathered around the death-bed of George Jöschke, an old man, who was a true descendant, in spirit as well as by natural kindred, of a family of the ancient Bohemian brethren, who held the

truth as taught by John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. Papal persecution had chased many of these humble Christians to heaven, some were exiles in other lands, some were wanderers in their own, and some, alas! had yielded to Papal influence, the fear of suffering, or the love of the world. Jöschke was a man of some small means, and his house had been a refuge for his persecuted brethren. His wife was dead, and he had but one son, little Michael, the child of his old age, whom he was now to leave in a troublesome world.

He uttered something like a prophecy in the

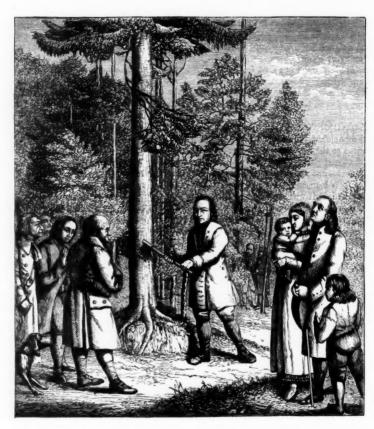
charge he gave to his nephews, Augustine Neisser and his four brothers. "It is true," he said, "that our liberty is destroyed, that the greater part of our children are more and more entangled with the love of the world, and fall off to the Papacy; that, from all appearances, one might say, the cause of the brethren is lost. But, my children, a great deliverance will come for those who remain. Whether it will take place in You will see it. Moravia, or whether you will have to leave this Babel, I know not. I think, however, you will have to quit this country, in order to find a place where you may serve God according to His Word. When the hour comes, be ready. Beware of being amongst the last, or of being left entirely behind. And now I commend to you this little one, my only child. I commend him especially to thee, Augustine Neisser. He also must belong to Jesus. Lose not sight of him, and if you leave

this country, take him with you." Then with tears he blessed the child and his nephews, and

shortly entered into his rest.

Eight years later the Neissers were in the habit of meeting in secret with some of their neighbours. An old soldier visited them, repeated the Scriptures, and sang the old Bohemian hymns. Thus, though the living waters no longer flowed in a

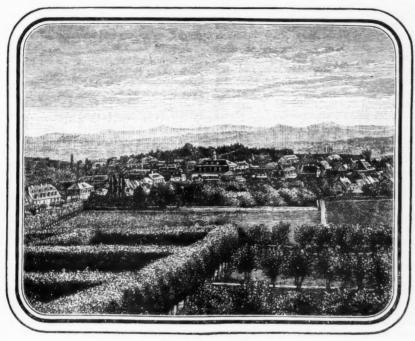
mained faithful to the truth. On the morning of Whit Sunday, 1722, Christian David visited them again, saying he had met with a young nobleman, Count Zinzendorf, who had devoted himself to bringing souls to Jesus; that he had bought an estate at Bertholdsdorf in Upper Lusatia, in Saxony, where he had stationed a faithful pastor, John Andrew Rothe, where they might find rest



CHRISTIAN DAVID FELLING THE FIRST TREE ON THE HUTBERG. (From an old woodcut.)

copious stream, they oozed out here and there, and the plants of God's right hand planting were kept alive. Another helper of their faith was Christian David, a carpenter, who had been a soldier also, and was now a soldier of Christ, having forsaken Popery and become a Lutheran. His visit to the Neissers was much blessed of God, and when he left them, they entreated him to endeavour to find them a place in a Protestant country, where they might worship God according to His Word. David returned, saying that he had found no place; but they hoped on, and re-

and a home. The Neissers resolved on going, but prudently arranged that Augustine and James should go first. Their mother fainted when she heard their intentions, but they wrestled with God on her behalf, and she was tranquillised. They sent for Michael Jöschke. "The time is come," said James; "I am going hence to save my soul, and those of my family, before it is too late. Come with us." Michael joyfully embraced the proposal, and the little band started on the following Wednesday at ten at night. They travelled across the mountains and by the



HERRNHUT. (From a Photograph.)

less frequented roads, the poor children suffering much; but at length they reached Silesia, where they were kindly received by the Lutheran pastor Schwedler. With him Michael remained for a time. The rest proceded to Goerlitz, where they rested for several days in the house of Schaeffer, the minister of the place; and with whom the women and children remained for a brief space. The Neissers went on with David to Hennersdorf, the residence of the Countess Gersdorf, the grandmother of Zinzendorf. She treated them coldly at first, but Marche, the family tutor, interceded for them, and they were sent on to Bertholdsdorf, two miles distant, the pastor, Rothe, giving them a recommendatory letter to Heitz, the count's steward. Mr. Heitz cordially received the exiles, and placed them in the old manor-house. The wives and children were soon brought, and a site was chosen for the erection of a permanent home. It was on a declivity of the hill Hutberg, skirting the high-road from Læbau to Grittau. It was an uninviting spot, wild, marshy, and covered with bushes. The wife of Augustine Neisser exclaimed, when she saw the place, "Where shall we get bread in this wilderness?" "If you believe," said Marche, the tutor at Hennersdorf, "you shall in this place see the glory of God."

Christian David took his axe, and struck it in the nearest tree, saying, "Here the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow her nest, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!" They called the place Herrnhut, "to remind us," said Heitz, "on the one hand, that the Lord is our Protector and Keeper, and on the other, that it is our duty to stand in the watch-tower and keep ward."

Zinzendorf, returning home with his newly married wife, caught sight of the house on the hill, and was agreeably surprised. Being told that it belonged to the Moravian emigrants, be alighted and went in, and welcomed them in the most affectionate manner, falling upon his knees, giving his blessing to the place, and imploring the Lord to have His eyes always upon it. Zinzendorf partook largely of the prayerful and believing spirit of Francke, under whom he had studied at Halle. The latter had said of his pupil, "This young man will one day become a great light in the Church."

When the two Neissers were established at Hernhut, Christian David returned to Moravia and Bohemia, to seek out others who loved the truth, and longed for liberty. In the interval the three other Neissers had been imprisoned for their faith, and when David arrived they had just been released. They joyfully set out with their families, leaving all their possessions behind. Permission was given them to erect other houses at Herrnhut, and there they lived in much poverty, but also in the enjoyment of love and peace.

The departure of these brethren, and the zealous preaching of Christian David, created a great stir throughout the whole district. Many were imprisoned and otherwise cruelly treated, and forbidden to hold any meetings for prayer and conference, and also to leave the country. But it was a time of awakening and revival, and many were brought to seek God and believe and rejoice in Christ. Some of these found means to escape, and fled to Herrnhut. One case may be referred to; it is that of five young men, David Nitschmann, jun., and two others of the same name, Zeisberger, and John Toeltschig, whose father was a magistrate. Under heavy penalties they were prohibited holding any more meetings. Toeltschig's father advised them to give up their religion, and go to the alehouse, the dances, and other amusements.

They determined to quit the country immediately, and set out that very night at ten o'clock, leaving earthly hopes behind them. Coming to a meadow outside of the town, they fell on their knees and prayed for their native place and the country round, commending themselves and their brethren to the care of their Heavenly Father. Then they sang a hymn—one of the hymns of the Bohemian Brethren, rich with associations of past sufferings and sainted

heroes in the holy war :-

Blessed be the day when I must roam
Far from my country, friends, and home,
An exile poor and mean;
My fathers' God will be my Guide,
Will angel guards for me provide,
My soul in dangers screen.

Himself will lead me to a spot
Where, all my cares and griefs forgot,
I shall enjoy sweet rest.
As pants for cooling streams the hart,
I languish for my heavenly part,
For God, my Refuge blest.

They took the road over the mountains, and after many hardships and dangers reached Herrnhut on a memorable day. It was the day on which the foundation stone was laid of the house at Herrnhut, in the hall of which the meetings of the brotherhood were held for many years. Amid the tall pines and sombre firs, and other trees, just showing signs of approaching spring, a space had been cleared, and a gathering of some thirty people had assembled for worship. On the one hand were the young Count and Countess Zinzendorf, with Baron de Watteville, and their friends; and on the other, nine or ten mechanics and peasants with their families. Count Zinzendorf gave a deeply impressive address, in which he said,

with startling animation, "Rather than that this building should not tend to the glory of Him in Whose name it is founded, might fire come down from heaven and consume it."

Just as he was commencing, five way-worn travellers, in poor attire, came along the high road. They stood apart and listened with reverent silence. The Baron de Watteville took off a ring, the last of his jewels, and, laying it on the stone, knelt down and prayed aloud. The power of the Holy Ghost came down. All of the worshippers were in tears. The five travellers came forward and said, "Surely this is the House of God: here shall our feet rest." They were David Nitschmann and his companions. Henceforth his name is woven into the history of Herrnhut. He was the first missionary to the West Indian slaves, and the first bishop of the revived Church of the Moravian and Bohemian Brethren.

Refugees were continually arriving at Herrnhut, mostly mechanics, as stone-cutters, masons, carpenters, joiners, glaziers, potters, bricklayers, and suchlike. The way in which some of them escaped the efforts of their enemies was almost miraculous. For some time all was harmony and peace at Herrnhut, but afterwards for a season dissensions arose, partly on account of doctrine, and partly on the ground of discipline. These were soon quelled, however, and the spirit of love reigned among them. Following on this reconciliation came a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and a wonderful and continued impulse to

prayer.

On 22nd July, 1727, a few of the brethren agreed to hold a prayer meeting on the hill (Hutberg) near Herrnhut, which was marked by great earnestness, and much joyful singing of the praises of God. This was followed by meetings for mutual edification. On 5th August, the Count, who was president of the Church, convened a midnight meeting on the Hutberg, for prayer and singing. The next day, and for several days, in similar meetings and in conferences, the power of God was wonderfully manifested. One day Pastor Rothe was seized with an unusual impulse. He threw himself on his knees before God in the midst of the congregation, and the whole assembly was prostrated with the same feeling. With cries and tears they besought the Lord for His blessing, continuing their supplications with singing of hymns, until midnight. A few days later, a remarkable movement of the Spirit of God commenced among the children of Herrnhut, and Bertholdsdorf. A girl of twelve was converted, and among the pupils of a boarding school for the daughters of noblemen, and among the boys and girls and young people generally, there was a seeking of God as with one consent. Many were really converted, and not only the houses, but the fields

and the woods, resounded from morning till evening, and far into the night, with their earnest supplications, and with the melody of their new-found joy. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and seeds were sown which have continued to bear abundant

fruit, generation after generation.

Ten years after Christian David felled the first tree on the Hutberg, the United Brethren (Unitas Fratrum), or Moravians, commenced their first mission among the slaves of the West Indies. The Greenland mission was founded the year following; that among the North American Indians the next year, that at Surinam in 1735, and that in South Africa in 1736. Since this time new fields have been opened, and old efforts strengthened, until the number of communicants in connection with mission stations is almost three times that of the communicants on the Continent and in Great Britain. No other branch of the Church of Christ presents such a feature.

To give particular instances of answers to prayer would take a volume. The history of the body, of their enterprises and successes, reads like a continual fulfilment of the promise:—"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The largest place of worship in London would contain the whole of the membership in Great Britain, and yet the words of the late Rev. H. Wright, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, are only true:—

"Their praise is not only in all the Churches, but I must say in all the world. Kings and Archbishops, Parliaments and Churches, colonial governors, and military officers, have joined in bearing witness to the zeal and the self-denial, the piety and the patience of this missionary Church. The love of God and the redemption of Christ are their great themes; and as a kind of device for the body, they have chosen an ox standing by an altar and a plough, with the significant words beneath, 'Prepared for either;' to labour for Christ, or to suffer and die if He wills it, in His cause."

The influence of the Herrnhut brethren has not been confined to their own body. have been an example of godliness and patience, of self-denial and devotedness, of prayerfulness and of faith in the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation, to the whole Church, Besides which, it is well known that both John and Charles Wesley were indebted to the two brethren, Zinzendorf and Peter Böhler, for those clearer views of the way of salvation which they did not at first possess. They have furnished missionaries and similar agents to other missions, whose names stand recorded on the roll of Christian worthies. May God grant that their thirty and sixty-fold increase may be followed with even greater blessings, and that not only a hundred, but a thousand-fold may be their reward in souls saved, and jewels gathered, to shine for ever in the crown of Immanuel.

### BIRTH-DAYS AND DEATH-DAYS.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"The day of death [is better] than the day of one's birth."-ECCLESIASTES vii. 1.

ANY of the statements which occur at the commencement of this chapter may be regarded as paradoxical, at least, in their form. We need not, however, feel any surprise that statements which would be commonly considered paradoxical, should find

place in the Scriptures of Inspired Truth. If by a paradox we understand a statement which in its subject-matter or form runs counter to the prevailing opinions and sentiments of the world, the Word of God may be said to be full of paradoxes. Many of the grandest utterances both in the Old Testament and the New, are not only inconsistent with the prevailing sentiments of mankind, but in the very decision of their inconsistency and antagonism, are accounted so strange as to be incredible. Not a few, as they have read these statements of the wise and weary King of Jerusalem, have said within them-

selves, Upon what principle, and for what reasons are the common conclusions of mankind to be thus reversed and set at naught? Who—even upon the dictum of the Preacher, will believe that it is better to die than to be born; better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting; that sorrow is better than laughter; and that by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better? Yet may such find in these strange utterances important truths are involved, which deserve their most thoughtful and devout consideration.

We are taught here, what we are so plainly and so often taught elsewhere—that the sufferings of this life subserve the best and highest interests of those who love God—that the afflictions which fall upon the children of God, are to be preferred to the happiness and good-fortune which may be enjojed by the wicked; for while that very prosperity is often the forerunner of impending ruin,

the children of God, if they are only patient, submissive, and trustful, will find in the end that those very things which seem to be against them, are made to work together for their good.

The words quoted at the head of this paper should be read in connection with those which immediately precede them, "A good name is better than precious ointment." We may regard both clauses of this passage as relating to the same event—the death of the good man—and they unite in teaching us that that event is not to be regarded with feelings of unmixed regret. For though he die, the influence of a good man is perpetuated in the abiding fragrance of a memory which survives; and his life, while concluded by death, is so happily concluded, that the day of birth.

When the Preacher says "A good name is better than precious ointment," we may suppose that he has present to his mind the death of the good man of whom he afterwards speaks, and is thinking of the abiding fragrance of a memory that survives. He, beyond doubt, receives the best embalmment, whose "good name" lives in the grateful and loving memories of surviving friends, and sheds abroad a richer fragrance than precious ointment. Such an one has that kind of earthly immortality conferred upon him which we

all covet, for-in a limited sense-

To live in hearts we leave behind Is not to die.

And one of the incidental rewards of God's service is that to which the wise man alludes—"a good name is better than precious ointment"—it has an abiding fragrance, and the sweet perfume of a holy and consistent life oftentimes seems liberated and diffused by the stroke which breaks in pieces and reduces to dust the earthen vessel in which for a time it had been treasured.

When, however, as here, we are told of the abiding fragrance of a good name, we are not to understand that God promises to reward His servants with posthumous fame; but merely that, according to the positions they occupied, their memories shall be pleasantly cherished. great thing of all, of course, is to wake up from this troubled dream of life, and find our souls flooded with the sunshine of the Master's smile, and to have the silence of death broken by those words of welcome and commendation which we long to hear: - "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But we gather from many passages of God's Word that we are not to account it a little thing, or a thing to be despised, that for a while, at least, our names are affectionately mentioned, and our memories lovingly cherished by those who survive. Yes, a good name is better than precious pintment; within a larger or smaller circle, its

fragrance will diffuse itself, and refuse to be hidden.

And this is true, even of those good men and good women whose lives have been spent most silently and unobtrusively, and of whom we cannot think as having ever done a memorable deed, or spoken a memorable word. The air is often laden with a sweet perfume which we are unable to trace to any particular source; it is the treasured and accumulated fragrance of modest flowers which seem to be wasting their lives in far-off and unfrequented fields, and hidden dells, and on lone hill-sides. And so the moral atmosphere of the world is sweetened and rendered salubrious by the pervading fragrance not only of a few illustrious and well-remembered, but of many obscure and forgotten names.

But the Preacher not only declares that "a good name is better than precious ointment," but that the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth. This is a statement which must be unintelligible to all those whose hopes centre in this life; but not so unintelligible to those who are living here as candidates for honour and true immortality. As we have assumed that the "good name," whose abiding fragrance has been previously celebrated to be the name or memory of the truly good or godly man, so here we take it for granted that these words have no meaning for those who are unprepared for the great and solemn change involved in death. It is the godly man, the man who has a good hope of everlasting life, who is able to regard the day of death as better than the day of birth. In the case of all such, the truth of this statement, paradoxical as it at first sounds, may be abundantly vindicated, whether we regard death as our exit from this world or our entrance to another.

Let us look at death as our exit from this world. Whatever else death may be, or may not be, it very obviously separates us from all things earthly, from much with which we have become familiar, and of which we have grown fond. It shuts us off from our families, our kinsfolk, our friends and acquaintances, from our worldly pleasures and pursuits, from all the scenes and sounds of earth, from the varied interests and engagements of human life, and from that fleshly tabernacle in which for a season we have resided. It were idle to deny that there is much in this world desirable in itself, much for which we have reason to be grateful, and in the possession and realisation of which we may for a season rejoice. God not only suffers us to live, but in many ways He imparts grace and beauty and blessedness to human life. It would be the symptom of an unsusceptible and ungrateful nature, did we feel able to turn our backs upon all this which God has provided without experiencing one single pang of regret. It is a sign of evil omen if -

We, meantime, our ills Heap up against this good, and lift a cry Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast, As if ourselves were better certainly Than what we come to.

Only in instances that are quite exceptional can even the good man, he who is confessedly and consciously prepared for the change, regard his departure from this world with a perfect freedom from all feelings of reluctance and regret. Some very good people quite needlessly trouble themselves because while life is coursing through their veins with a full free tide, they do not view death as they might reasonably hope to do if life were at its lowest ebb, and they within a few hours of their departure. Save during those exceptional moments when the mind is entirely engrossed with an anticipation of the future -lingering regrets will blend with the most Nor need we wonder at joyful anticipations. this, nor even wish it otherwise. The godly man knows quite well that this world is not his true home, he would not live here alway, he loves his heavenly and eternal home better than his temporary and earthly one. Risen with Christ, his affections have settled down upon those things which are above, his heart has gone forth after his treasure—and yet the idea of departure is associated with a measure of sadness, nor can he without a feeling of regret pass away from so many pleasant and familiar scenes, loved and valued friends, intimate and tender associations. We do no honour to our religion by representing such feelings as these as inconsistent with the position it would have us maintain.

But while we freely admit that there is much in life that we cannot leave without experiencing some measure of regret, it is beyond all question that human life never manifests itself in such a way in this world that we can reasonably wish for its indefinite prolongation. If you take the most favourable view of life which can be taken, you cannot but discern many things therein from which you would be willingly set free. How many and manifold are the infirmities incident to or inseparable from our physical constitution, and which augment and multiply as we advance in life! How many are there who spend long years in the endurance of agonising disease or incapacitating weakness! How many are there who have to bear the pinch of actual poverty, or the pressure of painfully straitened circumstances! How many are there whose lives are worn down by unceasing and ill-requited toil, and how many -the outward circumstances of whose lives are more favourable--whose minds are preyed upon by ceaseless worry and anxiety! Consider how imperfect is the most perfect blessedness which the world affords, and how continually traversed by disappointment is the most prosperous career in life! And besides what we may speak of as the

necessary imperfections of life, the ordinary cares and anxieties, sorrows, losses, and disappointments of this world—there is sin, which is everywhere declaring its presence and its power. Such is the pervading and penetrating influence of sin, it has so corrupted, defiled, perverted everything in this world, that not a day passes but many things occur to vex the soul of the righteous man, and while he cannot but be troubled by the many forms of evil which exist around, he is conscious of many imperfections within, from which he would be very gladly delivered. It is the privilege of the godly man to look forward to the period of Ceath as that of entire emancipation from all which can distress and trouble, from all which can deprave and defile, and not only from those outward circumstances of imperfection and evil in which his lot is cast, but also from the body of sin and death itself. Passing through the dark portal which we call death, the emancipated soul finds itself in that world of joy and blessedness, of the inhabitants of which it is said, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

But death, which is our exit from this world, is our entrance to another. What is death regarded on the one side, is birth regarded on the other, and we must view our passage through the dark portal which we call death-not only with reference to the world from which we pass, but also with reference to the world into which we enter. How mysterious is the veil which death draws between the two worlds! There on the one side have we the lifeless body destined to return to its native dust, around it all the signs and circumstances of mourning, the sad solemnities which betoken the presence of the king of terrors-faces stained with tears that do little to relieve hearts that silently suffer from the aching void of bereavement, or a sense of loss which in this life admits of no repair. But on the other side how different is the scene! The soul, emancipated from the restraints to which it has been subject, finds itself free to expatiate amid the beauties and sublimities of the heavenly world, a world rendered melodious by the rejoicing songs of angels, welcoming the advent of one redeemed from the earth, and now admitted to their happy fellowship. Who can picture that moment after death-the wondering joy of the soul as it enters that sinless, tearless state, entranced with the visions and ravished with the melodies of paradise? If we look only on what transpires on this side of the vail the statement of the Preacher sounds strange and almost incredible-but if in the exercise of faith we have a vision of what transpires on the other side, it becomes immediately intelligible. The angel of

death stands transfigured and glorified in the light of immortality, and we feel that the wise man was right after all, and that a man's first birthday in heaven must be a better thing than his

first birth-day on earth.

It is utterly impossible for us to form any conception of the extent or grandeur of the change which will then pass over us—our spiritual life will then manifest itself in a more complete, harmonious, and vigorous way—weshall realise nobler and more satisfying enjoyments—our blessedness will be perfect in kind and ever increasing in degree. At death we shall enter upon a higher and more unselfish service, and be admitted to

better society, that of an innumerable company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. But besides all this—beyond all this—by dying we shall pass into the presence and joy of our Lord Himself—death will admit us to a clearer vision of, and a more immediate fellowship with Christ, than is here possible or conceivable; and, leaving out of account all other considerations, do we not see how that one fact justifies the statement of the Preacher—that the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth? For on that day we shall find that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

### JUNE.

HE air is thick with odour, and the noon
Pauses to take its fill of sound and sight;
And when the day kisses the eyes of night
An angel steals from heaven to light the moon
With such an ecstasy of mellow light,
That nightingales, too prodigal to wait,
Send forth their souls to knock at Heaven's gate.

And grow delirious with pure delight.

And the green leaves on every bough uncurled

Whisper the wind, that wooes them with a kiss,
And say, "There is no world so fair as this;"

And the wind answers, "Not so fair a world."

For leaf and tree and flower and lowly sod

Thrill with new life, as at the touch of God.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

### WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTERWARDS.



ITH considerable difficulty, for her foot was still painful, and swelled to a degree that rendered it nearly useless, Hillian commenced her toilette, but was soon brought to a standstill by the discovery that both the ewer and water-bottle were empty. There was no bell, wherewith to make her wants known, so, after considerable demur, she opened her door, and peeped out, in the hope of catching sight of Lil.

There were sounds in the lower rooms of hurrying feet and impatient voices. Some one was fretfully scolding Lil for not

having awakened her earlier, and lamenting that hard work always followed so close upon a holiday; but, not caring to play the listener, Hillian retreated to wrap a shawl around her, and wait till one or other of her cousins appeared.

She had heard enough to know that they were snatching a hasty breakfast before dispersing to their various avocations. Leigh, a clerk in the Savings

Bank Department of the General Post Office, was going citywards, whither his younger brothers, who were pushing their way upwards in wholesale firms, would accompany him; but Eunice and Fanny were employed in post-offices nearer home. There were no sluggards, as Mr. Stapleton had boasted to Mrs. Hughson-no idlers in his family. As soon as they were sufficiently, but cheaply, educated, they were expected to earn their own living. Having obtained for them something to do, and fixed the weekly sum they were to pay into the family exchequer, he took no further trouble concerning them. It was Leigh whose reminiscences of some boyish scrapes of his own made him watch over his juniors, and guard them from some of the pitfalls that would otherwise have beset their path,

Presently the buzz of voices below swelled into impatient questioning. Where was Lil? What had she done with Fred's overcoat? Where had she put Len's hat? Why could not she leave a fellow's things where he could find them? Then there was a rush along the passage, the outer door was slammed noisily; silence followed, and Lil flew up-stairs to where a subdued wailing was beginning to make

itself heard.

She had passed her cousin's room, and was out of

sight before Hillian could limp to the door and intercept her; and while Hillian stood there awaiting her reappearance, Mr. Stapleton emerged from the opposite apartment.

As on the previous day, he was brushed and polished with all the precision of a fastidious old bachelor; his grey whiskers carefully arranged, his collar and tie the same; no one could be more neat, alert, and smiling. He caught sight of the peering face, and stopped to nod a good-morrow.

"Foot easier, my dear?" he inquired, carelessly.
"I hope my young people are taking care of you.
Why didn't you come and breakfast with me? I should have been glad of your society."

He passed on without waiting for a reply; he had done all he thought it incumbent on him to do when he invited Hillian to remain in town as long as she felt inclined. She was his guest, certainly, but it did not enter into his head that he ought to take any further interest in her.

A glance at the apartment he had just quitted revealed that it was in much better condition than any other part of the house. It was the front, or drawing-room, on the first storey; and as the small iron bedstead stood in a curtained alcove; and a light closet adjoining held Mr. Stapleton's bath and dressing-table, there was ample space for his escritoire, his bookcases, his easy-chairs, the light stand for his lamp and newspapers, and the centre table, on which Hillian saw the pretty breakfast service he had just been using.

But now Lil came down from the upper storey with her little sisters in her arms, and Hillian was able to explain why she was in demi-toilette, and coax Rosy—the bolder of the timid children—to stay with her, while Lil, ashamed of the shortcomings in her domestic arrangements, but not knowing how to prevent them, went off with the ewer, making a confused apology for everything in the room being in such disorder.

"There is always so much clearing up to do when Eunice and Fan are going out, and you and Aunt Hughson came before I could begin. I suppose you have everything very different from this in your own home, cousin Hillian?"

The girl spoke so wistfully that her cousin turned and kissed her, but she made no reply; how could she do so truthfully without confessing that she was feeling keenly already the contrast to her mother's orderly household, in which, long before this hour, every member of it would have been gathered into the plainly furnished but always exquisitely clean breakfast-parlour, to ask a blessing on the work of the coming day?

"I wish I had not stayed here; it will be horribly uncomfortable," was her first thought; but her second was a kinder one—

"It will not be so bad for me as it is for this poor worried-looking child. I wonder whether I can help her."

Lil was sorely in need of some one's assistance

when Hillian, with the aid of a stick and the handrail, descended to the kitchen, where her shrinking cousin, almost in tears, was submitting to a volley of abuse from a red-faced red-armed charwoman.

"I never was so put upon, never!" Mrs. Mobbins was saying, as she viciously tightened the strings of her coarse apron. "When I gets here I never knows where to begin, for of all the untidy littery places that ever was, this is the worst, and you can't deny it, miss. Downright slavery it is, and poor pay; the poorest pay I get anywhere; and then to be taken to task like a pickpocket, because just for once I'm a minute or so behind my time!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Mobbins, I only said I wished you had been earlier," Lil ventured to interpose, "You are quite half an hour beyond your usual time."

"Not by no clocks but your own, miss, and maybe that's been put on a-purpose; and if you, or Mr. Stapleton, which is my lawful employer, thinks that I'm going to be brow-beat for such a trifle a week as...."

The sight of Hillian standing on the threshold, looking steadily at her, made Mrs. Mobbins lower her voice to a sullen mutter.

Very sweet and soft were the eyes of Hillian, but they were capable of other expressions, and whenever they rested on Mrs. Mobbins that morning, as she bustled about ready to break into rebellion as often as the frightened Lil offered a suggestion, they curbed her rising ire. She could be saucy to Lil with impunity, for she knew the girl dared not resent it, lest she should flounce away, and leave her in the lurch; but she was awed to a degree astonishing to herself by the gentle dignity of the stranger, and the firmness with which she was silenced when she would have entered on the topic of her wrongs.

Hillian was exerting all her powers of coaxing to induce the children to stop with her while Lil was busy, when a sharp rat-a-tat announced the arrival of Miss Letts, the spinster aunt, who was supposed to exercise a general supervision of Mr. Stapleton's household. She was a little woman, with sharp but pleasant features and restless beady eyes, and carried with her a basket shaped like a small portmanteau, bristling with papers.

A very cheerful little woman was Miss Letts, with a coaxing smile, and an ingratiating manner. It was gratifying to see how Lil was taken into her arms to be fondly kissed, and the children caught up, one after the other, and addressed as "Aunt Bessie's darlings," and assured that she was always, always thinking of them. But, somehow, this affectionate relative seemed oblivious of the neglected appearance of the little ones, the untidiness of their sister, and the general condition of the house.

She came and sat beside Hillian, with Posy, much against the little one's inclination, still folded to her boson,

"My dear, my only sister's children, Miss Hughson!" she remarked, pathetically; "precious treasures committed to my care. An immense responsibility, is it not? Oh! I assure you I feel it deeply; it is never off my mind, sleeping or waking. Lil, my love," she added, hastily, when Hillian leaned forward to secure a pin that held some of Posy's garments together, "what very ragged pinafores these babies are wearing! What will Miss Hughson think of us?"

"It's weeks and weeks since you promised to cut out their new ones, Aunt Bessie," answered Lil, in a very aggrieved tone; "and Eunice forbade me to do as I did with their frocks—cut them out myself—because, she said, I should spoil them."

Miss Letts clasped her mittened hands.

"Why wasn't I reminded of it? Over-anxiety, Miss Hughson, makes one forgetful; and I daresay you have heard how I am working, toiling—yes, literally toiling—to secure nominations for these dear orphans to one or other of our excellent benevolent institutions. Now, I daresay you have no conception of the immense amount of work it involves."

"Aunt Bessie, did you speak to James the butcher about the bad meat he sent us?" asked Lil, breaking in hastily, as if the subject were distasteful.

"Hush, dear, hush! We must not fall out with him just yet; he has two votes, which he has all but promised me. When I have secured those, I'll scold him well: but you must

have patience. And, as I was saying, Miss Hughson, the work is tremendous, and the number of letters that have to be written to subscribers is immense! And, by the way, I always interview them, if possible. A letter may be thrown aside, unread; but when I plead in person for these motherless babies, who can listen unmoved? There have been times when I have been very rudely treated; " and Miss Letts shook her head mournfully. "I have been suspected of imposition, and threatened with the police; but it's all for these dear ones. I never spare myself when I am serving those I love."

"Papa says Tom's clothes are quite disgraceful," observed Lil, "and I told him you had promised to find a tailor who would make him up a suit out of Leigh's old ones,"

"Of course, Lil, of course I will." And Aunt Bessie patted her niece's bony shoulders, "What is there I would not do for my darlings? I'll make a memorandum of it."

"It's no use to do that," murmured Lil; "you have made three already, and they get lost amongst your cards and voting papers."

"I dare say they do," acquiesced Miss Letts, placably, "and I'm sure it's not to be wondered at. My poor brain gets overtaxed. What a day's work I have before me! Quite a heap of cards to fill up and direct; a visit to pay to the secretary of one school, and a call to make on two of the governors of another. I shall get home at dusk, quite spent. Canvassing for votes is a task that requires immense energy. Don't you agree with me, Miss Hughson?"

"It must be very expensive," said Hillian. "You

cannot always walk these long distances."

"I'm afraid to think what it has cost me in cabs, and boots, and stamps," Miss Letts replied, with a mournful air; "but then it is for my sister's orphans; could I grudge it to them?"

Hillian, who was mentally debating whether the advantages to be obtained if Miss Letts' efforts were successful, would overbalance the harm her present neglect was doing the children, was not prepared with a reply; but it was of no consequence, for the busy lady was searching through the contents of her basket, and demanding the while if Mrs. Hughson was interested in either of the excellent charities she named.

"No? You surprise me! Pray enclose her these circulars, and entreat her to

become a subscriber to one or all, and to send us her votes and recommend the case to her friends. A person in her position ought to have immense influence; it might be worth my while to run down to Cherbury and talk to her; even my humble example might have its effect. However, we will discuss this to-morrow. I dare not stay with you any longer now, or I shall lose my train, and with so much to get through before the evening, dear, dear!"

But Lil had grasped her mantle. "Aunt Bessie, what am I to do with Mrs. Mobbins? she is so intolerably saucy. And there 's the laundress, and..."

But Miss Letts twitched her mantle away.

"To-morrow, dear; to-morrow, my best love; you really must not hinder me now; these are but trifles compared with the interests of your little sisters. We will go into all these things thoroughly as soon as I am more at leisure."



(p. 481.)

"And that will be never!" observed Lil, petulantly, as she bustled away. "Aunt Bessie is always canvassing for some one or other. Papa says it's her mania; but I wish, oh! how I wish she wouldn't canvass for Rosy and Posy! How could I bear to lose them? and they would pine and die if they were separated."

Hillian longed to ask if Mr. Stapleton's income was so small as to render it necessary. The worn furniture and shabby dress of Lil denoted extreme poverty, but then the new carpet and the luxurious chairs of the room above contradicted it. However, she could not question her cousin, so she diverted her thoughts by offering to cut out the pinafores after a simple pattern with which she was familiar; and in working at these or playing with the little ones, she wiled away the long hours of the day.

So very long and tedious did they appear that she looked forward with dismay to the prospect of spending a week or two, or even more, in a similar manner. She missed her regular duties; Mrs. Hughson never permitted her daughter to be idle, She missed the life and bustle of the Cherbury High Street and the shop; there was scarcely a creature to be seen from Mr. Stapleton's windows after the male members of the residents went to business and the children to school; and yet more did she miss the hour or two of reading while she sat with her mother, who was never too busy to answer her questions, or listen to her remarks, or enjoy with her some brilliant passage or clever poem. Unable to get across the room without considerable suffering, the approach of evening found her comparatively alone-Lil having gone off to watch for truant Tom, carrying one of the little ones with her-alone, and in such doleful mood that she scarcely looked up, when with long firm stride a strange footstep came up the flagged walk, and a young man came in, who briefly introduced himself to her as her uncle's edest son, Leigh Stapleton.

### CHAPTER V .- EVENING AT MR. STAPLETON'S.

THE house was silent and gloomy no longer, Quickly on the footsteps of Leigh came those of his elder sisters, Eunice and Fanny. Lil arrived triumphant, for she had secured the runaway; and romping with the little fellow were a couple of lads-twin boys, a year or two her juniors. Mr. Stapleton's was a handsome family. Amongst her tall large-framed cousins, who were all, except Lil, beaming with health and spirits, Hillian felt small to insignificance, and they were surprised to find their rich relation, as they had laughingly designated her, such a pale, slight, quietly dressed little creature. Eunice good-humouredly joked with and patronised her, bending down her bright face to kiss her cheek, and almost overwhelming shy Hillian with her kindness. Fanny, less demonstrative, and not 859

half so attractive, sat down at a little distance to criticise her cousin's attire, to calculate the cost of the materials, and to marvel that the daughter of well-to-do tradespeople wore no other ornaments than the silver brooch that fastened her lace collar. As for Leigh, after a civil remark on the weather, he drew from his pocket a book, and absorbed himself in it. Tom leaned against his knee, humming over the lesson he had to prepare for the morrow. His sisters talked at the top of their voices, which fortunately were very musical; and the two lads romped and wrangled and teased Lil without disturbing the reader, who even swallowed his tea and ate the thick bread and butter set before him without lifting his eyes from his book.

Presently Miss Letts came in, protesting that she was tired to death, and longed to go quietly to her own little lodging; but how could she think of herself when she had faithfully promised the father of these dear children that she would always watch over them when he was absent? It was papa's night at his club, Eunice explained; he generally went there three times a week. And it was always jolly then, added her brother Fred, because they could make as much noise as they liked, and there was no one to grumble at them.

Hillian looked shocked, but no one else noticed the irreverent speech. Miss Letts subsided into the only comfortable chair in the room; and in the course of five minutes had talked herself into a nap that lasted, in spite of the noise, till nine o'clock, when she awoke, shivering and yawning; and advising her nieces and nephews to go to bed early, went off herself, dutifully escorted by Leigh to her apartments in an adjoining street.

How any one could read in such a Babel of sounds Hillian could not imagine. As soon as the evening meal was over, Eunice and Fanny fetched a dress, the trimmings of which had been injured on the preceding day, and they disputed as to the best way of repairing the damage, and appealed to their cousin for advice, and sent Lil in search of fresh crape, and screamed directions to her till Hillian was fairly bewildered. Nor was this the worst, for the lads, aided by Tom, tormented each other and Lil till she was in tears, and her cousin's ejaculation of distress at the sight induced Eunice to look up.

Thus invoked, Leigh laid down his volume to draw Lil out of the clutches of her tormentors, and his grave, "That will do, boys!" sufficed to check them. Tom was allowed to obey Lil's injunctions, and go to bed, Fred and Leonard transferring themselves to the kitchen, where the litter they were wont to create was one of the diurnal provocations of Mrs. Mobbins.

And now a smart rat-tat-tat at the door drew from Fanny the exclamation, "Here comes 'Lissa; how fortunate! She's so clever; she'll soon tell us which will look best, folds or gathers."

Leigh did not speak, but Hillian happening to glance at him saw that his face had undergone a vivid transformation. The features she had considered impassive and heavy became full of expression, the hitherto lustreless eyes sparkled beneath their well-arched brows; the finely-cut mouth relaxed, and a tender smile played on his lips as a dainty little figure came into the room, nodding coquettishly

as he stepped forward to greet her.

Melissa Wylder resembled nothing so much as the valuable porcelain figure of a shepherdess that stood on Mrs. Hughson's mantlepiece; so pink and white was her complexion, so blonde her fluffy hair, so mignonne her figure, while her dress, in which crimson predominated, was in the most fanciful style of extreme fashion, kiltings, and gaugings, and frillings elaborating it till it was difficult to tell where one began and the other ended. Gilded bells that tinkled as she moved were dangling from her pretty ears: her short sleeves ending at the elbows in a fall of lace, enabled her to display a pair of white arms, around which were twined silver snakes with gleaming heads of many coloured stones; while from the very fanciful collarette of sequins encircling her throat was suspended a large locket, and on every finger of the plump little hand she offered to Hillian on their introduction, one, two, or sometimes three rings were sparkling.

Who was she? the daughter of some wealthy city merchant? That she was Eunice's dearest friend was soon made apparent by the caressing manner with which she insisted on being allowed to occupy the stool at her feet, instead of the chair close to his own Leigh had hastened to place for her. Hillian, young and romantic, soon found herself watching her cousin furtively, but with increasing interest. Her brother John was engaged to be married, but what little she had seen of his courtship was very prosaic, and his betrothed was as commonplace as she was well meaning, wholly unlike the vivacious, coquettish Melissa, who at one moment bashfully repelled her admirer, and at the next was dazzling and fascinating him till he passed his hand across his eyes and drew deep breaths, indicative of as much pain as pleasure. He was the slave of her piquante loveliness, and she did not attempt to conceal her delight in the power her conquest gave her, alternately attracting and repelling him by her changes of mood and manner, till the more delicate-minded Hillian was both angry and disgusted.

"Lissa is our only intimate friend," Eunice explained, when the Dresden shepherdess had flitted away again, positively refusing to let Leigh see her home, yet consoling him with an arch whisper that smoothed his contracting brows.

"She is a wonderful girl!" cried Fanny, admiringly. "See how well she dresses! and yet her mother is only a widow, who keeps a milliner's shop. Of course her jewellery isn't real, but it's

the best of the kind, and everything she wears becomes her."

Leigh, who had looked pleased when his sister began speaking, winced when she alluded to Melissa's trinkets, and glanced at the unadorned dress of his cousin.

"Hillian does not wear any of this finery," he said, abruptly.

"But I dare say she has plenty of ornaments at home," retorted Eunice. "I know I should have them if I could afford it."

"No, I have not," Hillian said, when appealed to.
"My brother, on my last birthday, gave me a silver
chain and locket with mamma's hair in it; and I
could have had a bracelet once, but mamma gave me
my choice of that or something else."

"And you preferred the something else?" cried

Fanny; "a silk dress, perhaps."

Hillian blushed and laughed as she answered that she had no partiality for silk, but she did not choose to explain how it was to help a person in trouble, that she had renounced the trinket she had been anxious to possess. Mrs. Hughson trained her children in habits of self-denial; aware that the pleasure of giving is twofold, when earned by some personal sacrifice.

Hillian felt more reconciled to staying at her uncle's after she had made the acquaintance of her elder cousins, and in working for one or other of them, the hours of their absence passed swiftly enough. The little ones had lost their dread of her. Tom could often be induced to come straight from school when the reward was a story, or a slate full of sketches of soldiers and animals; while Lil was fast losing her haggard dispirited look now there was some one in the house who could awe Mrs. Mobbins into civility, and lighten her many tasks by advice and encouragement.

Then there were always the cheerful evenings to look forward to. The silent Leigh, although he seldom spoke to her, discovered her taste for reading, and brought her papers and periodicals; while Eunice—gay, noisy, beautiful Eunice, who always came into the house like a March breeze, making a pleasant stir and commotion—spent all her odd pennies in bunches of flowers to toss in the lap of her cousin, and felt herself amply repaid by the delight they

Fanny testified her growing partiality in a different manner. She was a young lady who always considered herself oppressed by those in authority over her; and the greatest proof she could give of a liking for Hillian was the manner in which she poured into her ears the recital of her daily wrongs. Although these confidences were sometimes tedious, it is so pleasant to be liked, that their recipient was always gratified, and declared herself to be quite content to stay where she was when she wrote to her mother, a passage in whose reply related to the lost Thurstan Macey.

"Our old neighbour, Mr. Pearce," wrote Mrs.

Hughson, "tells me that the last time he was in the north of London, collecting the rents of the houses he has there, he believes that he caught sight of that unfortunate lad. Thurstan, if it was he, appeared to be in a pitiable plight-half naked, half starved; but he slunk away, and disappeared down a court, when Mr. Pearce recognised and would have addressed him. Hearing this has made me anxious that you should not leave town without carrying out your intention of making inquiries respecting him. Poor Janet's boy must not be allowed to drift to ruin for the want of a helping hand; only remember, my dear, you are not to go to Agar Town alone, nor to say more to Thurstan, if you succeed in finding him, than I shall be willing to endorse. Learn all the particulars you can, and send them to me."

Hillian slipped her mother's note into the leaves of her Bible, and read and re-read the loving words addressed to herself several times in the course of the first Sunday she spent at her uncle's. She needed the comfort they inspired, for it was the most unsatisfactory day she had ever remembered to have passed in her life.

It commenced with the direct confusion. Every one lay in bed too long, and the always scrambling untidy breakfast was barely on the table when Mr. Stapleton was heard to open his door and warn his family that the bells for morning service were chiming, and that he would not forgive any one who dared to be late. They were expected to present themselves before him-from the eldest to the youngest-before they started, that he might have ocular demonstration that there was nothing in their appearance to disgrace him in the eves of his neighbours. How wildly they rushed about after receiving his warning-scolding Lil for missing buttons or boot-laces, and reducing her to the verge of desperation by calling her repeatedly from her task of dressing her little sisters and herself-it is impossible to describe. Mr. Stapleton's bell had rung two angry peals before Tom was hustled into the suit that had grown too small as well as too shabby, and Eunice could nod an assent to Leigh's inquiry if they were all ready.

With a sharp if curt lecture on their unfilial conduct in keeping him waiting, and a command to the boys to "behave properly," Mr. Stapleton dismissed them, and stretched himself on the sofa with a newspaper. He was wont to assure his acquaintances that he was strictly orthodox, and never permitted his family to neglect their church, but of his duty to lead them thither he said not a word; and judging by the number of children we see at all our places of worship unaccompanied by their parents, Mr. Stapleton's is not a very singular case, too many self-indulgent men and women finding excuses for returning by proxy their thanks to God for the mercies that have crowned the preceding week.

Still a prisoner from her lameness, Hillian spent the morning in her own room, and she wished she could have remained there when the summons to dinner drew her down-stairs. On other days Mr. Stapleton dined daintily at a well-conducted restaurant in town; on Sundays he shared the joint cooked by Mrs. Mobbins, whose knowledge of the culinary art was, it must be confessed, infinitesimally small. To Hillian her uncle's caustic remarks on the watery gravy and badly-served vegetables were absolute torture; for she knew by the choked voices of Eunice and Lil that they were on the verge of tears, and a glance at Leigh showed her that he was gnawing his lips with vexation.

Once indeed he ventured a remonstrance.

"You must allow me to remind you, sir, that Eunice urged you to let her give up her situation and stay at home that we might have the house in better order, and not be dependent on a charwoman."

"Am I so rich that I can afford to keep a great girl of twenty in idleness?" retorted Mr. Stapleton. "I have not complained; if my children cannot contrive to set a decent dinner before me once a week, I suppose I must put up with it. I am sorry for my niece; that is all. I dare say things are differently managed in her home."

He looked at his watch, reminded them that it would soon be time for afternoon service, told Hillian he hoped she was enjoying herself, and withdrew to be seen by her no more, for after a cup of tea had been carried up to him he dressed and went out.

As soon as he had turned the corner of the street all constraint was at an end. Melissa Wylder tripped in to dazzle Leigh with a costume more bewildering than ever, and dissect with his sisters the hats and bonnets of their neighbours. Then, too, notes were compared, Eunice and Fanny frankly confessing that they had walked a couple of miles that morning to attend a fashionable chapel, at which they did not arrive till the service was half over. Leigh had broken rules in the afternoon by taking Lil and the little ones for a quiet stroll, whilst Fred and Len, still more boldly, avowed that they had not been to church or Sunday-school at all.

Hillian bent over her book and tried not to hear the laughter and careless speeches of her companions; this was not the day of rest her mother had taught her to love and reverence, and shutting her ears to the buzz around her, she sat in the quietest corner she could find, conjuring up a picture of her Cherbury home. There, about this hour, Mrs. Hughson would be sitting in her pretty parlour with a dozen or so of the young women of the town listening to her intelligent observations on the chapters they read together, or looking at the illustrated works with which the table was covered.

Those were such happy homely evenings! Girls who were discontented in their situations, or unhappy under their parents' roof, came to Mrs. Hughson and lingered, after the rest had said good night, to confide their troubles to her. Hillian sometimes thought her mother less sympathising than she might have been, but the word of gently-spoken

reproof, the insistence that work, hard earnest work, is one of our best safeguards, often sank more deeply into the hearts of Mrs. Hughson's hearers than any expressions of compassion could have done.

But a louder burst of merriment, and the noisy clapping of hands, aroused Hillian from her meditations. Eunice, a clever mimic, had mounted a stool, and, with a table-cloth thrown over her shoulders, was giving imitations of the clergyman she had heard in the morning. Excited by the laughter of her audience, she was about to evoke another round of acclamation, when her cousin started forward with outstretched hands, crying, in tones that startled them all—

"Oh, Eunice, Eunice! not those words! not those solemn words! For my sake, for your own sake, forbear! How can you, how dare you, use them in jest?"

Confused and ashamed, Eunice pulled off her mock gown and flung herself into the nearest chair; silence fell upon the rest, and Hillian, dashing away the tears that were streaming down her cheeks, found herself face to face with a stranger. Unheard by any one but Lil, who had admitted him, a gentlemanly young man had walked into the room, to be recognised, after a moment of doubt and indecision, as the person to whose prompt interference she had owed her life on the Bank holiday.

#### CHAPTER VI .- MR. HERIOT.

IN welcoming the new-comer, and proclaiming him to Hillian as Leigh's friend Mr. Heriot, the embarrassment caused by her protest against Eunice's mimicry wore away. The lads and Lil, with whom he was an especial favourite, pressed forward clamouring to know why he had stopped away so long; and if the greeting of their sisters was less noisy, it was quite as cordial.

He was not so tall nor so well made as Leigh, but he was lithe and agile, and had the easy bearing and self-possession of a man who has mingled much with society. His bronzed skin, and the brown beard that hid the lower part of his countenance, gave him the air of a foreigner, while his name had a Scottish ring, yet he spoke English without any of the accent or provincialisms that would have enabled one to detect his birthplace.

When Leigh introduced his cousin, Mr. Heriot's eyes—they were hawk-like in their brilliancy and keenness—met hers in such a long unwavering gaze that she was slightly disconcerted. Did he think with Melissa, whom she had just heard whisper to Fanny that she was the oddest girl that ever existed? Had she made herself ridiculous by her interference with the Sunday evening amusements of her cousins?

To a girl who was naturally shy and sensitive, these fears were very trying; but Hillian summoned courage to tell Mr. Heriot that she had not forgotten his kindness, wondering that Eunice knit her brows and glowered at her so darkly while she did so, and he replied with an expression of his concern at finding her still suffering from the effects of the accident,

"Why did you not tell us that you knew Sydney Heriot?" asked Eunice, following her into her room when she retired for the night, and eyeing her with sullen displeasure.

"Because I had not heard his name till this evening," was the prompt reply.

Eunice looked incredulous.

"You might have described him—you might have said that it was an acquaintance of ours who came to your assistance that day. I thought you were candid, and above all petty concealments."

"I have attempted none," her astonished auditor assured her. "You are accusing me without cause. I did not remember his features sufficiently well to describe them, and how could I know that he visited here?"

"You have heard him spoken of often enough," Eunice retorted, growing angrier as she proceeded; "and—and I do detest anything underhanded. You knew he was standing there when you attacked me. It was done to lower me in his sight; to make him feel how unfeminine and irreligious I was."

"Eunice! you cannot really think this!" and Hillian was about to defend herself warmly, but stopped short. It was no use doing so while her cousin was determined to be unreasonable, and finding her resolutely silent, Eunice went away without replying to her civil "Good night!"

For two or three days she continued to be cool and distant, adopting a most unpleasant way of glancing suspiciously at Hillian, whenever any allusion was made to Mr. Heriot; but as her ill-humour was calmly ignored, it died away, and it was from her own lips Hillian learned how she hoped to become, at no very distant period, Sydney Heriot's wife.

"No; it is not a regular engagement yet; he has told me that he will not marry until he is able to make a good home for his wife. He holds an excellent position; he is riding-master at a large riding-school at the West End. You can tell by his manner that he is accustomed to converse with well-educated people, can't you? I dare say—and though Eunice laughed, it was rather bitterly—"I daresay he compared me the other evening with my low-voiced ladylike cousin from Cherbury, and not to my advantage."

"If this is a jest, it is an unkind one," said Hillian, with spirit; "and you must have a very poor opinion of Mr. Heriot's constancy if you think he would make such comparisons."

To her surprise and vexation, Eunice clenched her hands, and began to sob violently.

"No, no, not of him! I do not think ill of Sydney Heriot! How could I? He is so clever, so gentlemanly, that I am a very fortunate girl; and if any one came between us——"

"Go on," said Hillian, meeting the jealous menacing glance so calmly, that Eunice coloured and felt reproved.



"Lingered, after the rest had said good-night, to confide their troubles to her." - 5. 123.

"No," she proceeded to say, in gentler tones, "I do not think meanly of him, but of myself. Do you think I don't feel my deficiencies?—that I don't know I am loud in my dress and manners, and talk the slang I catch up from the boys? But I'd just as soon be considered forward as a hypocrite."

"Are you obliged to be either?" queried Hillian, amused to see her dash away her tears and recover her composure as she came to this conclusion.

"Not if I knew how to hit the happy medium," said Eunice, smiling too. "Is that what you have done? I think you have, although 'Lissa says—"

She checked herself, reddening furiously; and though Hillian reddened also, guessing the nature of Miss Wylder's comments upon her, she was too discreet to pursue the subject, and began to speak of something else.

She had essayed to walk the length of the Terrace, and had accomplished it with less suffering than she anticipated. With the aid of a cab, it would soon be possible to go to Agar Town, and endeavour to find Thurstan Macey. She had learned from Leigh where this suburb was situated, and it now only remained to obey her mother's injunction, and find some one to accompany her there.

Her cousins were too young and inquisitive. She would not care to confide Thurstan's story to either of them, neither could she ask a favour of her uncle, who was almost as great a stranger to her now as when she first entered his house; but if Miss Letts could tear herself away from her canvassing, she would be content to know that Hillian had an affair to transact for her mother, and might possibly go away while she was delivering up her trust, to interview some hapless governor or life subscriber dwelling in the neighbourhood.

Miss Letts was always good-natured, always ready to oblige, though apt to forget her promises in what she called her more important avocations. The difficulty would be to secure her; and Hillian had to wait for some time before she could ascertain the day and the hour at which she was most frequently at leisure.

Sitting beside her one evening while she dozed, as usual, patiently waiting to seize the moment of her awakening, Hillian had not observed that Leigh's seat was empty, till the remarks of his sisters called her attention to it.

"He did not meet the boys in Cheapside as usual," said Eunice, after a conference with Fred and Len in the kitchen. "It is the first time he ever failed them, and they say that they waited for him till they were tired."

"Perhaps he is doing overtime," suggested Fanny, "or one of his fellow-clerks may be away ill, and you know Leigh is foolishly good-natured. I never will do anything that I am not paid for; why should I be more imposed upon than I am already?"

"If Leigh had work that would keep him at the office, he would have contrived to let the boys know

it," said Eunice, decidedly. "He cannot bear to have them loitering about the streets. There must be some other cause for his being so late."

"Yes, I am beginning to feel very uneasy," she confessed, presently, when Hillian noticed her frequent glances at the clock. "Leigh is so regular in his habits that—but here comes Melissa; she may have had a message from him."

However, Leigh's pretty sweetheart added to the alarm instead of lessening it. As soon as she learned the reason of Eunice's unusual gravity, she leaned back in her chair and faintly demanded a glass of water. Leigh would be brought home on a stretcher. she said; she was sure of it; or else he would be found in some hospital. The last time he walked home with her a couple of the roughs who were the terror of the neighbourhood had attempted to jostle her off the pavement, and had received such a punishment from the stout cane her escort carried that they slunk away. But they threatened vengeance as they went, and if half a dozen of them had watched for Leigh and attacked him in some by-street-

"Don't say any more," cried Eunice, crossly, "you have made Hillian look quite pale and frightened, as well as Lil. I will not believe that anything has happened to Leigh; at least, not yet."

But when Sydney Heriot came in soon after, she looked relieved, and, instead of the brusque greeting with which she was wont to conceal her deeper feelings, laid her hands in his, and in broken words told her trouble.

"Yes, it seems silly, I dare say, to be so very anxious because Leigh is two or three hours behind time; but there has just been a dreadful accident on the line he generally uses; and, somehow, we all have such reliance on him, that if he were lost to us—— But you are laughing at me!"

"Only because your suspense is at an end," he replied, cheerfully. "I have a quick ear for footsteps, and I am certain I have just heard your brother's pass the window."

A latch-key was inserted in the door, which was thrown open noisily enough to disturb Mr. Stapleton in his room above—the father of the family, to whom, in spite of their uneasiness, no one had thought of appealing. This haste—this noise was not like Leigh; neither was it the phlegmatic silent young fellow Hillian had hitherto known, who now burst into the room, flushed and panting with haste. The excitement under which he was labouring; the sudden transition from the darkness without, to the lights within, and the stifling warmth of the room combined to affect him. He reeled back against the wall; his sight grew dim; and for a brief period he was totally unable to answer the questions poured upon him.

Something strange, something extraordinary had evidently befallen him; but what, they asked each other anxiously—what could it be?

(To be continued.)

# Now Man Se, Tho from the Dead.



# A CITY OF CHARITIES.

BY ANNE BEALE.



ANDERING over Clifton Downs, we find ourselves asking why Bristol has been called "a City of Charities." We see that it deserved its ancient name of Caer Oder, or Town of the Gap, because the chasm through which the Avon finds a passage to the sea lies beneath us. Besides, we have heard

the legend of the giants Vincent and Goram. These giants resolved to hollow a way through the rocks for the river to meet the sea. chose a different spot for his labours, some miles apart. As they had but one pick between them, they were obliged to work by turns, and to throw it from one to the other, so while one toiled the other rested. Goram was in the habit of reposing in a massive chair hollowed out of the rock on the ravine he was cutting, and one day it happened that the pick arrived unadvisedly; struck him on the head and killed him, so Vincent had the huge tool to himself. No sooner was Goram dead, than the impertinent rivulet, Trym forced its way through the passage he had meant for the Avon, and danced away beneath his big chair. Vincent hacked on at his rocks until he had the satisfaction of seeing the imprisoned Avon flow majestically through them towards the ocean, and of hearing them named after him, St. Vincent's rocks. We do not know why they made a saint of him, unless it was for the utility of his work.

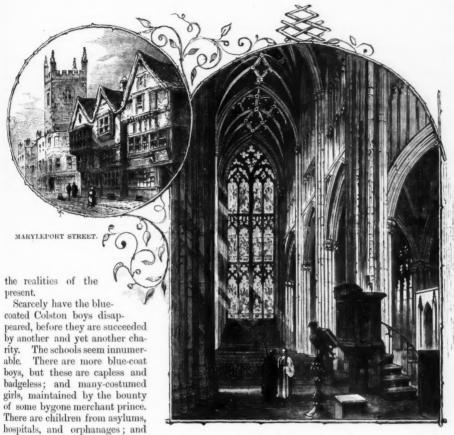
Be this as it may, Bristol was formerly "The Town of the Gap;" why is it now a "City of Charities?" General statistics answer our question in part. They tell us that she possesses forty religious societies, forty charity-schools, and forty general charities. Forty is evidently the golden number of Bristol.

We have only to keep our eyes open to see, and our ears to hear of these said charities, so we will make our own observations. Turn where we will, there they are. We meet them wherever we walk, for that unsectarian preacher the weather, being in his most eloquent mood, draws them in flocks to his great open-air meetings on the downs. Members of all the Churches unite, for once in a way, to listen to him as he pours his eloquent flood on all alike, and, thanks to him, we are able to make our remarks and inquiries without penetrating the city smoke. Artistic patches of scarlet, flitting amongst the rocks and brushwood, first attract us. These are "The Red Maids;" and Alderman Whitson must have had an eye to the picturesque, when he willed that the hundred girls, fed, clothed and taught for ever by his bounty, should be thus clad.

As we wander on, we meet boys in various costumes. First, the Bristol Blue-coat boy, with his long gown and cap, buckled belt and buckled shoes, and the badge of the Dolphin on his breast. They owe food, clothing, and education to the rich merchant Colston; and their badge commemoratesan incident in his life. A dolphin was found in one of his great ships, stopping a leak that would otherwise have sunk the vessel. Chatterton wore this badge as Colston Boy till he was fourteen, and reflecting on him, we are transported for the moment to the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliff, below, in Bristol City. We saw it but yesterday, and must confess that one thought rose with the symmetrical arches, pierced to the remote chapels, spread through nave, transept, aisles, and choir, melted into the "dim religious light" of the glorious windows, hovered even about the chancel, and finally softened into tears in the muniment-room. This thought was Chatterton. It was there "The marvellous boy" dreamed, pondered, wrote, hoped, despaired. There was pondered, wrote, hoped, despaired. There was the "Canynge's cofre" in which he affirmed his father found his wonderful manuscripts; there were the monuments and antiquities that fed his ardent imagination-there the mysterious influence that worked on his excitable nature. The sepulchral voice of one Chatterton recalls the mind to God's peculiar temple, the human framework, and that indwelling soul, most precious in His sight. We are reminded of thousands of outcasts in crowded cities, and of many a struggling genius, dying, like Chatterton, of starvation, if not, like him, of self-administered poison. And he was not eighteen when he committed this rash and impious act, and left his body to the burying-place of a London workhouse. eighteen when he puzzled the antiquary by melancholy satires on all antiquities, and deceived the learned by imitations of poets more learned than they; himself a sad satire on genius and its critics.

And outside the church stands his monument, a sadder satire still. Dead, he yet lives in effigy, as a Colston school-boy on a stone pinnacle. Dead, he yet lives in story, a warning to aspiring youth, a lesson to responsible man. In this "City of Charities," is there no guild incorporated with its foundation schools to which a Chatterton could return in time of mortal need? We educate, we apprentice, and our work is done. Afterwards, temptation, and may be starvation. This church of St. Mary Redcliff, and its monuments, read us lessons as severe as Nineveh or the pyramids.

But we must rein-in the memories and imaginations of the past, and think of Clifton Downs, and



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY REDCLIFF.

every charity appears to be represented on the Downs.

But perhaps the most remark-

able is that built on Ashley Downs, at no great distance. Here Mr. Müller planted his orphanage some years ago, and it has grown into a small parish. He prayed, and the Father of the fatherless heard and answered. One orphan was first given into his keeping, and he has now thousands, supported by that prayer which sceptics declare valueless. There is not on record a better refutation of their unbelief than the fact that in answer to daily prayers God has given "Daily Bread" to the tens of thousands of children who have been received in Mr. Müller's Home.

But Bristol has not been called a "City of Charities" from its orphanages alone. Even on the Downs we see the aged, sick, and infirm from multitudinous almshouses, hospitals, and asylums; and we hear much of missions, ancient and modern. As usual, the ladies are identical with the charities. They visit the sick poor

in Union and Home, superintend Mothers' Meetings, provident clubs, teetotal halls, schools, uniformed and ragged, and aid generally to purify the moral air of the city. We are glad to find that they have instituted a Preventive Mission with a view to supersede the Penitentiary, thus offering a Home to prevent degradation, instead of a Refuge when degraded. It is also pleasant to hear that, while caring for their fellow-creatures, they are not unmindful of the brute creation. Cabdrivers and donkey boys withhold whip and stick at sight of these opposers of cruelty to animals; and as a rule the donkeys look less oppressed than their brethren elsewhere, and speak well for the ladies and the air and herbage of the Downs. Dogs and cats have also their female champions. Trays of food may be seen at certain doors for the unfriended "strays;" and so their doubtful lease of life is lengthened. But perhaps the most

valuable fruit of Bristol's preventive mission to animals is visible on the quay, in the large fountains and troughs of water prepared for them against they are landed from the crowded vessels. Any one who saw the poor thirsty creatures drink, or heard their piteous bleat where water is not, would lend heart and purse to provide this simple boon of nature for her creatures at every landing stage and railway station throughout the kingdom.

Bristol is certainly a hive of busy bees in which there are many working queens and few

drones.

Pondering these things, we linger on the Downs till evening's shadows fall, and the tide comes in. Hitherto we have only seen the mud-bed of the Avon uncovered by its sheet of water; now the river flows beneath St. Vincent's rocks, wide, full, majestic, and the giant's good work becomes apparent. Many vessels that have been awaiting the tide at the Avon's mouth now glide down its breast, and one might wander far and not meet a fairer scene. The soft twilight slowly deepens over the Downs, and the blended hues of sunset are re-

flected by the river and welcomed by rocks, woods, and greensward. In the distance the Suspension Bridge looks like some aërial passage laid by fabulous hands from rock to rock-while the vessels glide beneath it like birds in the abysmal The red light of each depth and darkness. steamer might be a fire-fly perched on the crest of these trailing water-birds, and the steam-shriek their night cry. One by one they sweep under the chain-work so immeasurably above them towards the great merchant city. Few have the white wings of the argosies that formerly wafted gold to the inhabitants; but none the less do they bear their freight of wealth to the modern Phœ-As the tide rises and night gathers, nicians nothing but these red lights are visible on the river, and they gleam like jewels on her swelling breast. They flit on and on, and disappear in the obscurity as they near their Tyre. It seems strange to stand so high above and watch them in their dense depth below. Stranger still to reflect on past and present, time and change, God's works and man's works, while the curtain of night falls on this "City of Charities."

# THE HEALING OF ANXIETY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.



is not work that kills men; it is worry. We are all agreed upon that. How to avoid worry would be a subject that would enlist a multitude of readers, if the recipe could be given. But so much of it comes from causes outside our will, outside our very expectation, that it would be idle to suggest this or that as the way to avoid it

altogether. The subject of this paper is of a much more curative character than any specific as to avoiding causes of worry-for its aim is specially to show that the Gospel of Jesus Christ provides the best antidote to it. The fact is anxieties will come, and must be met by some allsufficient remedy. Let us therefore note the reasons which our Blessed Lord gives for their avoidance. "Take no anxiety for the morrow." Why? Because every day, as it brings the returning light of morning, brings also new mercies, new freshness of feeling, new and gracious providences, new opportunities, and unexpected deliverances, "The morrow shall take anxiety for the things of itself." Do not antedate difficulties, because you cannot antedate their relief.

And why be so anxious about things? The life is more than meat. The training of character,

which is immortal, is more than the mere comfort of circumstances which we ought to transcend. Things? You will have enough of these—for the all-sufficient reason which the Master gives—"Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of."

All this leads me to remark that the comfort of the Gospel is never a mere anodyne of soft words or mere empty sentiments. No. We sicken at the consolations which come from unreasonable

speech.

Solaces, in our great agonies of endurance, which often have no commensurate reasons, have therefore no real rest in them for such hearts as ours. The Gospel is always profoundly reasonable. From the lips of our Saviour we have such Divine revelations as ought in themselves to furnish perfect rest in all times of anxious wear and worry.

For instance, are we anxious about sin? What is the comfort? Is it based on mere utterances like those of earth?—as you have made your bed, so must you lie on it, and so forth? No. Listen! "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

(Isa. xl. 1). And take another illustration from the same chapter. Are we anxious about our life-way? Do we feel at times that the Infinite Father, amid the great affairs of heavenly state, has forgotten us? "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding." (Isaiah xl. 27, 28.) Here two granite foundations are laid, for us to build our peace upon—our Father's infinite strength, and His infinite wisdom; added to which is a third-His grace of "He giveth power to the faint, communication. and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

All this we find revealed in higher lights in the words of our Lord. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," an argument from the Father's infinite inspection. "Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows," an argument from the fact that God has a desire

to the work of His own hands.

These harmonise with the other illustration of the reasonableness of the view we must all take of the inferior preciousness of the summer flowers and the meadow grass to God's own child: "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field. Therefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Much more, I am persuaded, might be made of the argument, that the comfort of Christianity is not a mere shutting our eyes to consequences, or drugging the memory, or hiding anxiety behind the veil of energetic occupations. In all such cases the actual anxiety remains exactly as it was before. If we sleep in the presence of an enemy, there he is when we awake! If the disease is hidden beneath a fair skin, its non-obtrusiveness

does not destroy our dread.

But the Gospel does what it professes to do. It gives true consolation. It says to the sinner, God has provided a ransom. There is balm in Gilead, there is a physician there. Believe and be saved. Let not the dark memories of sin drive you to despair. God has blotted out the handwriting of trespasses against you, through that Saviour Who nailed them to His cross. Here the Divine basis of reconciliation is revealed. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18).

The same argument may be applied to the anxieties of human life. Reasons are given us for trusting in God at all times, under all circumstances, and for looking to Him as our very

present help in every time of trouble. I am quite willing to admit that all this requires on our part faith and dependence-graces which can only develop their strength through devout waiting upon God. Anxieties which are wilfully selfimposed, and which are the result of evils which we make no effort to remedy in right ways, cannot be complained of. This would not be a righteous universe if the vices were honoured as the virtues. If men will indulge in late hours and luxurious living, they must not complain of anxiety about sleeplessness, and impaired digestion. If they will make a show in life, and either plunge recklessly or glide carelessly, into debt, they must not ask our pity because they are so worried about their ways and means. If they will indulge in temper, we cannot sympathise with their anxiety about the loss of love. If they will live without prayer, we cannot wonder that they are anxiously disturbed about their low spiritual state, and their loss of peace with God.

The Gospel does work miracles—yea, miracles of human and spiritual healing. But it does not work miracles which would have an immoral aspect, viz., to free men from anxieties which are the results of negligence and idleness, indul-

gence and iniquity.

I am prepared to argue that, in a world like this, where so much worry comes from others, from causes over which we have little or no control, there is infinite relief for us in that Gospel which tells us that we are disciplined through tribulations like these, trials which leave us without a sting within, for we know and feel that these sorrows are wrongs that we suffer, rather than woes which we deserve. Anxiety will come at times even then, but what sweet relief also comes from casting all our care upon Him, who bore in a way that no other can "the sins of the whole world!"

Anxiety soon becomes a habit with those even who have no great anxieties, unless they stir up their souls, to lay hold on the great promises of God in Christ. For who has not noticed that those who often get worried the most, are those whose lot would be a kind of paradise to many worn and

weary hearts?

It is easy to sing, "Begone, dull care," but there are times when music and song will not beguile us. Besides, when we enter the sanctuary of the mind, we enter a reasonable as well as a sympathetic sphere, and the comfort must be commensurate with the nature of the being to be comforted. Blessed indeed are they who rest under the shadow of the great Father's wing; under that wing let them still trust; they will find no other refuge broad enough, high enough, warm enough to be a true home for watchful anxious hearts.

Let us be thankful that the Saviour still lives and reigns, and that though He is high and lifted up, He has received gifts for men. And then with our increase of faith, perhaps even the face may look younger, and the step be firmer, and the voice be cheerier, and the eye be brighter. For we take up the old song, "My heart rejoices in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord (1 Sam. ii. 1). And amongst the many Divine gifts for men, there remain still "Gifts of Healing."

# MY KATE.



Y your leave there, mum,"

I stepped hastily on one side, only to come in collision on the other against a pyramid of bandboxes slung on a pole. The particular box I "collided" with was not any too clean, and I looked down at the dirty mark on my cloak ruefully.

I felt a little confused by the bustle,

and the sudden drops of falling rain. There was a big covered entrance close at hand, and I slipped into it for shelter.

The drops fell faster and faster. The fortunate people who had umbrellas put them up, and hurried about their business; the people who had not—I was one of them—looked helplessly out of their retreats, and envied their more fortunate brethren.

Presently my refuge was invaded by another fugitive, a tall fair-haired girl, dressed with a simplicity that bordered on severity, but who looked thoroughly like a lady notwithstanding. She stood on the step below, watching the great drops splashing on the pavement, and from my corner I watched her.

She was young—two or three-and-twenty, perhaps—and for that I envied her, with a thought of the long years since I was young. I passed on to her dress; she could not compete with me there, at any rate. Coarse grey homespun, worn with a certain grace, but it spoke of service, rather than beauty, and I turned complacently to my own reflection in the wire-blinded window behind me. Soft black satin—I liked soft things—fur cloak, with the snudge still visible, and dainty lace bonnet, though I fancied the face inside looked frailer and more faded by contrast with the glowing girlish one below me.

There came a little break in the shower, and the girl unfurled her umbrella, and prepared to depart, and then, for the first time, looked round at me.

"You have no umbrella," she said, in a clear pleasant voice, "If you are going up the street, will you come under mine?—it is a large one."

"Thank you; I shall be very glad, if it will

not inconvenience you; the shower came on so suddenly."

"It did indeed."

We went out together into the sloppy street, and I tried to make my halting footsteps keep pace with hers. I think she perceived it, for she drew my arm under hers.

"I can shelter you better so," she remarked, in half apology; but when we reached the end of the street, I drew it out rather loftily.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness." And I spoke a little formally, as became the proprietor of such a cloak.

"I am glad to have been of service," she said, quietly. "Good afternoon."

I began to steer my way, gingerly, across the square. Alas! pride goeth before destruction. Before I had taken six steps, a hansom came dashing violently up. I saw the driver trying to pull up, and the horse's open mouth, right above me. The next instant I was lying, an undignified heap, on the wet crossing, with a sort of mist before my eyes.

When it cleared off, I was sitting on a mat—from the hansom, doubtless—on the curb-stone, with the driver and my acquaintance of the umbrella regarding me ruefully.

I feebly tried to rise. "Will some one be good enough to call a cab for me?"

I felt the girl's arm holding me tightly as I spoke, I was humble enough to be grateful now. I looked up, with a sudden impulse, in her face.

"I feel very shaken. Will you see me home?"

"I will," came the instant response.

I remember but little else till I found myself on my own little couch, and my Samaritan friend bathing my face with something.

"There, you will do nicely now," she said, cheerily.

"Let me take off your cloak, and you shall have a cup of tea; you are not hurt at all, only shaken, that is a good thing."

"Only shalen," I echoed; "it feels bad enough to be anythin."

"I think your cloak has been the worst sufferer," she laughed. "What a pity! I was thinking how nice and how comfortable you looked in it, as we walked up the street."

I sat up, and tried to smooth my ruffled plumes. The frank admiration in the girl's face, and the tea combined, were bringing me round rapidly.

"You have been very kind to me," I said. "Now you must have some tea for yourself."

"She stood on the steps below, watching the great drops splashing on the pavement." -p. 492.

While it came we sat by the firelight, and drifted into talk.

"Bell," she said her name was—Kate Bell; she was quite alone in the world, except for some distant relatives away in Cornwall, and she lived by painting China for a large factory off Somerset Road. It was pretty, artistic work, and she liked it. She told me a good deal of the process during the next hour.

"It was a quiet life," she said, in answer to a remark of mine; "but better, infinitely, than being a governess, and there seemed but that alternative

for most women."

It was a brave frank face and noble head that the firelight flickered softly around. Something better than beauty in her quiet grace and strength, and I held her hand tightly when she got up to go.

"My dear, I am glad to have met you; come and see me again very soon; I am a lonely woman,

too."

That was the beginning of the friendship, for it speedily blossomed into that. She came the next Saturday early in the afternoon. I was still on my sofa, slowly pulling round, and her cheerful face brightened me at once. She put out her hand, and touched my dress gently as she sat by me.

"Your gown feels so like a dove I had when I was a little girl, warm and soft; I could hardly imagine you in government serge," she added, with a glance

at her own blue gown.

I stroked my plumage down complacently, with a sigh of resignation to my superior sensitiveness.

"Ah, but I am afraid I am not of the stuff martyrs are made of. What do you wear for your work? Is there any kind of uniform?"

"Oh, no; just big holland aprons. I look uncommonly like a cook in mine."

"How long have you been there?"

"Nearly two years. I have been promoted once or twice since I went. Miss Ford," she said, stopping herself, abruptly, "I am afraid I shall get into the habit of inflicting too much of my affairs upon you; it's such a new experience to find an interested listener."

"Go on, dear."

"We begin at nine, and wind up at six, except some of the short days, when we have any special kind of work on hand. Of course it is safer then to give it up at dusk. And always at two, Saturday afternoons. Saturdays are great days for me, I assure you."

Soon they grew into great days for me likewise. Kate got into the way of coming to see me then, and staying sometimes till Monday. I would have liked her altogether, but she would not give up her independence.

"I'll quarter myself upon you whenever I get the chance," she declared, laughingly; "but I can't give up being my own umbrella entirely."

And seeing that her strength to stand alone had been the chief attraction to me, who had it not, I could not find fault with her for it. It was a happy time for both of us, but Kate was doing more for  $m_{\tilde{\boldsymbol{\theta}}}$  than I could for her.

One quiet March evening I was watching for her through the twilight, pacing up and down between the narrow beds of crocuses and growing daffodils. She was later than usual, and I stopped at the little iron gate to look down the lane. There she was, just turning the corner, and a man with her. I stood still in petrified amazement.

Kate shook hands with the trespasser at this juncture, and came briskly in,

"Well, Kate, what is the meaning of this?"
Kate laughed merrily down at my tragic face,

"Don't look as if you had stumbled on a powder magazine. He isn't either a hero or a villain, only one of the workmen at our place, and a very clever, respectable one. There were some disreputable people about the roads to-night, and he was coming in this direction; so I walked beside him. It's the race day, you know."

"Oh!" said I.

"I am very sorry," went on Kate, "there is not sufficient material for you to build a castle out of, but I think our cottage is more comfortable for the present. Look how those daffodils are blowing out! What is that for?"

"That" was a ponderous old stump in the very midst of them.

I explained that it was merely a temporary feature in the landscape, to keep the roots from encroaching on forbidden ground.

The daffodils blew and faded, and the lilacs came; but the little cloud in my sky grew bigger, and that obnoxious man's way seemed to lie in Kate's direction very often. She rather shunned the subject afterwards, and I avoided it jealously; all the more so that I was sure it would not end here. All those long summer days we kept silence.

Kate broke it at last, of her own accord.

"Miss Alice, I feel rather worried about something."

"So I see, Kate."

"Some one at the works wants me to marry himhas done for months. It's the man you saw."

"Surely you don't want to marry him!" I cried, rather scornfully.

"No," she answered, shortly. "I've had little time to think of marrying any one, much less a common workman. I have considered myself a lady always, and—and I am afraid it humbled me a little at first."

I sat up in wrathful indignation-

"Of course it would. Kate, this is nonsense; send the man about his business, and speak to the manager if there is any repetition of it."

But there was no answering indignation in Kate's face.

"I can't do it," she said; "he is far above any man I have met in my own class—I can't help respecting him—he has made me feel that; and yet, a mispronounced word, a little ignorance of commonplace details, outweighs it all with me. I didn't know I was so small before," she added, with a laugh.

"Don't think of it at all, Kate," I exhorted. "You couldn't do it. Your ideas and ways about the simplest thing would be different. If it was really for your good, dear, I would not say one word to bias you," I said, loftily, but with an inward conviction that I should do nothing of the kind; "but this man is not your equal, Kate."

But Kate was crying quietly.

Three nights later the enemy came in person. We were sitting in the firelight as usual. Kate looked up with aguilty face at the sound of the loud double knock.

"Miss Alice, I think that is Mr. Dane. I said he might walk back with me this evening."

"I suppose Mr. Dane is the intelligent workman," I said, stiffly.

Before she could assent he was in the room, and I found myself shaking hands with him.

"I beg your pardon for intruding here," he began, speaking with a strong North-country burr. "Miss Bell gave me permission."

"It is not an intrusion," I said, politely. "Take the easy-chair."

He sat down on the edge of it, and looked at Kate, and I looked at him. Clearly Kate had not been attracted to him for his outward gifts and graces—a swarthy lined face, wiry powerful figure, and knotted hands that clutched his hat tightly. Beside him Kate—my Kate, with her noble head and sunny hair. And yet there was something in the man's face that hurt me—a look of repressed suffering, that made me feel I had no right to try to stand before him—no part or lot in the matter; that it ought to be between themselves only. I got up from my seat.

"There is no need to go, Miss Ford," said the man, brusquely. "We are not lovers; I suppose you know that. I've come to tell her I've got the order for San Francisco at once, and to see if she has not one word to say to me before I go."

Kate's head was bowed, out of sight almost, and I slipped away unheeded.

I knew how it would end now, and I could not do without her. I had had such a little narrow life, and she was the only person who had ever lifted me out of myself. We had been so happy together. Must I just drift back again to the old state? There was a terror of it upon me.

And then something broke up inside me. What right had I to stand in the place of another? I had viewed all things from my own petty standpoint, but here was a force stronger than mine. The pitiful class distinctions I had prated so glibly about died away before it; they were on equal ground henceforth.

It was a long long time before Kate came up to the little room where I was sitting, and knelt down beside me.

"Say a loving word to me, dear, for I am going to marry him when he comes back."

And somehow I said it. And Kate has never guessed how much of self there was mixed up in my jealousy. With that night she seemed to pass into another world. All doubts and fears were left at the gate of it. He was to be away two years, perhaps more, and she spoke of his coming back as securely as if it were next week.

The last Sunday before he sailed he came early in the afternoon. As long as the daylight lasted Kate and he paced up and down the walk under the leafless lilacs; then tea, which Kate poured out with a pretty matronly air quite new to her. Soon after he rose up. Kate rose too, and muffled a thick red shawl round her shoulders.

"I'll go down to the gate with you," she said, quietly.

Mr. Dane looked at me.

"Good bye, Miss Ford. Kate has taken me, a working-man; I will educate myself up to her level, before I claim her. If I did not know I could do it I would not have asked her. Take care of her till I come back—my Kate."

Two years—nearly three, quiet happy years—just Kate and I. I think we both learned some lessons in them. I thought she would have been anxious or fretful in the long waiting, but through all the time there never came a shadow of distrust over the restful face; she read me items of news from her letters at times; there were months of hard, hard work, then gradual success, success beyond his hopes, then there was promotion, and then—the time had slipped past, and he was coming home.

Kate's face woke up into new beauty over her preparations; and in the midst of them he came.

We saw from the papers one morning that the ship had been spoken; and that same night, as we sat in the little dining-room, there came a quick step up the walk, and Kate, as naturally as though they had parted yesterday, went out to greet him.

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and it seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had." The words of the old patriarchal love story I used to delight in in my childish days came back to me that night—surely something of the same light had fallen on these two.

And that love had raised him to Kate's level, or beyond it, for, as she said proudly, a day or two later, "it was she who had reason to feel ashamed of her ignorance beside him now." And so the story ended in the old, old fashion.

My Kate—she is far away in her own bright busy home; I here in my solitary one; but it will never be quite the narrow selfish one again, it was before she came into it.

I look out of my window; the daffodils are blowing merrily in the spring sunshine, their faces turned the right way, though the stump is there no longer; and I think perhaps I also needed a stump, and so the Great Gardener sent me—Kate.

SARAH PITT.

# CHRIST'S TEACHING CONCERNING HUMAN LIFE.—II.

(CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.)

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.



HAT is sin? It is, says materialism, a natural characteristic, the involuntary and inevitable product of our physical constitution, an unfortunate combination

of physical particles, to which there attaches no fault, and for which there is no remedy. So that if I am untruthful, impure, unrighteous, even murderous, it is through the necessity of my na-Social law may restrain me for its own preservation, but it cannot blame me, and has no right to punish me; the only possible remedy for

evil natures is to destroy them.

Nay, says Jesus Christ, sin is only the disorder and damage of a noble nature. As God made man, he was perfect and Godlike. He has simply abused the high prerogative of his nature. Free to choose good or evil, he has chosen evil. Sin is the perversion of his nature, a fall from its proper righteousness, a folly, a culpability, a wilfulness. It is no necessary quality, its disposition may be resisted, its tendency may be eradicated; man may become holy, a "partaker of the Divine nature," so develop in goodness that ultimately he shall be perfect and without spot.

Which is the nobler teaching about sin? Which places human nature on the highest level, which does most homage to its intrinsic greatness? While materialism assures men of immunity by the ignoble process of releasing them from responsibility, Jesus Christ assures them of immunity by delivering them from sin itself. He gives possibility to noble aspirations, play to the most earnest strivings, hope to the highest imaginations.

How little Christ accounted of the accidents of human life, how low in the scale of things He placed the things of mere physical being-property, comfort, health, even life itself! How much he made of moral character, spiritual being, goodness, love, unselfishness, purity, likeness to God! Never for a moment does He hesitate in His comparative estimates: "The life is more than meat, the body than raiment;" "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" He always puts first, moral qualities, spiritual excellencies, noble life. The soul is more than the body. It is better to be than to possess.

The life to which He calls us is transcendently noble. What a grand conception of manhood it is! no single element in it belittles or degrades us. Man is to resist all wrong, to attain all right.

Sin, according to Christ's teaching, is a foreign element in human nature, a self-induced disease. a folly and a wrong. In proof whereof it always

awakens shame and remorse. We apologise for sin, and hide it; we feel that it ought not to be, that our nature is made for better things. If I had not this feeling about sin, this conscious. ness of its wrong, its debasement, its misery; if I accepted moral wrong as a physical necessity which excited no moral feeling, I should be degraded indeed. Because sin works in me such shame, causes such a feeling of culpability and remorse, makes me unhapy; because I cannot regard sin as a mere misfortune; because I feel it as a "body of death;" because I cry out in my wretchedness, and yearn and strive for redemption -I am nobler than sin, nobler than mere physical forces; sin is not a necessary constituent of my nature, it is not an involuntary, inevitable calamity. Else, why should I feel culpability at all? Why should this mysterious feeling of remorse, which springs up in every breast, and which no reasoning can expel, be excited against a law of nature? I do not resent the law of fire when it burns me; I do not feel remorse when the law of gravitation impels me.

The teaching of Jesus Christ about sin is not only the greatest and noblest of teachings, it is true to all the facts of my nature and consciousness. He tells me that I am a man, a moral being, a self; that God's great and awful gift of freedom, the prerogative of self-control, selfdirected life, is the crown which God puts upon my moral nature. He makes me independent of Himself; I am able to defy Him. I need not therefore sin unless I will to sin, and if I do sin, sin is simply a perversion of my nature, not a constituent part of it. I was not made for sin, only

for truth, and holiness, and God.

Is not this great Teacher the Light of the World? Is not this the greatest, grandest of all doctrines of human nature; the completest, truest account of human sin? While the scientist ponders physical laws, while the philosopher studies the phenomena of life, and both have to confess that they can give no satisfactory account of sin, throw no light upon its great moral darkness, suggest no redemption from this calamitous moral evil, Jesus Christ simply says, Sin is man's abuse of his great gift of moral freedom, sin is the disease of a noble moral nature. I am come to heal the disease. I am come to restore man to the right exercise of his will. I am come to throw Divine light upon the great problem, to inspire hope in sinful souls, to "say to the prisoners, Go forth."

V. What is the true redemption from sin of human nature? Materialism teaches that as sin is an essential part of man's constitution, so the

only remedy for it is the destruction of the being in whom it is found. It is a misfortune, it is true, but we must bear it as we can until we die; then the entire man will perish; there will be an utter extinction of all thought and consciousness, of all love and hope. All the lofty yearnings of men will be disappointed, all great affections of life will be broken off, all high purposes of life will remain unfulfilled; for all that I thought to be religion and communion with God is proved to be an illusion. The final issue, therefore, is a blank annihilation of all the noblest feelings, of all the most glorious hopes of a man. A theory of the issue of life not very noble or in-

Others who believe in a God, and in His salvation, teach us that He will be merciful, that of His mere pitying Fatherhood He will forgive all His sinning children who are penitent. And in this theory of forgiveness there is some plau-So tender fathers do forgive. the moral philosophy is somewhat shallow and defective. It takes account of God's pity only. It altogether ignores His righteousness; the violated principles of holiness remain violated. God will tenderly forgive, and will say nothing about the broken law, the violated righteousness. Well, but can a man feel perfectly satisfied with this as the method of a Divine Ruler, of a God Who is Magistrate as well as Father, the habitation of Whose throne is justice and judgment? I confess that my moral feeling cannot be satisfied with mere safety. My personal safety is a small thing compared with the eternal laws of right. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of God's law shall fail." I feel, sinner as I am, a certain moral satisfaction in this. It condemns me, but I must approve.

1. Christ teaches a true expiation for sin. The profound philosophy of the Christian forgiveness through atonement is that it secures both righteousness and mercy, holiness and forgiveness. "Mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other;" the moral conscience feels satisfied; not a single claim or consideration of righteousness has been neglected. It is not a question, Can God be persuaded to forgive? I do not bring prayers, urge entreaties, offer penances and inducements. I start with the assumption that God wishes to forgive as much as I wish to be forgiven. The question is, Is it possible for Him to maintain the law of righteousness, and yet forgive? a question, if I may say so, which He puts as eagerly as I do; for His pity yearns, His love desires and devises. And the atonement of Jesus Christ is the great moral means which God's own love appoints, whereby He can righteously forgive. He "bears the iniquity of us all," becomes our substitute, in such a sense that the principle of justice is satisfied and honoured. No one pondering that great sacrifice can think of God as deeming

lightly of holiness, or of His law as violated with impunity.

Many schemes of religion have their theories of the forgiveness of sins. Man being a sinner, every religion must provide a forgiveness in some way or other:—either by some atonement which the sinful man himself offers, or by an act of oblivion on God's part, whereby He blots out the past of His mere mercy, suspending, in order to do so, all demands of righteousness. Infinitely grander than all these—grander in idea, to say the least—towers Christ's method of forgiveness; a sublime harmony of righteousness and peace; so that a man forgiven through Christ feels that his conscience as well as his safety is perfectly satisfied. It is the grandest philosophy of forgiveness ever propounded to the world.

And because it is so true to the conscience and entire moral nature of men, it has been practically the greatest moral force that the world has known. It has moved the conscience and heart of man as nothing else has. It is surely not untrue, or it could not have done that. "Lifted up from the earth," the Crucified has "drawn all men unto Him." The purest of all moral forces, Christianity has been the mightiest, just because it has appealed to all that is truest and best in the consciences and hearts of men; so that in Christ's great conception of the forgiveness of sins through propitiatory sacrifice, we have a philosophy of forgiveness, radical in its righteousness, infinite in its love, and full of moral power. Where every other theory of forgiveness morally fails, that of Christ is perfect.

I maintain that the idea of expiation is deeply rooted in the sentiment of righteousness, in the instinct, therefore, of all moral being; it finds some embodiment in almost every religion that the world has known; but for the first time it is made consistent, practicable, and perfect in the gift of the only begotten Son. It is a teaching that lends itself to popular exaggeration and caricature. It is an easy thing to cavil at it. But rightly conceived, in its righteousness, and love, and appeal, the world has had no other theory that in moral glory can be compared with it.

 Christ teaches a true moral renewal of human nature. His doctrine of the Holy Spirit is a unique and transcendent teaching; a provision for the renewal and holy life of men through the quickening and indwelling of the Spirit of God.

A law of holiness is common to all religions. Every religion has its decalogue, and Christianity demands a holiness higher and more spiritual than any other. The great problem is how to attain to it; men have always known more than they could realise.

Christianity brings not only a lofty demand for holiness, but the power of complying with it. It is not a power that interferes with the personal responsibility of the man; it is full of solicitations and demands for strenuous holiness. It is a power that graciously works with a Divine solicitation and energy upon the moral dispositions, changes the sympathies and desires of the moral nature, regenerates the heart of the man, and makes him love the holiness demanded of him. Human thought has conceived no theory of holiness comparable. with this; it preserves both elements of moral life, the human and the divine; we "work out our own salvation, while God works within us."

VI. What is Christ's idea of what a human life should be :- in its scope, its functions, its duties, its responsibilities, its aims? The world is full of theories of a perfect life; is any one of

them comparable to that of Christ?

His radical method is to begin, not with aggregates of men, but with the individual; not with a man's conduct, but with his principles and dispositions. What responsibility and dignity He puts upon the individual man! He is a person, directly related to God, and responsible to Him. With this personal relationship no man may interfere, neither priest nor church, ruler nor teacher.

In his work he is a "labourer together with God;" a personal helper of the Divine purposes, a minister to his fellows. However humble his gifts or obscure his circumstances, his responsibility, his agency, his work are distinctively his own. And by personal service he develops the excellencies and multiplies the satisfactions of his He is called to the loftiest chaown nature. racter of moral purity, of spiritual nobility, of Divine fellowship and joys that human thought ever conceived. He has the strongest consolations in human sorrows, the most inherent and abiding forces that secure fidelity and generate peace.

You never find in the teachings of Jesus Christ

anything like disgust with life, moanings over its ills or its miseries. Life is to be vigorously lived, loftily used, gloriously redeemed. No disciple of Christ may seek premature or illicit deliverance from life. Even the noblest Greeks and Romans found a tragic apotheosis of life in suicide. When tired of life, why might they not leave

To the disciple of Christ, life is neither the dull farce nor the dreary tragedy that it was to them. It is a great ministry, a noble duty, a Divine appointment, a lofty school of experience. Everything in it is for greatness, every experience for noble issues. Issues so grand, that the Christian man even "glories in tribulation," All things that are, are simply possibilities of greater religious character. According to Christ's teaching, it is a glorious thing to be a man, to live in a world of men, to exercise a personal will, to discharge a grand responsibility, to be inspired by the noblest affections, to enter into such high spiritual relations with God, to seek the perfection of all holiness and joy.

Can any one dispute that this Christian theory of life is infinitely noble? There is not a degradation, a littleness, associated with it. It accounts for all the problems of life; it makes "all things work together for good." Is not He who so taught the Light of men? In this, as in all His teachings, simply unapproachable, "Surely this Man is the

Son of God.

Are we realising this noble life, or is it only Christ's ideal? As such it will not save us. He sets before us a new, a redeemed, a regenerated, a lofty religious life; He makes all things possible to us; He calls us to attain to this. In Him we may have life, and have it more abundantly. Shall we not be doubly guilty if we fail of it: guilty of the sin which destroys, and guilty of the folly which despises the life that is so gloriously wrought for us?

# ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT TABITHA'S WAIFS," "LITTLE HINGES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.-A HARD NATURE.

HEN Jacob got into his little room, he sat down on the side of the straw mattress, which served for a bed, and burving his head in his long thin hands, remained there thinking for some little time, occa-

sionally muttering to himself.

"'T ain't right o' the master; he don't know what he's doin'," he said, several times.

At last he laid himself down on his hard bed, and drew the rough but warm coverings over him. Presently he rose again, and went and listened at the

door. The sound of a childish voice came from Mr. Lever's room, and Jacob went and laid down again, at last falling into a heavy sleep,

Long before it was light, the lad rose, and putting on his clothes, crept quietly down the narrow stairs, as was his habit. But this morning, instead of going straight to the kitchen, he went first, and softly unlocked the door leading into the shop, and peering into various little drawers and odd corners, at last found a key, with which he opened a desk bureau. In this were several account books, and two or three wooden saucers, together with an extraordinary collection of

odds and ends. Jacob first examined the saucers; there was a half-crown in one of them. Then he shifted the papers and things, carefully examining every corner, but there was evidently nothing that he wanted to find, for he shut down the desk with a sort of grunt, and replacing the key, went back to the kitchen, lighted the fire, swept it all up, cleaned the grate and the hearth, and then marched into the little parlour, with broom and dust-pan, blacklead brushes, pail, and flannel.

"Jacob," called his master's voice presently, "come here."

Jacob went.

"See if you can amuse the little chap a bit," he said, bringing Benny to the door. "He's crying after his manney, and wants a deal of coaxing."

Jacob cast a glance, not altogether friendly, at the child; and taking him up in his arms, carried him away down-stairs.

"Look 'ere, little 'un," he began, sitting Benny on a stool near the fire, "you don't like stoppin' 'ere; you want to go home, don't you?"

"Benny wants his mam," the child cried, bursting into a fresh fit of tears.

"H'm!" grunted Jacob, "that's what I s'pose Benny can't have, 'cos he ain't got none."

"Then Benny wants Bobby," he cried, pitcously, eyeing Jacob curiously, and rubbing his wet eyes with his knuckles.

"Poor little chap!" said Jacob, meditatively; "he is a little 'un to be left."

And then the lanky apprentice stood looking into the fire, with his back to the child.

Something in Jacob's appearance attracted Benny's notice. He left off sobbing, and sat watching Jacob very intently, his eyes and cheeks still wet.

"Look 'ere, Benny," said Jacob, turning suddenly round, and bending down by the little fellow's side, "you're Uncle Nat's little 'un, ain't you? so don't cry no more. He's a good sort, and he'll take care of you. You'll like being his little 'un."

Benny looked up at Jacob in bewilderment. Presently a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he said, in his sweet childish voice—

"I'm God's little 'un."

"Well," said Jacob, awkwardly, "that's right, I dessay; but you've got to be somebody else's little 'un too, seeing you ain't got no mother nor father."

The child put his little hands together, and said, "Our Father, 'ch art in heav'n, Benny's one of His little 'uns; mammy sayed it." Then he began, in a little whining voice, "Benny wants bupper, and Benny wants Bobby."

Jacob cut a slice from the loaf, and gave it him, Benny munched away very contentedly. Jacob went on with his work, until the little jeweller himself, neatly shaved, made his appearance.

"Why, Benny," he said, gleefully, "you and Jacob are coming on finely, ain't you? He's a lively companion, ain't he, Jacob? Why, lor me! how he did kick about last night!" The little jeweller fixed

his keen eyes on Jacob as he spoke, and waited for an answer.

"Benny's been good enough with me," Jacob answered drily.

"Jacob's a very nice kind lad," Mr. Lever said to Benny, taking the child upon his knee. "He'd like to have a little brother like you. Just you get up on his knee, and put your arms round his neck to show him how nice it feels. Jacob's got no father nor no mother neither, Benny."

The little fellow looked curiously at the great lanky lad, as if his infant mind could not comprehend that there was any similarity between them. The next moment he slipped down from Mr. Lever's knee, and came and jumped up on to Jacob's lap, putting his little soft arms round the lad's neck. "You say, 'Our Father, 'ch art in heav'n,' he said, softly, "and then you'll be one of His little 'uns too; won't he, Uncle Nat?"

"Rather a big sort of little 'un," the master replied, with an amused smile. "Come along, little chap, and get your breakfast. Here's a bit of toast uncle's made you."

The meal went on uninterruptedly to its close. Then the master got up and went into the shop, and Jacob took down the shutters and cleared away the things.

"You don't seem to take to the poor little chap quite so kind as you might," Mr. Lever said to Jacob, when he came and took his place at the high desk, having settled Benny in the parlour with a bundle of firewood by way of bricks.

Jacob hung his head sheepishly.

"'T ain't my business, master, if you likes to keep him."

"Certainly not," the jeweller replied, approvingly; "but while he stays here I don't expect you to show him aught but kindness."

"I don't see as one could 'elp it," muttered Jacob.

"Poor little soul! I'm afraid you're rather a hard
nature, Jacob; maybe the hard life you've led has

"No, master," Jacob replied.

made you so; but don't encourage it, lad."

Mr. Lever then proceeded to unlock his desk and examine it.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed: "I'd quite forgotten how low we are. There don't seem to be but half a crown, and there's several people to pay to-day. We must get some money in somehow, Jacob."

"Yes, master."

"There's a lot of things owing, isn't there, Jacob?"

"Yes, master, a goodish lot."

"Ah, yes, we must get 'em in somehow, and that 'll set us going nicely again. You might begin to take five shillings a week when they come in."

"Thank you, master."

In the course of the morning a lady came in and paid five shillings for repairs to some clocks, which, together with one or two small sums for mending brooches and other things, tided them over that



"'You say, "Our Father, 'ch art in Heaven,"' he said, 'and then you'll be one of His little 'uns, too.'"-p. 499,

day's demands. Nothing more was said about getting money in.

Little Benny spent his first day in his new home very comfortably. He played about with the contentment of a child who has had to shift for itself, bringing his little stool into the shop when he was tired of being alone, and talking away in his baby voice to Uncle Nat and Jacob.

When evening came, and with it little Benny's bedtime, he began to fret for his mother and Bobby, but his kind friend rocked him in his arms, and soothed him with all a woman's tenderness till he fell asleep.

In the meantime, Jacob, left in the shop alone, went to the desk, and finding it unlocked, took out an account-book, and began rapidly turning over the pages. He stopped at an entry—"Mrs. Laing's clocks to repair (three)."

"I thought so," muttered Jacob. "He said two. I knew it was three we'd done. The master'll believe any one sooner than me."

"Master," he said, when Mr. Lever returned to the shop, "did you look to see whether the lady was right about her clocks?"

"Of course she was, Jacob. You're much too suspicious of people. Why should she want to deceive us—a rich lady like her?"

"She might make a mistake, master. You've got it down somewhere, I s'pose?"

"Yes, it's down somewhere, but I 'm satisfied it's right. That's enough about it."

Jacob said no more. When the little jeweller put on that imperative tone, Jacob never dared reply.

Again, when he went to his little room, the lad sat and thought. There was evidently something weighing heavily on his mind, for his face was puckered into a deep frown, and he muttered to himself.

"There ain't room for both on us," he said, gloomily; "the master don't know what he's a doin' of. If he comes, I must look out."

Then he said to himself, in a softer tone—"Poor little scrap of a feller, and me a big loutin' lad; not much good to nobody, for the matter o' that. I'd like to be off, and leave the place clear o' me, but 'tain't no good if I did. I reckon I'd best stay, and make as tidy a thing as I can of it."

# CHAPTER IV.—BOBBY.

When Jacob's somewhat slow mind had come to this conclusion, he seemed to be happier in himself, and more favourably disposed towards the little stranger who had so disturbed him. He was not far wrong in supposing that little Benny was not likely to find any other home. Days grew into weeks, and still the little jeweller found no opportunity of urging the orphan's claims on any of his well-to-do customers. When it came to the point, he reflected that probably they had children of their own, or that they mightn't be good to the little lad, or a

hundred other possibilities that he had never thought of when he took the child himself. So it came about that Benny began to look on the little house in the railway-arch as his home.

Strangely enough, the little fellow grew very fond of Jacob. The great awkward silent lad seemed the last person to attract a child, yet Benny took to him, and would prattle away, doing his utmost by wiles and caresses to raise a smile on Jacob's solemn face. When he succeeded, he would break out into peals of laughter, and dance with glee, to the great delight of the little jeweller, who would look round from his work with a benignant smile at his two orphans.

The home was a rough but a tender one, and little Benny was happy enough. He would occasionally cry for his "manmy," and whenever anything went wrong declare he wanted Bobby, though who Bobby was neither his new uncle nor Jacob could discover.

One day, when Benny was trotting about the shop, he suddenly darted out of the door and sped swiftly away. Jacob, missing him, threw down his tools and strode after him. He found Benny some distance off hugging and kissing a small impish-looking boy with black eyes and a tattered coat.

"It's Bobby," cried the child, "Benny's dear Bobby. Come on, Bobby," he cried, dragging at his companion's hand.

Bobby, of the roguish face, was nothing loth. He toddled along very fast, holding Benny's hand, and looking down at him in a patronising sort of fashion, Benny clinging to him with admiring devotion.

In this fashion they entered the shop,

"Hullo, Benny," cried Uncle Nat, "you mustn't run off like that. Who's that you've got hold of, eh?"

"I'm Bobby," answered the boy, planting himself before Mr. Lever, with his small legs very wide apart and his hands in his trousers' pockets. "That's my name; what's yours?"

"I'm Benny's Uncle Nat," answered the jeweller,

"You mends them things, I s'pose?" queried the small child, nodding towards the bits of broken jewellery and watches.

"Yes; I do."

"Thought so. What's that thing you've got in your eye?"

"It's a jeweller's glass, to help him to see the little wheels,"

"I wouldn't wear it if I was you. It don't look pretty. Why don't he wear one?" pointing to Jacob, who had resumed his work.

"Because he doesn't want it."

"Don't tell me! He can't make it stick in. could, I know. Won't you let me try?"

"You can, if you like," Mr. Lever replied, taking the "goggle" out of his eye, and handing it to the small black-eyed boy.

Bobby wrinkled up his young features into a most extraordinary-looking grimace, but managed to hold the glass in his eye, Highly delighted, the young man strutted round the shop, looking a perfect imp of mischief, Benny following every footstep with wondering admiration.

"I'll come and mend your things," he said, coming round to the jeweller's high stool.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Lever. "I can do that best myself."

"What a rum little shop this is!" he exclaimed, taking a knowing survey, not a bit abashed. "That's the parlour, back there, ain't it? Shall me and Benny go and have a look at it?"

" If you like," Mr. Lever returned.

Bobby started off on his tour of inspection. The kettle was singing away on the hob.

"My, don't it look snug!" he exclaimed approvingly.

"That's for tea, ain't it, Benny? Do you think they'll ask me to tea?"

"Yes, Bobby dear, you'll stay with Benny, and have nice, nice toast, won't you?"

"Won't I, that's all!" cried Bobby, his eyes sparkling. "You go and ask him, Benny."

Benny started off on his errand, and came back radiant.

"You're to have toast, too, Bobby."

When tea-time came, Bobby did justice to the toast, and no mistake.

"You're in luck, Benny," he said to his small companion, who sat watching the toast disappear with infinite delight. "Creases is our swag, only mother pretty often gives us creases without any bread, which

ain't much to boast of. She sells creases. That's her trade. She 's a water-crease lady," and Master Bobby suddenly yelled out a most unearthly "Yater-creasy-o!" which astonished his companions not a little, "I used to sell 'em, too, till they made me go to school. I used to sell more 'n mother, a jolly sight. We used to get bread and butter too, when I follered the trade, but never toast—not never."

" Are you getting on nicely at school?" Mr. Lever asked him, presently.

"Well," said the little imp, with a modest air, "that's accordin' to fancy. I'm first among all the chaps in my standard."

"What in?" asked Mr. Lever approvingly.

"Knocking a chap down when he's cheeky, or cuffin' his head if he's too big. They all knows Bobby."

Having given this glowing account of himself, Bobby began to think it was time to go. Benny clung to him, and entreated him to stay, which Bobby—poor waif!—would very gladly have done, if he might have done so. Benny was promised that he should have his companion again soon, when Bobby immediately asked what day. It was only on a promise that he should return to-morrow that Benny would be pacified; and Bobby, assuring them all, very solemnly, that he would not forget, bade them adieu, and took his departure for the present.

(To be continued.)

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

I.-THE CALL OF MOSES.

ORTY years had rolled by, and Moses all that time had led the quiet life of a shepherd. Every now and then, no doubt, he returned to the tents of Jethro, his fatherin-law, and spoke with him about the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven; but for the most part he lived in solitude, watching over his flock, and holding communion with the Lord his God. Egypt,

communon with the Lord his God. Egypt, and his life in Egypt, must have seemed like a dream. The stir of his old existence was gone. Yet, I feel sure, there was one thing he had not forgotten. The people of the Hebrews—the people to whom he belonged—were still dear to his heart. Frequently his thoughts turned to them, and to the oppression to which they were subjected, and many and eager were the inquiries he made if ever a traveller from Egypt crossed his path. He still believed, too, that a deliverer would appear for them, and that they would be brought out of the house of bondage. Somebody else (he was convinced) would accomplish the work in which he had unhappily failed. As for

himself, he thought, he had given up all idea of helping them.

So you see the purpose for which he was set aside is now attained. Moses had been deficient in humility. He thought he could do things in his own strength. Now his lesson has been learnt, and he feels how helpless he is in himself, how absolutely dependent upon the arm of the living God. And now he is ready, though he does not know it, to enter upon the task for which he has been called.

One day, we are told, he had taken his flock into the neighbourhood of the grim granite mountainrange of Horeb. Well, as Moses is searching about for a convenient place for the sheep, he sees in the distance a large mass of the low thorn-bush of the desert on fire. He looks more intently, and observes that, though the thicket is on fire, it is not consumed. What a strange thing! He draws nearer still. And then he hears a Voice calling him by name, and bidding him put off the shoes from off his feet, because the place whercon he is standing is holy ground. Then Moses perceives that he is in the very presence of God, and he is afraid, and hides

his face. God speaks to him. Moses hears that the time is come for the deliverance of the people of Israel out of the land of Egypt, and that he is to be the deliverer. He is to go and bid the king of Egypt allow the Hebrews to depart.

Now, observe the conduct of Moses, Forty years before he had been most eager to be employed in that service. Indeed, he had run before he had been sent. Now he holds back. He remembers his old failure. He knows, as he did not know before, the difficulties of the enterprise. Israel is degraded by slavery-how can he hope to rouse them? " Oh ! Lord God," he says, "employ some one else, I beseech, for this great work. I am not fit for it. Do not send me." But it is God's will that he, and no other, should do the work. And accordingly, although Moses pushes his reluctance almost to the verge of irreverence, and is more than half-inclined to refuse altogether to go, in the end he does obey. On the former occasion he made the mistake of thinking too much of himself. Now he makes the mistake of underrating the power of God. However, all comes right at last. In humble trust, he accepts the mission, and returns into Egypt.

#### II.-MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH.

Try to understand, my dear children, the state of things when Moses and his brother Aaron appeared in the presence of Pharaoh. For many many years the Hebrews had been subject to the Egyptians. They did all the hard laborious work of the country.

Now a man comes—nothing but a shepherd, as it appears—and stands up before the king, and says, "Let these men go. You have no real right to detain them. Set them free!"

Imagine the astonishment of the king and his statesmen when they hear this bold demand—that they should upset all the arrangements of hundreds of years past, and part with what they have come to consider as their own property, and valuable property too. Give up our slaves! What an idea! Who are you, who are audacious enough to come into our presence with such a message? and who has sent you?

Moses tells him that the Lord has sent him.

"The Lord!" sneers the monarch. "Who is the Lord! I never heard of Him. But if I had, I am determined not to allow my slaves to leave the country. They are mine, and I intend to keep them!"

"No," says Moses, "they are not yours. They are the Lord's. They belong to Him, and He will take measures to wrest them out of your grasp. You had better submit, and let them go."

So Pharaoh enters upon a contest with God.

I am inclined to think that his conscience troubled him. He must have felt, in spite of all the reasons of state, that it was not right to hold his fellow-creatures in bondage, and to make slaves of them. And, then, he must have known something of the strange story of Israel, how they had come into the country, and how they were a people that especially belonged to God, and had a great future before them.

Yes, I feel almost sure he was uncomtortable, but he was a very proud and obstinate man. He had never been accustomed to contradiction. His people regarded him as a deity, and he would not be thwarted,

We have just spoken about the obstinacy of Moses. For some time Moses resisted God's will, and God condescended to argue with him; but Moses was a good man, and at last he submitted himself to God, Here is another contest-the will of man opposing itself to the will of God: but in this case the man becomes more obstinate and rebellious as time goes on. and at last has to be crushed by the Divine power. The great thing for us, my dear children, is to submit our wills to God's will, for God is good, and gracious, and loving, and holy, and knows what is right and what is best for us. We should not wish to have our own way. To have our own way is to be miserable like poor Pharaoh, and at last perish in our opposition to God if we persist in it. You and I are like children at school, "What school?" you say. The school of We are disciples, learners, Some are in a lower, others in a higher class: some are beginners, others more advanced. But we are all learning one lesson - how to say from the heart. "Thy will be done." And how is God teaching us this lesson? By His word, by His Spirit, by the example of Christ, by the events of our daily life. How many things happen which cross our wills, and which we do not like! How often are we disappointed. We set our hearts upon something, and we do not get it. Well, let us be like Moses, and not like Pharaoh; let us yield to the will of our Heavenly Father. knowing that to do so is right, and to do so is best,

#### III.-THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

I cannot speak of every one of them, for my paper does not allow me room enough, but I will say something about the plagues generally.

Notice, then, that they were gradual. The first inflictions were comparatively light. The later ones were more severe. Why was this? I suppose because God cared for Pharaoh and the Egyptians, as well as for the Israelites. Pharaoh had a soul to be saved, or lost; and God desired to bring Pharaoh to true repentance. So the visitations were gradual.

In the next place—when Pharaoh repented, or seemed to repent—the plague was withdrawn. The repentance was not true repentance, of course. To hate suffering, is one thing; to hate sin, is another; and the truly repentant man is one who is ashamed, and sorry, and distressed at having done wrong, not at being punished for doing wrong; and such a man, as I need not tell you, Pharaoh was not. As soon as ever the plague was removed, Pharaoh was as obstinate and self-willed and proud as before. He "hardened his heart" against the Lord. Nevertheless, when he said he was sorry, and asked for forgiveness (for he was really frightened), the forgiveness was granted, and the trouble taken away at the intercession of Moses.

I notice, in the third place, that many of the

plagues were intended to shake Pharaoh's confidence in his own false gods. He and the other Egyptians worshipped the Nile: and the Nile (as you remember) was smitten by the hand of God, and turned into blood, and became fetid and offensive-a trouble to all the inhabitants of the land, and not a blessing. The great god Nile was shown to be unable to protect himself. Then the Egyptians worshipped one god under the image of a frog, another under the image of a bull; and God (as you will remember) plagued the land with frogs, and sent a murrain upon the cattle. Now, was not this intended in mercy? The best thing that Pharaoh could do was to give up his trust in his false gods, and put his confidence in the living and true God, the great Jehovah, the Lord of heaven and earth, and the guide and protector of His people Israel. And for this purpose the Lord showed him the helplessness of his deities, and at the same time manifested His own power. Pharaoh was obstinate, and took no heed.

In the last place, I observe that when all other visitations had failed, God took the most dreadful arrow out of His quiver, and shot it right at the heart of the Egyptian king. On a certain night the people of Israel are gathered together in their homes, safe, but, I should think, trembling. On the door-posts of their houses the blood of the lamb had been sprinkled. Moses had told them to do so. And there they were, waiting-waiting for something, they did not know what, to happen. In the middle of the night the destroying angel went abroad. Floating rapidly on his dark wing, he entered every house in the land which was not protected by the blood, and slew the firstborn of the family. A terrible wail instantly arose from Egypt. He had entered every Egyptian house, from the grand palace of the monarch down to the hovel of the lowest peasant; and there was not a house throughout the length and breadth of the land in which there was not one dead. What a night it was! A night of horror, and terror, and dismay, and unappeasable grief.

This visitation finished the matter. Israel was set free. But, oh, how different it might have been if the king and his people had not been so self-willed and obstinate! The firstborn need not have been slain. It was only when other means failed that God struck them down.

#### IV.-THE PASSOVER LAMB.

St. Paul tells us that this Lamb was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us." Let us see, then, in what respects the Lamb reminds us of the Saviour.

(1) It was to be a lamb "without blemish," and in the prime and vigour of its life. And Christ was spotless; in Him was no sin. From first to last, from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to youthhood, from youthhood to manhood, all through His life, He was perfectly free from all spot and taint of evil. Had it not been so He could not have offered Himself a sacrifice to God. He would have needed a Saviour as well as others, and we should have been without a shelter from our sin. All our hopes depend upon His being the "spotless Lamb of God." And then He was in the prime of His life, about thirty-three years of age; He possessed the full vigour, both of body and mind, and there was no trace of feebleness or decay about Him.

(2) The lamb was to be kept for four days or so, in order that it might be seen if there was any blemish in it. And how closely was Jesus Christ observed; what envious and malignant eyes were continually watching Him! How glad people would have been to find a flaw in Him, if it had been possible to do so; but they could not. The Saviour Himself said, on one occasion, "Which of you accuse th Me of sin?" Pilate and Herod agreed that there was no wrong-doing that could be really laid to His charge. Yes, people hated Jesus Christ in the days of old, and I am sorry to say that people hate Him now, and people bore false witness against Him in the days of old, and many do the same thing now-but never has anybody yet been able to bring a true accusation against Him. At last they have been obliged to confess that He is innocent.

(3) The lamb was to be slain, and the blood sprinkled on the two side-posts and upper door-post of the house. And we have to make use of the blood of Christ. It is the blood of Christ, and that alone. which cleanseth us from all sin. Let me tell you very plainly what that means. You have done wrong, dear children, all of you, and many times wrong; you have sinned; you have broken the holy law of God, and thereby exposed yourselves to the Divine wrath and anger against sin. So have we all. Now how do you expect to be forgiven? For what reason do you expect God to forgive you? Do you say, "I have done good things, and I hope they will make up for my bad things?" No, you know better. The Bible has taught you better. But you say, "I hope and expect to be forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake, because He died for me upon the cross, and put away my sins by the sacrifice of Himself." That is sprinkling the blood of Christ.

Lastly, the flesh of the lamb was to be eaten. What does this teach us? That Christ maintains our life, I mean our spiritual life, just as meat sustains our bodies. My dear children, you and I have not only to be forgiven, but we have to lead a life, we have to do the acts of true Christians. But how can we do these acts? Only by the help which Christ supplies to us from moment to moment. Apart from Him we can do nothing. This is what is meant by Christ being our life. We have to "feed on Christ" by faith, and to draw from Him the spiritual

sustenance and food of our souls,

# THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

I.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth."—PSALM ciii. 15.

The grasses ripen in the heat,
The meadow flowers smell very sweet.
Then mowers come, and with a sigh
The flowers and grasses fall and die.

The children play amid the hay, And earth is glad this summer day; The birds alone sing sadly o'er The flowers they've lost for evermore.

Just like the flowers that fade away,
The grass that dies in one short day,
Are all our lives: they quickly go,
Swift as the wind; when, none can know.

But this we know; the flowers that die Will nevermore peep towards the sky, While we, when we are called away, May go to heaven to live for aye,

II.

TRUST.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,"-PROVERBS iii. 5.

THERE'S a flutter in the nest,
Where the little birdies lie,
And the parent birdies rest
On a bough that's hanging by,
And they say, "'T is time to fly!"

Then the birdies, full of trust
In their parents who are night.
Not because they feel they must.
One by one begin to try,
One by one find they can fly.

Yet it was no simple thing

That the little nestlings tried—
Thus to start with feeble wing

For the world so vast and wide,
Thus upon the air to ride.

Like the birds, too, we may go
Where some danger seems to be;
Yet, if God will have it so,
Well we know that He will see,
And will guard us lovingly.

If we put our faith in Him,

We shall never shrink or fear!

Though the way seem dark and grim,

We may trust our Father dear,

Who is ever, ever near!

III.

ST. PETER AT ROME.

"When thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."—St. John xxi. 18.

HAVE you ever heard the story Of St. Peter's death at Rome? How he passed through pain to glory In the Father's home?

Persecution without pity
Fell on those who prayed aright,
So Saint Peter left the city
Silently, by night.

Half in doubt and indecision,
Strong in faith, yet weak with fear,
Unto him there came a vision
Of his Master dear.

And His face was full of pity
For a loved apostle's shame,
As He passed on to the city
Whence Saint Peter came.

"Whither goest Thou, my Saviour?"
Spoke the apostle in his dread;
Seeing all his base behaviour,
Ere the words were said.

"Into Rome, from whence you're flying, There to suffer in your place!" Came the answer; and, low-lying, Peter hid his face.

"Lord, forgive me this denial
Of Thy Name," he humbly said.
Then, the stronger for the trial,
Back to Rome he sped.

There, to cruel Romans preaching, All the Saviour's love he told: Ever fearless in his teaching, Ever brave and bold.

This the ending of the story!

For he, too, was crucified!†

And he passed through pain to glory

At his Master's side.

\* According to tradition, St. Peter was flying from Rome to escape Nero's persecution of the Christians, when he was led to return as described in these verses. A church called "Domine, quo vadis?" (Lord, whither goest Thou?) stands on the spot where it is presumed St. Peter saw the vision.

\*It is said that St. Peter was crucified with his head downwards, not deeming himself worthy to suffer the same death as his Divine Master.

#### INGRATITUDE.

"There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man,"-Ecclesi-ASTES ix. 11, 15.

> A CITY was in danger, Besieged by hostile throng, And those within were feeble, And those without were strong!

Then one man saved the city By wisdom great and good: Yet after, none remembered him: What base ingratitude!

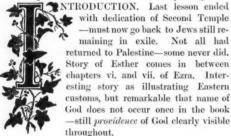
Each day we 're all in danger, Each night ill hovers round. And of ourselves no single spot Of safety can be found! Yet one strong Hand protects us, The Hand of the All-Good: And we forget to thank Him: What base ingratitude!

# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM ESTHER.

No. 1. Two QUEENS.

Chapters to be read-Esther i., ii. (parts of).



QUEEN VASHTI. (Read i. 1-19.) Tell children this King Ahasuerus same as Xerxes of whom read in Grecian history-one of greatest kings of ancient days. How many provinces did he rule over? (Ver. i.) Now collects his princes to celebrate past victories and discuss fresh plans. Ends up councils with great feast, such as read of before in Belshazzar's time. Great feasting and drinking; but notice that no one was compelled to drink. (Ver. 8.) Perhaps were some like Daniel, who abstained. (Dan i. 8.) Good example can be set even at a feast.

Meanwhile another feast was going on-where was that? (Ver. 9.) How much better if plan of modern days been adopted-presence of women might have checked excess. What command reached Vashti? To stand before the gaze of numbers of strange princes, probably many of them nearly tipsy. So the queen refused. What did the king do? What was advice of the wise men? What did they profess to be afraid of? So Vashti was deposed from the throne. Was she right or wrong? Law of modesty higher law than obedience to such a command.

II. QUEEN ESTHER. (Read ii. 5-11.) Teacher must explain that these heathen kings had many wives, had not learned the Gospel law of every man

having his own wife. Describe the orphan girladopted by kind uncle-growing up under his carenow coming amongst other maidens to palace, for king to make his choice. Explain that four years elapsed between Vashti's fall and Esther's promotion. (See i. 3, and ii. 16.) King had been away fighting-won many battles-now returned for new marriage. Esther chosen above all others-crowned as queen-great rejoicings and feasting.

LESSONS. (1) Vashti's example. She-a heathen woman, knew not God-did right under trying circumstances. How much more we should remember to live soberly, righteously, etc. (2) Esther's promotion, See God's providence, watching over this orphan girl, promoted to crowneventually means of doing great good to her people, So He watches over us incessantly. How thankful we should be!

# No. 2. Two Courtiers.

Chapters to be read—Esther ii., iii., iv. (parts of). INTRODUCTION. Last lesson read of two queenswho were they? To-day have part history of two men-of different nations-living at same placehating one another, one trying to injure the other.

I. MORDECAI, (Read ii, 19-23.) (1) Serves the King. Have read of Mordecai before—who was he? now found sitting in king's gate, probably as judge -showed him to be man of integrity, being chosen for such an office. What does he discover? these plots very common in Eastern lands-life held cheap. How did he communicate it to the king? This would make king pleased with Esther.

(2) Despises Haman. (Read iii. 1-5.) Who was he? An Amalekite-nation hated by Jews. Remind how Saul had been told to kill them all, and had disobeyed. (1 Sam. xv. 3.) This man somehow got into favour with king-been made his prime minister. But how does Mordecai regard him? Picture Haman coming out of palace with courtiers

and attendants around him—all bowing down before him—except one—who was he? Perhaps Mordecai had had some quarrel with Haman—perhaps only refused because of his nation. Perhaps really thought it wrong to do so. If so shows him a brave man to run risk of offending king's favourite.

II. HAMAN. (Read iii. 5-15.) Can easily see how puffed up with pride he was at becoming great, anxious to get adulation from all, How does he feel when Mordecai refuses to bow down? Now his heart full of hatred and malice-so easily does one sin lead to another. Plots now to kill all the Jews, because of slight put on him by one. What does he do first? (Ver. 7.) All Eastern nations superstitious -so cast lots to find a lucky day. What month did the lot fall on? Thus they had twelve months' warning. What a happy thing-but was it all luck? Who orders all such things? (Prov. xvi. 33.) But how does Haman persuade the king to give this cruel order? Suggests that the Jews are bad subjects. How did the king show his consent? (Ver. 11.) Now picture the news spreading-posts going out by messengers-money given to conspirators-details all arranged. What distress news would cause-how they would lay plans of escape!

Meanwhile, what are the king and Haman doing? (Ver. 15.) Perhaps did it to drown care—at any rate, Haman had no feeling of shame or sorrow. King might possibly think Jews were seditious, and must be put down—still ought to have made inquiries. But Haman had no such excuse—was simply gratifying private malice.

LESSON. Avoid beginning of sin. Like letting out of water, know not when it may stop. Remind of Cain, and Joseph's brothers, led on by envy, hatred, and malice. Pray to be kept humble.

#### No. 3. Two Banquets.

Chapters to be read—Esther iv., v., vi., vii. (parts of). I. MORDECAI IN TROUBLE. (Read iv. 1-8.) How sad Mordecai would be at the news. How did he show it? Sackcloth worn to show deep grief, but might not go into king's gate so clad, lest king should see him and have gloomy thoughts! But could king keep sorrow and sadness away? Who was now told the story? What did Esther do at once? But not even queen's wishes could rouse him. Besides, what message did he send her? (Read 13-17.) Of what nation was she? So even she, the queen, would not escape. What did Esther decide upon at once? All the Jews were to keep a solemn fast. Would that be all? Fasting and prayer always connected, (See Joel ii. 15-16, Acts x. 30). And then what would the queen do? What a noble woman! Instead of giving way to sobs and lamentations, she looks for help to God, and determines to do what she can. What an example to all in trouble !

II. MORDECAI IN HONCUR. (Read vi. 1-12.)

Teacher can tell the children what Esther did—prepared a grand feast, invited the king and Haman and no one else—wanted to get the king into good humour with herself—how it increased Haman's pride to receive so much notice—how he exulted over Mordecai, and actually prepared a cross (otherwise gallows [ver. 14]), on which to crucify Mordecai. But the tide was going to turn,

What happened to the king after the first banquet? How does he try to induce sleep? Then finds that no reward has been given to Mordecai. Whom does he consult in the matter? What does Haman think is the king's intention? So he is caught in his own trap, and has to do honour to Mordecai publicly. How intensely angry he will be! Nay, more—see how he returned home. (Ver. 12.) His is now the mourning and covering of face. His friends tell him the truth—that he will surely fall before Mordecai. But now comes a message from the queen; he is to go to another banquet with the king. All must yet be well. We shall see.

III. Haman's Fall. (Read vii. 1—5, 9, 10.) How long did the feast last? (Ver. 2.) What did Esther do on the second day? Probably came near, at the first time, and king held out golden sceptre, (ver. 2), otherwise not even queen allowed to approach. What promise did king make her? Now she tells her tale—how Haman has plotted to kill her and her nation. Haman evidently struck dumb—no attempt at explanation or denial. What is his fate? It swiftly follows. He has fallen into his own trap, and he dies. (Ps. ix. 16.)

LESSONS. (1) Pride goes before a fall. Had Haman kept humble, all had been well. Let each watch against pride—deadly sin. By it devil fell from heaven. "Blessed are the meek." (2) The approach to God. How hard Esther found it to gain king's ear. Had to plan and contrive a way. How different our approach to God! May come always boldly to the throne of grace. (Heb. iv. 16.)

# No. 4. Two Days.

Chapters to be read—Esther viii., ix., x. (parts of).

Introduction. Last lesson ended with fall of Haman. Who took his place? And Mordecai also had granted him Haman's house and all his possessions. What a change for him! Becomes prime minister—receives king's ring as sign of his

office (viii. 2)—is second man in the kingdom. Will he use his influence rightly, or in his turn become proud?

I. A DAY OF BATTLE. (Read viii. 3—14.) Once more Esther before the king. Once more he touches the sceptre and speaks kindly. What is her request? But the king had promised to befriend her people. What more is the matter? Why—the law once made cannot be altered (Daniel vi. 8), and the decree for killing the Jews had been already sent out. What can be done? Must not alter this decree, but

can make another, telling the Jews to defend themselves. So this is done—once more posts go out, hastened by king's command (14).

At last the day so long expected comes. (Read ix. 1—16.) Sad day of fighting and discord. But which prevailed? The fear of the Jews extended to all dominions of Ahasuerus—probably heard stories of Daniel and his friends—of Haman's end, etc. So the Jews completely defeated their enemies—even in Shushan five hundred fell—besides Haman's ten sons, who were hanged. Thus God turned away all their enemies' evil designs, and the fierceness of man's wrath turned to His praise.

II. A DAY OF THANKSGIVING. (Read ix. 7—27.) What special national thanksgiving was there already? Passover on the 14th day of first month. What deliverance did that commemorate? This almost as great a deliverance as that. What order did

Mordecai give in the king's name? What was the feast called? Tell children how this feast has been kept up to this time—thus proving the truth of this book. How was the feast kept? No doubt Psalms of thanksgiving were sung, and sacrifices were offered. But see how special mention is made of the poor. They were to have portions and gifts. What an example to us at times of feasting—always to remember the poor.

Lessons. (1) Caution. Beware of doing things which cannot be undone. How glad would king have been to alter his decree. So all should take care in word and deed only to do such things as they would have to last. (2) Gratitude. How often have we been delivered from danger! Have we thanked God? Above all Christ came to deliver us from everlasting death. Do we thank Him by leading holy lives? (Heb. xiii. 15.)

# SHORT ARROWS.

TIDINGS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

E have been favoured with an extract from a communication, written from South Africa, in which the condition of the natives is well described. The writer gives his experiences of many days' travelling in the great valleys amongst the Drakensburg Mountains. He repeats that wherever he went, the

natives came out in great numbers, and showed the greatest interest in the Gospel preached to them. One old heathen called all he could influence to the preaching, and paid the utmost attention to the service that preceded it, and his questions regarding the Maker of the Universe showed the great interest they took in the revealed Word of God.

#### THE CHIEF'S QUESTION.

We may make a few extracts from the long conversation that ensued. The chief inquired about God. "Where is He? I want to talk to Him. If He loves me as you say, why does He not come and talk to me, and kill my sons who steal my cattle?" The good missionary endeavoured to explain to him that "God is a Spirit," and as that word in the Kaffir tongue means "wind," the chief was greatly puzzled. "How can a great chief be wind?" he inquired in astonishment. This will remind the reader of the question of Nicodemus. "How can these things be?" He declared that he could not believe in God unless the missionary would kill his sons; but the preacher reasoned with him, and though for a long time he persisted in his own ideas as to the vengeance to be worked for him, and the conditions of his accepting the Gospel, we may hope that the impression left upon his darkened mind was salutary, and that the light shines in the darkness,

#### ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Before passing to another subject, we will glance at the brighter side of the picture sent us, and turn to a Sunday at the house of a settler. The meeting had been arranged at his house, and it was most encouraging to perceive that, notwithstanding the terrible heat, numbers of the natives arrived from long distances on foot and on horseback to hear the Scriptures. The assembly was so large that a great many of the listeners who had sought shade from the sun were not immediately visible to the preacherbut the manner in which all joined in a hymn-tune after a few repetitions told the welcome news that they were all attentive listeners. Every time the text was repeated during the discourse, it was "chorussed" by the natives, and this fact by itself proved that they had listened, and learnt it by repetition. When the meeting was over, many came and begged the preacher to come again and stay and teach them more. They regretted that the valley had been neglected and forgotten so long. The natives who had already embraced the Gospel, were subsequently visited, and in their villages the order and decorum visible is another proof that cleanliness and godliness go hand in hand. A new meeting-house had been built, and many Christians had brought their heathen friends to the services. They have no teacher, and it is very necessary that a native Christian should be sent to them,

# THE WORKWOMEN'S "WELCOME."

We have had occasions before now to mention the praiseworthy and successful efforts made by Mrs.

Fisher on behalf of the workwomen in the city of London, and the dining-rooms, called the Welcome, opened, a few months since, in Cross Key Square, have proved a great boon to the toilers of the city. In this well-found room the girls employed in the neighbourhood can obtain good plain meals at a very reasonable rate, while those who prefer to bring their own dinner can do so, and find shelter and comfort while they eat it. Were more funds available, the Committee could, no doubt, enlarge the sphere of their very useful operations, which do not cease at the mere supply of bodily comforts. There is a lecture-hall, with which the dining-room communicates, and here meetings are held, so that every one may attend and receive the bread that perisheth not, and take the Water of Life freely, without money and without price. The effects of this management are already apparent, and we have much pleasure in recommending the Welcome to the notice of our readers.

#### THE CITY BIBLE-READERS.

The efforts made on behalf of the young female workers are also manifest in the warehouses, where many Bible-women daily visit them, and during the dinner-hour read to them. The alteration for the better which has ensued is really marvellous. There is, of course, a mixture in all congregations, but many who formerly used to deride the Christian-like and self-sacrificing efforts of the readers, now are glad to attend, and hear the Word with joy. It is also a cause of thankfulness that so many large firms in which these young women are daily employed, offer any facility during the "off" hours, and many houses permit the visitors to enter during work-time, While we are ready to admit this favour on the behalf of employers, we could suggest that they should not exact any overtime working, if they now do so, to make up for the half-hour's reading of the Gospel. The girls who will listen and profit by the teaching will also take good care to be diligent in their work, and anxious to finish it rapidly and well, A conscientious and honest worker we are sure will never permit her employer's business to be injured, while she will appreciate the kindness shown.

# A HOUSE OF REST FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

We all feel the want of rest at times, and the Providence of God has appointed us one day in seven for the purpose. But the exigencies of week-day work, and the worries inseparable from worldly business, often require us to leave our work and retire for a brief holiday, and "take a rest." Such a shelter, on the beautiful Devonshire coast, at Babbacombe, is now open for the reception of women engaged in business pursuits, and also for any of them who wish to spend their holiday at the seaside. Here the tired clerk can find beautiful scenery, and a comfortable resting-place at a very small

expenditure of money, for half the return ticket necessary is paid by the Committee, and there are many excursion trains in the summer by which the visitor can travel. If the intending inmate stops at Torre station, she will be able to take the omnibus to the Rest, which is managed more on the principles of a country house, where invited visitors meet, than on the lines of an institution. No distinction is made as regards religious opinions, and the home is specially arranged not for the "poor" as so many are existent, but for the higher class of business women (not servants), who so often require assistance to give them a brief and well-deserved holiday.

# HOW THE REST IS MANAGED.

We are in a position to add a few particulars respecting the arrangements for the guidance of those who wish to take an interest in the Rest. The Home contains, at present, only fifteen beds, but in March last a house next door was, we believe, thrown into the building, and ten more beds are available. Of course this addition will entail extra expense upon the committee, and subscribers will be gladly added to the list. An annual subscription of one guinea entitles a person to a recommendation ticket for a period of three weeks, Each additional guinea gives an additional ticket. Without a subscriber's ticket visitors must pay twelve shillings a week; but with it the small sum of five shillings weekly is sufficient. The railway ticket has already been referred to. A reference will be required when the visitor applies for admission, and such application should be made to Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, and if a vacancy exist at the time the necessary arrangements can be made, but it is understood that no one suffering or recovering from illness can be admitted.

#### A NEW HOME FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A few weeks ago a very important meeting was held at the Mansion House to provide homes for destitute children. Of those interested in the movement we may mention the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Master of the Temple, many bishops, and several of the peers, with members of the House of Commons, and numerous clergymen and city authorities. The intention of the meeting was to have two central homes, respectively for boys and girls, where the former could be taught some useful occupation, and the latter may be trained for domestic service. In addition, houses of refuge will be provided where destitute children can be received, and taken care of until such time as a place in a permanent Home can be found for them. This is an excellent feature in the scheme, and as some of these receiving Homes have already been put into working order, we may hope to see the benefits of the plan very soon. The "family" rather than the "institutional" form of life is aimed at in the arrangement of these houses, and the children will be boarded out, and educated. When we consider that there are in London nearly twenty-four thousand homeless boys and girls, it will be seen that, notwithstanding the great and praiseworthy efforts made by kindred institutions, which afford assistance to more than that number of children, there is a wide field for the new work.

#### INDIAN CONVERTS.

A question propounded by a correspondent of the Indian Female Normal School Society seems to us to demand wide circulation. After a long letter, he says :- "If any friends in England can give us suggestions as to the employment of female converts when banished by their relatives from their own homes, missionaries everywhere will be very grateful." There can be no doubt that this question will assume annually greater importance. We are making great, and, as we are thankful to record, increasingly successful efforts to reclaim the women of India, and by our medical and other missions (of which more anon) we are doing an excellent work. But this is not sufficient. The converts deserve every encouragement. They are obliged to leave all, and follow Christ; for no sooner have they embraced Christianity than they are cast off, and as, in most cases, all their hoarded jewels and ornaments are confiscated by their angry relatives, and no means of subsistence are at hand, the prospect of the Indian female convert is a very dismal one indeed. We will give an instance drawn from the communication we have already referred to; and as the poor convert in this instance is blind, we can the more pity her forlorn condition, and appreciate her victory.

#### A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

The girl was a pupil in one of the Zenana schools, and blind. She thus became more than usually interesting to her companions, and specially to her teacher; and so it came to pass that her spiritual eyes were opened to understand the Gospel teaching, and she became a convert. Her relations at once repudiated her, and she was cast entirely, in a worldly sense, upon the care of her kind teacher. She had arranged to be baptised, and the example the sightless girl set had its effect upon an old Hindoo woman. She also desired to be baptised, and the necessary arrangements were being made for the rite to be performed at the same time, when the elder woman became very ill; but, although unable to speak, she at once recognised the name of Jesus, and a gleam of blessed light illumined her countenance ere she died. Thus the example set by a poor blind girl was the means, humanly speaking, of winning a soul to God. The young convert still lives, and would gladly support herself, if any one could give the teacher (through the Secretary of the Indian Female Normal School Society, 2, Adelphi Terrace, Strand) a suggestion as to her employment.

# "THY FAITH WILL SUSTAIN THEE."

We are bidden to have faith in the promises and we frequently find it very hard to believe that which appears so inopportune is the best thing that can happen to us. We read an anecdote the other day, which, as it illustrates the command that "men ought to pray, and not to faint," we will reproduce for the benefit of our readers. A dying mother called her only surviving child, and took a sad farewell of him, feeling assured that she was not long for this world. She concluded her last advice to him thus-"Mind, I am going to die, but Jesus will take care of you." This promise sank deep into the child's mind, and having complete faith in his dead mother's words, and in her teaching, he waited not in the town, begging, or consorting with other boys, not even in the little lodging to which he might have returned for a time, but he lay down upon the newly turned earth of his parent's gravewaiting for Jesus! On the grave he slept, and in the morning something moved a certain wealthy citizen to walk past the cemetery, and as he looked in he perceived the child lying upon the grave. The good Samaritan inquired concerning the lad, who told him all, and finished by saying he was waiting for Jesus to take care of him, because he knew his mother would not have told him what was untrue. The Christian gentleman entered into the true spirit of the case, and feeling greatly touched said he came in Jesus' name to fetch the child. The result was that the boy was well cared for, and because of his faith.

# SHIPWRECKED MARINERS.

Every traveller must have at one time or another been struck with the appearance of the sea, and even those who have not gone down to the sea in ships cannot have failed to wonder at the beauty of the calm water or at the grandeur of the waves. During the winter last passed we had many opportunities for observing the power and might of the sea, and one evening in particular, when the wind was whistling ominously around the house, we united in singing the hymns for those at sea; for a friend was even then battling with the waves. Life at sea may be monotonous, but when the storm arises and the waves rise up, and the mariners are at their wits' end, we hear the cry of great despair go up, "Lord, save us; we perish!" The vessel may be dashed ashore, but there are strong arms and stout hearts to save the shipwrecked mariners, and a Society has been some time organised for their benefit. Let us look at the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society. Its objects (briefly) are to board, lodge, and forward to their homes, all wrecked seamen; to assist them, whether Englishmen or foreigners; to relieve their widows and orphans; and

to award medals or gratuities in deserving cases. Nearly thirteen thousand people are annually relieved, without distinction of nationality. The Society recognises no favourites. Its broad and open hand is extended in the cause of Christian charity alone.

#### A REASON FOR HELPING.

Why do we go to the sea? Is it not for health and change-for the benefits which accrue from the proper contemplation of the mighty work of God extended around us? We gaze upon the firmament with awe, and we may well look upon the sea with the same feeling. Talk to the fisherman, and he, maybe, only lately came out of it, aided by the Charitable Society's men, and he will tell you of the real wonders of the deep. No Christian can ever contemplate the sea without feeling his heart stirred within him at its beauty and majesty, and all must feel that an Almighty Hand is there. We hear of the "lone, lone sea," but we are never alone in spirit upon the ocean. Many a gallant soul has perished in it, and many a fine ship has been destroyed by it, but we can still hold out a helping hand to those who narrowly escape. We feel the benefits on shore. Sailors and fishermen risk their lives and fortunes to bring us home the gifts of the earth and sea. Shall we refuse to help them? The sea restores our health and strength, and God speaks to us by its mighty voice. We should therefore do all we can to assist the shipwrecked mariners. We have elsewhere (page 449) pleaded their cause in connection with The Quiver Lifeboat Fund; and we take this further opportunity of inviting the earnest attention of our readers to the whole subject. First and foremost, let us rescue them with our lifeboats from the peril of the waters; and having done this, let us see that we copy the example of them of Melita, who showed the shipwrecked St. Paul "much kindness,"

# YOUTHS AT LEISURE.

We know how mischief is always found for idle hands-our childhood's hymn tells us that, and although the line may be frequently uttered, we do not look beyond our immediate circle to see how true it is. Mr. Fegan has lately called attention to the evils which arise from the neglect of children of both sexes during their leisure hours or playtime. To meet this evil the Ragged Schools of London have organised club meetings, have got up fife-and-drum bands, and in many places coffee-halls in which magic lanterns, dissolving views, and other entertainments are provided for the young. That they appreciate these efforts we have ample testimony. They will be as well amused in a proper and respectable institution as in penny theatres, where they learn bad habits from mere association. Any person-and we hope there are many who will interest themselves in this matter, now attention has been called to it-will be able to obtain information as to the best way of proceeding by addressing the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.

#### RECREATION FOR GIRLS.

With reference to the same subject, the question of the training of girls in their leisure hours will have to be considered. It is curious to observe how "caste" affects the various individuals employed in different houses. In Mrs. Macpherson's experience, detailed in correspondence lately, we find that a girl in a collar factory will not mix with those in a rope factory, and so on. It is very difficult to know how to subdue the evil tendencies in many of these young people. An evening spent in learning cooking has been found to be very profitable. Once an experiment was tried in taking two careless young girls to visit an aged person, and by showing them how attention to the sick and helpless was praiseworthy and Christianlike. The lesson thus inculcated was not forgotten. The two careless girls came afterwards night after night, when their work was done, to visit the poor and helpless woman, till death rendered all visits needless. It cannot be doubted that if some system of recreation and amusement were devised and carried out in the East-end, or even in the West-end of London, many souls would be saved. It is not want of heart, or want of good feeling, that make so many careless. It is the want of rational and pleasant occupation for leisure hours,

# THE MISSION SHIP.

A month or so ago the Seamen's Bethel ship came home, after a cruise among the sailors of various nationalities on the French coast. For many weeks every evening two meetings had been held, and on Sundays three. The success of the Mission ship has been immense, and the sale of Testaments and tracts very large. Nor were sailors the only ones who came to hear. We are informed that hundreds of soldiers came, and many men were led to believe. Honfleur and Trouville have been the chief fields of labour on this occasion. But we understand that a similar vessel is greatly needed for more permanent work amongst the foreign crews. The people are very willing to hear-and it is our duty that they wait not in vain. Is there no vessel available? From all our ships laid up useless at present, is there not one that could be made ready? No doubt the friends of the mission would fit out the hull, were the hull given

His (Luther's) doctrines and the doctrines of those who preceded him are a power still, because they are Scriptural. May they still be preached, and keep up the spirit of the Reformation, especially in these days of upheaving; and may the earnest and holy lives of such men as Luther commend and confirm the truth of the doctrine they taught, and for which they laboured and suffered.—Protestant Papers for the People.

# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

85. What mention have we in the time of King Solomon of the custom of letting out vineyards to different husbandmen?

86. What custom is referred to in the passage, "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in Egypt and the bee that is in Assyria"?

87. Our Blessed Lord says, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Quote some words of Isaiah in which he sets forth in a similar way the sufficiency of the Scriptures.

88. What poet of Crete is referred to by St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus?

89. What daughter of an early British king is mentioned by St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy?

90. In the epistle to the Hebrews we read "The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword," What sword is here referred to?

91. Quote a passage in which Solomon sets forth the perfection of God's works.

92. Dr. Tristram says that cucumbers formed an important item in the common food of the people of Palestine. What reference is made to the cultivation of cucumbers by Isaiah?

93. What is meant by the term "Years of an hireling?"

94. In what words does Solomon condemn the habit of listening to tale-bearers?

95. Who were Crispus and Gaius, mentioned by St. Paul as being baptised by him?

96. How is it that Annas and Caiaphas are both mentioned as being high priests?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

73. Under the Name of Accho. (Judges i. 31.)

74. The word means "ten cities," and was the name of a district on the farther side of Jordan, in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Galilee. (Matt. iv. 25.)

75. When Aaron, as high priest, offered his first burnt offering. (Leviticus ix. 24.)

76. The tribe of Issachar, of whom it is said, "The children of Issachar were men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do."

(1 Chron. xii. 32.)

77. Tibhath and Chun, two cities of Hadarezer, the brass from which was used to make the large brazen sea for the Temple. (1 Chron, xviii, 8.)

78. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." (Prov. xv. 17.)

79. "Keep thy foot when thou goest into the House of God, and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools." (Eccles. v. 1.)

80. The cruel custom of branding slaves upon the face with a hot iron, in order to show whose property they were. (Isaiah iii. 24.)

 Joash, the father of Jeroboam II. (2 Chron, xxv. 23.)

82. The prophet Isaiah, who says, "And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord" (Isa. ii. 19; compare also Rev. vi. 16.)

83. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." (Eccles, ix. 10.)

84. "The Holy One of Israel," an expression used only thirty-five times in Bible, of which thirty are by the prophet Isaiah alone. (Isaiah i. 4.)

# JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

#### JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO PERSEVERE.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved (Matt.

Whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end (Heb. iii. 6).

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life (Rev. ii. 10).

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son (Rev. xxi. 7).

#### JEWELS FOR THE UPRIGHT.

The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright (Ps. xi. 7).

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace (Ps. xxxvii. 18, 37).

No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly (Ps. lxxxiv. 11).

The generation of the upright shall be blessed. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness (Ps. exii. 2, 4).

#### JEWELS FOR THE WATCHFUL.

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching (Luke xii. 37).

Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth (Rev. xvi, 15),

# LESSONS OF THE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

"Thou hast prepared the light."-PSALM lxxiv. 16. "Truly the light is sweet."-Eccles. xi. 7.

ND God said, Let there be light; and there was light." This was the earliest utterance, so far as we have any record, of the Divine Creator. Before the heavens were made, or the sun, or moon, or stars, "the rising world of waters dark and deep" was invested with light as with a mantle.

Light is essential to the life, health, and enjoyment of all creatures. It assists in the growth and development of plants and flowers. It helps to make spring, and clothe the earth with beauty; to ripen the fruits, and bring about the days of harvest. Nothing comes to perfection without it. Its absence largely causes those derangements which not only tend to shorten life, but also render it miserable while it lasts. Persons who live or prosecute their employments in rooms that have little or no sunlight, are pale and sickly, just as plants, under similar conditions, fail to get colour or strength. Pure light has been justly called one of the five fingers of the right hand of health.

Light produces colour, and so adds greatly to the enjoyment of life. In the dark, everything is black; but as the air is flooded with white light all objects are variously coloured. This arises from the treatment, on the part of the individual object, of the light which falls on it. Although the light as it comes to us is white, yet it is made up of seven different colours, all the colours of the rainbow. In natural objects, there is the power of absorbing part of these various colours, and of giving back the rest; and it is from what they give back, they receive their hue. They are seen, therefore, by the colours they reject, and not by those which may be said properly to belong to them. Absorption is the chief cause of colour, of the tints of flowers and fruits, the varying plumage of birds, the manufacturer's dyes, and all the wonderful products of the artist's pigments.

Another method by which light gives colour is dispersion. To it we owe the various hues of the rainbow. This beautiful object is caused by the drops of rain acting as a prism on the light. The solar rays which strike the upper part of each drop of rain are refracted, and those within a certain angle are reflected, and bring from the lower part of the drop, to the eye of the observer, the various colours of the divided white light. This process with the million drops of the falling shower produces—

That splendid path, where angel shapes might march Sublimely earthward, messengers of love.

There is no colcuring like that produced by light. Well may the poet ask:—

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creations, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

The manifold beauties of light are seen at various seasons and under various conditions. Willis tells us how—

The morning broke, Light stole upon the clouds With a strange beauty, Earth received again Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers, And every thing that bendeth to the dew And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

The same poet sings of the evening twilight:-

When night was stealing from the dawn, And mist was on the waking rills, And tints were delicately drawn In the grey east.

Wilson says-

The mighty moon she sits above, Encircled with a zone of love, A zone of dim and tender light That makes her wakeful eye more bright.

Trench likens "the bright memories of the holy dead" to "the pure splendours of some clear large star," gilding with its glories the face of the pilgrim traveller; or the sunken sunset living in the west, beneath a northern sky—

A tender radiance there surviving long, Which has not faded all away, before The flaming banners of the morn advance Over the summits of the Orient hills.

It is matter of regret that so many persons are afflicted with colour-blindness. A still greater calamity is total blindness. To be sightless is to sustain one of the heaviest losses of life. How affecting Milton's lines on his own blindness!—

With the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to be expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

With what magnanimity of spirit he bears his affliction!—

Yet I argue not Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer Right onward.

The power of seeing is a faculty of joy. "Light is pleasant to the eyes." It is employed in Scripture as an emblem of gladness—"Light is sown for the righteous; and gladness for the upright in heart."

Light is an illustration of power. The vulgar mind is impressed by the howling of the winds, and the roar of thunder, and the boom and crash of the maddened ocean dashing against the rocks. "Ah," people say, "there's power." They identify strength with noise. But "the extremest power is silent. Thunder and lightning are child's play compared with the energy that goes to make the falling dews and quiet rains. power of the sunshine is the root power of all force which works in material things." As it is in the natural world, so it is in the moral and spiritual. The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. The Spirit of God works most powerfully through quiet agencies. The heart is reached, not by the earthquake, nor the winds, nor the thunder: but by the still small voice.

The various qualities of light are suggestive. In itself, for example, it is invisible. We see the beam that enters a darkened room through the aperture in the shutter, because it illuminates the particles of dust in its track. If these were not there it would be unseen. As light is invisible, and yet reveals all things, so it is with the Creator of light. God is light, and dwelleth in light unapproachable—Whom no man hath seen, nor can see; yet, He is the Revealer of all things, from His own being, down to the most insignificant of His works.

The transmission of light has its lesson. As no body is perfectly transparent, there is therefore none which allows perfect freedom in the transmission of light. The atmosphere quenches, to some extent, the brightness of the sun in its passage. Water, although transparent at ordinary depths, even then quenches some of the rays of light; while at the depth of a few hundred feet, it loses all its transparency. Thus it is with the transmission of truth and goodness through human thought and life. No man is perfectly transparent. Something of the original light of heaven is lost in the case of the best men.

The intensity of light diminishes with the distance it travels from the luminous body. In this respect, it follows the same law as that which regulates the intensity of sound. So it is with intellectual and spiritual truths. If you want to get good light upon them, and see them clearly, you must get near to the source of Divine wisdom. The farther we go from God, the darker our path.

The propagation of light has a corresponding law in the realm of truth and religion. Light is propagated in straight lines. If you make a small hole in the shutter of a darkened room, the beam of light which passes through, as you see it marked out by the floating particles of dust, is perfectly straight. Such is the course of truth. Error always pursues a crooked and devious path. Truth travels along a straight road.

The velocity of light is one of its most remarkable qualities. It is calculated that it travels at the rate of nearly a hundred and ninety thousand miles a second. It would take a cannon-ball, retaining its initial velocity of sixteen hundred feet per second, nine years and three-quarters to reach the sun; an express train, going at the rate of forty miles an hour without stopping, would take two hundred and sixty-five years to perform the journey; whilst light travels from the sun to us in about eight minutes. Yet the thought and

vision of God travel faster still, for He is everywhere present at one and the same time.

The dispersion and recomposition of light are instructive. When a beam of solar light passes through a prism, it is refracted and decomposed. This is dispersion. An elongated image called the solar spectrum is formed, having the various tints of the rainbow. The seven different colours, into which the white light is thus broken up, can be so combined as to produce it again. This is done in various ways. One is by allowing the decomposed beam to fall upon a concave mirror. The coloured rays are concentrated in the focus of the mirror, and form a white image. We have here a beautiful symbol of the dispersion and recomposition of religious truth. In God Himself we have the pure white light. The human mind is the prism upon which it falls, and is broken up into its constituent parts. Then we get creeds and dogmas, this fragment of truth and the other fragment; and it is not until the several parts of the decomposed beam fall upon the mirror of the Eternal Mind, that we receive again the pure white light. A second way of recomposing the dispersed colours, is to place another prism of the same refracting angle as the dispersing one near it, in an inverted position. The second prism will reunite the constituent parts of the beam decomposed by the first; and produce a white image of the sun. A third method of recomposition is that of Newton's disc. "This consists of a disc of cardboard coloured with the several tints, the different sections being made to correspond, so far as possible, with the proportional space of the colours, as they exist in the spectrum. If this disc be made to rotate rapidly, the colours are so blended as approximately to produce whiteness." From this we learn, that the best way to produce purity of doctrine and life, is for Christian people of all names and parties to work heartily together, in blessed unity and action, around their Divine Centre.

The refraction and reflection of light always go together. We cannot have one without the other. If the one were to disappear, the other would also. The higher the refractive power, the greater the amount of reflection; hence the striking brilliancy of the diamond. When a ray of light passes from one medium into another, it deviates from the direction in which it was proceeding before entering the new medium, and this deviation is refraction. The effects of the law are various. It prolongs the appearance of the sun and moon above the horizon-hastens their rising and delays The reflection of light takes their setting. place when the ray is sent back into the medium through which it came. Thus the atmosphere diffuses the sun's light around us, and makes all creation glad. Here again we have a lesson. If any beams of knowledge or goodness shine upon us, we should refract and reflect them. Thus we shall diffuse around us light and joy.

There are two kinds of bodies from which light proceeds — luminous and non-luminous.

The first, like the sun, are capable of originating light. The second, like the moon, are seen only by reflected or transmitted light. A non-luminous body becomes visible in three ways—by reflecting light from a luminous body; by transmitting light through its substance; by becoming luminous itself. It is by the first condition that we mainly obtain light from non-luminous bodies. All natural objects—flowers, mountains, seas, and skies are flooded by sunlight, which they reflect to our eyes. Naturally, we are non-luminous, and we only shine as we reflect the light of God, or as it is transmitted through us, or as we become luminous ourselves.

While we walk in this world, we walk even at best in the twilight. Lights and shadows mingle. Some souls are often in midnight darkness. Beyond the boundaries of time is the region of perfect day. Patience a little longer, and we shall read the truth of all things in the Divine Original, and amid the light of heaven.



# INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

# CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS, LACY'S "AT HOME."



ND now the guests of the afternoon came pouring in—mothers and babies and small children of various sizes.

Everything had been organised beforehand, and, in an incredibly short space of time the tables were furnished with tea and fruit and cake,

While tea was in progress Ralph asked the Countess Zerlina to give them a song to her guitar.

"What shall it be?" she asked. "Italian?"

"If you will sing what pleases yourself the most, it will be sure to please us," he answered.

She echoed his words. "Ah! if I sing what pleases myself!" and then broke suddenly into an Italian air, one of those in vogue at the time when Mazzini was stirring up Italy to a sense of her shame and degradation.

Of course, only one or two of her audience knew what the song meant, but it was to those one or two she addressed herself. She was an artist, however, and, long before the first stanza of the song was over, she had forgotten even those one or two. She sang because she loved to sing. As for the high sentiment, the fervent aspiration, the passionate love and yearning which the song expressed, the Countess knew none of these things. But she knew admirably well how to feign them. And her music, which was daughter rather of the subtle brain than of the beating heart, went straight to the hearts of those who heard it.

While the song was being given, there was a deep breathless silence in the room, and when it was over a general sigh, and exchanations of "Oh my! that were fine!" and "How can any one do it?" testified to the appreciation of the uncultured part of the audience.

But the Countess was apologising to Mrs. Lacy for her self-abandonment—

"When the words of my own language are in my cars," she said, "I forget myself."

Adela said that to forget oneself was the surest way to reach the hearts of others.

Meanwhile the tea went merrily forward. There was plenty of talking and laughing, and every one seemed happy.

Presently there was a lull. Mrs. Lacy's principal friends and neighbours looked at her inquiringly, and a whispered request went the round of the table.

"They want one of your lovely tales," said the Countess Zerlina to Adela.

She replied, modestly-

"I think I ought to be silent to-day. They hear me talk often enough."

But the women became bolder, and spoke their request aloud. Mrs. Crake averred that a tea-party would be nothing without a story; old Mrs. Young said a tale made the time pass; a neighbour remarked that she did not see why they should be in a hurry about the time, but she had heard tell of Mrs. Lacy's stories, and would like to hear one of them, if only to have something to talk of afterwards, for there was little enough change in their lives.

There followed a pause of expectation. Queen Mab drew a stool to her mother's feet; Herbert permitted himself to be drawn to Lady Mackenzie's knee; and Ralph withdrew into the background, where, unseen himself, he could watch the gentle woman's face, which, from this time forth, as he knew, would haunt him like a lovely dream, for now first had he discovered the secret of his heart.

Adela tried to collect her thoughts. She wished to tell her neighbours something which should mark the new era; she had also a natural desire to interest the more cultured part of her audience.

Happily her perplexity did not last long.

With a pleasant smile, and in a clear soft voice, which could be distinctly heard throughout the room, she said—

"I think I heard some one speaking just now about a subject that has often been in my mind. It is more or less in the minds of everybody. Some of us wish for it, and some of us don't; but we all know that, in one form or another, it exists. I mean change."

Starting from this little prelude, she gave them a parable on change. She had become so much accustomed to dress her thoughts in the garb of stories, that, once she had entered upon the subject, she found no difficulty in setting it in the midst of beautiful and striking illustrations. The caterpillar, the chrysalis, the butterfly, the dead seed and the living plant, the rotting leaves of autumn and the yeung spring-growth in "flower-starred glades" and "ferny hollows" fell naturally into their place in her parable, which ended with a brief reference to human life and its changing years. And, strange to relate, in this story, which was all true, all illustrated by circumstances and events that were no dreams,

but nature's own living realities, death and sorrow, want and pain, seemed to look upon her hearers with changed faces. They were no longer monsters devouring the human race, they were the instruments, sometimes painful, but ever sure, by whose means change is wrought.

"Without change," she said, "the world would stagnate, and that the great world's Father knows, Were it not so, we may be sure He would not use the goad to drive us into a higher, larger room."

And with that her voice dropped, for this was a subject on which she felt almost too deeply for words. Recovering herself, after a few moments, she added two or three words on the present change and its significance, pointed out to whom it was due, and showed, as far as was possible at this early stage, what was expected from it.

"This," she said, "is not my room; it is yours. I am permitted to use it for your benefit. All of you will, I am sure, agree with me that, when many come together, order must be kept, or there can be no happiness for anybody. Our kind friends, who have given us this room, because they thought our lives wanted change, have asked me to keep order here. In pursuance of their desire, I have promised to sit here with my work every afternoon. I must work; you all know that. No doubt I shall work better than before in this larger better room. In the name of our kind friends I invite you all, whenever you can spare the time, to sit and work with me here any afternoon you like. You will find, most likely, that you can work better too. In the evening it will be given up to your husbands, and brothers, and sons, whom Mr. de Montmorency and some friends of his will meet from time to time. I must leave it to him, however, to tell about the arrangements he proposes to make. All I wished was to have you understand, from the beginning, that this room is yours, not mine, that I am here merely to keep order, and in this, I know, there is not one here who will not help

Upon this there was a great outcry of most hearty assent from the women; and the children, prompted by their mothers, clapped their little hands, and laughed and cheered.

Mrs. Lacy turned to Ralph. His face was averted from her. He stood at a further window, looking attentively down the street. A little surprised at his apparent indifference, she addressed him. "Mr. de Montmorency!" He turned in haste. "I think I have done my part," she said, gently. "Will it not be as well for you to say a few words to them?"

His mother followed him with her eyes anxiously. The Countess declared, with effusion, that what Mrs. Lacy had said was so beautiful, so very much to the point, one could not add anything to it; still, there was no one who would not be pleased to hear Mr. de Montmorency.

Lady Mackenzie now whispered to Mrs. Lacy that Herbert was becoming restless. Might she not slip away with him and Mab to the play-room? The permission was readily granted, and the three left the room together.

The rôle of fairy-godmother was dear to this childless lady; and when they were outside, she bade the wondering little ones walk hand-in-hand, and she went before them with many a backward glance at their eager faces. When they reached the mysterious door, she held it shut, and played at a struggle, in which the children of course were victorious.

The delight with which they proceeded to look round them more than compensated Lady Mackenzie for the trouble she had taken. She was the most charming of companions, for nothing tired her. She gave Herbert a long ride on the rocking-horse, and Mab a series of swings; and when they were tired of these more active amusements, she was their guest at a doll's tea, to which nothing—not even stories—was wanting, for Queen Mab, in grave imitation of her mother, having set the new dolls in a row, gave them the full history of poor Cock Robin.

"It was perfectly charming," Lady Mackenzie said afterwards. "I really do not know when I have been so happy," And while others praised Mrs. Lacy for her talent, her tact, her benevolence, she was grateful to her for having kept her children, children in the truest sense.

And, meanwhile, in the room below, Ralph de Montmorency was giving his brief address before the guests of the afternoon should be dismissed to their homes. He had roused himself from the fit of abstraction, which had surprised Mrs. Lacy and alarmed his mother. What he said was quiet, sensible, and entirely to the point. Only towards the end of his short address, when he referred to the parable of her who had spoken before him, and the effect it had produced on his own mind, did his voice tremble, and the flush of enthusiasm mantle his face.

"Let us all remember it," he said, "for it is a beautiful thought, worthy to be hidden in our hearts -no death, no ruin, no decay; only silent change, which, by the good help of our God, our hands may guide into lovely channels. For our spirits are our own, my friends-how, we know not, but so it isand in our spirits the great change must go on continually. Every day that we live we are either freer and larger or deeper sunk in worldliness, more firmly bound in prison. One word more. We all like to be grateful in the right quarter, do we not ?-to give honour where honour is due? Then let me tell you that for the opening of this room you have to thank not me. I am only an assistant, and the idea was not mine. For that you must thank one whom many of you know, and who has lived for some time amongst you."

All eyes were now turned upon Mrs. Lacy, and some of those eyes filled with tears, and there were murmurs of "God bless her!" and "Thank God for bringing her here!" and "She's our best friend; you're right there, master."

Ralph paused, till the little tumult died away. He was perfectly composed now, but his eyes shone

brightly; and his mother, who was watching him closely, thought he had never looked so noble.

When there was again silence in the room, he proceeded—

"You know whom I mean; I see that. You love her, and that makes me glad-glad for your own sakes, glad for hers; for love, my friends, is God's chief means for leading us away from ourselves, and out of our spiritual prison. Yes, love-love, which, thank God! is as common as it is beautifullove is always good; but to love that which is good, noble, and true is the best kind of love, and the most enlarging to our lives. You have begun by loving the messenger sent to you, I believe, by God Himself, It is my fervent hope and prayer that you may go on to love Him who sent not only her, but every good thing your lives possess; Him, who, that He might know how you would feel, took, long ago, your nature upon Him. And when that comes, my friends-when that comes-when you love the Highest, then, in truth, will the prison-bars that hold your spirits captive be broken; then you will go out into a freer air; you will 'be like Him, for you shall see Him as He is."

Was he speaking to himself as well as to them? One in the room thought so, and for her the little address was almost too much.

In Mrs. Laey's mind, also, a strong emotion was aroused, but it was one of a very different character from that which agitated Ralph's mother. The humanitarian enthusiasm, which alone, she believed, had inspired his fervent words, found an echo within her: and the love of these poor sad daughters of humanity, whom she had befriended, not because it was a fine thing to be benevolent, but because the ery of their long life-pain had reached her, and would not let her rest—the love that had just been so naïvely expressed, fell like a healing balm upon her weary heart.

When her poor neighbours had gone, she turned to Ralph. "Thank you," she said; "your address was the word in season. It has done me good, and I am sure it has helped them."

She offered him her hand, as she spoke, a natural gesture, prompted by gratitude and sympathy. She was indeed so full of their common mission, and so entirely free from any kind of self-consciousness, as not even to notice that Ralph's hand grasped hers more warmly, and held it longer than is usual between ordinary acquaintances. Doubtless, but for the excitement of the moment, he would not have so transgressed.

He was not too much absorbed to notice her perfect unconsciousness.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INTRODUCTION.

AND in the meantime, day by day, Mabel Lacy waited, but waited in vain, for another visit from Ralph.

At first she persuaded herself that he was unusually busy; he would come when the first press of his new work was over. She saw the Countess Zerlina again at her sister's house. The Countess told her about the opening of the room at Jinks's Lane. It pleased the Italian lady to be most enthusiastic about Mrs. Herbert Lacy, who, she said, was as pretty and charming as she was clever. She went into raptures also over the two children, and quoted Lady Mackenzie on the excellent quality of their training, and their delightful childlike ways. At every word she spoke poor Mabel felt her heart sink lower, but when Lady Torrington said, looking at her inquisitively, "By-the-by, Mabel, how is it that you did not hear all this from Mr. de Montmorency? I thought you and he were such friends," her womanly dignity could scarcely prevent her from bursting into tears.

The worst of it was that the Countess, that witchlike reader of hearts, chose this particular moment for fixing her keen black eyes on Mabel's face, and though what she said was nothing of much moment, the girl felt as if her secret, that had become all at once a sad and shameful secret, were discovered, and the hot colour flooded her face, and her eyes grew confused and wandering. For Mabel was still a beginner merely in the school of divine knowledge; she had to learn that it is not necessary to the beauty, or even the glory, of love that it should be spent on those who will surely love again, and that, though a natural human sadness may fill the heart of the woman upon whom that choicest gift of a requited love and tenderness answering to tenderness has not been bestowed, she may yet lift her eyes to the heavens and walk erect before her fellows, knowing that her unselfish love is by no means shameful, nay, that it has a peculiar glory of which happy lovers know nothing.

But knowledge such as this is not acquired in the curriculum of learning through which young ladies destined to take a part in fashionable society must pass. Their standards are those of the world to which they belong; and poor Mabel, when she thought of all the feeling she had expended on one who appeared to experience nothing but indifference for her, was bitterly shamed and humiliated.

When that evening she went to her room to rest for a few minutes before dressing for dinner, she said to herself that she was a little fool, but that she would not be absurd any longer.

A knock at the door disturbed her, and presently he maid came in, carrying a beautiful pale-blue gauzy dress and a large morocco jewel-case.

Mabel was all animation at once.

"Now where did that lovely dress come from?" she asked. "I am sure I never ordered it."

The girl answered that it was a present from Mr. Lacy, who had consulted her as to the colour and style. She then opened the jewel-box, and displayed a magnificent parure of amethysts.

"Monsieur wishes that mademoiselle should wear

them to-night," she said. "With mademoiselle's complexion and hair nothing could be more becoming."

Mabel, who was standing before the mirror at the moment, felt her checks glow with colour. Elise had loosened her hair. It fell in a golden shower over her neck and shoulders. Her blue eyes shone and sparkled; they were brighter than the rare gems her father had bidden her wear. Mabel saw this, knew it for a fact, and her heart rose in revolt against the humiliating thoughts which had followed her through the day.

"Tastes differ," she said to herself; "and if one man likes faded and sad people, others do not."

Thereupon, with a kind of defiance, she turned to her maid, entered into a lively discussion about the style in which her hair was to be dressed, agreed to wear the new dress and ornaments, and received with a gracious smile Elise's enthusiastic admiration of the effect produced by their combined efforts. In thus acting, Mabel experienced a strange feeling of satisfaction.

Ralph de Montmorency had, both by precept and example, preached unworldliness to her. In giving full play to worldly sentiments, she was defying—she might even be punishing—Ralph. Of course, this was merely the impulse, old as our nursery days, which leads us to strike that—be it table, chair, or sentient being—that has hurt us; but, in the meantime, it had an immensely supporting effect.

The pain, which during all that day had been bitterly active in poor Mabel's heart, died down. She held herself erect, and walked proudly; her mind ran on the careers of the various queens of society, concerning whom she had heard or read; there rose before her the vision of a new star rising and shining—shining so bright and far as to be seen from another world—a world haunted by sermons, and frequented by poor and squalid persons. But the vision was not altogether a bright one, and Mabel's soft young heart contracted as she fancied her coldly-shining star making answer to one in that other world, who noted its brightness—"It might have been different; you could not love her, of course, but you might have continued to help her."

Mabel spent a little more time than usual over her toilet, and her father and brother were in the drawing-room before her. A stranger also was present. Mabel did not remember to have seen him before. He was deep in conversation with her father, but when she came in they stopped talking a little abruptly, and both rose from their seats. Mr. Lacy held out his hand in a kind fatherly way, and Mabel saw at once that he was pleased with her appearance.

"Mabel, my child," he said, "I want to introduce you to an old and dear friend of mine, Mr. Ling."

The young girl offered her hand smilingly to their guest. His glance was almost as full of admiration as her father's had been, and she received it as frankly. For this new acquaintance, though a full half-head taller than her father, and broad and

muscular to boot, was, in Mabel's estimation, quite an o'd gentleman.

While she made these observations, her father went on—

weather, about which he had valuable information to bestow, went on, still led by Mabel, to the picturegalleries, concerning which he was profoundly ignorant, the concerts that, he said, he did not frequent,



"The young girl offered her hand, smilingly, to their guest."-p. 518.

"Mr. Ling has come early at my particular request, Mabel. I wished to introduce him to you specially. You will pay every attention to him, I know."

"Indeed I will," replied the young girl, cordially, and she at once took a seat near Mr. Ling, and plunged into a conversation that, starting with the

and the little gossip of society, that, apparently, had no meaning for him. Mabel was in despair, and felt inclined to ask him at last what he did know.

He seemed, however, to like to hear her speak, and she succeeded in carrying on for a few minutes a lively little monologue, in every interval of which he bent his large head and smiled, with an admiration and approval that, but for the fact of his being an old gentleman, and a great friend of her father's, Mabel might have thought too transparent to be perfectly polite. As it was, she soon became tired of the position, and was glad when other guests were announced.

These were the Elliotts, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, the comely Adelaide, and Mabel's dear friend Jane; next came Madeleine Perry, looking exceedingly shy, and supported by her father, a person consequential enough to make up for any amount of humility in the women of his family. During the whole period of their drive he had been preaching to his daughter the great doctrine of taking things with a high hand.

"You are as good as Douglas Lacy any day," he

had said; "look as if you thought it."

Madeleine tried to think it; but her effort ended in miserable failure. The poor girl had no taste for grandeur; but she was submissive, and had been taught from the beginning to consider her father's To the tender mercies of Mr. Douglas Lacy she was immediately committed, while Mabel occupied herself with incoming guests.

It was an irritating circumstance, which presently began to affect both her nerves and her temper, that, flit as she would about the room, addressing her conversation now to one group of persons and now to another, the gentleman whom her father had introduced as his old friend kept constantly by her side.

"One would think he was the host," Mabel said to herself, in some vexation.

Her father, however, seemed to take no notice of Mr. Ling's singular conduct, and she was bound to

The announcement of dinner afforded her no relief, for it had been arranged by her father that Mr. Ling should be her partner, and it was Mr. Ling's pleasure to engross a large share of her attention. Mabel was an exceedingly good-natured girl. But before dinner was half over, Mr. Ling had succeeded in ruffling her sweet temper more than it had ever been ruffled before by so complete a stranger.

This is a sample of their conversation, which ran in question and answer, the gentleman occupying the rôle of pedant, and appearing to expect each of his questions to be seriously answered.

"What do you do with yourself all day, Miss Lacy?"

"Oh! I scarcely know. I look after the house and papa, and I drive and shop and pay visits."

"Never find time hang heavy?"

"Never is a long word, Mr. Ling."

"Now, don't you think women's lives rather aimless ? "

"I know some women," this with slight irritation, "who get through more than ten men could do."

"Those must be prodigies. Do they belong to your immediate circle? I ask for information," in answer to a puzzled look. "I am in search of a woman who leads a busy life."

"I advise you, then, to go into some of the back

streets of London," said Mabel, half in earnest, half satirically.

"Oh, yes, among the poor. But I want refinement as well as activity.

"You might find it," replied Mabel; she was thinking of Mrs. Lacy.

"I doubt it. Now, don't you think it might answer as well, even perhaps better, to take an aimless life in hand, and educate it? One might graft activity and purpose on to refinement."

She gave an indefinite answer. She could not, for the life of her, conceive what he was driving at.

He repeated his question.

"Do give me your opinion, Miss Lacy," he en-

And she said, with some humour-

"Of course it is better to make the imperfect perfect. People who do everything right can help themselves." "Just my view. Then you also think it might be

"I should say it would depend upon circumstances entirely."

Wherewith Mabel turned away, and lent her attention determinedly to an anecdote which was being told by her neighbour on the other side.

The respite, however, was short, for Mr. Ling claimed her attention again. He expounded his views to her on men, women, society, general principles, and exceptional situations. He insisted upon gaining from her either assent to his opinions or dissent from them. Except for two or three moments at a time he would not allow her attention to drift away from him on the current of small talk which went on around them. No sooner was she fairly caught by one of these side streams, and enjoying her freedom, than his low, almost authoritative "Miss Lacy, I wish to ask you-" called her back to what she already felt as a bondage that might become intolerable.

Great was Mabel's satisfaction when that long dinner was over. It showed itself in the form of a sympathy such as she had never experienced before for the pale frightened-looking girl, who, before that summer had run its course, was to be her brother's bride. She felt half inclined to echo the sighing exclamation which at another time would have afforded her food for good-natured laughter.

"Oh! how I wish," said Madeleine, as she sank wearily into a low chair near Mabel, "how I wish there were no men in the world!"

# CHAPTER XXXIV.

# LADY CHICHESTER'S CONCERT.

THAT was not the last occasion upon which Mabel found herself called upon to play the part of chorus to her father's friend. Mr. Ling became a frequent visitor at their house, and Mabel's father constantly threw upon her the burden of his entertainment.

She found him very much what he had appeared to be on the first evening-rough, but kindly, always didactic, and now and then amusing, authoritative in his manner, friendly, but critical. She believed kim also to be alarmingly clever, and it puzzled her not a little that he should seek her society so frequently.

But a discovery she made on the occasion of one of his visits changed the neutral, half-inquisitive, halffriendly feeling with which she regarded him into a dread that bordered on horror.

On a certain Sunday, when she and her father were starting for morning church, Mr. Ling called. He found out whither they were bound, and begged to be allowed to accompany them.

The good and intelligent rector, who was Ralph's friend and adviser, preached that morning, and Mabel was deeply touched by the sermon, which was a brief but powerful review of the benefits Christianity had conferred upon the human race.

On their way home, Mabel asked Mr. Ling his opinion of the sermon, and he replied, without hesitation, that it was the best he had heard since his arrival in England.

"You know," he said, "that I have been a wanderer for many years. English churches are about as strange to me as English drawing-rooms,"

"Surely you have not been living where there were no churches," said Mabel.

"Ah, there are churches enough of some kind everywhere almost," he replied, with indifference; "but, I am sorry to say, I do not love them. I go in for complete freedom, Miss Lacy. This no Church will allow. Take for instance this very sermon, which, I see, impressed you."

"I thought you were pleased with it yourself."

"So I was, up to a certain point. It was manly, earnest, and showed diligence and research. But not reasonable, Miss Lacy. Reason is another affair altogether."

Thereupon he entered into a subtle analysis of this sermon, and of sermons in general. And when poor Mabel, whose heart was much stronger than her head, was called upon to pronounce an opinion on the opinions which her father's friend had advanced, she found herself not very sure whether she had a right to be very sure about anything.

It was a wretchedly miserable feeling, and it rendered her unable to say anything more to Mr. Ling but "I really do not know; I cannot understand," whereupon he looked at her with a pitying smile that made her feel as if she ought to be ashamed of her ignorance.

This kind of thing occurred several times, and at last Mabel began to be dismally afraid of her father's friend. She could not argue with Mr. Ling, yet he would insist upon her answering in some way his cold and pitiless logic. It was no use for her to say she disagreed with him, since he would assume paternally that she must have reasons for such disagreement, and beg to hear them given. But if she fell into his snare, he would immediately prove how lame her reasons were, and bowl them over one after the other, as if they were so many nine-pins.

Of course, Mabel could not know that to a practiced dialectician all this was easier than eating and drinking, and there broke upon her a fear that one day this man's mind would hold her mind captive. The thought made Mabel tremble and pant, like the bird which feels itself drawn within the charmed circle of the serpent's baleful glance.

On the day when it first came to her—Mr. Ling had spent the evening with them, and he was their only guest—Mabel did not feel safe until she found herself alone in her quiet room. There was no one near then to mock her for giving way to an "outworn superstition;" and, with flowing tears, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed, though, at first, she could not even pray.

"Oh! if I were only clever, like some people," sobbed this poor heart-broken child, "I might have said so much more; I might have given better reasons for my belief."

Then, with a shuddering fear of the great horror of darkness which had that day seemed to yawn about her, of this cruel, terrible, beautiful godless universe superseding for ever the dear warm world of her childhood, where a good God lived and reigned, Mabel let her head drop upon her hands, and "Our Father—our Father, which art in heaven," broke from her pale lips. She could say no more, but this seemed to help her; for when, after a period of almost suspended animation, she laid herself down to rest, she was calmer than before; there was a sense of over-shadowing wings about her, and she was penetrated with a conviction, concerning which she did not attempt to reason, that there was something more in the universe than the dying philosopher's "grand peut-Etre,"

On the following afternoon, Mr. de Montmorency called upon her father. Mabel was ready-dressed for her drive; but, hearing of his arrival, and that he had been shown into the study, she went into her boudoir and sat down to wait. As a general rule, when Ralph called, Mr. Lacy took him to the boudoir to pay his respects to Mabel. Sometimes he would leave them together; and these little conversations had been like points of light in the young girl's life.

She felt particularly glad that he had come that day, and she hastily resolved to tell him of her difficulties.

Mabel's eyes were very bright as she sat waiting, and thinking of what she should say, and of how Ralph would answer her; but she was just beginning to think that he and her father must have an unusual amount of business to transact together, when she was roused from her fit of abstraction by the sound of Mr. Lacy's voice, raised in vexed expostulation.

"What upon earth are you delaying for, Mabel?" he said. "The carriage has been half-an-hour at the door."

She started and blushed, then turned perfectly pale.

"Oh, yes! By-the-by, I forgot," she said, stammeringly. "They told me it was ready some time ago. Good-bye, papa."

He stopped her.

"If you were told the carriage was ready, why did you not go at once?" he asked.

She blushed, stammered out something indefinite about having several things to do, and went out upon the landing. Her father called her back.

"Since the carriage has waited so long, it may wait a little longer. I wish to ask you a question."

To Mabel, sensitive as she was, this inquisition was a slow torture. She turned the colour of fire.

Her father, who had an end of his own to serve, went on unpityingly:—

"I presume you heard that young De Montmorency was in the house, and expected me to bring him here."

"Oh! papa, how can you say such things?" cried Mabel, trying to speak with lightness, though her frightened heart was beating wildly.

"My dear child, I am not blind, I hope. But now, to speak seriously, that nonsense had better be put out of your head as quickly as possible."

Mabel shivered, and turned pale to the very lips. Dreadful ideas filled her mind. It was impossible for her to understand this sudden change in her father. Had he, through some terrible misunderstanding, offered her to Mr. de Montmorency? Had his offer been declined? What was the meaning of everything?

Her womanly pride was aroused, and she succeeded in preserving an outward calmness; but she felt literally ill from suppressed agitation as she faltered, that really she could not understand her father. There had never been any nonsense between her and Mr. de Montmorency.

"I am glad to hear it," answered Mr. Laey, seriously. "You are a woman now, Mabel, and I think I may venture to take you into my confidence. The fact is, I have been a little injudicious in this matter. I have allowed you and De Montmofency to be too much together. I had ideas—I may almost say plans—I find I was mistaken. De Montmorency is not the man I took him for. I hope to do better for you than give you up to him,"

"I had rather not be given up to any one just now," Mabel managed to say, with a suppressed sob,

"Go for your drive, my dear," replied her father, kindly. "Come, there is no need to look so frightened. I am your father, and your interests must necessarily be dearer to me than to any one else."

Then he turned from her determinedly, and Mabel went down-stairs sadly, and seated herself in her fine barouche; and, since she felt terribly lonely in her grandeur, she called at Mrs. Elliott's, and begged her friend, Jane, to go for a drive with her.

Little did the young girl guess that her father, whom she was reproaching with cruelty and hardheartedness, was at that moment pacing his study to and fro, with such a look of anguish in his face as no one had ever seen there. He was a man whose moral nature a life of wilful self-indulgence had weakened; but his moral sense was not dead, and now, when he had deliberately formed the intention of extricating himself and his family from a perplexing set of circumstances, by doing a deed which, however it might be regarded by the world, was, he knew, a wicked deed, his conscience awoke from its long sleep, and would not be denied a hearing.

"I cannot, I cannot," he said to himself three several times, and once he even sat down before his desk, took up a pen, and prepared himself to write a letter, which would render null and void the steps he had taken towards the accomplishment of his purpose.

He was interrupted by the discreet knock of his valet, and presently a note in a lady's hand was given to him. He opened it, and read:—

DEAR MR. LACY,—It has only just occurred to me that your American friend, Mr. Ling, might like to be present at our concert to-night. As I do not happen to know his address, having only met him at your house, will you do me the kindness of forwarding to him the enclosed card of invitation?

ELEANOR CHICHESTER.

This entirely changed the current of Mr. Lacy's thoughts. Instead of writing the letter which had been in his mind, he wrote a polite little note of warm thanks to Lady Chichester, and enclosed her card of invitation in an envelope, with a few words from himself, to his friend, Mr. Ling.

Mabel, her sister, Lady Torrington, and her sister's friend, the Countess Zerlina, were all engaged for the concert that evening.

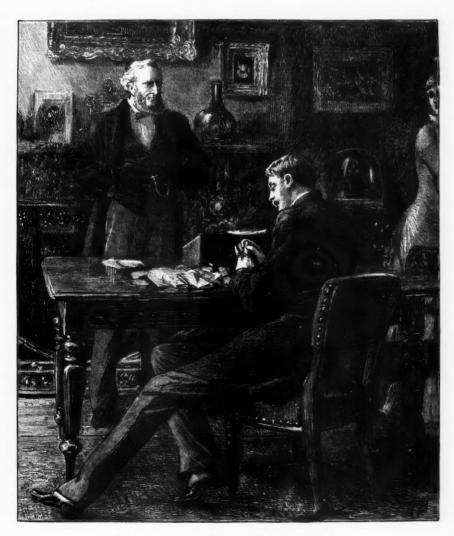
Mabel had a real love for music, and this her kind hostess knew. So, when they arrived, she carried her off from the little chattering group that immediately formed round Lady Torrington, and found her a quiet corner, where she could listen in peace.

The young girl gave herself up to placid enjoyment. Here at least she believed there was no chance of meeting Mr. Ling. It was seldom she met him, in fact, except at her own house; and he had given her to understand that he had few friends in London.

She sat near her hostess, in whose immediate presence the music was listened to with respectful silence. Agitated as she was, and doubtful about everything, the total rest from speech, with the procession of sweet sounds, the dear vague language which she loved, was as soothing to her spirit as is a cup of clear cold water to the weary and travelstained. And when, after the first piece, a solo on the violin, Mrs. de Montmorency and her son came in, and took seats where she could see them well, Mabel felt still more happy and at rest. For Ralph's face and general personality had not lost its power over her. She thought of him yet as one endowed with a happy secret, which she would give all the world to learn.

But now, watching him more closely—she sat in a little recess, and being somewhat in the shadow, could venture to let her glances rove—it struck her that he did not look so happy as of old. A sad expression crossed his face now and then; there was a stillness in

self-feeling melts away, and nothing is within us but strong sweet pity, but strong sweet love, his manner as of one whose thoughts are often ab- and some of us dream that in these high manisent. This only increased the interest Mabel felt for festations of human feeling we can see, "as in



"She saw her brother seated at the writing-table."-p. 524.

him. She began to dream and speculate; and a great womanly longing to find out his sorrow, and to play the part of comforter, arose in her heart.

Some of us know what these longings are: how they hold us captive, how they make us capable of the most heroic deeds: how in their fiery heat a glass darkly," what our human nature may be when it has drunk more deeply than now from the fountains of that Divine love which, through the fiery path of sacrifice, won its way to perfection, leaving us an ensample.

Wonderful, too, is the softening effect of feelings

such as these on the face of man or woman. Poor little Mabel, sitting silent in her corner, looked as fair as an angel, with her blue eyes moist and shining, and that look of pity and love in her face. A few who saw her thought she was posing, and marvelled at the effectiveness of her attitude and expression. The Countess Zerlina, who was one of those, said to herself that she had not thought little Mabel Lacy was half so clever.

She pointed her out to a gentleman who had just joined their party, and, in the interval between the performances, was trying to talk to Lady Torrington.

He looked surprised, then immediately made his way across the room. Mabel was drawn from her tender reverie by a voice which had become exceedingly familiar to her. "Are you playing at hideand-seek to night, Mabel? I was looking for you, and made up my mind at last that you had not come." She looked up; a change came over her face. He was looking down upon her; he was smiling. Why did he smile so familiarly? Why did he presume to appropriate her? Why had he called her by her Christian name?

"I have disturbed you," he answered her start and change of manner. "You were dreaming. Do you know——" And here, doubtless, a lecture on dreaming would have followed; but Mabel, who was not in a mood to listen patiently, held up her hand to stop him.

"I came to this corner that I might listen quietly, Mr. Ling," she said. "I love music, and we do not hear such music as this every day." She pointed out that a young lady, whom their hostess was trying to introduce as a drawing-room and concert singer, was about to give a song, and that they would be expected to keep silence. Whereto Mr. Ling answered that he had every wish to listen, and asked if there could be any objection to his taking the vacant seat by her side.

She answered, not very graciously, that he might do as he pleased. Mrs. de Montmorency had just seen her; she had called her son's attention, and they both bowed and smiled. Mabel was now as anxious to leave her quiet corner as she had, a few moments before, been glad to take refuge in it. But she could find no pretext for escape. Mr. Ling, with his self-satisfied smile and air of proprietorship, sat near her, and as soon as the song was over he began to talk to her again.

With all her boasted knowledge of the world, Mabel was yet a mere child. She was dimly conscious of something new and intensely disagreeable to her in the manner of her father's friend. She believed he was taking advantage of the intimacy her father had allowed him, and acting as no gentleman would have acted under the circumstances; but she lacked the power to resent this.

She determined, however, to tell her father about her embarrassment, and to beg that she might see less of Mr. Ling in the future.

# CHAPTER XXXV. MABEL "AT BAY."

Douglas Lacy breakfasted with his father and sister on the following morning, and before him Mabel would say nothing; but, when he was deeply absorbed in his paper, she asked her father, in a low voice, if she could see him presently. He answered by a friendly smile, and, about half an hour after they left the breakfast-table, she entered Mr. Lacy's study.

A little to her annoyance, she saw her brother, seated at the writing-table, with a heap of documents before him; while her father, looking scarcely so serene as at the breakfast-table, stood with his back to the fireplace.

"Oh! I did not know you were busy with Douglas," said Mabel, and was about to withdraw; but her father called her back; and Douglas, lifting his eyes languidly from the papers he was examining, begged her not to mind him.

"But it is nothing particular," said Mabel. "I

can come another time.'

"It seems to me," answered Douglas, with some humour, "that I am not looked upon either as a son or a brother in this house. Everything is kept from me."

"Change your own conduct before you presume to complain of the conduct of others," said Mr. Laey, with severity; and then to Mabel, "Sit down, my dear child, and if you have anything to say to me, say it without fear."

This serious preamble frightened Mabel, but she tried to laugh off her discomposure.

"But, really, papa, it is nothing," she cried out, "nothing at all. You will laugh at me if I tell you, and very likely I was imaginative. There was a great crush last night, and I got tired."

"Last night? Where were you last night?" said Mr. Lacy, looking more serious than Mabel liked. Douglas raised his eyes from the paper before him, and fixed them on her face.

"Oh, don't you remember?" she answered. "Lady Chichester's concert."

"Well? And your sister was there, was she not?"

"Yes; but I got separated from her, and then Mr. Ling found me out."

Mabel paused. The expression in her father's face had changed; she thought he was going to be severe with her again, and Douglas, she was certain, looked satirical.

"Well?" resumed her father, "and surely you could not have had a pleasanter companion than Mr. Ling?"

Becoming more and more frightened, yet arming herself with the fictitious courage which makes the timid appear sometimes exceptionally bold, Mabel hurried on—

"I know he is your friend, papa; but still, perhaps, you may not know everything about him. I mean," for her father here put on a puzzled expres-

sion, "people are so different sometimes with men and women. I hope you will forgive me for saying it, but I am afraid Mr. Ling isn't quite a gentleman."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

The tears were in Mabel's eyes now, and she found it difficult to speak. Douglas had bent his head over his papers; she felt sure he was laughing; her father appeared to be displeased.

"Do answer me," he said. "It is time you should leave off being a baby, Mabel. You are a woman

now,"

Then indignation helped the poor girl, and she

cried out, angrily-

"But it is because I am a woman I feel these things. Oh! can you not see? If you were a woman, papa, you would not like even an old man to speak to you familiarly, and to call you by your Christian name, and to look at you—oh! I know," in answer to a smile from her father and brother, "I know it means nothing, and he only does it because he thinks me a little girl, and because he has been away so long that he does not quite know how people ought to behave; but everybody cannot know what we know about him; and when the Countess Zerlina smiled at me last night, and said she supposed she would soon have to congratulate me, I felt as if I should go out of my mind."

It did not escape Mabel that, during this little outburst of hers, a gleam of intelligence had passed between her father and brother. When she had done speaking they both smiled soothingly, and Douglas begged her not to excite herself.

"I must have a conversation with my friend, Alfred Ling," said her father; "he has been a little too precipitate. I wanted to prepare your mind; but his impatience is natural,"

"Precipitate!" echoed Mabel. "Prepare my mind?"

She looked wildly round her, rose from her seat, then sank into it again, and in a faint low tone—

"I wish you would tell me what you mean, papa, I am afraid I am a little confused. You said—
What was it you said just now?"

"Nothing that ought to alarm you," said Mr. Lacy, suavely; "it is woman's lot to be wooed, Mab, and some men woo in one fashion and some in another, but it comes to the same thing in the end."

Still as a stone Mabel sat, looking out before her. She could not understand it yet. What did her

father's words mean?

"We were speaking about Mr. Ling," she said,

doubtfully. "Your old friend?"

"Old is merely a façon de parler. I have known Mr. Ling for many years; but, as a matter of fact, he is very much younger than I. Look up, my dear Mabel; why do you cover your face? Either you are very dense indeed, or you must have seen that the attentions Mr. Ling has been paying you are of no ordinary character. I know you are not a flirt, therefore when I saw you take so kindly to him, I made sure he was agreeable to you."

"So he is," cried Mabel, piteously, "as your friend, papa. Indeed, indeed, I never thought of anything else."

"Then you should have been more guarded in your manner. When Mr. Ling called on me yesterday morning, and asked for your hand in due form, I believed I was justified in promising for you."

"Promising for me!" burst out the girl.

"Yes; promising; so you see everything is explained. Mr. Ling had no opportunity of seeing you privately yesterday; but he wished to show you his gratitude and kindly feeling. If he overdid his part you must forgive him. The fault was on the right side, after all."

Mabel had heard little else but the first words of this speech, and they bewildered her so that she seemed incapable of understanding anything more.

"You mean to say," she faltered, "that you have engaged me to this man without saying one word, without even so much as letting me know?"

"Be just, my dear Mabel. If I had not seen you liked Mr. Ling---"

"Father, you are cruel," cried the girl; "you must have known I did not mean that."

"Well! well!" he answered, soothingly, "about such a point it is useless to argue. It is enough for you and for me that the thing is done. My good friend Alfred Ling, in whom I have more confidence than in any man in the world, looks upon you as his affianced wife. We do not wish to hurry matters. You shall become well accustomed to the idea of the great event before it comes to pass. I am not at all anxious to lose my little girl, who has always been so good and dutiful. I would not give you up at all, Mab, only that I know the wrench must come sooner or later, and this is so much for your own benefit—so much for the benefit of us all."

The kind words encouraged the girl, who had been sitting like one before whose frightened eyes some dreadful dream is passing. She rose suddenly, and flung herself before her father, and clasping his knees—

"Papa," she sobbed, "keep me with you. I don't want to go away, dear. If I have been good and dutiful, as you say, let me stay. I will never disobey you in anything else—never—never. Oh! why do you turn away? Douglas, plead for me. I had rather not be married at all. I had rather be poor—ever so poor. I had rather work for my bread. Papa, listen to me."

"I have listened to you long enough," he answered, and she trembled to see his face dark, while the sound of his low stern voice fell on her heart like a lash. She sprang to her feet. Her brother was smiling. "We all have to come to it, Mabel," he said; "why don't you follow my example?"

Then, for a moment, the courage of the hunted came to her. Setting her teeth together, she cried out wildly, "I would die first!" and rushed out of the room.

(To be continued.)

# THE FOOTPRINTS OF MINISTRY.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

AVING glanced at the ministry of Jesus, and seen some of the footprints which He left us to walk in, let us look for a short space at the ministries of man, and try to tread

where Jesus did. Jesus left us an example, that

we should follow in His footsteps.

Many, alas! acknowledge no ministry save that of SELF TO SELF—they "sow unto the flesh"—and "of the flesh they reap corruption"—They live unto themselves; and they get from unsanctified self the unhappy all which it can give. They do not get that fatal "all"—all at once. But as life goes on, its emptiness—for it is never filled with anything good—becomes realised more and more, and gnaws deeper and deeper into the heart; and its dissatisfactions gather more thickly

and gloomily and disappointingly.

It is not necessary that an evil life of "self" should assume one stereotyped form, and be in all men the same. There are varieties in evil as well as good-varieties which range between extreme points of seeming harmlessness, possibly of seeming goodness, down to the lowest depths of degradation and crime. The man who lives a life of ministry to self, lives a life of sin. It may take the excited form of rushing after pleasure, or the morbid form of shutting himself up in his own gloom, nursing the moody spirit in which he delights in isolation from his fellow-men, with no thought that others suffer as well as himself. Or again, it may take the dull decent form of a colourless do-nothing life, respectable existence on the earth, and nothing more—the human vegetable, only with this difference, that the vegetable is the more useful, and has its definite ministry and end. But whatever form the life of "self" may take, there is no real happiness in it, for all self-containedness is against the ground-plan of God, who pronounced even under the most favourable circumstances that it was "not good for man to be alone." The footsteps of ministry which Christ left us to set our feet in, after our opportunities and measure, marked out the path in which we could most safely and happily walk.

And now, how shall we walk therein? Let us be practical; let us not pitch the impossible as the key-note of our life. We cannot work material miracles, as Christ did—few of us are called to give up all our time to ministry, as He did, after His public life began; if we were all called to this, the world could not go on; we must seek for some law of ministry which is within the

reach of all, and which will branch out so as to meet the circumstances of each. Just, then, as each fruit tree brought forth fruit "after its kind" and was pronounced by God to be very good-for however humble its fruit, it was fulfilling its mission and ministry—so with us, we have all to bring forth fruits of ministry, according to what our circumstances, opportunities, or gifts may be. In the ministry of money, one man cannot be fulfilling his ministry with money, unless he give thousands; another may nobly fulfil his in pence. "She hath done what she could"-"She hath cast in more abundantly than them all "-are words which have rung their silver chimes down the centuries of time for many who are weak and poor; which, if they had ears to hear, have also tolled heavy funeral knells for those who have not done what lay to their hand as the strong, and rich.

The circles of ministry are various in their measure and their kind. To some they are very large, to some very small. They are not always the same; but whatever they are, they are always presentations from God. There is a providence in them all. He who went about doing good had all this life changed, and was fixed to a cross. He who fully preached the Gospel of Christ through mighty signs and wonders, and by the power of the Spirit of God, from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, must now in his prison house and solitude, do service to the churches with the lone and silent ministry of the pen. Therefore, whatever your lot, in all the changes and chances of this mortal life, ministry remains in it—and what the power of ministry is, God will reveal, if

you ask Him.

I know of one now who is on a bed of exceeding pain, and has been for a lengthened time, who never hears of any one on a bed of suffering but that she gets their address and writes to themcomforting them, it may be, "with the comfort wherewith she herself is comforted of God." There are ministries of letters and booksministries of words and looks-ministries of counsel and wise reproof-ministries of helpfulness, and restraint, and encouragement-ministries which while away a heavy hour, which charm away for a little season an abiding painministries which consist in patient waitings upon those in suffering, though they can do naught to calm its tossings, or soothe its frettings, or make the present hour so tolerable that they cease to cry in the morning, "Would God it were evening," and in the evening, "Would God it were morning." There is the ministry of the morsel

—the ministry of the tear—the ministry of the voice; and often, when darkness lay all around, and one has spoken as an angel of God good tidings—ay, even of great joy to some poor watching soul—has there been suddenly heard a multitude of heavenly host praising God in that sad heart; darkness was dispelled—the glory of the Lord shone around—they sang of glory to God in the highest, and the heart, despite all losses, griefs, and pains, caught up the strain, and sang with them, "And on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

But while we speak of open doors of ministry, let us remember that there are many also which are closed. They were closed even to our Lord during His ministry on earth. He was driven away by the Gadarenes. In His own country they were offended at Him, He had to bow to the common experience embodied in a proverb, that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house; and He did not many works there, because of their unbelief. Paul was forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia (Acts xvi. 6). Jesus did not seek to force such doors, nor did Paul, nor may we. When the open door is set before us, even though we may have but a little strength, there is One Who says, "No man shall shut it;" but when the door is shut, even though we have great strength, no man can open it. No reasons will be vouchsafed from heaven; it must suffice us that it is so.

Let us go on our way, then, ministering in whatever circle is appointed to us—and to those who are brought by Providence into contact with us. There are many stars in heaven, there are many spheres on earth, but the One Creative Will has made them all.

Let us remember that the Divine—shall we not almost say, the miraculous?—will embody itself in means humble as the loaf and the clay. It is almost miraculous by what small instruments bodies have been relieved, hearts bound up, and souls saved.

Let us remember, as Christ ever remembered, that life is to be a harmonious whole for God, and that it is from the knowledge of this we are to act—from our being set in our ministry, whatever it may be, by Him.

Let us not trouble about the reward. It is with Him Who will deal bountifully, even though all we can say for ourselves is this—"We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which it was our duty to do."

Perhaps in eternity some hitherto unknown to us will recognise us as having ministered unto them—it may be even eternal life itself. We ourselves, if we have been faithful in our ministry, whatever it may have been, shall be surprised at its great effects.

Very common-place people, as we thought them, will then come out with the nobility of Jesus Christ Himself. Ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who are the heirs of salvation will own with them a common work and common Lord; though they shall hear what angels never can—the wondrous words of ministry's high award—"Come, ye blessed children of My Father; inherit the Kingdom prepared for you"—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My Brethren, ye did it unto Me."

# AT A "BLIND" TEA-PARTY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

Vinvitation to a Blind Tea! It sounds sad, but we will accept it. The East London Tabernacle, Burdett Road, Bow, is the scene of the feast to which we are bidden, and the kind summons is from Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of No. 59 of this same Burdett Road, E. We reach it in time to see the preparations for entertaining the guests, and to hear some-

thing of the "'Christian' Blind Relief Society," of which the friends who invited us have been the untiring honorary secretaries for five-and-twenty years. While they superintend the arrangement of the long tables in the huge schoolroom, we look into an adjoining room and see a man cutting up by means of a machine 120 quartern loaves into

slices, which attendant friends either cover with butter, or convert into sandwiches.

Twenty-five years ago, when it was first put into the hearts of our friends to help their blind neighbours, only ten could be aided, and the funds did not exceed £20 per annum; now there are 135 pensioners, and the annual income amounts to £438. This is given in weekly or monthly amounts of half-a-crown or a crown, and any one desirous of benefiting a blind man or woman, may do so by recommending him or her to this society, and paying one pound a year. The needy protégé will be placed on the list, and will receive the small but welcome pension in rotation. No elections! no votings! no particular creed!

To be blind, indigent, of good character, and over eighteen years of age, are all the requirements,

except to wait till their turn comes. As there are 2,000 blind in the metropolis alone, and 22,000 in Great Britain, there is yet scope for the benevolent.

As with the growth of the society, so with the annual teas. Some eighteen years ago, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke was reckoning up the guests for an evening party.

"The Bible says we should call 'the poor, the

halt, the blind," suggested her mother.

"Oh! how nice it would be to invite some of

our poor blind," was the instant reply.

It was acted upon. Friends joined, and eighty blind people were entertained. We are about to see how this, also, has increased; though she who originated it has left us for those eternal mansions prepared for all who love *Him*, Who, while on earth, restored the blind to sight. People require "Results." Returning to the big, underground, pillared schoolroom, we witness the result of that brief conversation between mother and daughter.

The company are beginning to stream in. First the flow is quiet, like that of a brook—then it increases, as does the brook, into a rapid river. Guides leading the blind—but not "blind guides"—pour through the aisles that divide the long tables. Many of the guides are children anticipating the treat; others the wives or husbands of the blind; some, friends, who volunteer to bring two blind people. Mrs. Clarke and her friends are everywhere, helping; and the patience and good-humour of their guests are enviable.

"Are all the tables full?" exclaim these last comers, dolefully, who are probably late for want of guides or lack of tickets: but none are turned away. It would, indeed, be cruel to refuse admission to people who have come with so much difficulty from so many different places. All the points of the metropolitan compass send their quota. Attracted to this loadstone, they travel many miles, and the wonder is how they all reach the pole in safety. But they do reach it, find seats at last, and are soon sufficiently refreshed to applaud the performance of a band of stringed instruments. Heads, feet, and hearts respond to the music, and we are fain to forget that most of the large party want one of those five senses originally bestowed on man. Indeed, we do not realise it, until, threading the mazes of the long tables, we help to administer the good things provided. Then we partly understand what it is to *feel* for the food instead of to see it. But the guides aid the attendant friends, and we believe that all are happily fed. At any rate, the food disappears with marvellous rapidity, and it is almost more than we can do to supply the demand.

After all have united in singing a hearty grace, and while preparations are being made for a concert, we enter into conversation with one and

another.

"We want them to be cheerful. We do not wish to remind them of their blindness," says our kindly hostess.

She agrees with Professor Fawcett, who, himself blind, says, "The best thing to do is to live as far as possible the same life as if you still had your sight." And this, apparently, they do when

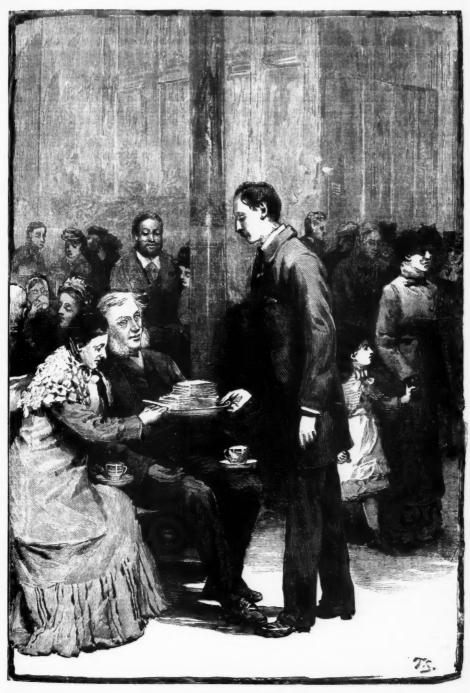
they can.

"I and a friend are wood-choppers," says one respectable looking man; and when we, involuntarily, express astonishment, he adds, "When God deprives us of one thing, he gives us another to compensate for it." "I work a sewing-machine," says a pleasing young girl; "I lost my sight from over-study and drawing when anxious to become a pupil-teacher." Comparatively few of this great gathering appear to have been born blind. "The music is beautiful. So lovely!" remarks one. "I used to play the violin," returns another, "but music seems too much for me now. I seldom touch it, for my bow won't keep in the right place."

"Are you Mrs. Meade, ma'am?" inquire an aged pair, both blind. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I thought I knew your voice. She is a nice lady."

Mr. Meade is a blind teacher of the blind, who has classes in various places, and some of whose pupils are here to-night. He is connected with Bethnal Green, and the Society for Visiting the Indigent Blind. One of these pupils is introduced to us by his father, as nearly deaf as well as blind; and alas! there are many such present. "This is my mother," explains a respectable young woman. "She is stone-deaf, and I can only make her understand by feeling. I am married, but I hope never to part with her, though we have often hard times; my husband is now out of work." The mother is beautifully neat.

"Is Mr. Reuben May here to-night?" eagerly asks an old man, and we prick up our ears and make inquiries in return. "Ah! he is a good gentleman. I belong to his class. He has built us a lovely Hall, and gave us a supper New Year's Eve, and a breakfast New Year's morning, and spoke to us beautiful. There's a many of his blind here to-night." "This is my husband," explains a tidy elderly woman. "I keeps us both by making coats for Christ Church School. I ve got two at home now. Those long blue coats, you know, ma'am. They've got thirteen button-holes, and I gets a shilling a coat, and finds my thread and candles. reckons I clears tenpence three-farthings. No, my husband is old and blind, and can do nothing.' If this does not speak for itself, what can? And there are now thirty poor blind on the list, waiting for the pension of two-and-sixpence a week. Who will subscribe the needed pound? We might continue to quote what they say, ad infinitum; but there is a sudden hush, the singers are on the platform, and the concert begins.



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AT A BLIND TEA-PARTY.-p. 528.

Some of the performers are themselves blind, and, we believe, professional. Madame Annie Pyne, a well-known vocalist, elicits much and deserved applause: indeed, the general appreciation of singing and music is noteworthy. delightful to hear the hearty laughter at the comic songs and comic reading, and the enthusiastic hand-clapping that follows every effort. That the blind love music we all know, but every one does not know how cheerful and energetic it makes We chance to be seated near the blind inmates of many workhouses, numbering nearly a hundred, and are startled by their pleasure. And we must compliment the said workhouses on their respectable appearance. After all, our Unions are not to be despised. "I'm very comfortable and thankful," says an old man, in the pauses of the music. "I can do nothing to help myself, and they take care o' me. We are thirteen here from Bethnal Green. I hope there ain't no fog. We shall walk home, for it's only three miles."

"Thank God for a fine day, and for this pleasant evening," remarks another, as "The Summer Shower" stays our loquacity, and Miss James, a

blind vocalist, is much applauded.

"A very pretty song," criticises a female neighbour. "I was educated in music, for my mother was a professional singer. And," she adds, "my father was a Frenchman, and was the Queen's deportment-master. Her Majesty once sent me two pounds." Entering into conversation, we find that she and a grand-daughter, whom she brought up, are well-spoken, and seem superior. They come from Lambeth, and the loss of her husband and her sight have reduced her to poverty. She would fain be one of the regular pensioners of the Society.

So, doubtless, would most of those present; though it is refreshing to hear of one, who voluntarily relinquished the pension under circumstances highly creditable to himself. He was a lusty and powerful sailor, who with loss of sight lost all means of supporting his wife and several children. They were in sad circumstances, when he came to the secretary with the queston, "What can I do?" "Would you be above selling in the streets?" was the answering interrogation.

He would be ashamed of nothing, and was, accordingly, set up in water-cresses, and taught his "beat" by another blind man. The "creases" were succeeded by shrimps, haddocks, and herrings; and in the course of time, Jack did such a thriving trade, that he not only displayed to his good friend a well-clad family, but said he would no longer deprive some one more needy than himself of the weekly half-crown that had helped them through the dark valley of want. And he is only one of many who earn a cheerful living. One who is present this evening starts the omnibuses from Hackney Church; another turns a

mangle; a third, with a keen scent, buys fruit in the market, and never fails to get the best; a fourth is a baker, who says "his old girl has noises in her head;" a fifth displays a beautiful crochet shawl, the facsimile of others "made to order." Yet, in spite of all this, it is almost impossible for a blind person to earn a living unaided. Let us, therefore, rejoice in the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Gardner, of £300,000, and hope that it will be soon settled so as to benefit every blind person in the United Kingdom.

The guests are now rejoicing in oranges distributed during an interval in the concert. It is pretty to see the children seated on the tables facing those they have guided, or placed on their knees, orange in hand. One little fellow lies prone, fast asleep, the tempting fruit kept by his father until his awakening. The loss of sight seems to quicken love as well as the other senses.

Both love and gratitude re-echo in the cheers that greet the names of their benefactors; and it is worth twenty-five years of labour to be so eloquently thanked. Indeed, there could scarcely be a brighter, happier assembly. "sadness" we anticipated is in ourselves alone; not, for the time being at least, in those we contemplate. Let us strive to keep them cheerful by aiding to increase the number and raise the standard of their poor pensions. Sir Charles and Lady Lowther have generously formed a library of over two hundred volumes, in raised type, for their benefit, and this may be enlarged as more books are so printed. Professor Fawcett wishes there were one standard type, instead of eight, as this would simplify both printing and learning. They are never too old to learn to read, and much depression is relieved thereby.

The concert re-commences. Song succeeds to song, reading and instrumental music vary the programme, while songs with even the ghost of a chorus draw forth the vocal talents of the audience.

If we want pathos, we must watch the closing scene very patiently. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their friends stand in the doorway to take leave of their guests. We seem to realise their affliction somewhat at last, when, led forwards, they pause to shake hands, express their thanks for a happy evening, and say "Good-night." Each of the 600 blind receives a shilling, and the remains of the feast is also distributed in paper If the stream of incomers seemed long, that of out-goers appears endless. Heartily they say, "God bless you!" as they receive their dole and pass by twos and threes out into the night and the huge wilderness of London. Whither and how are they going? We hear of Walthamstow, Greenwich, Lambeth, Holloway, Old Kent Road, and places that scarcely seem within the radius of this great metropolis. By train, omnibus, tram, or on foot, the crowd outside the Tabernacle must travel to their respective abodes. The blind must go in faith, and in many instances, "A little child shall lead them." What a lesson! Many declare they will believe only what they can see. They are the blind. North, south, east, and west, these "afflicted but

not forsaken" ones bend their steps; believing that in another world "There shall be light." Reader! help them to bear the burden of their darkness until the eternal glory of the Father shall open on their loosened and astonished sight.

## SORROW AND COMFORT.

(SHADOW AND SUNSHINE OF THE WAY.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A.

HE world is very full of sorrow and very full of joy. No man is born entirely to the one or to the other. There is many a life which passes quietly on before the eye of the world without a shadow, as we often fancy the islands of the southern ocean to lie without a cloud; but as these are swept by ruthless winds, and lashed by boisterous billows, so every life, however calm, is overwhelmed at times by sorrow, and made the sport of cruel and mocking circum-

sport of cruel and mocking circumstance. And this is true, although the scales of humanity are not balanced; although to one man is long endurance and frequent affliction; and to a second the sable visitor comes seldom and departs

The effect upon various natures is indeed unequal. The slender rivulet dances over the little obstructions in its way, and turns aside to escape the great; but the deep strong river fumes and roars at boulder and crag, and breaks itself against the opposition. So is it with man. The placid and easy temper, the mild ambition, and the moderate aim will silently acquiesce; while the powerful and proud will forces its way through gorge and meadow alike-irresistible whatever the cost—until it reaches the goal. Which is the better we can hardly determine; and Christianity itself is divided in admiration and reverence between the ardent enthusiasm of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and the undisturbed benignity of the Exile of Patmos.

And it is thus with both the godly and the wicked; or if there be a difference, the world in general thinks it lies in favour of its own. The old man likewise, from under a growing burden, looks in wonder upon the joys of childhood, while no one has ever yet recorded the number and the keenness of a child's sorrows. Kinghood

bears the universal fate, and pauper rags are not free from their own pangs. It is humanity, not position, character, not fortune that bears the core into which the lance is thrust:—

To each his suff'rings: all are men, Condemned alike to groan.

I shall endeavour, then, in this paper, to find out something about the stormy morning of sorrow, and the tranquil twilight of consolation.

Sorrow is not of itself a blessing or a curse; but it never leaves the man whom it visits exactly the same as he was before. He is better or he is worse. The soul is aroused and the mind quickened, or both are sleeping a deeper sleep and more perilous. The heart is subdued and humbled, or it rises, seditious and angry, into questionings of God's right and God's truth in striking the blow.

Affliction has three causes: it comes as chastisement; and that for two purposes, one to awaken, remind, and attract to heaven; the other to prove the presence and the anxiety of our Father's care. It comes as punishment—not to help us in expiating offences here, that we may escape their penalty afterwards, but to show in its reality and consequence, what the character of sin is; to excite dread of itself and of its results; and to alarm, if attraction is impossible, the mind of man into desire for holiness. And it comes to tell, when every chance has been tried and every avenue of the soul assailed, that God has left us to ourselves—"Ephraim is joined to idols—let him alone!" There is no bitterer fate than that. In Imperial Rome the fiercest brutes of Africa were starved into savage hunger, and then let loose upon felons, who, armed only with sword or dagger, exercised such skill and prowess that they sometimes sheathed their steel in the lion's heart; but here, not in the confined and bounded theatre, but in the vast and open world; not from doors that are known and marked, but from every compass-point of earth, the hounds of fate (swift-footed and sure-scented messengers of sin) are pressing on; and man becomes not a champion of human bravery, but the victim of human guilt.

There have been instances such as this. But lest any should despair, or fancy that the battalions of sorrow and sin are marshalling around him, and betoken a hell anticipated and a sentence already pronounced, let this be his consolation: that any impulse of anxiety after God, any yearning of heart for better things than earth's, any visiting of conscience that yet claims audience and attention, is the assurance to him that he is not forsaken nor forgotten, and that the Day of Grace is shining on him still.

But it is important to recollect that sorrow is God's angel. For the angels and their mission are not mere memories. The good man sees them in outward shape now as he did five thousand years ago: and, as in the famous picture the angel of Death becomes transformed into one of light, so the sorrows and sadnesses of life turn, under our Father's smile, into blessing, and

consolation, and joy.

Years ago they laid a tax upon every window in the kingdom, and to avoid the impost, men built as few windows in their houses as they could. Among the poor in our great cities, the result was deplorable. They could pay little, often nothing: and, sometimes, to be honest, they closed the windows and lived with only so much light as streamed through the open door. When sorrow unrelieved of God comes to us, it sits there, as the mothers of London did, upon a darkened hearth. And when we feel the pang and the burthen, and look to where they are, there is no beam in the sombre chamber of the heart, nor any fact or reason to convince and to assist the mind. And as they used in those days to go outside for the sunshine, and wander up and down in the fitful brightness, so must we, in these dark houses of our sorrow, go out and lift our eyes and walk in a brightness which is as permanentas God Himself. In fact, self-examination, although of immense benefit, will never free us from sin; and the brooding upon sorrow will never drive it out or summon consolation in its stead.

It is true, there is a worldly consolation. It is quick, ready, vigorous, and persevering. It bids us forget: it produces fresh forms of enjoyment and solicits our use: it conjures memories of brighter things in the past, and drowns the

present in the fancy and hope of the future. But this is a treacherous device. It is, beyond words, untrustworthy. It rests upon no fact that is durable. It comes: it disappoints. It is banished: and a worse reaction falls. The sorrow of the world (and all its comfort too) worketh death.

But godly sorrow and godly consolation look to eternal facts, and faithful, infinite consolation. Let us see some of them.

(1) The strongest sorrows come to the highest natures. These are the most delicately strung, and faint sweet summer breath will loose their Æolian music, but harsh strokes and unkindly hands will rend the cords. They lift their being high to the sun, and like the highest peak of Andes or of Alps, they are smitten with the fiercest wind and riven with the sharpest flash. Keen sorrow is generally a proof of lofty character.

(2) Sorrows bring out the truth of life—as the darkness brings out the stars. And we, bending before the trial, and looking up to God, behold the firmament spangled with facts forgotten or unlearned, and with interpretations which we have never heard. Each man's heaven in such a night is different. The constellations are differently grouped, and some are clouded now, and now to another some revealed. Each man rather has a

firmament of his own.

(3) Sorrow finds its consolation in rousing us to press on. They shake us out of our fancied security and our dangerous quietude. They show in front treasures unearned, difficulties unattempted, pleasures unthought of and untried. And they make the Apostle's motto ours—to press toward the mark—for no humble acquisition of security, but for the prize of the high calling of God.

(4) And lastly we find our comfort in discerning and in feeling our Father's hand. Surely it is most in the deep waters that He is with us. In our weakness we feel most the everlasting arms; and in our loneliness the Blessed Comforter. Happy, happy he who, when his heart has bled with the whetted edge of pain, has staunched the wound with the Balm of Gilead; and who, when he has mourned in the loneliness of loss, has discovered the companionship of Jesus beckoning on.

#### JOSHUA WAYLEN'S REPENTANCE.

OSHUA WAYLEN had made a fortune; and yet he was unhappy.

He was a lonely old man, and, repute said, a very crabbed and miserly one. He owned a great many houses in North

Dulham (a populous London suburb), and resided in one of the smallest and meanest of them all.

He was unloving and unloved, and the heart, whose human instincts he could never wholly crush, cried out sometimes against the dreary monotony of his desert pathway.

On a certain fair autumn day, when business connected with a building site he thought of purchasing had taken him out into the open country, this inward wail arose with a bitter and harassing

pertinacity. Try as he would, he could not stifle it. No spell of share quotations or of intricate cash calculations availed to put it down.

"Bricks and mortar, gold and bank-balances are

hard-headed caution—as indeed he was. But when Mr. Austell had left him, to fetch some plans from his office, Joshua sat down on a tree-trunk by the roadside, and gave an uneasy groan.



"'Please, sir, . . . can you help us just a little?"-p. 534.

not all," it whispered within; "you are not so successful as men think you, Joshua Waylen. What shall it profit you if you have gained the whole world and have lost—honour, contentment, love?"

Joshua went over the ground with the local land agent, and that worthy thought him a model of

There was a cottage standing on the extreme out-

skirts of Nettlethorpe village, some hundred yards away, and from it a child was wandering, all unnoticed, in his direction.

"Please, sir," said a tiny voice, "can you help us just a little? Mother's ill, and Jimmy has broken his leg."

In sheer astonishment Joshua Waylen looked round at the trembling speaker, and answered not a word. The audacity of one so young took away his breath.

And yet the little maiden was in appearance and manner very different from the conventional juvenile beggar. If trained, her art was the perfection of artlessness. She was neat and clean, and decidedly pretty. Her lips were trembling, and two large tears stood in the eyes she fixed on Joshua. Those eyes! How he started as he met their appealing gaze!

"You must be rich, sir; we are so, so poor!" the child continued, and a stifled sob broke from her.

"You—you— What does this mean? Who sent you? What is your name?"

The speech had commenced roughly; but its harshness died away against the visitor's will, and the accents of the last question were mild, and almost humble. Some powerful current of emotion was dominating the man's whole being.

"My name is Pordale, sir; Annie Pordale."

" Annie!"

"Yes, sir; but nobody sent me; mother does not know, even—only, there is no bread hardly, and—and—I—I thought you were a gentleman, and could help us, perhaps. I asked God to send us some money to buy things for mother, and I am sure He will."

The little hands were tightly clasped, and the thin face was radiant with childish hope and trust.

Some echo, as of an old lapsed tune, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," stirred in the listener's soul. Slowly his composure came back to him.

"That may be all very fine, but I haven't any

money to spare," he answered.

Annie's countenance fell. "I am so sorry!" she said; "I saw you with Mr. Austell, and I thought

surely you must have plenty of money."

There was a queer sensation within his breast, like the awakening of a long enshrouded conscience.

"It is only a coincidence, of course," he soliloquised; "but she is very like, very!" Then, aloud—" What is your father?" he asked.

"He is dead, sir."

"How many of you are there?"

"Only Jimmy and me, besides mother, sir."

"Well, well; here's half-a-crown for you. Mind how you spend it." And waiting for no thanks, surprised at his own liberality, Joshua hurried away.

11.

Do you know who lives in that cottage, at the far corner of the property?" he inquired of the agent, on that gentleman's return.

"Some people named Pordale."

"Nothing particular about them, I suppose?" Joshua longed to question more directly, but he feared that if he did so he might provoke wonder at his interest.

"No; except that they are very poor. The family consists of a widow and two children, and just now it is an especially hard pinch for them, because the woman is ill, and the boy has broken his leg. The cottage belongs to Borth, the miller; and his wife and he are very good to them, I understand."

"Ah! just so," and with that the subject dropped. The matter immediately in hand required concentrated attention.

But Joshua Waylen did not forget this seemingly trivial incident of the day's proceedings. He found it impossible to banish from before his mental eyes the picture of that fair pinched face. The luminous light-blue childish orbs seemed to be gazing into his very soul. And behind the little one stood a phantom of the long dead years. He shrank back into a corner of the carriage that whirled him back to town, and tried to sleep. It was useless. He resigned himself to his fate, a fate which his housekeeper could at once see, on his return, had been one of strong excitement and of mental storm.

"You are tired, sir; something has disturbed you," she said.

"Nonsense! I'm right enough, Mrs. Rigg," he replied, testily. "Perhaps a trifle over-worked—as I often am—that's all."

"You will have some coffee, sir?"

"Yes, yes; up in my room. I have some papers to sort there."

That repast stood for a considerable while untasted. Joshua Waylen paced up and down the faded carpet with hands knotted behind him, shoulders stooping, head cast slightly back.

At last he sat down at his escritoire and took from one secret drawer a key to unfasten a second. It had lain untouched for thirty years and more, and the rusty spring emitted a harsh defiant note in yielding to it. Even Joshua was almost startled by the unwonted sound. It seemed, to his strained fancy, as though a ghostly voice were mocking him across the chasm of the years.

He drew from the revealed aperture two thin bundles of old letters, a portrait embalmed in tissue, and a curl of golden hair. His cold and clammy fingers shook as with an ague, while the still gleaming filaments twined and clung about them. Were they, too, deriding him? Tremblingly, he undid the dusty wrappings of the miniature, and looked upon the semblance of the loving laughing face that had many times turned in fullest trust upon him; the face that his treachery had no doubt lined with care and stamped with bitter disappointment.

"She was a fair damsel, Annie Graham," he said; "and we cared for each other—there is no disputing that. But with the drag of a wife and family upon me, I should never have risen as I have done now. Had we have married we might both have been miserable. It was a wise step to break it off in time, a wise step."

All unwittingly, he was urging excuses to the silent portrait, and to his own soul. And yet, as he cast a backward glance over his barren life, he doubted, despite his words.

HI

NEARLY five months had gone by, and a winter of exceptional severity bound the whole country in fetters of snow and ice.

To Nettlethorpe Joshua had never returned. He had duly purchased the estate, and was rapidly improving it. But all his business there was managed by Mr. Austell the agent, in whom he contrived, by a great effort, to repose the necessary confidence. One dull February day, however, a telegram arrived. A grave dispute had arisen between his representative and a local building contractor. His presence was requested to set affairs straight, and to obviate a dead lock. Joshua decided to go.

He proceeded by the earliest possible train, and reached the village some hours before the agent anticipated him. He had a mile to walk over the frozen road to the meeting place.

The ill-paved Nettlethorpe streets were very slippery, and the old man needed the utmost care in picking his path over them. In this he was successful until he came to the final corner, close by the cottage of the Pordales. There, sundry recollections crowded anew upon his mind. He was half looking out for his little acquaintance of the autumn. Perhaps it was these deviations of attention that led to the catastrophe that followed.

A butcher's cart came round the turning at an immense pace, and Joshua Waylen did not hear it.

"Hi! hi!" shouted the driver. But it was too late. The frightened pedestrian, in his hurry to escape, slipped, and went down, directly under the horse's hoofs. Joshua was sadly injured, and rendered unconscious.

Some labourers from an adjoining field came over and helped the horrified tradesman to carry his victim into the only house near. Mrs. Pordale received him with much concern, and a strange spasm of pain shot over her face as she gazed upon Joshua's closed eyes and parchment-like cheeks.

"It is the gentleman, mother, who gave me the half crown—you remember," whispered Annie.

Joshua was laid upon the humble sofa, and a doctor quickly fetched. The verdict was a grave one.

"Unless he recovers consciousness within fortyeight hours, he never will," said the surgeon.

"He had better be removed up-stairs, and—and—I will nurse him," answered Mrs. Pordale, with an odd little break in her voice.

And so the widow did. The stupor lasted long, and hope waxed faint indeed. But at last a hoarse voice murmured, "Annie—Annie Graham! Am I dreaming? If so, let me dream on," Joshua added, and fell into a placid sleep. He was saved.

When he awoke, the surgeon was by his side. Joshua felt terribly weak and ill. "Where am I? What has happened? Oh, there was an accident; I was knocked down; I recollect," he gasped; "and this is Mrs. Pordale's cottage. Where is Mrs. Pordale?"

"She is gone to take some rest, and will be here presently," the surgeon answered. "You have been very bad, and she watched by you nearly all the time."

"I am better now!"

"Decidedly. But you must lie still where you are for a day or two, and recover farther. You cannot possibly be in kinder hands."

Meanwhile Mrs. Pordale was weeping quietly, and revolving many things, in her own room. She too had a past.

"It is—it must be—surely I know you, Annie?" cried Joshua Waylen, making an abortive attempt to rise. His eyes were gleaming wildly.

"Pray do not disturb yourself, Mr. Waylen; you will be worse else," replied the widow; "I am Annie Pordale—Annie Graham once."

He could not guess at how great a cost the even accents were bought.

"You married, then?"

"Yes."

"And happily? Forgive the question."

"Yes."

"Thank God! I am glad to hear it. I was a wretch and a fool. My life has been a blank ever since—you know the day—I told you I preferred gold to love. You must spurn me, surely."

"Nay, I have forgiven you long ago. And, and—" in a lower, huskier tone—" you saved my life last

"I! How?"

"You gave my little girl half-a-crown, which bought beef tea and pulled me round, the doctor said, just in the very crisis. I was very ill, and nobody knew quite how poor we were; pride prevented me from telling my neighbours. We hadn't a penny in the house that day, and it was Annie's own notion to ask you."

A wild hope had sprung suddenly up in Joshua's soul, and quickly developed itself into speech.

"You are poor, and I am lonely. Annie—Mrs. Pordale," he said—"if you can blot out the past, let me ask you, for the second time, to be my wife. It is but the fragments of a life that I can offer you, but—believe me—the heart is with them. Your children shall be cared for."

The ring of earnest repentance was in the appeal, and the listener recognised it.

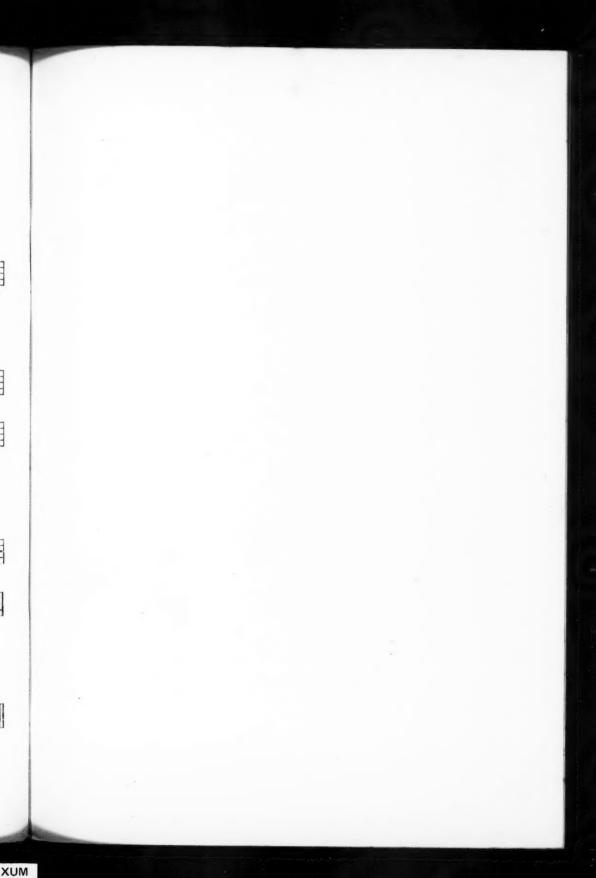
"You must give me time to think," she said.

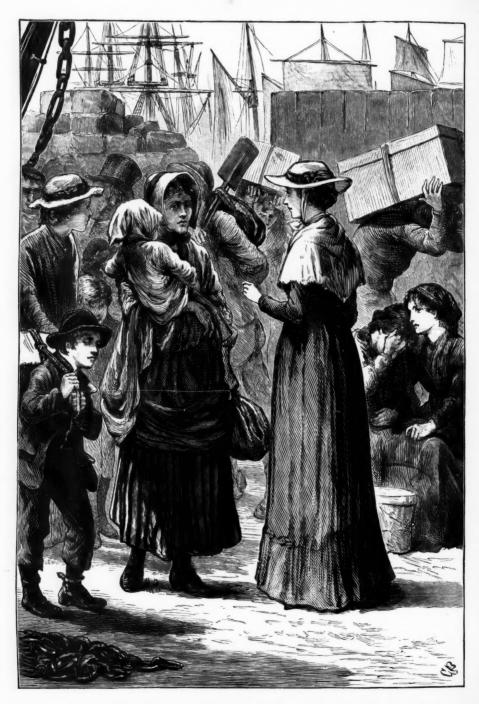
But delay meant acceptance, and to-day, in God's great mercy, Joshua Waylen is no longer lonely.

"A little child has led me," he says sometimes, stroking Annie's golden locks—so like her mother's! It is eventide with him; but the stars have arisen, and to God he gives the thanks, W. J. L.









"Men, women, and children were cast, helpless, friendless, and homeless, on the wharves."

## MRS. CHISHOLM'S WORK AMONG DESTITUTE EMIGRANTS.

(CONSECRATED WOMANLY GENIUS.)

HE question of emigration for the destitute population of our land, as well as for those who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity of improving their positions in life, has of late engaged the attention of philanthropists to a very large extent. New countries, full of advantages, offering broad acres, bounteous harvests, plenty, and independence, have been opened up, and many thousands of men

and women have left over-crowded England to enjoy the blessings promised to them in these new lands. The Australian colonies presented manifold attractions to those who sought new homes; and many circumstances had conspired to attract population thither. Thousands of criminals had been transported to Australia, and had, after serving longer or shorter terms, received tickets of leave, as rewards for good behaviour, which certificates permitted the recipients to work for their own benefit, although not allowed to leave the colony. In this way, a large population was being added to this Southern Britain, and in numberless cases, character, position, and comforts were again the possession of the unfortunate convict. Many of them not only gained fortune, and amply retrieved the character previously forfeited, but rose to fill positions of honour and usefulness in the settlement, while others escaped to the bush; where they lived a desperate, lawless life, being known as "bushrangers."

As time went on, these bushrangers were hunted down, and punished by the more law-honouring citizens, who also gladly received accessions to their number, in the shape of emigrants from the old world. Among our colonies, none appeared so inviting as Australia, for the climate was balmy, and the country was fruitful, while its gold-fields attracted large numbers of men bent only upon obtaining wealth quickly. These causes led to a large influx of emigrants, and many scenes of suffering were beheld by those whose duties called them to the ports of Australia. Further, emigration agents, eager only to receive the commission paid them for securing emigrants, looked coldly on, while men, women, and children were cast, helpless, friendless, and homeless, on the wharves of Sydney Harbour, with no shelter for their families, no arrangements of any kind for their obtaining work, and no available outlets for their energies. To many families, this sort of emigration was ruin; for they had exhausted all available means at their disposal in reaching Australia,

and, without help, could take no additional step towards achieving that independence which they had come so far to gain. Caroline Chisholm was an Englishwoman, resident in Australia at that time, and she made it the business of her life to ameliorate the condition of these emigrants, to establish a Home for them, and to find situations for the young women shipped off to the colony without any very definite notions as to their

future steps.

Mrs. Chisholm commenced by collecting these poor destitute emigrants together, and protected the women, while she stimulated the men to That work lay inland, "in the honest work. bush," and other quarters; but there, food in plenty awaited the willing worker, and labour was greatly needed. Taking the right view of colonisation, she aided the men to get into the interior, and then, giving up her own time very largely, she took upon her the responsibility of obtaining situations for the young women. Mrs. Chisholm made prodigious efforts on their behalf, resting not until she had found for each one some home, or place of employment. It was frequently her custom to escort large parties of young women emigrants to the interior, in company with families, finding them situations as she went along, and receiving the blessings of those whom she had assisted in the same manner, previously. On such excursions, she was accustomed to depend for food-supplies upon the grateful generosity of the settlers. During one of these journeys, she was accosted by a bushman, as follows :- "Are you Mrs. Chisholm?" "Yes," was the reply, "what do you want?" "Want!" what every man like me wants, when he sees Mrs. Chisholm. Come, now; look up that hill, and see that nice cottage, and forty acres under crop: and I have in the cottage, twenty hams and flitches of bacon, and a chest of tea, and a bag of sugar. The land is paid for, and the three cows: it would do you good to see my three cows." Then, pulling out a roll of papers, he continued, "See what a character I have got from the magistrate in charge of the district; and look here, ma'am, at this roll of notes! Now, Mrs. Chisholm, do be a mother to me, and give me a wife. The smile of a woman has never welcomed me home, after a day's hard work. Never mind the breakfast! I could keep all your party for a week! only give me one of your nice Irish girls for a wife." The imploring request of this poor bushman was not the only one of the kind preferred to Mrs. Chisholm, for many settlers, recognising in her their true friend, wrote to her, stating their circumstances, and pleading, not only for servants to be engaged in farm work-

but for wives. How did she act in these cases? She tells us her mode of proceeding. "It was up on this principle of family colonisation, and actuated by such feelings, that I carried out my excursions in the Australian bush. I, at times, took a number of single young females with me, in company with emigrant families; but then, I allowed no matrimonial engagements to be made on the way. At the same time, I took care to place the young women in situations from which they might, with that consideration due to the feelings of women, enter with propriety and respectability into the married state." Many a shrewd, honest, hard-working bushman, and farmer, occupying a position of rough independence, looked to Mrs. Chisholm's bands of emigrants for a wife; and many more, long-severed husbands and wives, had to bless her instrumentality for bringing them together again, in the wilderness of interior Australia. She had noticed, with kindly shrewdness, and benevolent heart, that, full often, the steps taken by a poor family to improve its position were the means of entailing upon its severed members, loneliness, sorrowful partings, long years of isolation, and doubt respecting the safety of the scattered members, and, in many cases, separation for ever. Hence her system of "Family Colonisation," and its blessings to the settlers of that day.

In her Emigrant's Home in Sydney, she had different rooms, suited to the reception of the various classes of emigrants sheltered there; governesses, housemaids, laundresses, sempstresses, cooks, and other classes of destitute female emigrants shared the shelter and comfort of this Home, until suitable situations could be found for each. Meanwhile, Mrs. Chisholm kept a register in her office, containing particulars of each new-comer's arrival, and, in time, of her engagement in a situation. Thus, the young women felt that, amid the perplexities of new and untried colonial life, they had a shelter and a friend always available. By these, and other kindred exertions, she gained a wide reputation in Australia, and was honoured as a succourer of

those in distress. After seven years of this self-denying constant work on the wharves of Sydney Harbour, Mrs. Chisholm, in 1846, came to England, to further by tongue and pen her womanly ministry. This she did; and the Government recognised its duty towards the labouring classes, while shipowners sought to co-operate in the good work of assisting by cheap passages the poor, from overcrowded England to the lands loudly calling for labourers. While here, she held communication with many hundreds of wives and families, whose husbands and fathers were doing well in the far-away colony, and who desired to join them there. By her means, many a reunion was thus brought about, and many a fainting heart caused to sing for joy. After spending seven years in England, upon this errand of mercy, Mrs. Chisholm returned to Australia, to carry out still more effectually her schemes for uniting emigrant families, and directing inexperienced emigrants upon their arrival in the country which promised comfort and fortune.

Other benevolent and philanthropic workers have followed in this lady's steps, as regards Canada, and have assisted many a little homeless waif to make a new start in a new country. Among these, the names of Miss Rye, Miss Carpenter, and Mrs. Meredith stand out in honoured relief. In consequence of their exertions on behalf of the outcast boys and girls of England, there are now Emigration Homes at various points in Canada designed for the reception and housing of those friendless boys and girls, who are rescued from the streets, sent out to the Dominion to enter situations, and there, under friendly protection and guidance, await employers. If Mrs. Chisholm dealt more especially with female emigration, and "Family Colonisation," these ladies make it their sacred duty to promote, under the best conditions, juvenile emigration. These ladies are doing a good work, feeding and leading the lambs of the flock, for whom Jesus died, into those paths where honesty, prosperity, and fortune may become realities to them. Many of these are gutter children, and would inevitably swell the ranks of the criminal classes, for they are born to that heritage-"foredoomed," as it were, irrevocably to the lot of sin, crime, and woe. Others are ragged homeless orphans, destitute of natural protectors, and subject to much suffering in consequence. It seems a thrice-blessed mission to rescue such "little ones" from their miserable surroundings, and to train them for higher, nobler The boys are placed with farmers, shopkeepers, manufacturers, tradesmen, and others, to learn trades, and obtain thus the manual knowledge necessary to earn their living. The girls are also apprenticed to their employers—the Dominion Legislature having passed an Act providing for this formality. It sometimes happens, however, that in homes where no children are found, the girl or boy taken from the Emigration Home is adopted as one of the family, and in fact is received into the position of a child. An Inspector is appointed by the Act to visit the apprentices, and to exercise the protection of the Government over them generally; but their best protection is found in the fact that employers eagerly receive and value these healthy English boys and girls. Further, the habits, and customs of Canadian life are such that the children live upon terms of a more perfect equality with the families of their employers, than with us. They also marry early, and commence to accumulate wealth of their own. These are loudest in thankful praise

of the ladies who assisted in rescuing them from evil companionship, and introduced them to better and purer surroundings. Very frequently, the employers of lads and girls who grow old enough to marry, and thus are left destitute of their servants, grow highly indignant with the managers of the Homes, if they do not immediately provide them with substitutes. It is, however, impossible to do this always, amid the press of applications. In this kind of work for destitute emigrant children, Christian ladies have succeeded where Government officialism would have failed. They have won remarkable success in it, and have "imprinted their names, by kindness, love, and mercy." on the hearts of hundreds.

The plenty of Canada is most welcome to these poor children, who have been kept short of common necessary food all their lives. Indeed, this plenty is startling to English people of the middle and lower classes, who have to use most rigid economy, amid the expenses of the old country, to make both ends meet. But it also offers one strong inducement to those ladies seeking to raise the destitute and friendless; for while openings are few in over-crowded England, for the girl or boy rescued from the streets, they are numerous

in Canada—indeed, so numerous, that the good which might there be accomplished is only limited by want of funds.

Thus, in various ways, our list of representative women consecrated their energies to God and His work. While some have trodden the paths of philanthropy and charity, serving their generation "for Christ's sake," others have raised aloft the voice of holy song, proclaimed the Gospel to the ignorant and debased, or dedicated rank and wealth to the Lord. Their consecration did not take one form-it showed itself in many ways; but it consisted in this-they served God, and their fellow creatures, with the powers and talents they possessed, to the fullest extent of those powers. And there is room in God's world for differing talents. We are not all called upon to serve Him after the same model. The world demands different classes of labourers, and the Master owns varieties of service. Let this thought cheer the humble labourer, and stimulate the talented one. Let the measure of every one's service be-"She hath done what she could;" then shall the commendation be most surely won, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

## WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.



CHAPTER VII.
DECLINED WITH THANKS.

HE astonishment with which he saw himself regarded struck Leigh as so ludicrous that he suddenly burst into a peal of discordant laughter.

"How you all look at me!" he exclaimed. "Has some one—have you, Heriot?—been beforehand

with me, and told you my good news? Yes, I dare say it has made me a little flighty. One doesn't have such luck every day!"

And he laughed again, as he plunged his hand into his pocket, and, drawing forth a handful of gold, poured it slowly into the other palm.

"Was I ever so rich before? or so happy?"

Money was never plentiful at Mr. Stapleton's. When he had deducted from the salaries of his children the sums he considered due to him for the expenses of their maintenance, there was so very little left that Eunice and Fanny had great difficulty in providing themselves with sufficient clothes, and Leigh could ill spare the halfpence and toys he bestowed on the little ones. Leigh's riches, therefore, fairly took their breath away, and exclamations of delight and surprise were heard on every side.

"But are they all your own-your very own?"

queried one of his younger brothers, scrambling on a chair, that he might lean over Fanny's shoulder, the better to survey the glistening coins.

"All my own, to keep or to spend, to hoard or to give away," replied the exulting Leigh, as he began to drop them one by one into the lap of Miss Wylder, who had playfully held up her little black silk apron with a curtsey and a pleading smile. "Count them, 'Lissa, will you? There were thirty of these pretty-things in my pocket an hour or two ago, but they soon began to burn holes in it."

"If they were mine," said Fanny, solemnly, "I could not make up my mind to part with one of them."

"Miser!" laughed her brother, "you would rob yourself of the greatest enjoyment money can give. However, if I have got rid of some of my sovereigns, I have brought you their value. Shall I tell you what I have been buying, or can you guess? You shall speak first, 'Lissa; to what use do you think I should put my winnings?"

While the Dresden shepherdess smiled and meditated in a very becoming attitude, and in obedience to a whisper from Leigh, Fred dragged into the room a hamper he had left in the hall, Sydney Heriot, hitherto an amused looker-on, became very grave.

"Winnings!" he repeated; "surely you have not

been betting! That's a dangerous game to play, unless you are very wary, and know how to go to work."

"As if I did not know that!" retorted the excited Leigh, struggling with a knot in the string that tied down the lid of the basket. "Don't I, as a rule, keep clear of sweepstakes and all that kind of thing? This was only a—well, a kind of a friendly affair got up by the brother of one of our fellows. I could not have lost by it—at least, not more than a shilling or two, and I happened to draw the name of a favourite horse, very much to my own surprise, I assure you."

"How pleasant! how glad I am!" exclaimed Melissa, "We have been so uneasy about you, I

was beginning to feel quite ill, and dear Eunie looked dreadful; but we shall have to forgive you now you have brought us such good news."

"I ought to have sent you a telegram," said Leigh, with self-reproach; "but I am afraid I have been a little off my head ever since the money was paid to me. It was such a delicious sensation to know that I should beable to stroll into the best shops and give my orders with an air, and fling down my gold in payment as if I was quite accustomed to carry handfuls of it loose in my pocket. But you do not guess what made me so late."

"You have been buying something pretty for me!" cried Melissa, with sparkling eyes.

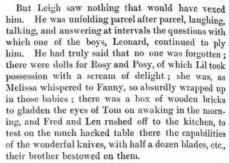
"I hope I have not for-

gotten any one," responded Leigh, now busy with his hamper. "Put this little parcel aside, Lil; it's an inkstand for father's table; he wanted a new one badly."

"Have you ordered yourself a great-coat for the winter?" asked Lil. "Yours is so awfully shabby."

"There's plenty of time for that," was the laughing reply. "It was no use interviewing a tailor when I couldn't stand still to be measured. Catch hold, 'Lissa! Miss Wylder, with Leigh Stapleton's compliments."

For a few seconds nothing was heard but Miss Wylder's ecstasies as she furled and unfurled the dainty fan of satin and feathers Leigh had put into her hands; and she posed for admiration, and coquetted with her toy till even her undeniable love-liness did not prevent Hillian from feeling repelled and ashamed, while Sydney Heriot curled his lip slightly but unmistakably.





Miss Letts was made happy with a handbag, which would be just the thing for her cards and voting papers, but she withheld her thanks till she had extorted a halfpromise from the donor to send a subscription to one or other of her favourite institutious. For Eunice and Fanny there were exquisitely carved ivory brooches; not such gaudy trinkets as Melissa preferred, but of a value that made her regard them enviously. Three-and-sixpenny silver brooches, she told herself, would have been quite good enough for girls who did not possess any other ornaments, and would not have known how to wear them to the best advantage; and her brows contracted with increasing displeasure when Leigh produced

two more jeweller's boxes, in one of which lay a necklet of Roman pearls, evidently intended for Hillian, while from the other he took a string of silver and jet beads, beckoning Lil to approach that he might clasp them on her neck.

Involuntarily, Hillian put out her hand, and drew the girl back. While every one else had crowded round Leigh, congratulating him on his "luck," and admiring his purchases, she had stood apart, silent and troubled. How could they, she kept asking herself—how could they rejoice at what was to her inexpressibly saddening? Did they not see Leigh's peril? This flushed excited young fellow, who for the first time was tasting the pleasure of a dangerous success, was not the steady sensible elder 1 rother of old. Would he ever be again? or were they blind to the eager covetous looks of Len, who either gloated over the money so easily obtained, or held his

breath while Leigh talked of the lottery in which it had been won.

Hillian's thoughts went back to a day when Cherbury was gay with the visitors who always flocked to the old cathedral city in the race week, and she, watching them from one of her mother's windows, had seen the crowd disperse with horror-stricken faces, to make way for a stretcher borne by four policemen, the outlines of the inanimate form they carried visible beneath the rug that had been thrown over it; and she had learned afterwards that the dead man, maddened by his losses on the racecourse, had stepped aside, and shot himself.

Again Leigh, too much absorbed in his newlygained riches to notice his cousin's interference, signed to Lil to come nearer, and again Hillian prevented her doing so.

"No, Lil; no, dear!" she cried, agitatedly; "don't take it! don't wear it!"

"I declare, if Miss Hughson isn't jealous!" cried 'Lissa, in her shrill accents; "and she an only daughter, who can have as many ornaments as she chooses! She doesn't like the idea of being left out."

"Did you think I had forgotten you?" asked Leigh, turning towards his cousin, with smiling good-humour, and holding out the necklet. "If I were clever at paying compliments, I should say these pearls were like yourself. Will you wear them in remembrance of Lil and the rest of us?"

But Hillian retreated, drawing Lil with her.

"Oh, Leigh, how could I!" she said, with a sob; "how could I, when I know that they were bought with money that was not honourably earned?"

Sydney Heriot turned away, and busied himself with the shabby album whose faded cartes he had seen too often. Melissa uttered a pert, "Well, I never!" and Leigh's sisters reddened angrily. As for Leigh himself, he bit his lip, and the veins on his forehead swelled, but he did not speak. It was Eunice who, hurrying to his side, and slipping her arm through his, proudly defended his conduct.

"You are a stranger amongst us, Hillian, or you would know that my brother is incapable of acting dishonourably. This money was won fairly, or he could not have accepted it."

"Perhaps," suggested Melissa, with a titter, "Miss Hughson, being accustomed to live in such style, and have her choice of the contents of a first-class shop, looks down upon Leigh's present. For my part, I thought it a lovely one, and that it was very kind of him—in fact too generous—to treat us all alike."

"I hope," said Hillian, in a low voice, "I hope Leigh understands that I thank him for his kindness, although I cannot avail myself of it."

"Will not, you mean," retorted Eunice, moodily; while Fanny murmured her astonishment that any one could refuse such a pretty gift, no matter whence it came, or whose money bought it.

"There has been enough said about it," muttered the discomfited Leigh. "Carry away this paper and string, Lil, and make me some tea, will you?" "But why is Lil to be deprived of her beads?" demanded Eunice, with an angry glance at her cousin. "Is she to be the sufferer because Hillian is over-nice, and chooses to think that Leigh has done wrong? What right has she to judge him?"

"I do not judge him," faltered Hillian; "I did not wish to appear rude or ungrateful; indeed, I am sorry, very sorry, but"—and her courage suddenly reviving, she added, with passionate energy, "but how can you, who love him, take any pleasure in gifts that may cost him his happiness here and hereafter?"

This was received with a burst of reproachful exclamations, even Lil, whose confidence in her cousin was immense, shaking off the arm that lay across her shoulders; and Eunice was commencing an indignant reply, when the deep tones of Sydney Heriot rose above the clamour.

"Miss Hughson deserves our best thanks for reminding us of what we are all too apt to forget, that it is but the first step of which we ought to beware. Don't frown at me, Leigh, for saying this; no one has greater faith in you than I have, and I admire you for the use to which you have put so large a portion of your winnings; but one can't win every time, you know, and in such transactions it's always the knaves that come off best in the long run. I should be more sorry than I can express if this one bit of good luck should induce you to—"

But Leigh would not stop to hear more. Dropping the pearls on to the floor, and with them the beads that were to have been Lil's, he ground them to fragments beneath his heel, and stalked out of the room.

Gladly would Hillian have followed his example, and escaped the reproachful glances levelled at her, but Lilias was clinging to her arm crying bitterly; her tears evoked, not so much by the loss of her beads, as the knowledge that Leigh was hurt as well as offended by the scene that had just taken place. No tears fell from the eyes of Eunice, but her wrath burned hotly against the cause of all this unpleasantry, and Sydney Heriot's speech had added fuel to the fire.

"For what are we to thank Hillian?" she demanded. "For hinting that Leigh is too weak-minded to withstand the smallest temptation? It is cruel, it is unjust, and I will never call any one my friend who doubts him. I thought religion taught those who profess it to be charitable to all men."

"Miss Hughson has brothers of her own," said Melissa, gently waving her fan. "Does she mean to tell us that they would have refused thirty pounds if they won it in a lottery or a raffle?"

"I don't think Oswald or John would take part in either," Hillian replied; a statement that was heard by Fanny with an incredulous laugh, and by Melissa with upraised brows and the taunting remark, "What very good young men they must be!"

Sydney Heriot now made a strenuous effort to turn

the conversation into a pleasanter channel, plunging into such an animated description of a civic procession he had seen during the day, that even those who were not listening were silenced; and when he interrupted himself to explain to Hillian the insignia of one of the city companies, his voice took such a deferential tone that it soothed her wounded feelings. He at all events did not consider her in fault, and she rewarded him with a grateful look.

Eunice, ever on the watch, saw this look, and

sprang to her feet choking with passion.

"My dear child, whatever is the matter?" inquired Miss Letts, who had fallen asleep with her new bag tightly in both hands, and was dreaming of successful elections when aroused by her niece's impetuous movement. "Are you still quarrelling?"

"No," responded Eunice, bitterly, "I am only driven beyond all patience by the hypocrisy, the

treachery-

But here she dropped short, for her eyes met the inquiring ones of her lover, and she dared not proceed. She might safely accuse Hillian, but she felt that it would be dangerous to betray her jealousy to Sydney Heriot. Her hold on him was not strong enough, and if she repelled him by violence or any display of feminine caprices, might he not turn for sympathy to the more gentle and refined girl in whom she was already suspecting a rival?

"Miss Hughson looks tired to death," said Sydney, picking up his hat. "If your aunt will accept me as Leigh's substitute, I will see her home."

Miss Letts went away with the young man, but Melissa, who was to avail herself of their escort to the milliner's shop in the adjoining street, lingered behind to fling a parting shaft at Hillian.

"I shouldn't think you'd sleep very well, Miss Hughson, if your dreams are haunted with the mischief you have made. It's only your Pharisees, mother says, who are always seeing harm in the simplest

things their neighbours do."

Hillian went to bed so profoundly miserable that even the angry Eunice might have condoned her offences, and she could not console herself with a conviction that she had acted rightly. So young, so inexperienced as she knew herself to be, how could she presume to sit in judgment on the acts of others? Her interference had insulted Leigh and affronted his sisters. She had made every one unhappy as well as herself by yielding to an impulse that perhaps she ought to have controlled.

"I could not have worn his gift; it would have been conniving at what my conscience protested against; but I might have waited till Leigh was alone; and he would have heard me patiently, and without taking umbrage; as it is, I have set every one against me, and am looked upon as a hypocrite. Even Lil will feel that she must choose between me and the brother I have taken upon myself to condemn. How thankful I shall be to go home! What is there to prevent my starting to-morrow and taking mamma by surprise?"

But pride would not let Hillian take flight, as if she were ashamed of what she had said; neither could she forget that her principal errand in London was not yet accomplished. However unpleasant the ill-feeling she had aroused might make any further stay, she would not go till she had done all in her power to fulfil the trust reposed in her by Mrs. Macey, and when she did fall asleep, which was not till day was dawning, it was in the midst of resolves to be patient and forbearing, winning back the old liking if she could, and if not, doing nothing to increase the irritation under which her cousins were already labouring.

#### CHAPTER VIII.-ATONEMENT.

FOR several days Hillian had to endure the mortification of being treated with a frigid politeness that often made her cheeks burn and her eyes fill with tears. Eunice and Fanny only spoke to her when unable to avoid it: the lads, aware that she had found fault with their brother, sided against her as a matter of duty, and were either sulky or defiant; Melissa Wylder sent a message by the shop-boy to the effect that as she could not meet a certain person with proper Christianly feelings, she must decline visiting at Mr. Stapleton's for the present; and Lil, who loved her cousin dearly, was ashamed of an attachment that made her disloyal to her brother, and took to moping in the kitchen with the babies, leaving Hillian to sit in solitary state in the parlour.

Whether Leigh regarded her with as fierce a resentment as his brothers' and and sisters', she had no means of knowing, for he had volunteered to do extra duty for a fellow clerk who was ill. This led to his leaving home at an earlier hour than usual, and his evenings were spent at Mrs. Wylder's. When Hillian did see him, he was not only silent, but abstracted. Restless Tom might climb on his knee, or the little girls fret to be noticed, but he never looked up, sitting with downcast eyes and brooding face, so absorbed in his own thoughts as to start and seem bewildered when spoken to.

Of what was he dreaming? Had the love of gold crept into his heart with that first exulting sense of what it can effect, and was he imperceptibly drifting towards that insatiate craving that like a deadly fever scorches up all hopes, all aspirations, but an eager longing to be rich; and if he were, who would save him from the temptation?

Mr. Stapleton, on hearing of Leigh's winnings, had told him sternly not to get into any scrapes, and then expect help from him; but he accepted the inkstand, and it held the place of honour on his writing-

Nor was there a fond anxious mother to stand between her boy and the world; and when she remembered this, it set Hillian wondering what sort of a person the late Mrs. Stapleton could have been. Judging by Miss Letts' eulogiums, she must have proved herself an exemplary wife and mother, yet her husband seemed to have forgotten her very existence, and her children never named her; it was not till some time afterwards that Hillian learned how Mrs. Stapleton, repelled by the selfish indifference of the man she married, had sought comfort not in her children, but her house. From morning till night she had swept, and scrubbed, and polished, punishing Leigh and his sisters more severely for a dirty footmark than an actual fault, till her death, which was somewhat sudden, found them more inclined to rejoice that they might be as untidy as they pleased, than to unequivocally regret the faded querulous woman whom they had best pleased by keeping out of her way.

Sunday came round without Miss Letts having been able to spare an hour or two for accompanying Hillian to Agar Town, but she had faithfully promised to set aside the following afternoon for the ionney.

"After that there will be nothing to keep me here," Hillian said to herself, as she was waiting till the rest were ready for church, and listening to the usual scramble that went on overhead as Eunice and Fanny ransacked their untidy drawers and closets for missing gloves and scarves, and Lil was driven to desperation by the impossibility of getting Rosy and Posy dressed while she was called away every minute to wait on her thoughtless sisters. "How I shall prize the dear home and my precious mother now I have known what it is to miss and to yearn for them ! I will write to mamma to-morrow, and bid her expect me very shortly, then run into her arms some evening, just as she is sitting alone and resting in the twilight. Will she blame me when I tell her all? I wish I were not leaving here under such uncomfortable circumstances. How is it that with the best intentions towards them all I have made myself so disliked?"

The week of estrangement had depressed Hillian very much, and she was so sore at heart, as she walked to church with her cousins, yet keenly conscious of the barrier that had risen betwixt them and herself, that she wept behind her veil, and, during the early part of the service was continually engaged in a struggle to repress the sobs that rose in her throat. By some accident, she sat next to Leigh, whom, to her surprise, she presently discovered to be scarcely less agitated than herself; the hand that proffered her a hymn-book trembled visibly, and a glance at his face told her that it was working with emotion, which he sought to subdue by setting his teeth in his under lip.

It was not right to watch him, and sinking on her knees, Hillian strove to think only of the sacred duties of the hour, till she succeeded in calming herself and fixing her attention on the preacher. It was with regret she heard his voice cease, and knew that in a few minutes she must go back to the outer world—back with her cousins and their frigid civilities, to the always dreaded dinner at which Mr. Stapleton

presided, seasoning it with dissatisfied looks and sarcastic observations.

The old depression so lately shaken off was returning upon her as Hillian took out her purse to drop her offering in the alms-bag that was handed round. Why was Leigh's agitation increasing? Why did he make a movement to reject the bag, as she would have passed it to him, and then lay his cold fingers on hers to prevent her from taking it away?

She knew now; she was trembling as well as he, but it was with wondering joy, for into the bag he was hurriedly dropping sovereignafter sovereign—all that were left to him of the thirty pounds. He would wear his shabby overcoat another winter; he would hear without seeming to understand Melissa's hints that she would dearly like this or the other pretty trinket that had taken her fancy. After a sharp wrestle, from which his better self came out the victor, he had thrust from him the ill-gotten gold, and devoted it to the sick and needy.

Having brothers of her own, and, therefore, some experience in men's-young men's-idiosyncrasies, Hillian knew that she must not put her gladness into words. She could divine that for some time to come Leigh would be more gruff and unapproachable than ever. One eloquent look she could not help flashing at him, and then she was careful to avoid him for the rest of the day. But she could not be unhappy any longer: she carried to the dinner-table such bright smiles, and warded off Mr. Stapleton's unkindest cuts so cleverly, that the meal passed off with less than the ordinary annoyances. She was deaf to the sneers of Fanny, who had inherited some of her father's worst qualities. In spite of Eunice's chilling request that she would not trouble herself, she persisted in relieving Lil of the difficult task of keeping her younger brothers and sisters quiet and amused during a rainy afternoon; and when she found Lil, who of late had suffered much with headache, lying on her bed almost delirious with pain, she sat beside her, holding her throbbing temples, or bathing them with cold water, till the girl's arms were thrown round her neck with a tearful wish that she had never misjudged Leigh, and made it wicked to love her.

Hillian could afford to smile at all such speeches now, and in spite of the frigid reception she met with on returning to the parlour, she carried her Bible to her favourite corner, and read with a heart at ease the chapters which about that same hour Mrs. Hughson would be explaining to her class.

"You are fortunate in your cousin," Sydney Heriot observed to Eunice, as he stood whispering with her at the window, half hidden by the curtains.

"You think so ?-why ?" she demanded, with assumed carelessness.

"Because she is so—what word will best express my meaning?—ladylike? refined? or feminine? Yes, that is it: she is so thoroughly feminine."

"And you find yourself wishing that I were more like her?"

" I should not dream of comparing you with any

other woman, to your disadvantage," he answered quickly. "Eunice is Eunice, Hillian is Hillian; but I may be able to see and admire your cousin's excellent qualities, without shutting my eyes to vours.

"Isn't that too complimentary to be quite sincere?"

asked Eunice, forcing a smile.

But he did not respond to it. With his thoughtful gaze fixed on the slight figure bending over the volume on her lap, he had fallen into a reverie, which lasted till a hasty movement of his companion's arm swept down a flower-pot. It fell with a crash that startled Miss Letts into scolding Eunice for her carelessness; but ere her lecture was half finished the culprit had vanished, to fly up-stairs, shut herself in her chamber, and pace the floor with quick steps, muttering the while-

"I am learning to hate her-yes, to hate her. Oh, why did she come here? We had our troubles before we knew her, but never such a bitter one as she has brought me. Sydney is right; she is sweet and gentle and womanly, and she is fast robbing me of his love, and this is why I must hate her."

## CHAPTER IX.-AN EMBASSY.

HAPPILY unconscious of the increasing ill-will with which Eunice was regarding her, Hillian walked to Miss Letts' lodgings at the hour the spinster had appointed.

She found her with her table more hopelessly littered with circulars and voting papers than usual; and her usually pleasant features puckered with vexation.

"Such a trying occurrence, my dear!" she began, as soon as her visitor entered the room. "Such an extraordinary thing to happen to me, who have always prided myself on my business habits. What do you think I have done?"

"Cut out those new wristbands and collars for uncle's shirts which you promised to let me have a fortnight ago?" answered Hillian, demurely.

"Is it so long as that?" queried Miss Letts, glancing at her work-basket, on which lay the roll of linen untouched. "Ah, my love, when more important affairs than wristbands are pressing on one's brain, when the future of a dear sister's children is in the balance-but, was there ever anything so perplexing? See what in a fit of absence I have contrived to do! Addressed all these circulars relating to one orphan school to the subscribers and governors of another. It will take me hours to redirect them !"

Hillian was vexed at the prospect of more delay, but it was no use losing time in arguing, so she sat down and worked, while Miss Letts exclaimed at her own carelessness, till the pile of circulars was ready for the post and the busy lady consented to start for Agar Town.

A cabman set them down at the end of the street

in which Mrs. Cottrell, Thurstan Macey's relative, resided. But here there was another hindrance. Miss Letts, who never came out without a pocket or basket full of papers, had contrived to scatter a packet of voting cards in the bottom of the vehicle, and could not be induced to leave it till she was convinced that she had not left one behind the cushions or under the straw.

As Hillian stood waiting for her at the edge of the swarm of inquisitive children that had gathered round the cab, a hot breath on her cheek made her glance over her shoulder quickly. A tall lad, in the wretchedest of rags, was standing close by eagerly surveying her. He turned away as soon as he saw that his scrutiny was detected, but her brief glimpse of his face drew from her a cry of fancied recognition. Pale, changed though he was, surely these were the features of him she sought; and calling upon him to stop, to hear the message she brought from his mother, she hurried to pursue him.

But, pulling his cap over his eyes, he fled the faster, and, refusing to hear her repeated entreaties, plunged into a narrow alley, at the entrance of which stood a couple of such repulsive-looking men that Hillian hesitated to pass them, especially when they planted themselves in the way as if determined to prevent her doing so.

And now her arm was seized by Miss Letts, who was breathless with haste and displeasure.

"Are you mad, child? Whatever possessed you to rush away from me in that way?'

"It was Thurstan," answered Hillian, incoherently. "I am sure it was he? Oh, why would he not stop and listen to me?"

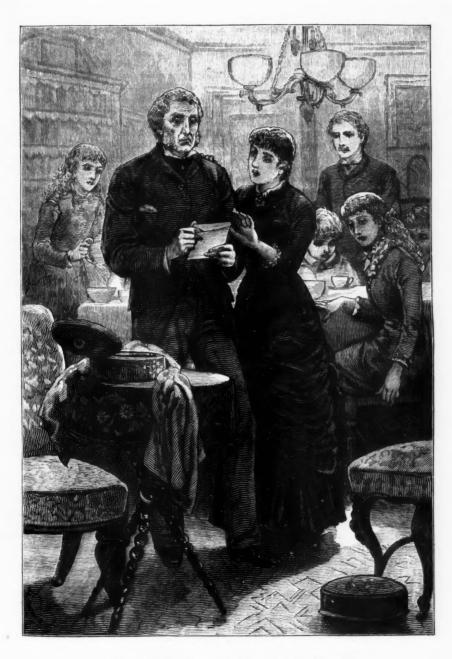
"Thirsty or hungry, it does not signify. You should never relieve beggars in the street. I dare say your pocket has been picked. Yes, your handkerchief has gone, and your purse would soon have followed. Pray come away. I don't like the appearance of those men at all, and there's not a policeman near to protect us if they should be insolent."

It was very provoking to lose sight of the person for whose sake she was here, but when he learned from Mrs. Cottrell why she was seeking him, he would no longer avoid her, and, apologising to the fluttered spinster for the trouble she had given, Hillian followed her back to the row of houses to which they had been directed.

They were shabby little dwellings, many of them giving signs of being inhabited by two or three families. But Mrs. Cottrell's was amongst the few in which endeavours were made to be trim, the muslin curtains at the windows being looped back with gay-coloured cords, so as to make room for a table holding a group of wax flowers covered with a

Miss Letts' brisk rat-a-tat brought a shabby worried-looking woman to the door, but she shook her head when asked if she were Mrs. Cottrell.

"No, ma'am; my name's Barker; but I'm her That poor dear woman is in the St.



"'Papa! cried Fanny, . . 'you must not read that."-p. 547.

Anne's Hospital. She held up as long as she could; for says she to me, 'What's to become of my children while I am away from them?" But the doctor—a kind gentleman he is!—he persuaded her; and, as Cottrell's away on a country job—a painter and decorator he is, ma'am—and I offered to look after the little ones, why, she went. It was her only chance, the doctor said."

"She has, or had, a relative staying with her," said Hillian—"a lad named Macey?"

"That was before I came here, ma'am," Mrs. Barker replied; "but I've heard her speak of him." "Then, perhaps you can tell me where he is to be

found?"

Mrs. Barker's response was a decided negative. 
"He wasn't here long. You see, his coming was the cause of all her trouble. Cottrell's queer-tempered, and didn't like it; and one night, when the drink was in him, he turned the boy into the street, and quarrelled with her, and she was hurt. She says she fell; but it's my belief that he kicked her, and—that's how it is she is in the hospital now. So, you see, it was all along of that boy you were mentioning."

Hillian shivered as she listened. What sorrow her brother John's hasty dismissal of the lad had brought upon others, as well as Thurstan himself! While Miss Letts was inquiring the nearest way to the house of a lady whose vote she proposed to solicit for the next election, her companion stood debating what to do next.

"Could I see Mrs. Cottrell, if I went to the hospital? Would she be able to give me any information, think you, respecting Thurstan Macey?"

"I dare say she would, miss; for I know she gets news of him sometimes. And if you would go to her, I'd be very thankful; for how can I get so far, with her three to look after, and my five as well, and Barker home to every meal, and such trouble as I'm in, too? How ever I'm to break it to her I don't know. Step in, miss; step in, ma'am, please, and—look here!"

Mrs. Barker had thrown open the door of the front parlour, and, before Hillian had surmised the nature of the trouble to which she was alluding, she found herself in the presence of death. In its tiny coffin lay an infant of about a twelvemonth old; and Mrs. Barker's tears bedewed the little waxen face, as she bent over it.

"Mine? Oh, no, ma'am, though I loved him as well as if he were. He's poor Mrs. Cottrell's; his father got home from his work on Saturday just in time to see him die. He was always delicate, pretty lamb! and it was croup that carried him off. You'll tell his poor mother, please, miss, that everything was done to save him as could be done. The doctor knows, and so do the neighbours, that I didn't spare myself, but had him in my arms night and day. And, oh, miss! tell her that Cottrell started yesterday to go and see her; but his heart failed him. He knew her first question would be, 'How's baby?' and

though he's quick-tempered, he's always been fond of his children—'specially you, my precious!" she added, apostrophising the dead infant. "You'll say all you can to comfort the poor dear woman, won't you, miss?"

The dismayed Hilliau knew not how to answer. What a painful task to undertake!

"I am not acquainted with her, and—and is there no one else who could do this?"

Mrs. Barker looked surprised at her hesitation,

"I thought you wanted to see Mrs. Cottrell, and that, maybe, she'd bear it better from a stranger and a lady, who would know how to say a bit of a prayer for her. Mrs. Jones, next door, would go; but, then, she'd describe all the baby's agonies, and how he gasped for breath, and moaned—and——"

"Oh! the poor mother! how could she bear it!" exclaimed Hillian, wincing from such details. "Of course I will go, if it will spare her pain. At what

hour can I be admitted?"

But though she intended to keep her promise, and, putting self entirely aside, speak consolation to the poor sufferer, she now dreaded the interview with Mrs. Cottrell as much as she had hitherto desired it. Would Miss Letts go with her to the hospital, and take upon herself the task so difficult to the more sensitive Hillian?

"Impossible!" was Miss Letts' reply. "If you knew what an immense amount of business I have to get through to-morrow—to-morrow is not visiting day, but Wednesday?—ah! well, it makes no difference; every minute of my time will be taken up. I can see you safely to the square in which St. Anne's is situated, but you must not ask more. I could have gone to fifty places while I have been out with you this afternoon."

"Do you think Rosy and her sister will really benefit by your efforts?" queried Hillian, doubtfully.

"My dear, what a question! To be sure they will! They will be proposed at Christmas. First application, as you perceive on the cards. Of course one don't expect to be successful then, but we shall record a couple of hundred votes, I dare say, and try again in July, second application, and at the fourth or fifth they are certain to be elected. I shall work so desperately hard to insure it that I cannot fail."

"Then it may be two years before either of them profits by your labours. I don't see the advantage."

"My dear," remonstrated Miss Letts, "you cannot understand. Your uncle will be entirely relieved of the expense of supporting them for a term of years. They will be clothed and educated at one or other of the excellent asylums of which I have given you reports to forward to your mother."

"But, dear Miss Letts," Hillian ventured to say, "their father can afford to support those two little ones; and if you were to undertake their education and Lil's, it would give you so much more time for the duties you have undertaken at my uncle's. Poor Lil is so often in need of your help and advice."

Miss Letts drew herself up with an offended air.

"This is the first time the propriety of my conduct has been questioned. I am wearing myself out for the dear children of my sister. I take no rest, although at my age I really require it. My days are devoted to the interests of the younger children; my evenings to watching over their elders; and it's hard—it's very hard to hear it suggested that I am not doing my duty by them!"

"I did not mean to displease you," said Hillian, so contritely that she was forgiven; and by the time they reached Holloway Miss Letts had recovered her

good-humour.

Eunice regarded her cousin with some curiosity when she entered the house. There was a mystery connected with this journey she had undertaken, and though too proud to inquire into its nature, she resented the manner in which she had been excluded from it.

The addressing of Miss Letts's circulars had taken up so much of the afternoon, that it was growing late when Hillian returned to her uncle's. Lil was standing behind the tray, ready to pour out tea, and doing her best to curb the impatience of her brothers, who rebelled against being kept waiting. Leigh, with a more tranquil look on his face than it had worn for some time, was absorbed in a favourite volume; and Mr. Stapleton had paused on his way to his own room to complain of the saltness of the butter with which his toast had been spread at breakfast.

As he stepped aside to make way for Miss Letts and her niece, he set his foot on a crumpled letter,

and stooped for it.

"Did I drop this when I pulled out my handkerchief?" he inquired, as he turned it over. "What is it? a bill?"

Unfolding it, he began to read aloud, as well as the fading daylight and an illegible hand would permit—

"'DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—If Eunice begins to suspect us—\_'"

"Papa!" cried Fanny, springing up and laying her hand on the paper, "you must not read that. It is—yes, it is Hillian's!"

"Indeed!" and Mr. Stapleton surveyed his niece suspiciously. "May I ask the name of your correspondent?"

"I do not know; I have not read it myself," she answered, confused by his manner.

"Humph! I hope you have no secrets from your mother, my dear."

"Not one, uncle," responded Hillian, so firmly

that his frowning brows relaxed, and he gave her the letter, saying in kinder tones—

"I am glad to hear it."

Without further remark he went away, and Eunice, pale as death, but with scorn flashing from her brilliant orbs, as she raised them to Hillian's, rose from her seat, and silently quitted the room also.

Bewildered by this strange occurrence, conscious that she had given offence, yet not knowing how, Hillian began to examine the letter that she might find the explanation there.

Mr. Stapleton had not deciphered it rightly; the first words were these—"DEAR LITTLE FRANCES," and the rightful owner was trying to wrest it out of her hands ere she could read more.

But she held it firmly. Fanny's imploring glance, her entreating whispers, were in vain. Mr. Stapleton had been induced to suspect her of carrying on a clandestine correspondence; Eunice had gone away believing that the letter was from Sydney Heriot; and to know that she was dragged into a disgraceful

secret against her will, exasperated her into reprisals.
"Leigh!" she cried, "Leigh!"

In an instant his book was thrown down and he was beside her, and then Hillian would have given much to call back that appeal. What would be the result of it? Whether he sided with his sister or with her, oh, the misery of knowing that for the second time she would be the cause of unhappiness in this family; regarded as a mischief-maker as well as a hypocrite!

Bursting into tears, she relinquished her hold of the letter, and flew to the door. But Leigh was too quick for her, and in an instant had set his back against it. He had not been so much engrossed with his book as not to be aware that something was wrong, and he was in no mood to be trifled with. In one of her bursts of passion Eunice had betrayed her jealousy, and he was determined to learn whether or no her suspicion were correct, whether this gentle fair-seeming cousin was or was not insidiously rivalling her in the affections of the only man he called his friend. On Hillian's truth or falsehood his own course would greatly depend. Unconsciously to herself she had awakened in him yearnings for better things, but if she was false to the faith she professed, how could he believe that it was worth living for?

(To be continued.)





"'A little higher up; can't you hear the lads a 'ollerin'!' explained some trawler boys."-p. 549.

### OUR SEASIDE BOYS.



AKING a Sunday school class." What different ideas are suggested to different people by these words! As a clergyman's daughter, of some experience and much love for the work, I may be permitted to say something on the subject. To me as to many others, until a few years ago, being a Sunday-school teacher meant walking down to a pretty village school-house, with a quiet, orderly, almost

always attentive, almost well-behaved roomful of children, their bright faces scrubbed as clean as soap and water could make them, their Bibles and prayer-books folded in a clean handkerchief on their laps, a bunch of sweet-smelling flowers in button-hole or hand.

This is one side of the picture, and until two years ago, I fondly imagined that most Sunday-schools were like this; but I had to be undeceived. I left my country home; my children were sorry for me, I think, their parents moderately so; they professed no extraordinary grief. Our parish was very well-off for ladies. They knew there would be plenty of people able and willing to carry on my work.

Now I come to the reverse of the picture. I went with my family to a large sea-side town on the east coast, where, a few days after our arrival,

we heard an earnest appeal from the pulpit of the parish church, begging for teachers to offer their services at the mission schools, which were, the preacher said, "much in need of some one to take an interest in them." My sister and I were glad to volunteer for the work; our Sundays felt empty without a class.

Shall I ever forget that first Sunday?

Asking our way to —— Street, where the mission was, a sailor directed us up a dirty noisy narrow street.

"Where was the school?" we asked. "A little higher up; can't you hear the lads a-hollerin!" explained some trawlers' boys. Sure enough, we did hear a shouting and confused tramp of many feet. "Not the school, surely?" "Yes, miss; they be a rough lot up there," said one bright-faced trawler.

At last we came to the schools, handsome red brick buildings, quite imposing outside, as contrasted with the rest of the dirty street. Inside, how shall I describe it? It was a sight not to be forgotten by one seeing it for the first time; a distracted looking teacher to every third or fourth class only, an equally distracted looking superintendent, walking wildly up and down, trying in vain to establish order. Boys everywhere, jumping the forms, sitting astride the desks, standing on their heads in the middle of the room; climbing the window-seats, boys cracking nuts, whistling, doing anything and everything but sitting quietly on their seats, as we had been accustomed to see children.

And now how shall I tell you my experience for the next few months in this school? It was no play, I assure you; often I have come home utterly tired out in body and mind.

They gave me the head class, consisting of boys of fourteen or fifteen; first in point of age, last in good conduct, I think. "I don't know if you will have any one," Mr. C. explained; "their last teacher was very irregular, and they have had absolutely no one for three months." Here was a prospect! That morning one appeared, a heavy foolish-looking boy; beyond that he ate peas and sweets all school-time, I had nothing to complain of in him. He fell in love with some picture cards in my Bible, and readily promised regular attendance. In the afternoon he appeared again, this time dragging a shambling shock-headed lad after him. These were my first two scholars; from them I got a list of other boys who ought to be coming, but who had dropped off, because "there worn't no teacher." During the week I hunted these out. I am bound to say that one and all they expressed the greatest satisfaction at having a teacher of their own; week by week the numbers steadily increased, but not, alas! the behaviour in a corresponding degree. They worked hard all the week, as donkey drivers, coal-heavers, shoe-blacks, shrimpers. Was it any wonder that

when Sunday came round they were either stupid with sleep or wild for a "lark?"

The bigger ones considered they paid me a sufficient compliment in coming at all. They had no idea of listening to a lesson, of earning a reward by proper attention and good conduct. "You guv him a pictur', teacher, and you never guv me one; there's favourites in this class," was a great cry of theirs.

They were as jealous as babies. They fought for the seat next me, for a share of my prayer-book, fought with their neighbours in the second class, with more zeal than discretion, to prove that "ourn is a sight a nicer teacher than yourn."

With wonder and amazement I looked back on the scene of my former labours; was it all a dream, that quiet restful school—those orderly children?

By little and little, slowly and painfully, I began to see a difference. Finding "teacher" was always in time, they began to come in time themselves.

I asked them up to my house, a privilege highly valued; all the winter, two exceedingly rough donkey boys came to learn reading and writing, with something deeper as I could get them in the mind to listen. Occasionally, of Sunday evenings, or as a rare treat, I allowed them up to the drawing-room, where their delight and admiration of everything was wonderful.

everything was wonderful.

Soon I had over twenty in my class; one rough boy brought others. I did not like to deny them, but really they were more than I could possibly do justice to. They were very ignorant, requiring careful individual teaching, and sometimes, in the afternoons, they came in such numbers, that a regular lesson was almost out of the question.

After a time Mr. C. gave me a class-room of my own. For some reasons this was very pleasant, but it had its drawbacks. I found it did not do to be a minute late here. One afternoon they managed to smuggle in a frying-pan, and when I appeared, they were deep in the mysteries of frying eggs over a raging coke fire. I have not time to tell of all their pranks; and yet through it all, at their noisiest and roughest, when I was most tired and disheartened, these wild dirty quarrelsome lads were dearer to me than any class I have ever had before or since. I cannot explain it; but so it was.

Very sorry I was, when, after a year's work amongst them, we left —, and moved again into the country; and very sorry they were too. I had not known before how much they really cared for "our teacher."

For a few days before we left, while our things were packing up, my sister and I were in rooms. Purposely, I did not tell my boys where I was going, in case they might want to come up, and

shock our good landlady's feelings by the general disreputability of their appearance; but the first morning, I saw a herring boy come along crying his herrings, and anxiously examining all the windows; he had seen our luggage coming up the evening before. Of course, I went out to speak to him-he was a great pet of mine-and every morning after that, as the clock struck eight, poor Tom would appear, with his herrings, stand patiently before the house until I nodded and smiled to him, then he would shoulder his basket, and go off on his day's tramp. By-and-by the others found meout. I would see a big coal-boy in his breakfast half-hour, peeping shyly round the corner; or a milk-boy, driving his cart, would stop a moment for me to nod to him.

I shall never forget my last Sunday. We were leaving early on Monday morning, and not having expected to remain over the Sunday, I did not go up to school that day, but the boys knew where I went to church. I found eight of my biggest lads waiting for me outside the door; their faces washed, their hair brushed as well as might be, and they themselves quite subdued and reverent. To appreciate aright the merit of their coming to church to look for me, you must remember that a few months before the inside of God's house was the last place where you would think of seeing any of these lads. I am far away from --- now, and I do not expect ever to see any of my poor lads again; but I write to them sometimes, and I hope, with God's help, that a little of what I have humbly and imperfectly tried to teach them may remain in their hearts, and help to guide them safely through the many temptations of their daily life.

Once let these lads see that you care for them, that you have a real interest in them, body and soul, that you are willing to put yourself to some little inconvenience to get at them, they will come to your class; they will bring others. I do not say they will not give you trouble—that would be too much to expect; you will want a brave heart and a tight hand, to "ride them straight, and ride them firm." The street boys I know

would not appreciate a too easy rule.

Brightness, and firmness, and patience, they want, power to tell a good story, to describe a Bible scene so as to bring it home to them, or to draw them a picture; in my class "teacher's drawings," though of the very simplest kind, were highly appreciated. May I hope that amongst the people who read this account of our mission schoolboys, there may be some who, going to any of our large sea-side towns next summer, may be led to take some interest in the lads whose donkeys they ride, whose shrimps and strawberries they eat?

Now is there nothing that you townspeople who come down to take your holiday at the sea-side can do? Give a kind word for Jack, or Bill, or Tom, a little good advice, a little interest shown in them. Better still, could not some brave-hearted ones among you give up an hour or half an hour of a Sunday and take a class of these sand-boys? They will come to you, I venture to say; they greatly appreciate being taken

notice of.

And you residents in sea-side towns, surely you are to blame, if you do not come forward to help to the best of your ability in the work of teaching and training your poorer or less fortunate neighbours. They are separated from you only by a few streets. As you take your constitutional down the pier or on the sands, you pass dozens of these neglected boys and girls. Are they not, however low, your brothers and sisters? Is it not hard that the boys and girls of our sea-side slums should grow up ignorant of their great privileges, of the glorious inheritance prepared for them, because we cannot get teachers to come and tell them these things?

As a Sunday-school teacher, I humbly hope that some words of mine may have an influence in inducing others to try what they can do in our great sea-side towns. I can only speak from personal experience of one of these, but I am sure clergymen and teachers will bear me out when I say that in every seaport town in England workers are much needed. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few," is as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago.

## OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES.

RIPLE walls a
Guarded walls a
Where, in ma

RIPLE walls and ponderous doors Guarded well the cedar floors,

Where, in massive coffers costly, all the royal treasures lay;

Buried gems and vessels golden, Fragrant woods and carvings olden,

Frankincense and myrrh and jewels from the regions far away.

In a rude inn's stable crowded (Not in splendours veiled or shrouded), Lay an infant! nothing outward barred the passing

world from Him; Gold, myrrh, frankincense before Him

Pour the wise men, who adore Him, King and Lord and God Eternal, in that lowly place and dim. In a garden, watched and warded, By the Roman soldiers guarded,

Slept the Form beyond all glories, that for us the Cross had marred;

Women came, in love and sorrow, To anoint Him; but the morrow

After that one silent Sabbath, found rent tomb and angel guard.

What are Solomon's proud splendours, For one glance of Him who renders Light for all love's grief and darkness? answers full the praying heart; What the linens stored at Millo, Silks and spices, to that pillow, With the calmly-folded napkin, lying in a place apart?

O my Saviour! let me listen, Let me mark the diamonds glisten,

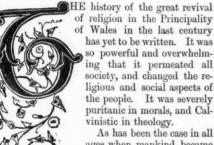
Of those tears beneath the music of Thy voice, and no more sad;

Let the grave and resurrection Be to me the clear reflection

Of that opened ivory palace, whereby Thou hast made us glad,

MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT.

# THE WELSH PASTOR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



As has been the case in all ages when mankind became pervaded by a powerful and common impulse, the biggest and ablest men came to the front. Considerations of money, and honour, and fame

never entered their minds—they were "ambassadors for Christ"—and discharged the duties of their high and responsible office with fidelity, power, and success. Many of them were men of substance, and would take no payment for their work.

There lived fifty years ago, in a remote part of one of the western counties of South Wales, one of these worthy men.

He was the most important and influential person in the district in which he resided-was parson, lawyer, and doctor in one, and the friend and counsellor of everybody for many miles around. His exemplary and pious life, added to a competent store of worldly goods, gave him a power and authority in the neighbourhood which no one denied. In sickness, adversity, and the hour of death, he was sought for far and nearhis consolation would lessen the pains of affliction, his advice would smoothe difficulties, and his prayer made the "valley of the shadow of death" bright and clear to the dying. He occupied a small farm, which was managed by his good wife and a confidential man-servant. He was consequently free from care about worldly affairs, and gave his entire mind to the things appertaining

to his sacred office. He encouraged industry and frugality, and practised them, but did not trouble himself about politics or any other of the movements of the lower world. There were no railways and telegraphs in those days. The only periodicals that reached the place were The Evangelical Magazine and the Welsh monthly magazine of the denomination. The library of the good pastor was well stocked with theological and historical works, but contained very few volumes of any other literature. The Bible was the book of books, and was read and re-read until every incident and passage in the sacred volume was vivid to the memory and the imagination. His sermons were not written out at length, but consisted of short notes, upon which he would enlarge when in the pulpit. The preparation of the sermon was not the elaborate working out of an essay, as it is the practice in the present day, but a deep and earnest study of the subject which occupied many days, and was accompanied by silent prayer for the Divine help and guidance. When animated with the spirit of his subject, he would speak with impassioned eloquence and power, and produce a deep impression on the The following is a specimen of congregation. the character and matter of his sermons:

"Ezekiel xi. 19 and 20- And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh: that they may walk in My statutes, and keep Mine ordinances, and do them: and they shall be My people, and I will be their God." He dealt with the text in this wise:--" The prophet Ezekiel prophe sied at the time of the Babylonian captivity. Although he was among the captives in the enemy's land, the Lord appeared to him in several very wonderful visions. He was inspired to prophesy the return of the Jews to their own country. There are sweet promises of the restoration in the verses preceding the text. The text shows the effect it had on their minds."

This part of the sermon, known as the introduction, would occupy about ten minutes, and was delivered in a conversational style, like that of a professor to his class. He would then proceed to deal with the sermon proper by dealing with the text as in three heads or divisions, to each of which

there would be several sub-divisions.

Sunday was a great day with the good man. He rose early in the morning, and, in winter, long before daylight, to prepare for the services and all-important work of the day. The material of the sermon was ready, and the Sunday morning was spent in prayer and the endeavour to realise the subject of his discourse, so as to impress his people with it. He had two places to preach at, a distance of some six or eight miles apart-one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, alternately. No rain, or snow, or any other untoward circumstance, would prevent him from attending to his duties. When the time for commencing service arrived, he would slowly ascend the pulpit, open the large Bible, and read a chapter with emphasis and clearness, often introducing remarks of his own by way of illustration or exhortation. He would then give out the hymn in sweet and measured language, and with solemn impressiveness.

He would then engage in earnest prayer, reminding one of the wrestling of the patriarch Jacob with the angel. Then would follow the recitation of the punge by the Sunday-school in a peculiar chant, which has long ago disappeared. The punge was a Catechism dealing with some question of doctrinal theology or practical religion. The minister would put the questions, and the answers were given by the school. Another hymn was sung, and then the sermon, which was listened to with rapt attention, especially by the older

members of the congregation.

On a Wednesday in the middle of the month a meeting was held (known as Cwrdd dydd Mercher), when the minister would expound a chapter from the New Testament, or explain some question of divinity. One or two of the members had to engage in prayer. It was an institution among the Churches then, that all the male members should exercise the gift of public prayer, and it was almost incredible to what perfection it was brought. On the Friday night before the Communion Sunday a meeting known as "Society" was held, when Church business requiring attention would be dealt with. On the following day a preparatory meeting, called Cwrdd paratoad, was held, in which special reference was made to the great and serious work of the following day. These meetings were attended with exemplary faithfulness. There was also a missionary prayer meeting, held on the first Monday evening of the month, at which the minister gave an address dealing with the question of missionary labour in distant parts of the globe, and giving an account of the progress of the agents of the Missionary Society. Great interest was felt in the work of foreign missions, and the collections for this purpose would sometimes exceed the amount contributed

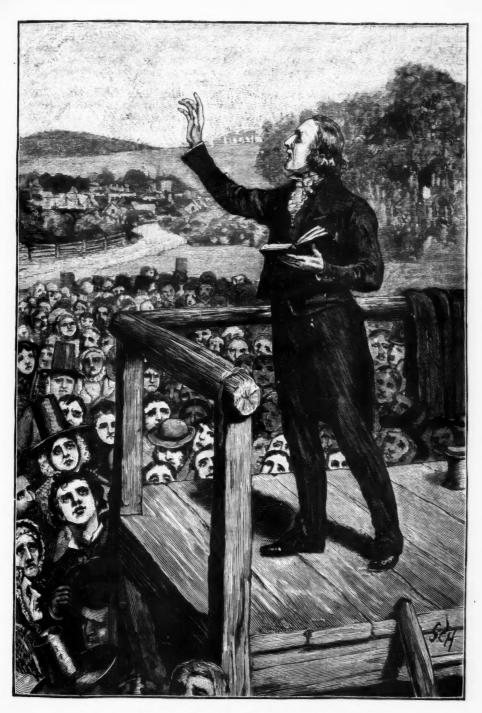
for the support of the pastor.

The method of conducting the discipline of the Church was exact and severe. Candidates were rigorously tested as to character and their knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel, and had to undergo a period of probation before they were accepted into full membership. One essential condition with male candidates was the exercise of their powers in prayer before the Church. After having satisfied every test, they were formally admitted on Communion Sunday, when they stood before the minister in the big seat, and in presence of the assembled congregation. minister would put them a few pertinent questions, after which he gave them the "right hand of fellowship," and delivered a short address on the solemn obligation they had undertaken, and the important duties devolving upon it. Communion would then follow, the minister breaking the bread, accompanying the act by a few well-chosen observations on the serious work in hand. He would hand the broken bread to the deacons, who would deliver it to the communicants, sitting. In the same manner the wine was dealt with. A short address would then follow, the ceremony closing with the singing of an appropriate hymn. The proceedings throughout were solemn and impressive.

It was the practice at this time for ministers now and then to take the tour (taith) of the Principality. The good man made such a tour in the company of another minister, an intimate friend of his, which was then a more serious affair than in the present day of railways. The journey was to occupy some eight or ten weeks. The journey was not undertaken for pleasure or profit, but for the glory of God and the good of souls. The responsibility of the journey was deeply felt, and many were the earnest prayers offered for safe guidance and the Divine blessing on the mission. The following earnest and pathetic prayer was found among his papers after he had gone to his rest. It is dated August 14th, 1829, and is worthy the study and imitation of the ministerial

tourists of the present day :-

"I pray for the presence of the Lord with us, His blessing upon us, and His approval upon our labours. I place myself, my family, and the Churches under my charge under His protection. Lord, teach, strengthen, protect, and prosper me and my friend in this journey. Enable me to conduct myself worthy of my office and mission, in every place and in every society. Help me to use every opportunity to receive and do good. Let nothing happen to occasion shame or give pain in the future. Give strength to preach



"A rough stage of timber was erected in a convenient field."- p. 554.

sound doctrine, with honesty, warmth, experience, and clearness. May the effect of the truth rest on my own mind. Bless me, and make me a blessing. Keep my wife steadfast in her faith in Thee—thorough and confiding. Keep my children from danger. Adopt them into Thy family. Let no evil happen to them. Guide the feet of Thy saints. Feed their souls with the Bread of Life. Bring me back safely to my own--if it is Thy will. But if otherwise, I am ready-do unto me as it seemeth good in Thy sight. Take me as Thine own, and let Thou be mine. Arrange everything belonging to my circumstances, in life, in death, for ever. Order the place, the manner, and the time of my departure from this world to eternity. I now, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, renew my covenant with God. Oh! for strength to stand to my engagement. Lord, my God and Castle-my all and all. Amen."

The annual Cymaufa was a meeting of great and unusual interest in those days. All the ministers of the western counties attended, and as many of the lay members as could afford the journey. It was like the Feast of the Passover among the Jews. The great meeting was talked of for months beforehand, and preparations of every kind were made in the neighbourhood in which it was to be held, to entertain the numerous visitors. Every house within ten miles of the place had to undergo renovation in order to give a proper reception to the guests. When the day arrived—the Cymaufa was usually held in June, and lasted two days-everything was in order. The first day was devoted to a conference of the ministers, who related their experiences of the past year-how their labours had been attended

with success, or the reverse—and interchanged their good wishes for each other and the cause they had at heart. A letter to the Churches on some practical subject was prepared and read at the conference, which was afterwards printed and distributed.

In the evening all the ministers present preached in various parts of the country, chiefly in farmhouses, in which they also lodged for the night. All differences of sects and opinions were sunk during those days, and everybody vied with each other in doing honour to the occasion, and making the visitors The second day was a great comfortable. preaching day, and thousands of people attended from far and near, many travelling all night. A rough stage of timber was erected in a convenient field, near the chapel, upon which the ministers stood, the congregation standing on the green grass in front. Services were held at seven, ten, two, and six o'clock. The ten o'clock service was the great occasion, when the most able and popular ministers preached. It was an interesting sight in the early morning of the second day to look around-especially if the spot where the great meeting was to be held was an elevated one-and see the people coming from all points of the compass, some in carts and wagons, many on horseback, but the bulk on foot.

Such were the scenes of fifty and sixty years ago. The subject of this sketch has been in his grave for more than thirty years, but although we advisedly refrain from any mention of the good man's name in these pages, his memory is green, and fresh, and sweet; and the holy influence of his life and conversation is felt to this day. "The memory of the just is blessed."

DAVID EVANS.

# CHRIST'S TEACHINGS ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE.

(CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.)

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—St. John viii. 12.

"The appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who abolished death, and hath brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel."—2 Tim. i. 10.

O one will dispute that the dignity of human life is seriously affected by its issues. The life that is to be extinguished when the physical body dies—that exists only some threescore years and ten—is not so august as the life that is to be perpetuated through the unending ages of the future. Religion has not so large a meaning, nobility of character has

so large a meaning, nobility of character has not so great an issue, the experiences of life have not so much importance, the impulse of life has not so much force. If when we die we are utterly to perish, then the moral significance and importance of many things is altogether destroyed, and the Epicurean maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," has really some reasonableness in it. Many things, not of essential morals, but beneficial to society, are really not worth the individual cost of securing them.

No doubt the moral heroism of being virtuous, pious, philanthropic, self-sacrificing, simply for their own sake, without any personal benefit

resulting, would be very great, and a few elect souls might be capable of it; but it is certain that men generally would not. The experience of all nations and ages proves that only the great sanctions, and the immortal hopes of religion, can inspire men with moral nobility and heroism. They "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." They "have respect unto the recompense of the reward."

Self-interest is a perfectly legitimate motive. even for virtue; not the highest or noblest, but a valid one-an auxiliary motive to the simple sense of right-both together making up the inspiration of noble lives. Practically, there is no sufficient ground and motive for virtue and religion in the mere urgencies and interests of the present life. It becomes a mere calculation of utility. Human life would not be as noble, the motives to virtue would not be as strong, the impulse to self-sacrifice would not be so heroic, without the belief of a future life; while all the glory and glow and hope of human life would be dissipated, and only the dull painful sense of endurance would be left. The question of immortality is not, therefore, a mere speculation in which intellectual curiosity indulges; it involves the strongest yearnings, the fairest dreams, the loftiest hopes of men, and touches some of the great moral elements and motives of human character and conduct. It affects our practical estimates of what human life really is.

Men have always been determined in their character by their religious faiths. No people have attained to a higher social culture than the old Greeks, the classic people of the world's history. Their legislation almost realised the ideal of free government; their literature contains the masterpieces of the world; their philosophy anticipated much of the profoundest thinking of our nineteenth century; their art and oratory, and æsthetic cultivation generally, have never been surpassed. And yet their moral development is an unspeakable sadness.

The Romans inherited their æsthetic traditions, and far transcended them in political power and affluence; they also contributing masterpieces to the literature and art and legislation of the world. They also signally failed in moral nobility—the unutterable vileness of Rome vying with the foulness of Corinth.

Both peoples had grand moral ideas, but they lacked the supreme motives which realise them—the knowledge of the true God, the assurance of immortality.

They were not without the notion of immortality. Homer and Virgil sang of the abodes of the dead; Plato and Seneca propounded bold and grand surmises concerning their condition; but it was a vague imagination, a mystical existence, of which the closest analogy was the mysterious wind, the name of which

they gave to it. The dead were melancholy shades, wandering in twilight gloom, and in sorrowful privation of all that made life worth having. Such notions were dreams, not beliefs; they never became popular convictions that could rule life; they were the blind instincts of the uninformed soul, without knowledge of what it desired, without evidence of what it tried to believe. The result was an Epicurean sensuality, on the one hand, that has never been surpassed, and a stoical philosophy on the other that was simply a doctrine of despair. There was no remedy for human ills, no deliverance for human life; therefore the true philosophy was to harden the soul into indifference to them, and if life should become insupportable, to put an end to it by suicide. Cato, Atticus, and other noble Romans, did this.

So that where popular belief in a life hereafter is lost, where "the powers of the world to come" have no influence on human life, all experience proves that it will become selfish, immoral, and despairing. We shall mourn over our dead with the hopeless wailing that we find in the inscriptions of the catacombs; we shall eat and drink as recklessly; we shall live as profligately; we shall die as stoically, as they, with as little to neutralise our selfishness, to check our sensuality, to stimulate our nobler nature, or to animate our hope. The doctrines and practices of modern schools of infidelity, from the French Revolution to contemporary phases of social life, are further and abundant proof.

The question, therefore, is eminently a practical and ethical one. The fact of immortality gives its importance to religion—to the very Being and government of God Himself; while its moral force is one of the chief inspirations of life.

It is of great moment, then, to ask concerning the teachings of Jesus Christ about the future life, and the destiny of man; and whether, comparing these with other speculations, He may not, in this respect also, claim to be the Light of the World.

It will not be necessary to say much about the theories that deny a future life. Perhaps these were never more earnestly urged, or more ingeniously argued, than they are just now. It is part of that anti-theological, anti-spiritual wave that is passing over the thought of the day. Everywhere we meet with speculations directly or indirectly tending to the denial of man's immortality.

It is enough to say that materialistic philosophy holds that man is nothing more than a physical organism; that whatever, in ability or character, he may be, is owing solely to the physical elements of which he is compounded. He is not responsible for his character or his conduct. All his thinking faculties, all his moral feelings, are not only connected with his physical organisation,

but are actually produced by it. When, therefore, the body dies, and its physical organisation is dissolved, all possibility of thought and moral feeling ceases. All that remains of the wonderful being that we call man is the dust and the gases into which he is resolved.

The disciples of Auguste Comte, known by the designation of Positivists, adopt this theory, and put it in this way :- The race continues, and probably will continue, indefinitely; but individual men perish. And it is a sufficient ambition, impulse, and reward, for the individual man to contribute to make the race better, so that the next generation shall be wiser and nobler than its predecessor. It is the same blank theory of personal annihilation, relieved by the thought of having done something in life to benefit those who come after us.

I will say about this theory only that it is, at the best, a somewhat ignoble one. It does degrade and destroy much in human nature; and the redeeming thought of serving the generations to come does not necessitate it. Christianity is inspired by this enthusiasm also. No men labour for their fellow-men, and seek to bless posterity, more than the disciples of Christ do. They do not deem it necessary that the individual man should perish, in order to benefit the next generation. justly think that it will be benefited all the more if good men live on, and continue to serve it.

One cannot help wondering at this strange eagerness to annihilate human life. One would have thought that one of the strongest desires of a man would be to live on. That generally it is one of our strongest instincts and yearnings, cannot be denied; the strongest arguments for immortality of Pagan philosophers like Plato are drawn from the shrinking of human nature from the thought of annihilation, from its dismay and anguish at death, from its wild shricking sorrow when friends die, and from its shuddering recoil when death approaches ourselves. yet a class of men try very earnestly to persuade themselves and their fellow-men that they will perish like brutes. Can this be accounted for?

1. There is the strong anti-spiritual and antisupernatural feeling of certain schools of philosophy and science - men who have persuaded themselves that nothing exists but physical matter, and the phenomena of its organisms and The realm of physical science is a world of wonders. No marvel that the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist, the electrician, is fascinated and absorbed in its miracles. And we all know how easily, when a man gets so absorbed, he becomes indifferent-almost insensible-to anything else; and how impatient he is when his discoveries

of what physical law can do are broken in upon by theories that revolt from it or subordinate it. Besides the physical body of this wonderful being called man, here is a reasoning mind, a spiritual soul, a religious consciousness. No, says the absorbed scientist; it is all matter; these are only phenomena of the wonderful laws of matter. Because these laws explain so much that is wonderful, he thinks they explain everything, and denies that there can be anything not amenable to Just as one school of metaphysicians say that matter does not exist—that everything is mind; so the scientist says that mind does not exist-everything is matter. It is the enthusiasm of the man for his own methods-just as, in the old apologue of the counsel for fortifying the city, the shoemaker urges that there is "nothing like leather."

2. Another reason may be the fear which bad men feel at the thought of a hereafter. The Dives of human life, who lives voluptuously, and cares nothing for noble virtues or social obligations; the selfish, the sinful, the godless, has every reason to wish that there was no hereafter. He knows what a just moral judgment on his life will be; he knows what he is sowing; and if the reaping is to correspond to it, if the chain of moral sequences is not to be broken, there can be for him only "a fearful looking for of judg-

ment."

3. Or it may be that this feeling has not been quickened yet. The man is simply satisfied with the world-with health, with riches, with pleasures. His cup is full. Why trouble himself with spiritual things at all? He has developed the physical elements of his life, and the spiritual are dormant as yet. So he accepts the Epicurean philosophy of life, and is quite contented to be persuaded that there is no hereafter.

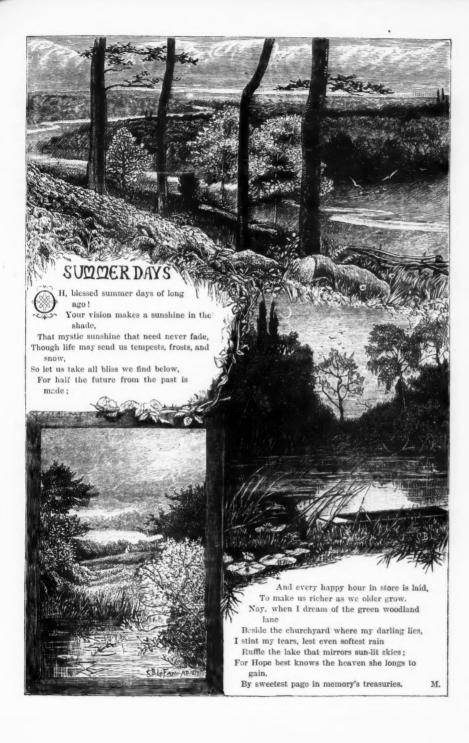
4. And then there are honest earnest inquirers, who really think that the proof of a hereafter is not sufficient. They are willing to believe, if convincing arguments are put before them. Many mistake the kind of evidence that is possible. They want life hereafter to be proved from physical laws, or from processes of pure reasoning. They want proofs from vivisection, proofs of logic, or of evidence such as a law-court requires.

From the very nature of the case, you cannot prove immortality in this way. That I live now may be so proved-not that I shall continue to live after the body is dead. I can know this only by a revelation from God, only by the judgment of my moral nature, my spiritual under-

standing and heart.

(To be concluded.)





## BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

A STORY OF TRUST. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



LOWLY he paced the silent cloisters, with grave sad face and heavy heart, He was but a young man, and the burden of trouble, and poverty, and perplexity, which so many take up unmurmuringly day after day, and even year after year, and which now fell to his share

to bear awhile, seemed to him wholly irksome and unnecessary; and his spirit, unused to the yoke, rose more than once in rebellion. He had yet to learn the sweet uses of adversity, and that blessings almost invariably blossom out of it; and also that though "now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds," yet there it is, nevertheless; and—the right moment arriving—the clouds mysteriously vanish, and are "even as a dream when one awaketh."

But he might look as sad as he pleased; there was no one to observe him here, or to interrupt his sorrowful musings. Only the bitter wind swept mournfully every now and then under the old arches, chilling him through; or the mingled rain and sleet pattered down everywhere—now loudly, now softly; there were no other sounds.

On his left hand were the blackened and timeworn walls of the cathedral; overhead were many curious carvings, wrought by hands that had long been dust; in the stones upon which he walked were graven at every step solemn remembrances of the departed.

His reflections grew more and more gloomy. How many hundreds, nay, thousands, doubtless, had walked before him in that selfsame pathway? And had no clouds ever fallen upon their lives—thrusting them down to bitterer depths than he had ever sounded? Had they not suffered? Was not all life full of suffering? What stories might not those old walls, broken and mildewed, have told? How suggestive they were, in their very silence, of bygone mysteries! How many lacerated and broken hearts had, without doubt, been laid to rest from time to time under their shadow.

And now a feeling of desolation came over him, as he thought of his own insignificance. He began to be ashamed, too, of the complaints of which his

heart had been full. What had he to bear, compared with the many who had suffered even to death before him?

He had come here to think in quiet, and to plan a way out of his difficulties, if he could. He had set out early that morning in the dull November light, on an errand that had as yet been wholly unsuccessful. He had been seeking employment under great disadvantages: for he had studied no profession, and had always, until lately, supposed that he would be a rich man. But his uncle, and only known relative, with whom he had been brought up, had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in confusion: and, all debts having been duly discharged, there had remained for the nephew but a few pounds.

Yet, surely, he thought, disadvantages notwithstanding, he would, if he persevered, presently find some position which he might fill with credit and profit?—when he was so willing and eager to do anything and everything that he could do.

He heard softly echoing footsteps now, as he passed the entrance to the cathedral. And by-and-by a sweet far-away voice sang again and again, in clear triumphant tones that stirred his very soul :—

"Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help; and whose hope is in the Lord his God."

Some of the choristers were practising, doubtless, and, all unawares, pouring sunshine from heaven into his heart the while. For had he not the God of Jacob for his help—though he had for the time appeared to forget it entirely?

And he walked on, and his heart grew lighter, as he thought and prayed within himself.

"Perhaps I might emigrate?" he mused; adding after a pause, "but I should like to take Amy with me, if I did, and I feel sure her father would not hear of it. But why could I not go alone—and make a fortune—and return to her? Very often, to submit to disappointments, and to do that which is most distasteful, is the very best and the quickest way of obtaining what one most wishes for!"

The time of evening service was near now. He entered the cathedral,

The service was commencing, and he joined in it heart and soul. By-and-by came the anthem:—

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Again and again the words were sung, until their precious significance seemed engraven on his inmost heart.

But he had stayed to the last minute he could spare now; and moving away softly he left light and warmth behind, and the clear boyish voices to which he had been listening grew fainter and fainter, as he stepped out in the pattering rain, and the cold, and the darkness, feeling no discomfort, but cheered, and refreshed, and full of new hope.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE is my paper, Amy?"

And Mr. Ambrose threw himself into his easy-chair, his white head resting wearily against its dark leather-covered back. "I declare I am thoroughly tired out," he went on. "Oh, and my slippers too!" as his daughter handed him the newspaper. "What have you done with them, child? My feet feel as though they didn't belong tome—what with the wet, and the cold, and after running about upon them ever since half-past five this morning!"

"There are the slippers, papa dear-close to your

chair."

"Oh, dearie me! so they are! But I didn't see them. I want new eyes, it seems, as well as new feet. Ah, well, I can't wonder at it; I am like the rest of the folks, I suppose, getting older every day." And he sighed a little; but brightened up almost instantly, and inquired—

"Is tea ready, Amy?"

"Almost, papa. I thought you would like to wait a little for Carl?"

"Very well, dear. Just as you please. I'm willing," answered her father. And now, with his paper before him, and with his slippered feet placed comfortably upon a large hassock before a bright fire, he looked as though he might quite well wait for his tea, for a few minutes, at any rate.

Mr. Ambrose was a well-to-do farmer, and Amy was his only child; and she was his housekeeper and companion also, for her mother had died long before.

She was a quiet gentle girl, tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes, and pale small-featured face.

She went busily to and fro, while her father was reading—between the pleasant sitting-room, and the kitchen and pantry, giving sundry orders to the servant, and also seeing for herself that the tea-table was as neat and pretty as she knew how to make it, besides being loaded with all manner of good things in readiness for the expected traveller.

"I do hope," she uttered softly within herself, as she placed the pretty cake-basket in a more advantageous position, and then proceeded to measure the tea into the brightly burnished tea-pot—"that he may have heard of something to please him. But I must not be too anxious. It is very strange that over-anxious persons should so seldom get what they so eagerly long for. But perhaps it is to teach them submission: for directly they give up being so anxious, and are ready to take what is sent to them, difficulties almost always seem to vanish, and very often, without the least trouble, they get just what they have all along been wishing for."

But here came a grave little shake of her head, for Amy felt that her fluttering heart, full of hopes and fears, could scarcely realise even the meaning of

unmingled submission to-night.

All her preparations completed, she sat down with a book: but her eye often wandered from its pages, and she was far more really occupied with her own thoughts than with it. Carl Weston arrived at last, and the expression of her countenance brightened instantly. Mr. Ambrose also tossed aside his paper with an air of satisfaction,

The little bustle consequent on his arrival was soon over, and Carl was seated at the table, having chosen a place near Amy, who was, for the time, looking perfectly happy.

Carl Weston had been Mr. Ambrose's guest for a few weeks. Amy he had known from childhood. But only since the reverse that had come to him had he fully realised his love for her, and also hers for him—though as yet he had not spoken.

"But, poor though I am," he thought, "I will at least speak out openly before I leave her—though I will not seek to bind her with any promise,"

"Have you met with anything to suit you, Carl?" inquired his host, as he helped him to a share of some especial dainty which Amy herself had prepared.

"No," replied the young man, with just a touch of weariness and disappointment in his tone. "I hope I did my best: but I could hear of nothing whatever."

Tea being over, Mr. Ambrose went out to speak to one of his men, who had been waiting to see him, and Carl seized the opportunity to talk to Amy.

"Amy," he began, hurriedly; "I cannot go on like this. I think I shall go abroad. Fortunes are often made more quickly anywhere rather than at home."

Her countenance fell; all the brightness was gone in a moment. Yet she strove to answer unconcernedly.

And the two young people had said a great deal—though not half they wished—by the time that Mr. Ambrose came in again.

He looked shrewdly from one to the other—fully aware at the very first glance of much that had passed during his short absence, though not altogether understanding the expression of sorrow and happiness combined, which sat on his daughter's pretty flushed face.

"Mrs. West wants to talk to you, Amy," he said, "about some fowls, I believe. She is waiting. You had better run away to her at once."

Mrs. West was a near neighbour. Amy was glad to get away. And now Carl had to tell his story all over again, and in a somewhat different manner, to her father.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE days passed. He would soon be gone: not to return probably for years. He was not, of course, to take Amy with him; but—and he thought this a little hard, after all—she might not give him her promise—must not even write to him—for two years, at any rate.

Nevertheless, the two were very brave and uncomplaining during these last days; and, unobserved, Mr. Ambrose, with an end in view, watched them both, and closely. Amy's courage made Carl strong, and his quiet patience—for he was patient—touched and pleased her. Yet she often, and he also, behind all their assumed cheerfulness, felt bitterly sad.

And when the day of his departure had arrived, and she, bright and brave to the last, had watched him drive off with her father, she felt, as she stood by the open door, gazing out, with eyes that were blinded with tears now, upon the dreary November

"It is all right," she murmured, but sorrowfully yet, as she sat down by the fire, and put out her chilled hands to its warm bright blaze—"and just what is best, I know—only it seems so hard to bear. But God will keep and help and bless us both—for we have asked Him—and we shall be glad—dear Carl and I—of all the sorrow one day."

Tea was quite ready. She heard the gig drive up, and the next minute Mr. Ambrose entered, looking



"She . . . proceeded to measure the tea into the brightly burnished tea-pot."-p. 559.

afternoon, that she could bear no more. And, hurrying up to her room, she threw herself upon the bed, and cried and sobbed as though her heart would break.

It was a drive of seven miles to the nearest railway station, and her father she knew had also business of his own to attend to. He would be long returning, therefore, and she might indulge her grief, without fear of interruption or rebuke.

At length, cold and tired and wretched, and with a painful desolate ache at her heart, she crept downstairs and into the cheerful sitting-room once more. remarkably cheerful, rubbing his hands briskly, and furtively eyeing Amy.

"Well, my dear," he said, taking his station on the hearthrug; "he went off well and happy; sent you his love—and——" he paused.

"Yes, papa;" and Amy tried hard to retain her composure, busying herself at the same time with the cups and saucers.

"Well, my dear," began her father again; but then turning to the fire he took up the poker, and occupied himself sedulously in endeavouring to break an obstinate lump of coal. Having accomplished this, he once more continued—

"I am a bad hand at telling a story, child; but, as we drove to the station, Carl and I talked matters over; and I agreed that I was getting an old man. and that I wanted young eyes, a young head, and young feet, as I say so often, and that if I had all these I could work up the farm in a few years to double its present value, probably."

"Oh, papa!" interrupted Amy, with wondering half-startled expression-for she could not think

what might be coming next.

"And the long and the short of it is," concluded Mr. Ambrose, "that I persuaded Carl not to leave us after all. You and he have behaved very well-very well indeed! And he is only going to remain with his friends in town for a short time, as at first arranged, and then, instead of taking a passage to Tasmania, he is to return to us. But he is going to write and tell you all about it; therefore, I suppose I need not say any more ?"

Amy kissed her father, cried a little for joy, and then went again to her place at the table, and with trembling hands began to pour out tea.

And so, Carl came back again; and a few months later he and Amy were married. And their short trial-for it had been a trial-had done them no harm, but all good; for it had strengthened their faith and trust-deepened and purified their love for each other-given exercise to the great and valuable graces of patience and submission, and shown them that our Father in heaven can cause to appear, even at the most unlikely times, humanly speaking, "the bright light which is in the clouds."

## HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

I .- THE GUIDE.

HE people of Israel went up out of Egypt "by their armies"—that is to say, they did not hurry out of the country, as soon as the king gave them leave to go, like a disorderly rabble, but in perfect arrangement, family by family, tribe by tribe, carrying with them all the things

which they needed for their sojourn in the wilderness. You know that they had been for some time past-perhaps for many months past-preparing for departure. Every now and then Pharaoh seemed to relent, and then Moses gave orders to get things in readiness for the journey; and though the permission was soon withdrawn, this sort of thing happened so often, that when the Hebrews really had to depart, they started in excellent marching-order, and with songs and rejoicings, I have no doubt, because they were leaving the land of their cruel oppression and bondage.

It may be well for you to remember also that when the Hebrews went out, they carried with them a considerable share of the wealth of the Egyptians. I mention this, partly because you will be the better able to understand how the Hebrews managed to erect such an expensive building as the Tabernacle, but partly that you may be provided with a reply, should you ever meet with anybody who should tell you that God taught His people to deceive and cheat the Egyptians. It is true that in the Bible it is said that God told the Jews to "borrow" of the Egyptians certain valuable articles of property; but the translation is an incorrect one. What is really meant is this: that God told the people to "ask" or "demand" of the Egyptians, to give them such and such things-without any idea whatever of returning

them. And the Egyptians yielded to the demand, not unwillingly, as it seemed, though they never expected to see their property again, but by way of compensation to the Hebrews for all the bitter wrongs they had undergone for so many years at the hand of the nation; and it was little compensation enough, when you come to think of it. Did you ever see in the public newspapers a short paragraph headed "Conscience Money"? When you see such a thing, you know that it is an acknowledgment from the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the receipt of a sum of money from some anonymous person who has, probably without being conscious of it at the time, defrauded the revenue by under-payment, and who is now anxious to make restitution. Well, the gold and silver and other valuables were "conscience money," paid to the oppressed Israelites by the oppressing Egyptians when they became ashamed of what they had done, and afraid of its consequences.

Now the Hebrews are travelling on slowly, a vast host-men, women, and children-with flocks and herds, in the direction of the promised land, where God intends them to settle, when suddenly they see in the very front of their line a strangelooking cloud moving before them. Perhaps when they saw it first they thought it was only a common cloud, although Egypt is not a country for such things. Still it might be what they thought. But when the darkness of night came on, and they beheld the light of fire flashing from the head of the cloud, and illuminating the path which they had to tread, making their journey by night as easy and as safe as the journey by day, then they felt that it was something supernatural, something sent from God. By degrees they came to understand it. Moses told the elders, and the elders told the heads of the tribes, and the parents told their

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children; and very soon it was known that the "pillar of fire and of cloud," as it was called, was a mark or token of the Divine presence. God Himself condescended to be their guide; and He would guide them by this cloud. When the cloud stopped, they were to stop; when the cloud advanced, they were to advance. And as long as they followed the cloud they were perfectly safe. Now, what was this "pillar of fire and of cloud?" I suppose it was a huge column of fire, stretching up towards heaven, and wrapped in clouds, which allowed sometimes more and sometimes less of the light of the fire to be seen.

## II.—THE PILLAR A TYPE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I have just told you what the pillar was, but you must understand that it presented a very different appearance on different occasions. Sometimes it did nothing more than just pour out a flood of light; at other times it shone with a marked brilliancy and splendour; but now and then it shot forth lurid beams—like flashes of lightning, I suppose—as if it were angry and terrible. In all these three different aspects—even in the last—it reminds me of the Lord Jesus Christ. You will easily understand me, I suspect,

The Lord Jesus tells us Himself that He is the "Light of the world." It is through Him that we know God. It is by seeing Him that we see the Father. God is out of our sight, and yet it is most important for us that we should have some ideas as to what God is-I mean as to what His character is. We cannot help sometimes asking ourselves such questions as these-" How does God feel towards us? Is He angry? or is He pleased? What does He wish us to do? What are His plans and purposes concerning us? And what did He bring us into the world for?" And until we get some sort of answer to these questions, we are really in the dark, and liable to be sadly confused and perplexed, But Christ shows us, partly by His words and work, but more, perhaps, by Himself-what God is. Observe, then, my dear children, the character of Jesus if you wish to understand the character of the unseen God. You find Jesus at the rustic wedding, interested in the innocent festivity of the guests assembled on the occasion. Again, you find Him at a funeral, shedding tears among the mourning crowd of friends. You know that He watched the sports of little children in the streets; and that He rebuked His disciples severely when they would have prevented the mothers from bringing their babies to Him that He might bless them. never turned a deaf ear to a prayer, or sent a poor suppliant away. He was gentle, and tender, and kind, and sympathetic, and thoughtful for others, and considerate in the extreme. And in all this He was a representative of God Himself. Such as Jesus was, such is also the unseen Father. Is not this a wonderful thought?

You understand then that Jesus gives us light

because He gives us the knowledge of God. And besides this, when we come to take in more of this knowledge of God, then our thoughts rise to the glory of God, manifested in the "face," that is, in the person of His dear Son.

But I am anxious to explain what I said about the formidable and threatening appearance which the cloud at times assumed. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Lord Jesus was-even when He was upon earth-all gentleness, and no severity. He could be very stern-and was very stern-on occasions when sternness was called for, He spoke terrible things to the Scribes and Pharisees. He could not bear hypocrisy and inhumanity. And indeed, I always think that when we wish to form a complete idea of the Lord Jesus Christ, we must put the description of Him given in the Gospels together with the description of Him given in the last Book of the Bible, which, as you know, is called the Apocalypse. In the Gospels, Jesus is the lowly Man of Nazareth, "Jesu, meek and gentle," Who is tender and kind, but, at the same time, very firm and brave, Who bears patiently with all the ill-usage which is heaped upon Him, and Whom everybody who pleases seems able to maltreat and insult. But in the Apocalypse, He is King of kings and Lord of lords. On His head are many crowns. He goes forth conquering and to conquer, and treads down His enemies like clay under His feet. Put the two sides of the figure together, that you may have a whole Christ.

Well, Christ teaches us all about God, and all about ourselves, and all about our duty, and so leads us through the wilderness to the home above.

#### III.-THE RED SEA.

Strange orders have come to the Hebrews! Instead of moving on in the direction of Canaan, they are to make a turn, and encamp on the western side of the Red Sea. The pillar of cloud rises up in the air, and moves before them to point out the way. So there can be no doubt at all about the matter, and they have no choice but to obey. By-and-by they find themselves in an awkward place—I mean awkward if any enemy should think of pursuing them. There are ranges of mountains on the right hand and on the left, too high for them to scale—before them roll the waters of the Sea.

I suppose that some sort of spies were following the host on its march, and hovering about them, to see what they were going to do, and these people at once conveyed intelligence to the Egyptian monarch of the incautious movement—for so it seems to be—that the Hebrews had made. He immediately caught at the hope of overtaking these late slaves of his, and wreaking his vengeance upon them. By his orders a strong force was rapidly drawn together—"all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army"—and hastening on at full speed, they soon were in sight of the children of Isræl, as they lay encamped on the borders of the sea.

When the Israelites heard in the distance the rattle of the chariots and the shouts of the men, and soon after saw the spear-heads glittering through the clouds of dust, they were, as I need not tell you, in a state of most terrible alarm. They gathered round Moses, and upbraided him with bringing them into all this trouble. And they went on in the wildest and most unreasonable way, as if they had entirely lost their faith in God—as, indeed, I fear they had. Moses managed, after a time, to get them quiet, by assuring them that God would appear for their deliverance, and that He would not allow them to be given over into the hand of their enemies.

But how was the deliverance to take place? At the time Moses himself, I think, did not know, and he felt perfectly sure that God would not have led His people into that dangerous position unless He had intended also to make a way for them to escape.

Moses goes into his tent for prayer, and prostrates himself before God. He waits for directions. What is to be done? "Bid the children of Israel go forward," "Go forward? What, walk into the sea?" Yes! Moses and the people are to obey God's word, and they prepare to move forward, but how they are to cross the sea does not appear, for there is no bridge, and they have no boats. However, they break up the encampment and begin to march on. And soon God appears for them. First of all, the Pillar of Cloud rises up from the front of the host, which has been its station before, and floating over them, settles down behind the hindermost of them, so as to protect them from their enemies. That is a great comfort! That puts courage into the hearts of the poor cowardly Israelites. Still there is the difficulty about the Sea. How is that difficulty to be removed? Let us see. is bidden stretch out his rod over the waves. He does so, and a tremendous wind comes. It blows so fiercely that it blows open, actually, a passage through the sea, and the waters are piled up like a wall on the right hand and on the left, and a wide and dry path is left for the people to pass over. "A miracle?" you say. Yes! a most wonderful miracle. And what follows?

## IV.—THE RED SEA AGAIN.

But to this we must devote another paper. I think it must have been in the afternoon when the Egyptian army was first descried in the distance, and that the enemy must have been drawing very close when the Pillar of Cloud placed itself between the retreating and the pursuing host. If it were so the Egyptians would naturally be puzzled by this great mist, as they might think it—which hid their intended prey from their view. However, on they go—the Hebrews in front and the Egyptians behind, with the Cloud between them.

By this time it is night, and the host of the Hebrews are all of them either on the bed of the sea, or safe on the other side; and the Egyptians, following the sound, come up to the banks of the sea. Will they follow? Yes! On they go, down into the dry bed of the sea. Perhaps, in the imperfect light, they could not tell where they were; or perhaps, if they knew their real position, they were too eager in their pursuit and too proud to care about the danger they were incurring. However, on they went, striving—but, of course, ineffectually—to reach the helpless host that is moving before them.

And now-in the evening watch-a fierce and angry glare like that of lightning blazes out upon the pursuers, and strikes terror into the boldest heart among them. They feel-oh, how strange it seems that they did not feel it before !-- that the Lord God, who had fought for His people in Egypt, was fighting for Israel in the wilderness, and now, though it is too late, they shrink from the consequences of a struggle with His omnipotence. Yes, it is too late! They cannot escape, not one of them. The last Hebrew is now safe on the steep bank of the opposite shore; and Moses stretches forth his rod again, at God's command, and the huge walls of water, that have stood all night as if they were congealed, fall down with a tremendous crash and roar, and engulph Pharaoh and his officers and his chariots and horses, with a complete and helpless overthrow.

The next morning, when the Israelites come to look on the scene, to see with their own eyes where they had crossed during the night, they find their dreaded enemies all dead and helpless on the seashore, never able to harm them again.

Such was the crossing of the Red Sea.

It was a wonderful event, and perhaps the simple consideration of it ought to satisfy us, for it illustrates the Divine character in a remarkable way. Yet there are two things which we may learn with advantage from it. First, that when God puts us into circumstances of difficulty, He is sure to open for us a way out of them. If we put ourselves there, that is a different thing. But I am supposing that if circumstances we could not control, or a sense of duty, should ever be found to expose us to temptation, we may depend also upon finding, somehow or other, a way to escape. The other thought is this: to those who belong to Christ, who believe in His Name, who trust really, and not in mere words, to His atoning blood-the past is past and harmless, so far as condemnation is concerned. I do not mean to tell you that we can hope to escape suffering and loss whenever we do wrong. I think I have said something quite the opposite to this, in one of my papers. But I mean this, that Christ saves His people so entirely that their sins are really like the Egyptians, dead upon the sea-shore. They have lost their sting and their power. They are answered for, and put aside. Christ hath put them away by the sacrifice of Himself. "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He put our transgressions from us."

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM THE PROPHETS-STORIES FROM EZRA.

No. 1. Ezra's Character and Mission.

Chapter to be read—Ezra vii.

NTRODUCTION. Refer first to last lesson from Ezra. What was it about? Solemn passover and dedication of new Temple. Sixty years passed since then—new generation born—none of those old people who wept still alive. Whose story have we read in the interval? Scene of Esther's story in Persia. Now return to Jerusalem.

I. EZRA'S CHARACTER. (Read 6—10.) Of what tribe was he? (Ver.11.) Thus not a warrior or statesman, but a priest; as such would offer sacrifices, burn incense, etc., and become acquainted with the people. Also a Scribe or writer; as such would make copies of the Law, read it to the people, and explain it. Re-

mind that then no printing; all books written by hand. What sort of a Scribe was he? (Ver. 6.) Was well instructed—careful and ready writer—diligent in his business, and was honoured by standing before kings, as Solomon had prophesied. (Prov. xxii. 29.)

Can see something else about him—the motives which made him act. He sought the law of the Lord (ver. 10)—i.e., tried to find out all God's will—then to do it himself—then to teach it to others; he was not slothful in business, but serving the Lord. So God directed his path back to Jerusalem. (Prov. iii. 6.)

II. EZRA'S MISSION. (Read 11-28.) Artaxerxes a great and powerful king, gives him a decree to go to Jerusalem. Who are to go with him? All of the people, priests, and Levites who are willing to go. Surely all will wish to go? No, some prefer the "strange land." (Ps. cxxxvii. 4.) Have made their home there-do not care to return to their own land. What are they to take? See who give presents-even the heathen king and his seven Privy Councillors give contributions. Also freewill offerings from the people who stay behind. They will give, though they will not go. How are they to spend the money? Especially meant for the sacrifices. King would understand this, as animal sacrifices universal. Also king commands all his treasurers beyond the Euphrates to supply wheat, salt, wine and oil (see vi. 9), without charge. Who were not to pay any tribute? (Ver. 24.) Because were God's ministers. Why did the king do all this? Seems to have recognised greatness of God of heaven, and desired to do His will towards His people. What two commands were given to Ezra? (1) To judge rightcousty, Was to appoint public teachers to teach God's will, and judges to carry it out. Thus all done to teach the fear of the Lord, (2) To punish wrong-docrs. (See Rom. xiii. 3.) No wonder Ezra praised God for putting it into heart of this Gentile king to do all this for glory of the Lord.

Lessons. (1) Copy Ezra in diligence. In learning, teaching, writing, etc., do it with all thy might, (Eccles. ix. 10.) (2) Copy Artaxerxes in zeal. He a heathen—we profess to be Christians—are we doing what we can for God?

No. 2. EZRA'S JOURNEY.

Chapter to be read-Ezra viii.

I. A Journey Begun. (Read 15—20.) Read in vii, 8, 9, how long the journey to Jerusalem took Ezra—just over four months. Read now some details of the journey. First, the families willing to go all assembled, and encamped by river Ahava. Here Ezra made kind of review, to see if all ready to start. What was found wanting? Princes and priests were there, but no Levites; why were they wanted? Their work to wait on the priests—carry the ark—arrange the sacrifices—prepare the animals, etc. Lowest order had to hew wood and draw water for the service of the priests and Temple—called Nethinims. (Ver. 20.) So all these summoned, and large number came. Surely the start can now be made.

II. A JOURNEY DELAYED. (Read 21—30.) Why this further delay? Wanted solemnly to ask God's blessing and protection. So a fast proclaimed. Picture the scene. Tents pitched—camels tethered—Ezra in priest's robes offering sacrifice—people all kneeling on ground—now Ezra's voice heard in prayer—that they and little ones and their treasures might be preserved. Was their prayer heard? (See 23.)

Now another sight. Had immense treasures of gold and silver—total value enormous—nearly a million of our money. What did Ezra do? Weighed it all carefully; counted out and gave it into charge of priests and Levites to preserve safe. He reminds them how they are holy—*i.e.*, dedicated to God's service—the money also is dedicated to God—therefore must be especially careful of it.

Now all put in order, the start made at last. All this took a fortnight—but time well spent. Prayer never really delays a journey. For connection between prayer and fasting, see Sermon on Mount (Matthew vi. 5—16.)

III. A JOURNEY ENDED. (Read 31—36.) How different a journey there and in England. Here, a train takes us several hundred miles in few hours—there would still have to travel as these Jews did, on camels, very slowly, in large companies, because of

robbers. For dangers of travel then, see 2 Cor. xi. 26. But they trusted in God, and were safe. At last, long journey ended. Took three days to rest from journey; then delivered up their treasures safely in the House of God, and held service of thanksgiving for their safety.

Lessons. (1) Exactness in money matters. Especially in money given to God. Missionary collectors, and such like, must keep strict account. (2) Journeying mercies. How many such have we had! Did we praise God for bringing us in safety?

#### No. 3. EZRA'S PRAYER.

#### Chapter to be read-Ezra ix.

INTRODUCTION. Have often seen bright day suddenly overcast with clouds—morning so fair, full of promise—brilliant sunshine; then sudden change—black clouds—heavy rain—day spoiled. Like this now in Jerusalem; bright rejoicings at Ezra's coming—old friends met—sacrifices offered up. To-day he hears sad tidings. What are they?

I. THE PEOPLES' SIN. (Read 1-4.) Who brought Ezra the news? These princes acted as rulers or judges-did not come in the spirit of men telling tales, but in order to get wrong-doing set right, just as Joseph brought to his father tale of his brothers' wrong-doing. (Gen. xxxvii. 2.) Christ tells us how to act; first tell our brother his fault, and if he does not alter then, tell those in authority. (Matt. xviii. 15.) What was the story these princes had to tell? Law very strong against these marriages with idolaters (Ex. xxxiv. 16), lest they should learn their ways. Who were the chief offenders? Just the very people who should have set the best example. No wonder Ezra felt it bitterly. How did he show his grief? These the ordinary ways in the East of showing sorrow. But was not long left alone, Who came to him? Not told how many-perhaps were more that feared the Lord than Ezra thoughtas in days of Elijah. (1 Kings xix. 21.)

H. EZRA'S PRAYER, (Read 5-15.) What happened twice every day in the Temple? Morning and evening sacrifice offered up-congregation assembled-prayers made. Ezra chose his time to make his own special prayer, just as Elijah did on Mount Carmel. (1 Kings xviii. 29.) Notice in his prayer - (1) Confession of sin. Nothing is hidden; he tells the whole tale of the past, how they have sinned over and over again without excuse. (2) Pleads God's mercy. God had punished them by exile, but had remembered mercy, left space for repentance (ver. 8), given them favour in sight of kings of Persia-allowed them to rebuild the Temple of God. Yet the people have sinned again; how then can they stand before God? So his prayer is ended, and he waits patiently for results.

Lessons. (1) Avoid bad company. What can be more important than choice of friends? especially friends for life. Remind of Solomon's wives turning away his heart. (2) The right use of God's House. Ezra not only joined in public services, but took his own troubles before God. This just what all may do. God's House place where prayer was to be made. Then will be glad to go up there. (Ps. exxii. 1.) (3) The right way to pray. Confession, plea for mercy, necessary parts of all prayer. See what David says. (Ps. xxxii. 5.) Such prayer will be heard. (Ps. li. 17.)

#### No. 4. EZRA'S REFORMATION.

#### Chapter to be read-Ezra x.

Introduction. Remind children that weeping over sin not enough—must change his conduct, do better. This nature of repentance; contains—(a) Contrition, or sorrow for past; (b) Confession, or stating the sin, and asking for forgiveness; (c) Amendment, or beginning of new life. Shall read of this to-day.

I. A COVENANT. (Read 1—5.) Probably Ezra prayed aloud in Court of Temple. Anyhow, was seen by the people. People are moved at the sight. Who takes the lead? What proposal does he make? So a covenant made at once. Who begin the putting away? Just the same people—priests and Levites, who had been foremost in the wrong. This just as should be. Shows what a manly thing true sorrow for sin is, Makes bold to confess, and bold to put away.

II. A PROCLAMATION. (Read 6—8.) How happy Ezra must have felt that God had turned people's hearts back again! Surely now he will cease his mourning, and eat and drink. No! much more yet to be done. These only a few of the people—the remainder must do the same. So a proclamation is made to all who have returned from the captivity. Had not moved far away. All in Judea. What penalty would attach to those who did not obey? Forfeit his possession, and be cut off from the people of the Lord. Shows how much in earnest they all were about this thing.

III. A SEPARATION. (Read 9—17.) Now an assembly meets at Jerusalem. Have left their wives at home, expecting perhaps never to see them again; still determined to do right; there are they all wairing near the Temple, so as to join in the prayers and sacrifices, but suffering much discomfort from the heavy rain. Ezra preaches a sermon; he tells them their duty. They must confess the past, and put away the sin. What do they answer? They will do it at his word, but plead for time; arrangements must be made, etc. This Ezra grants. So judges appointed to inquire into each case, and the matter ends.

LESSON. Cut off what leads to sin. Whole story reminds of Christ's words about anything making us offend, i.e., leading into sin. However dear it may be, must be cut off. (Matt. xviii. 3.) Let each ask, Is anything leading me to sin? Ask for grace to confess it—put it away, lest be led into mere sin,

## THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

#### BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."-EPHE-SIANS iv. 26.

H

AS anger any place to-day
In heart and mind?
Has malice prompted you to say
What was not kind?

See how the sun is shining bright
In heaven above:

O let him not go down to-night On aught but love!

Have you been wronged in any way, And so are cross?

Has some one injured you to-day, And caused you loss? The golden sun is sinking fast—

'T will soon be night!

Forgive, and let your wrath be cast
Far out of sight!

What? some one else was in the wrong, And his the debt?

Well, never mind : show you are strong, And can forget,

Look you how quickly fades the light:

It will not wait!

Quick, ere the sun go down to-night, And 't is too late!

# II.

#### INDUSTRY.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."—PROYERBS vi. 6, 7, 8.

OUR lives are given us in trust,
To use them for the best;
We must not let our talents rust,
We must not always rest.

In sluggish sloth we must not sleep,
And idle all our days;
But take to heart the lesson deep
The ant shows in her ways,

We ought to work ere youth and strength And health and powers are gone: For each there comes a time at length When we perforce look on.

And yet we should not strive for wealth To use for selfish ends, Or count our hidden hoards by stealth, Or envy richer friends, Nay, rather we should strive to live By honest work well done, That we may have the means to give To some more needy one,

#### TIT

#### THE WIDOW'S MITES.

"There came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."—ST. MARK xii. 42.

BESIDE the Temple Treasury
The rich men stood, where all could see,
And cast in treasure, in their pride,
And lingered there self-satisfied.

And lo! a widow hastened by, And cast two mites in with a sigh Of shame because her gift was small: Alas, poor widow, 't was her all!

But One had seen, in Whose pure sight, The gifts of all were judged aright, And lo! the mites were honoured more Than all the rich men's golden store.

For they, of their abundance, gave The gold they had no wish to save; But she, though poor, was humbly glad To give to God e'en all she had.

Oh, what a lesson this for us!

If we would always act just thus,
And try to give to God indeed
Not of our wealth, but of our need!

## IV.

#### THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE.

"Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword."—Acrs. xii. 1. 2.

To Christ the Lord, with strange demand,
Two brothers came, and, full of pride,
"Grant, Master, that of all Thy band,
We two may sit on either hand,
When Thou dost reign," they cried.

With loving words then Jesus spake:

Not His the power to grant their prayer,
Though both in truth, for His dear sake,
Should of His bitter cup partake,
Should in His suffering share.

Not theirs to reign in kingly state,
But to yield all for Christ the Lord;
John, in his solitude to wait,
James, victim of a tyrant's hate,
To perish by the sword,

V

#### THANKFULNESS.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."-PSALM lxv. 11.

In golden days of summer,
When all is fair to see,
When earth is crowned with plenty,
And hearts are full of glee,
When birds are singing praises,
In meadow and in wood,

Oh, let us then remember The Giver of all good!

The corn that ripens slowly,
A harvest rich to yield,
The fruit that fills the garden,
The flowers that dot the field—
These all are gifts most gracious
From God, and Him alone;
Oh, may our grateful praises
Mount up unto His throne!

## ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT TABITHA'S WAIFS," "LITTLE HINGES," ETC.



CHAPTER V .- SAYING PRAYERS,

NNY'S new guardians found that the advent of Master Bobby was likely to prove a source of trouble. After that young gentleman's departure Benny fretted and worried, and taxed Uncle Nat's utmost ingenuity to keep him amused.

The next morning the same thing was repeated, so that Mr. Lever began to look forward with considerable impatience to the time when the small ragged boy might be expected to make his appearance.

Bobby was not behindhand. Soon after four he marched unceremoniously into the shop, nodded familiarly to Mr. Lever and Jacob, telling them "he'd come 'cordin' to promise," and passed into the little parlour, where he ensoonced himself very snugly in Mr. Lever's own arm-chair, and rubbed his hands together with a sense of great enjoyment.

It was good to see the way Benny's little fretful face lighted up at sight of Bobby. He crept up into the big old chair and cuddled him, Bobby putting his arms round Benny in a patronising fashion that was funny to see.

"Ain't it good to be you, little 'un!" remarked Bobby, presently. "What a jolly comfor able place this is! When's the tea coming, eh, Benny? D'you'spose we'll have toast this time?"

Benny didn't know, but thought it likely. Bobby waited impatiently for a few minutes.

"There ain't never a kettle on yet," he sighed, presently. "Look 'ere, Benny, this won't do;" and, slipping down from the chair, he went and thrust his head through the little window looking into the shop, and cried out, "Look 'ere, Muster Lankyshins, you've forgotten the kettle."

Jacob had forgotten it, so he came and put it on the glowing fire. This satisfied Bobby for a time, but he was in a restless mood. Presently he popped his head through the window again, and cried out, "I'm quite ready to help get the tea."

But there was a lady in the shop who looked rather scared at the apparition of Bobby's black head through the small aperture. Mr. Lever himself looked through presently, and told Bobby rather sharply he must keep quiet till Jacob came.

"Then Jacob'ud better be quick," was Bobby's disrespectful reply, uttered to himself, "for I'm just starvin' to see what we've got."

Jacob came in after a little while, bringing in his hand a paper bag, which excited Bobby's curiosity by its plump fat look. It contained a round of scones, just hot out of the baker's oven, which, when it was cut open and buttered, looked so inviting that Bobby could not refrain from turning two or three somersaults of delight.

When tea was over, and Mr. Lever and Jacob had gone back to the shop, Bobby began to feel that he had been quiet and orderly so long that it was time for a little fun, so he got up, and prowled round the room, to find anything he could. There was only the cat, and she, as Bobby declared, looked a regular old maid's cat, with no fun at all in her; so, just to wake her up, he tied her by her tail and hind-legs to the cord of the Venetian blind, which he had first pulled up to the very top of the window. Then he suddenly let the blind down with a flop, and as it came down, the cord, with pussy at the end, flew up, to the dismay and terror of the poor cat, who had never taken such a sudden leap before, and hung sprawling, kicking, and yelling in cat fashion as hard as she could. Bobby, however, quickly disentangled her, and gave her some friendly pats and caresses, just to show her it was only a joke, as he explained to Benny, who had been rather inclined to cry.

"I say, Benny," he inquired presently, "where do you sleep?"

"In Uncle Nat's bed," Benny replied.

"I s'pose there wouldn't be room for me too, would there?" he asked.

"It's very little," Benny replied, dubiously.

"And that there Lankyshins - where do he

"Oh, in a little wee room, on the floor," Benny

replied.

"H'm!" grunted Bobby: "that won't do, then, Now, look 'ere, Benny; I'm goin' to tell you a secret, I'm going to make up a little bed under that table in the corner there; and when that there uncle o' yours comes in, you can say I'm gone home-out the back way, you s'poses. D' ye understand, little 'un?"

"You won't be under the table, Bobby, will you?"

asked Benny; "'cos then I'd be telling a story."

Bobby laughed. "Under the table! Of course I shan't be!" he replied, quickly. "I'm goin' to have ever sich a little nap under there. 'cos I'm tired. Benny; and then I'll go out the back way. Only, don't you hinder me, there 's a good little chap; 'cos mother, she do come home so scoldin' and swearin', that I don't get no sleep at all to speak of. If I don't go before you're in bed,

I shall directly after. If you tell, Benny, I won't never come to see you no more; and how'd

you like that?"

Benny looked very woe-begone for a few minutes, and then promised Bobby he'd keep his secret: whereupon Bobby kissed him, and Benny was very happy.

Then Bobby proceeded to lay hands upon every chair-cushion, door-mat, or rug he could safely seize, and, putting them deftly together, he made himself not at all a bad mattress. This he covered with an old horse-cloth he found, and, rolling himself up in a rough great-coat of Mr. Lever's, he lay down, with his face towards the warm firelight, and in a few minutes was apparently asleep.

Benny curled himself up in the old arm-chair, and sat there quietly watching the fire, and thinking his own little childish thoughts, one of which was that poor Bobby mustn't be disturbed. By-and-by, the little fellow's eyelids began to droop, and his head to

fall on one side,

He was roused from a light sleep by the voice and presence of Uncle Nat.

"Why, Benny, so sleepy as that, and Bobby gone! Come, we must get you to bed. I'd forgotten it was getting so late."

Uncle Nat, as was his wont, locked the door. and began undressing the little fellow before the

"Uncle Nat," he said, presently, "why don't I say my prayers to you?"

"Because we're in too much of a hurry, I expect, Benny," the little jeweller replied.

"May I say them? 'cos I forgets when I'm in bed, and mammy telled me never to forget."

"I haven't got the time, Benny," replied Uncle Nat; "but Jacob can come and hear you."

"That'll do nicely," Benny replied, "'cos Jacob's one of God's little 'uns too. Me and Jacob could say 'em together."

Mr. Lever was really anxious to get back to his work, which somehow had an awkward knack of accumulating. He called Jacob, and told him what Benny wanted.

Jacob scratched his rough head, and looked a little uncomfortable. However, he came and took little Benny on to his knee, and waited until the master had left the little room, "Now then, little 'un," he said,

"pelt away." Benny looked at him curiously for a moment, and then seemed to realise that Jacob did not understand, and that he must show him. The child dropped his little bare feet down on to the floor, and knelt down by the chair, putting his little hands together.

"This is the way to say prayers," he said, looking up at Jacob, "You must kneel down first, and put

your hands like this."

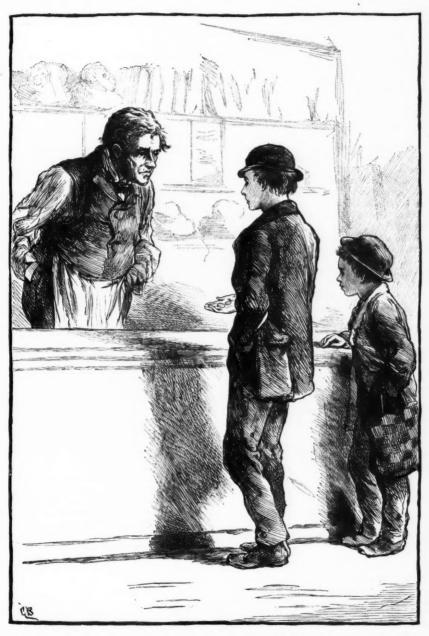
Benny waited a moment, while Jacob stood in sheepish silence. Then he said again, "You must kneel down, Jacob."

"'T ain't no good me kneeling down for you to say your prayers, Benny," Jacob muttered.

"Oh, but we say 'em together," persisted Benny. "Muvver always did; and, 'sides, you're one of His little ones too, Jacob," and the little sensitive mouth began to quiver, perhaps at the remembrance of the



"Bobby putting his arms round Benny in a patronising fashion,"-p. 567.



"It was he who had to . . . persuade the baker to be content with such small portion of his money as his master could manage to spare."-p. 570,

missing mother, which had suddenly been called back to mind.

That was what Jacob couldn't stand. He cast a timid furtive look all round, gazed up at the ceiling, into the fire, almost apologetically towards the cat, and hastily dropped down on his knees by Benny's side, with a face as red as if there had been a whole crowd waiting to pounce upon him, and pour forth their taunts and jests.

"Do you know 'Our Father'?" Benny asked, and when Jacob replied by a shamefaced nod, he said, pityingly, "S'pose you ain't been teached; but I'll

teach you."

Then he began, "Father, 'ch art in heav'n," Jacob's gruff voice following in broken disjointed fragments, to the end. From this Benny went on, more slowly, and with evident interest. "Please, dear Father, to take care of faver and muvver, and all kind peoples (that's Uncle Nat and them," he explained), "and all of 'God's little 'uns,' and make 'em be good all days of their life. Amen. That's me and you, Jacob," he added, getting up from his knees; and then, suddenly, he cried, "There's Bobby, I forgot him! He ain't 'kind peoples,' and he ain't 'God's little 'uns,' 'cos he's got his muvver. What is he, Jacob?"

The little face turned to the big lad was gathered into a most anxious pucker.

"'Spects he's Bobby and nothin' else," replied Jacob, slowly.

"But I wants him to be more'n Bobby," Benny said, with the suspicious quiver about his mouth that Jacob always dreaded to see. "Much more'n Bobby. Can't he be a 'little 'un,' too, along o' you and me?"

Jacob turned round sharply, for it seemed to him that he heard a faint noise, almost like laughter, but it must have been fancy, for all was quiet.

With a very disconsolate face, Benny dropped down again on his knees, and said, "Please, Father, to take care of dear, dear Bobby, and make him a good child, all days of his life. Amen."

Then Benny let Jacob carry him up to bed, and Jacob went back to his work.

## CHAPTER VI.-JACOB'S ACCOUNTS.

WHEN Jacob went back to the shop he quickly forgot this little episode, for his thoughts were, indeed, diverted into a very different channel. For several past days his master had been worried almost out of his life by demands for money. Now, Jacob knew that his master was perfectly willing to pay everybody, only the difficulty was that he didn't seem to have any money.

It was an old tale. Ever since the orphan lad had been apprenticed, there were times now and then when the same unpleasant process was gone through; but somehow or another Mr. Lever generally managed to pay off the pressing claims, with a little squeezing and managing, and then matters would run smoothly

for awhile; the master would hum away at his work, and pass a joke with his customers, and no shadow of a care lurk on his face. Then again would come the time of worry, when the smiles vanished, and the master's face was wrinkled and gloomy; then another gigantic effort, and all would be well; so that Jacob looked on these periodical struggles much as one regards a frequently recurring attack of toothache.

But this was different. The trouble had lasted now several weeks, and showed no signs of coming to an end. Jacob often took a furtive glance at his master's face, and he saw the shadows were growing deeper, the cheeks more sunken, the eyes heavier, and he guessed that little sleep came to relieve the anxious days. What the lad thought was not easy for any one to know, It was he who had to fetch the bread, and persuade the baker to be content with such small portion of his money as the master could manage to spare; so that it was not a very strange thing that he cut the loaf grudgingly when Benny asked for "more toast," a luxury which had been unheard of before Benny's advent, and which Jacob looked askance at, with a jealous eye, which often brought a rebuke from the generous jeweller.

On this particular evening Jacob knew that his master was in a very bad way indeed. He had seen the troublesome visitors that had come during the day, with ominous warnings and loud threats, and Jacob had understood why little Benny's bedtime had been forgotten, and why he had been called to indulge the child's fancy of saying his prayers aloud,

He, too, was anxious to get back to his work, for, as he well knew, there was plenty waiting to be

And this was the strange part of it, which so confused Jacob's not over-bright brain. They were both at work from morning till night, and yet things would go wrong. Jacob often sat and puzzled over it, and could only make out that there was something wrong somewhere, which, after all, was not much help.

"Jacob," said Mr. Lever, presently, starting out of a long brown study, "I'm going out a bit, and maybe I shan't be back till late. Get on with them pins and things, and close up at the usual time. If any one comes, tell them you don't know when to expect me."

"All right, master; but s'posin' any one calls for their things, how about the prices? There's them forks we've been re-plating; they ought to have sent down yesterday?" asked Jacob.

"Oh, they won't send. They 're waiting for us to take 'em. It's sixteen shillings, I think--wasn't it?" "Sixteen! wasn't it twenty-six, master?"

"Was it? It was six something. I don't believe it's down, either. Perhaps they won't come. Anyhow, don't charge too much. It's the worst mistake you can make. Better lose over a job for once than overcharge a customer. You might ask the servant, if she comes, what price was said, and get at it

that way. Stupid of me to forget. I must put it down next time."

"And these here brooches and earrings, and whatnot, master? You might write the price on 'em, in case they 're fetched;" and as Jacob spoke, he put several trinkets into little card-board boxes, and handed them to Mr. Lever.

When his master had gone, Jacob took up the boxes and examined them. The result did not seem to please him, for he shook his head in a dissatisfied manner. Then he got a pencil and paper, and laboriously plodded through some apparently abstruse calculations, muttering to himself as he dotted the paper over with innumerable strokes, and counted them up. As they mounted higher and higher, Jacob's long gaunt face assumed a half-dazed expression; he raked his bony fingers through his hair, in the magnitude of his mental efforts, till it stood up all over the top of his head in ragged points, and when he got up to a hundred he twisted his face into such an expression of surprise and dismay that any one coming in might well have thought he was daft.

"The way they're telling up," he muttered, stopping a moment to get over the shock; "it's just past believing, and what they must all come to put together is enough to knock a body right over. That's what I shan't never know," he muttered, mournfully, "'cos if there's paper enough lying about, how it's to be carried over from one bit to t'other passes me altogether. It's a fine thing to be a scholard, anyhow."

Then Jacob sat and pondered. He had established in his slow mind one fact; and slow minds are just the ones that hold a fact very tight. What Jacob was very sure about was that the more work his master did, the worse off he seemed to be; and putting this and that together, he had come to the point that, so far from overcharging his customers, he was considerably undercharging them, and this was really the case.

Mr. Lever was very clever in some things—his trade, for instance—and he had been sharp enough in getting the old arch; but, like many clever people, his one or two successes had made him feel so secure in his own cleverness, that he did not stop to consider small matters carefully. He had a sharp idea that to do work as cheaply as it could be done was the way to get custom; and he relied on his own memory, working away so hard as to leave him no time to keep

accounts. The clever sharp master had just missed the point that the dull plodding brain of the 'prentice lad had found out.

While Jacob was puzzling over these difficult matters, and eyeing his paper of calculations in his fiercest manner, he was suddenly conscious of a noise in the little parlour, and looking up he saw Bobby's black head peering through the small window-hole and watching him with the greatest interest. Jacob jumped up angrily,

"Where did you come from?" he asked, sharply.
"What business have you back again already? Get along with you, do."

"I ain't never been home yet," replied Bobby, calmly, "and what 's more, I ain't goin' till What's 'is-name sends me. There, now, Muster Lankyshins!"

"I know what you 're up to!" cried Jacob, savagely (he was put out altogether); "you 're for stayin' 'ere along o' Benny; but you needn't think you're goin' to," and Jacob's eyes pictured a loaf of bread with Bobby reducing it to a mere bottom crust left for the master and himself and Benny.

"I ain't going for you," said Bobby, with a world of determination.

Jacob darted through the door, and made a clutch at the imp-like Bobby, whose legs were dangling down from the window-ledge; but he had dodged away, and began a chase in which Jacob was nowhere at all. Under tables, over chairs, out into the kitchen, back through the shop, anywhere and everywhere, till Jacob, standing still in despair, became conscious of a great bunping on the counter, and was compelled to leave Bobby in some safe retreat, while he hurried into the shop, red and shamefaced.

It was the servant come for the forks. Now, Jacob had made up his mind to say twenty-six shillings, but when it came to the point, being confused, and angry too at the moment, he was seized with a sudden doubt on the matter; and to prevent a mistake which might annoy his master, he asked the girl what Mr. Lever had told her there would be to pay.

"You know very well what it is," the girl replied, suspiciously. "You ain't trying to put on a little for yourself, are you?"

At which remark Jacob turned very red, and replied, bluntly, that she had better mind what she said, adding that the sum was twenty-six shillings, which, however, the girl refused to pay, declaring she would call again.

(To be continued.)



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#### SHORT ARROWS.



FOR THE WEARY-REST.

I have received a very interesting communication from Lady Brabazon, advocating an excellent scheme for the provision of rest and country air for the wearied and ailing. On more than one occasion we have noticed the advantages conferred upon the middle-class poor by the establishment of Convales-

cent Homes, but this proposition of Lady Brabazon's opens a new field for the exertions of the charitable; and at this time of the year, when Nature is bright with flowers and blossoms, the necessity becomes "Have any of us," asks Lady more apparent. Brabazon, "been detained in London during the hot and sultry season, and have we ever then thought of the 'wearied men and women, denizens of gloomy streets, courts, and alleys, to whom summer brings no relaxation or holiday?"" It is for such that daily excursions have been so often organised, but Lady Brabazon's practical charity and sympathy for the toilers carry her farther, and a system of house reception is desired, under which some of these honest hard-workers may be received as belonging to the family, so that an invalid man, woman, or child, may thus be entertained and watched over while inhaling the pure country air. Testimony is not wanting to the feasibility of the plan. One lady writes that she provided for three convalescents last year; and although there may be some who will object to the entertaining of strangers, there must be many who will gladly attend a poor patient, even though a stranger, for the love of Him Who commands us to do such good works,

#### HOW IT CAN BE DONE.

Perhaps some information as to the means may prove acceptable to those who are now inclined to adopt the mode suggested above. In the first place the cost is not great, while the great boon conferred is undoubted. Some people prefer to board the convalescents in cottages under their own supervision. But in any case all fear of infection may be put aside. The Charity Organisation Society, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W., guarantee the freedom from infection, and also the respectability of every patient thus sent down; and they pay the fares as well. Ladies who feel inclined to try the experiment may communicate with the Society, and they will be satisfied that they run no risk, while they will have the heart-felt satisfaction of making happy a poor and deserving sister; saving her from misery in this world, and opening to her the Gate of Righteousness, that she may view the life to come. What good might not be done, socially and morally, by such intercourse? The seed sown in association with the good lives would spring up and

bear fruit in kindness, charity, and better living in the alleys and courts whither the patients would return happy and contented. We feel sure this scheme will find favour in many Christian Homes, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

#### THE SHELTERING HOME IN CANADA.

We have received the last report of this excellent institution, and once again have pleasure in directing the notice of our readers to its pages. It may be remembered that the object of the Sheltering Home is to provide in Canada, for boys and girls who have lost a parent or parents, homes where they will be fitted for the battle of life morally and physically. Since 1873, when the institution was first started by Mrs. Birt, the work has wonderfully developed. Quite one thousand children have been thereby rescued from a life of misery, and, being unsectarian, the establishment may command the support of all. As we have said, one thousand children, during the past eight years, have been sent out to Canada and Nova Scotia, where many have married and settled, and, in at least one instance, passage for a widowed mother has been provided by her daughter, sent out by Mrs. Birt. Even at home, now, the children are cared for, and the relief afforded is not confined to children merely. Advice and assistance of a practical kind are bestowed upon needy and sinning women, and many a one has reason to be thankful to the kind and Christian hearts that direct the Sheltering Home. We are glad to see the Home so well and influentially supported, and we may remind our friends that they can do a great deal to help. A few useful articles, such as boys' shirts, dolls for the girls, some blankets, and any articles of outfit for the young waifs between the ages of four and sixteen, will be acceptable. Many, we are aware, may not be able to give money, but a little time and trouble will be equally acceptable. The address of the Institution is Circus Street, Byron Street, Liverpool, where Mrs. Birt, the indefatigable secretary and superintendent, will be found.

#### THE "HOME" HOSPITAL.

We have already mentioned this deserving Association in these columns; but the work undertaken, and, we may add, so efficiently performed, in Fitzroy House, Fitzroy Square, has necessitated an increase to that establishment. When the first appeal was made to the public, in 1877, to provide this Home for paying patients, the money was speedily forthcoming, and the institution thus set on foot has been found a great benefit by the middle-class patients, for whom it was originally designed. The object is not gain. There is a class of patients who, while not being either wealthy or poor, in the ordinary sense of the terms, have not sufficient income to seek

good medical advice and nursing without seriously crippling their slender resources. For such as these the Home Hospital has proved an unmixed blessing. Managed with ability and with a minimum expenditure, every comfort is enjoyed by the patients; while all fees to attendants are forbidden. It is now selfsupporting; but the crying need for new premises has necessitated the addition of an adjoining house. The Committee are thus enabled to devote a house to each sex, which arrangement will benefit both sexes, and add much to their comfort. The Association have the promise of a lease, and the option of purchasing the freehold within a limited time, but five thousand pounds is required for this purpose. If this sum be obtained (and there is little doubt that it will be, when the claims of the Association are understood), the full benefits will be realised. We are confident that our readers will seize this opportunity to testify to the value of the Home Hospital Association,

#### THE BIBLE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We have before us the report from the Committee who instituted the Bible stand at the Sydenham Palace, and it is very gratifying to read the record of the successful work. Not only have thousands of foreigners, who never before possessed a Bible or Testament, been supplied with God's Word, but English people of all grades of society and all ages have carried away the books, and thus the good seed has been well distributed. We are apt to fancy that visitors to these places of amusement on Bank Holidays, and on other days, go only for their enjoyment in a more or less obtrusive fashion. It is, however, pleasant to read that on Easter Monday 26,000 Scripture cards and leaflets were variously received, and an equal number on Good Friday. The sale of Bibles and Testaments last year amounted to 14,333. Since 1862 the number of books and pamphlets circulated has reached in round numbers, we are told, the grand total of seventeen millions three hun leed and fourteen thousand!

#### THE INFLUENCE OF THE WORK.

The good work thus initiated is not restricted to this country. We have said that foreign visitors have been supplied, and these from every nation of Europe, as well as the Hebrew, Arabic, and other Testaments. Some of the less used languages are here to be found in type in the best of books. For instance, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, Maltese, Russian, Greek, with of course all the modern tongues, are freely available -eighteen in all. From Belgium we learn the demand has been very great, and the distribution is increasing. Christians in Italy, Spain, Turkey, Syria, and North Africa, have been supplied, and the books gladly received. The Bible carriages wend their ways to fairs, markets, and other places of public assembly in towns and villages on the Continent. Nor are those in the United Kingdom neglected. From river stations, from sea-side resorts, from inland places, the demand comes for the Bible. At sea and ashore the glad tidings are spread by willing hands. All honour to those who initiated, and to those who so successfully carry out this blessed work amongst perils and trials. Of course it is not possible to carry on the work without some assistance in money or in kind. Donations and subscriptions may be forwarded to the secretary of the Bible Stand, at the Crystal Palace, or paid to the account in the hands of Messrs. Barclay, Bevan and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.

#### LED BY THE SPIRIT.

We have to relate a circumstance which, as an instance of the marvellous working of the Spirit of God, will be of great interest and encouragement to those who are more inclined to faint than to pray, A hard-working and God-fearing couple, living in a certain town, had an only son-a well-beloved hardworking lad. This boy had been placed in charge of some valuable goods which had been rescued from a fire. But while the property was under the charge of the lad, some of it disappeared, and he was instantly accused of the theft. There was no proof against him, but circumstantial evidence was very strong, and nearly all the people about believed he had for some reason abstracted the goods, notwithstanding that he bore an excellent character. His mother did for one moment think he was guilty, yet he was true and just in all his dealings, and the fruits of her grafting were visible in his life. Still he could not clear himself, even in her sight-appearances were so strongly against him. What was he to do? He turned to Heaven in his hour of trial, and the answer

#### THE RECOMPENSE OF THE JUST.

"I will ask God to help me," said the lad, and he did. Even as he walked home along the road, he offered up a silent heartfelt prayer, and the weight was lifted from his heart. He pursued his way, and not long afterwards he perceived something glittering in the path; it was a sovereign. The lad had prayed for an opportunity to prove he was honest. Here was his chance. There were not many people in this little place who were likely to carry sovereigns about, and although the money would, under the circumstances especially, have been very useful to the lad, he put away the strong temptation, and made inquiries of the people who had passed along that way. After a few days, the owner of the piece of money was found. When the proprietor of the shop who had employed him heard of this, he at once reinstated him in his place of trust. This undoubted testimony, added to the high character the lad had always borne, was sufficient evidence to the master that the boy was honest, as, indeed, he after-

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wards found he was. More than that, when the premises had been rebuilt, the proprietor gave the young man the charge of the financial department of the house; and he is now a wealthy and prospering man, having lifted himself and his family out of poverty by his integrity of character and simple faith.

LONDON LADS.

In Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, in the middle of the newspaper district, an institute has been established which is now well supported, and likely to do well. Spacious premises were secured some time ago, and the six floors which are contained in the building have been fitted up with a gymnasium, bath-rooms, restaurant, reading and class-rooms, and in short with every inducement for boys to entertain and to be entertained. There will be lectures and entertainments as occasions permit. A savings bank also is included in the original scheme, and a clothing club was instituted. When the building was opened a goodly subscription was made in the rooms, and the many influential publishers and newspapers in the vicinity have supported the reading-rooms, and other kind friends have supplied necessary articles, such as clocks, etc., for the establishment. As the St. Bride's Institute becomes known and fully appreciated, no doubt its influence will be more widely disseminated. The list of supporters includes many well-known names. It would be a pity if such a useful institution should ever be permitted to languish, and the boys in the neighbourhood will find it far more conducive to both moral and physical health to pass their dinner-hour in the useful and innocent gratification provided for them, than to spend the allotted time in the streets and lanes of the city, and their employers, as well as the lads themselves, should endeavour to support this pleasant retreat for the leisure hours of the young employés.

#### WOMEN'S WORK IN JAPAN.

There is plenty of employment for our Christian sisters in Japan, where the benefits already conferred upon the converted population are in full development. For instance, looking at the school-work. There are five or six millions of girls in Japan who ought to attend the schools which the Government have instituted throughout the empire. There are already a number of girls attending, but more could be compelled to attend. The boys were formerly the recipients of the Government education, and even now, after the many improvements that have been so wisely introduced, only a very limited education is bestowed upon the girls, and this, again, in very few places. Now, in this one direction there is a large field for the lady-missionaries in the country. But when we consider the fact that, when all is said as to Japanese education, there still remains the great desideratum-moral education! There is no national teaching of a moral character. The attempt has been forbidden, for we read from late correspondence that a teacher applied for permission to repeat certain moral anecdotes which he had copied from a missionary's book. He had translated these stories with the hope of using them in the school, but the Governor of the city forbade him to do so.

#### THE NEED FOR PERSEVERANCE.

When we consider the intellectual attainments of the Japanese, and the great progress they have made in civilisation, it is astonishing how little they, as a people, appear to care for religious instruction. They tolerate it, and it is doing good in their midst: but it is to the Mission Schools established in the country that we and they must look for instruction in morals. There is a great demand for female Christian workers; and amongst the ranks of the brave women who voluntarily face danger in India, surely there are many who would willingly venture to Japan, and do their Master's work. Not only as teachers, but as deaconesses and evangelists, will ladies be welcomed; and many a pastor's home might be blessed, and much good work done, were there more ladies to undertake the good work, united in matrimonial bonds with the preachers. There is no way in which the want of education can be met save in the girls' mission school; and there, in a happy home, woman will readily find her mission. The value of the work already accomplished is beyond all estimate. The faithful loving efforts of the Christian women are bearing much good fruit; and the worth of the example set by Christian hearts in Christian homes cannot be measured by any standard here. Example is in some cases better than precept. Holy lives, in a pure and loving Christian home, will elevate the poor Japanese girls, and bring them into the fold of Christ.

## SEAMEN AT NAPLES.

The efforts made in and around the United Kingdom for the spiritual and physical welfare of sailors have their counterpart in distant lands. It is our pleasure to chronicle the great success which has, within a few years, attended the Naples Mission, originally set on foot by the Rev. Gordon Gray, and the British residents in that city. Of course, the efforts made were at first resisted passively; but by degrees the improvement, at first almost imperceptible, grew and waxed strong; and the Neapolitans themselves approve of the attempts to ameliorate the condition of the seafaring population. The officers of the vessels in the bay, we are glad to learn, set the best example. The masters of the ships are interested, and so the good tidings are passed from ship to ship, and the seed sown on shore bears fruit at sea. There is a Sailors' Rest in contemplation; and we are happy to hear that this movement is

extending throughout the Mediterranean stations, with every prospect of equal success in many places.

### DUBLIN HOMES AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

It is gratifying to note that the mission presided over by Miss Smyly in Dublin has, during the past year, been so greatly blessed, for we are sure that every influence should be brought to bear upon the people in the present lamentable condition of Ireland. For more than thirty years the Mission has been in operation, and many converts have been made. One instance we may quote. A man came into the room; he was apparently a stranger, but he said he had been there once before, and had learned two texts; "but I only remember the one," he continued. On inquiry, it was proved that he had been away all the intervening time in the country, and when questioned he repeated his text-or rather the two texts in one, for they had become mingled in his memory. The text, as he repeated it, was, "Behold the Lamb of God, that cleanseth from all sin." These words he never forgot, and had been continually repeating them. He had come to learn more as soon as he had arrived in Dublin again. If this were an isolated case it would be welcome, but we are glad to find it is a sample of others,

#### THE ELLIOTT HOME.

In this well-managed institution there are more than one thousand children, and the good effects of the treatment and teaching thus inculcated has been often witnessed. The following illustration will be acceptable :- One of the boys from an affiliated Home was obliged to undergo a severe operation, and he was first removed to the hospital. A friend found him awaiting his great trial in a happy and even a hopeful frame of mind. "Are you not afraid?" inquired his friend. "Suppose the operation is unsuccessful; perhaps then it would be fatal. Would you then be afraid?" "Oh, no," replied the lad, cheerfully. "And why, my boy?" "Because," he answered, "I trust in Jesus, and with Him I know I am safe." He only regarded death as the means of bringing him home! We find that much success has attended the noble efforts made in the poorest parts of the city.

## THE REVISED VERSION.

It was a happy thought which led to the issue, from the University Press, of the "Parallel New Testament," which gives the Revised and Authorised Versions side by side, so that Bible readers may see at a glance the variations made by the revisers. The Students' edition—which Mr. Frowde has published for the Oxford Press—containing wide margins for notes, will be most acceptable to ministers and teachers, and, indeed, to all with whom the deep and earnest study of God's Holy Word is at once a duty and a delight.

#### THE BIBLE FLOWER MISSION.

There is no more beneficent work carried on than It appeals to our best feelings, and the ready welcome and eager anticipation of the visitors who carry the flowers and the texts to the sick and suffering, assure us of the high appreciation in which these Christian efforts are held. "I must come and welcome you; I am always glad to see you," is the cheering greeting that meets the flower-lady visitor. Her fragrant load brings with it a loving message from the fields and gardens made beautiful by winter rain and summer sun, speaking to the patient sufferer of the bounties of Providence, giving a foretaste of recovery, and to the dying bringing a message of peace and love, and reminding him that the Hand which fashioned the blossom can clothe the soul in righteousness. Many a convert has been made by learning thus from Nature's books the knowledge of Nature's God; and we trust that all who can send flowers will communicate with the superintendent at the City Depot, 110, Cannon Street, E.C.

## ON THE GOODWINS! \* A CRY FOR HELP.

A ship is lost upon the sands—
The shifting sands that dig a grave
For voyagers from many lands—
And now to heaven rise wan white hands:
And there is none to save!

Battling all through the bitter night—
Strong hearts that cannot but be brave !—
They cling until the morning light
Tips ev'ry thundercloud with white :
Yet there is none to save!

And must they die in sight of land—
Find, close to home, an ocean grave?
Will no one lend a helping hand,
To bring them from the cruel sand?
And is there none to save?

O loving Saviour, Who didst still
The raging wind, the angry wave,
Grant us the wish to work Thy will;
Thy mercy in our hearts instil,
And give us strength to save!

It may not be we all can start

Forth to the rescue, as we'd crave;
Yet grant us, Lord, our little part:
To give and strive, with cheerful heart,
Our brothers' lives to save!

G. W.

\* See "A Plea for 'The Quiver' Lifeboats," in our previous issue (page 449); also the appeal on the collecting list for "'The Quiver' Lifeboat Fund," copies of which may be had on application to the Editor.

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## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

97. What is the meaning of the expression used by St. Paul, "To deliver such an one unto Satan"?

98. St. Paul, speaking of the blessings of the Gospel, says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." What prophet speaketh thus of the Gospel also?

99. Who were the publicans that came to John the Baptist for advice?

100. The Jews were forbidden to "print any marks" upon them for the dead. To what does this passage refer?

101. What is known of Tekoa, and what prophet dwelt there?

102. How many years did the prophet Isaiah continue his ministrations among the people?

103. What river is meant by the prophet Isaiah when he speaks of the "seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river"?

104. What advice does Jeremiah the prophet give to the children of Israel as to their conduct during their captivity in Babylon?

105. What occupation did St. Paul work at while at Corinth?

106. In what way does the prophet Isaiah refer to the Oriental method of building walls with unburnt brick?

107. What prophet was slain by Jehoiakim, King of Judah, of whose prophecy nothing is recorded?

108. Who were the Epicureans, and on what occasion did they oppose St. Paul's teaching?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.

85. We read that Solomon had a large vineyard at Baal-hamon, which he let out to keepers, each of

whom was to bring him a thousand pieces of silver. (Song of Solomon viii. 11.)

86. The custom of bee-masters in the East calling their bees around them by making a low whistling and hissing round. (Isa, vii. 18, v. 26.)

87. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them," (Isa, viii, 20.)

88. Epimenides, a Cretan poet, and pretended prophet, who lived about 500 B.C. (Titus i. 12.)

89. Claudia, the wife of Pudeus, a Roman senator, and daughter of a king of Britain. (2 Tim. iv. 21.)

90. The sword, or rather double-edged knife, with which the priest slays the victim, and separates the various portions of the body. (Heb. iv. 12, 13.)

91. "I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it." (Eccles. iii. 14.)

92. He speaks of "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," showing that cucumbers were largely cultivated, watchmen, dwelling in small huts, being appointed to guard them. (Isa. i. 8.)

93. As hired servants were engaged by the year, their services terminating on a fixed day, the expression "year of an hireling" came to mean a definite fixed period of time. (Isa. xvi. 14, xxi. 16.)

94. "Take no heed unto all words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy servant curse thee." (Eccles. vii. 21.)

 Crispus was the chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth, and Gaius was St. Paul's host. (Acts xviii. 8, Rom. xvi. 23.)

96. There could be but one High Priest, according to Jewish law, but the Romans having deposed Annas, appointed Caiaphas in his place; thus both were termed High Priests. (Luke iii. 2.)

## JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULDUIN.

JEWELS FOR THE DYING.

I shall be quite satisfied, when I awake, with Thy fikeness (Ps. xvii. 15).

God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave (Ps. xlix, 15).

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints (Ps. exvi. 15).

He will swallow up death in victory (Isa. xxv. 8).

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction (Hosea xiii, 14).

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain (Rev. xxi. 4).

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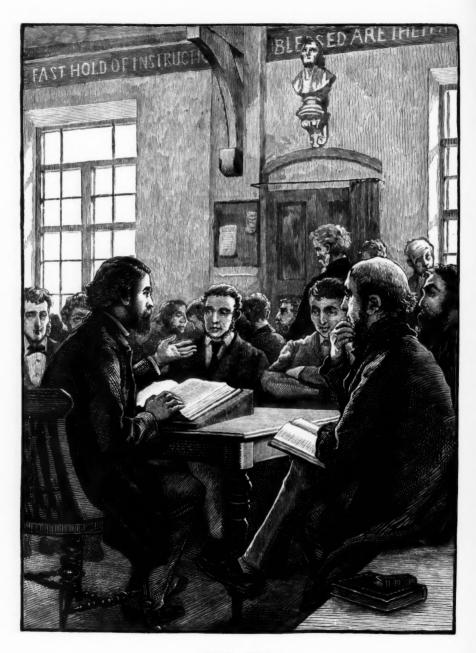
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TAKING A CLASS.

### SUNDAY-SCHOOLS FOR MEN.

RANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL used to complain that while the doings of blustering busybodies were assiduously noised abroad, the precious deeds of quiet Christian workers were left unnoticed and unhonoured.

The complaint was not new, but it was The history of philanthropic effort contains many a record of long and weary toil in fields unknown to the common chroniclers of human affairs. Noble enterprises have been originated, and by brave hearts and tireless hands have, through many years of patient perseverance in well-doing, been carried almost to completion, before the world has known even of their existence. There was no attempt at secrecy, no veil of mystery was thrown around the work; no barrier was raised about it to keep away intruders; and yet, all the time it was going on, and while steady certain progress was being made, the very dwellers on the borders of the field remained in ignorance of both the work and the workers.

For nearly forty years a work of this quiet and unobtrusive kind has been carried on in the town of Birmingham, and yet at a meeting held there not long ago, it was confidently affirmed that "a great number of the inhabitants had no idea that such a work was going on in their midst." No attempts have been made to "bring the movement before the public;" those engaged in it have been quite content to go on with their work, unobserved and unapplauded by press and public

The Early Morning Adult Schools, of which we propose to give a brief account, were first established in Birmingham by the well-known Joseph Sturge, in 1845. Since the days when Burke spoke of that town as "the toy-shop of Europe," many trades have been introduced besides the making of toys, and with the founding of new industries a population of prodigious size, and of a strangely mixed character, has grown up within its ever widening boundaries. Men, women, and children have come into it from east, west, north, and south; as motley a multitude, truly, as could be found in any town in the kingdom. Not a few of these sons of toil were found to be densely ignorant, and many more had all but lost the little knowledge which their schooling had furnished them. It was shrewdly suspected, however, that if the opportunity were given them, some of these grown men would not be unwilling to enter school again. How was the thing to be done? That was the problem. The night-school system did not meet the case; it might serve the purpose, and secure the attendance of youths and young men-but it did not draw the men, the fathers and heads of families,

who both needed and really desired to supply the deficiencies of earlier years.

By a happy inspiration, Joseph Sturge hit upon the plan of an early Sunday morning school for men. It was to commence at 7.30, not too early for those whose daily toil makes early rising a necessity as well as a habit; and it was to close at 9.30-not too late to allow the men to return home and breakfast with their families,

It was in a building belonging to the Society of Friends, in Severn Street, that the first of these adult schools was opened, "for the purpose," as was stated, "of affording instruction to those needing it, in reading, writing, and Scripture

knowledge.

Only 39 scholars attended during the first year; nine years afterwards the number of scholars was no more than 251, but in 1864 there were 762 scholars on the books. In 1865 a branch school was opened at Great King Street. and the total rose to 786, with an average attendance of 445 scholars and 38 teachers. Since that date the institution has steadily advanced; it has firmly rooted itself in the esteem of the working classes, and has sent out branches in almost every direction. The report of the Severn Street group of adult Sunday-schools, for the year ending March 31st, 1881, presents the following figures:—Number of teachers, 54; average attendance, 52; scholars, 2,372; average attendance, 1,900; number admitted during the year, 1,466; number left, 1,530; total admitted since commencement, 26,239.

The average attendance of the teachers at these schools, considering the hour at which they are held, is evidence of the zeal and devotedness which the work inspires; while an average attendance of 77 per cent. of scholars sufficiently attests the interest which the men themselves feel in the

schools established for their benefit,

Men are admitted as scholars at any time, but cards of membership are granted only to such as have been punctual in their attendance for several weeks. Each class consists of three divisions; those who are not good readers are placed in the elementary section; those more advanced form a central division, entrance to which is obtained by the candidate's name being proposed by a scholar of the class; the third, or adult division, consists of the more elderly men, and chiefly of those who attend the school specially for instruction in the Scriptures. All scholars are expected to be punctual in attendance, and to be diligent in endeavouring to improve both in reading and writing. "Above all," as stated in the rules and orders, "scholars are invited to an earnest study of the sacred Scriptures: this book is able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ

Jesus, to teach us our duty to God and our neighbour, how to live happily in this world, and finally, to lead us to eternal happiness in heaven."

The schools are opened with singing, reading, and prayer, and closed with singing and the Benediction. During the first hour one portion of each class devotes its attention to reading and writing, and the other portion to Scripture study; at the end of the hour they "change over." The lessons taught are those embodied in the few beautiful words of introduction prefixed to the rules, given to each scholar: "Let us avoid everything in our daily lives that keeps us from serving and loving God; all excess in eating and drinking. Let us always speak the truth, and act uprightly, defame no man's character; defend the innocent and oppressed, instruct the ignorant, and visit the poor. Let us not be covetous on the one hand, or wasteful on the other; let us be loving as husbands and fathers, and be diligent in teaching little children, and leading them by example and precept to love one another."

To those who are practically acquainted with Sunday-school work, it will be obvious that the number of teachers engaged at Severn Street and its branches—viz., fifty-four—is altogether out of proportion to the number of scholars generally in attendance. The truth is that the movement must have failed long ago, for want of teaching power, had it not occurred to one of the superintendents to adapt Dr. Bell's idea of the "Monitortendents to adapt Dr. Bell's idea of the "Monitortendents to adapt Dr. Bell's idea of the "Monitortendents yestem to the circumstances of adult schools. Such of the scholars as were found qualified and willing to undertake the duties, were appointed as elementary teachers, under the direction of the general teachers. This plan has marvellously increased the working power of the schools—no fewer than 130 elementary teachers being thus engaged at the Severn Street School and its

branches.

It must not be supposed that because the movement began with the Society of Friends, the teachers either at the parent school or its branches belong exclusively to that body of Christians. It is not so; in truth, one of the happiest features of the whole work is that men from all sections of the Christian Church have pressed into the ranks of this new army. The work has been kept wholly free from the taint of sectarianism and proselytism; the bond of union among the workers being only this—"It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day."

Not in envy or jealousy, but in the genuine enthusiasm of humanity, the good men and true of other districts of the town have set about the establishment of Adult Sunday-schools, and have been rewarded with remarkable success. A school which began in 1867, at Graham Street, with four teachers and one scholar, has grown into a large central school, with four flourishing

branches. Board schools have been utilised for the purpose of adult classes, with every sign of appreciation, the men, though not averse to sacred buildings, having a decided preference for neutral ground. One of these Men's Sunday Classes is held at some well-known works, and another at a British school. Several of the schools have grown too large for the premises in which they met, and a swarm of teachers and scholars has taken place, and new districts have thus been occupied. Altogether there are about twenty of these Adult Early Morning Schools in active operation in the town and outlying districts, the number of men attending them being

about 5,500.

We cannot but admire the modesty with which reference is made, in the various reports, to the many arrangements which have been made with a view to promote the temporal and spiritual well-being of the scholars. Every school or class has its Temperance Society, the meetings of which are held, as a rule, on Saturday evenings. A Provident Sick Society, or Club, appears to be regarded as absolutely essential to the carrying out of the principle of mutual helpfulness which pervades all the operations of these schools. Any scholar under forty years of age may become a member of the Sick Club, on conditions set forth in the rules, and for a very small weekly or fortnightly subscription is entitled to very substantial aid in time of sickness, besides securing the payment of small sums on the death of a wife or child, or of the member himself. A Dispensary and Medical Relief Society is connected with some of the classes; a Friendly Building Society figures among the institutions which have sprung up in one of the principal schools. Every school has its more or less well-stocked library, and a monthly journal is conducted specially in the interests of one large group of classes. For the relief of scholars "who may, by sickness or urgent distress, need a little help," all scholars are invited to contribute occasionally to a Benevolent Fund, and a box is placed at the door of the school-room for the receipt of members' gifts for that purpose. Out of this fund many a working man has been quietly, but effectually, tided over a difficulty which might otherwise have overwhelmed him. Lastly, a scholars' Savings Fund is established almost as soon as any school or class is opened, and invariably proves a most valuable auxiliary in furthering the general objects of the movement. The smallest sums may be deposited in this fund, interest being allowed on accounts of five shillings and upwards. The motto of the savings fund of the Severn Street Schools is-

> For want and age save while you may, No morning's sun lasts a whole day.

And that the scholars of those schools duly regard

its teaching may be seen from the fact that their accumulated funds now amount to upwards of £12,000. In one of the smaller schools, 67 members deposited £156 in the savings fund last year; in another, the receipts of the savings fund amounted to £223; these may be taken as fair examples of the whole.

With one or two exceptions the whole of these adult schools are self-supporting, teachers and scholars cheerfully contributing, according to their means, to defray the necessary, but comparatively small, expenses incurred in carrying on

the work.

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It is not possible to "tabulate" the results of such a movement as this; it is just as little possible to doubt that it is a movement in the right direction. Its purpose is simple and direct, and the machinery employed is wisely adapted to the end in view, and it is effective. It aims to make working men better men, more intelligent, self-helpful, sober, and thrifty, and to quicken in

them the consciousness that the life of the lowliest, as of the highest, is too sacred a thing to be wasted or despised.

This work is a work for God, if it does no more than lead men from the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge. It is however, God's work in a still higher sense; for by means of it many a man once bound by vicious habits has been set free and made to rejoice in the manfullest freedom of all—the freedom of service We are not without for God and humanity. hope that the establishment of Adult Sundayschools throughout the land may help to solve the problem which so perplexes earnest Christians everywhere, as to how the alienation of the masses from religion may be overcome. this we may be very sure, that if working men can be persuaded to attend early morning Sundayschools they will be not far from the Kingdom of Heaven, and not a few of them, by God's grace, will enter in.

## INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
MR. LING AT HOME.



O measure the full extent of Mabel's misery that day, we must either be young ourselves, or cherish a keen remembrance of how life looked to us before the sober wisdom of maturity, helped by Time's sweet monotony, had deadened our wilder emotions, and impressed upon our hearts

the blessed conviction that for the bitterest wounds there is healing. She was most utterly taken by surprise. Other griefs, such as sickness, accident, and the disappointment of dear hopes, she might have imagined; but this that had come to her was as new as it was horrible. When her first blinding bewildering paroxysm of grief had spent itself, she sat down, and, trying to remember that she was a woman, sought to set her new position clearly before herself.

Two courses lay open to her: either to rebel against her father's will, and claim her rights as a woman; or to fight down her womanly instincts, and give him the obedience he demanded.

Clearly, as in a map or picture, the consequences

of following either course grouped themselves before her lively imagination, On the one hand, her father's anger, alienation from her sister and brother and friends, tiresome importunities, and a wearisome conflict, in which, if she persisted, she would be sent out from her home, and compelled to make her way unaided in the world; for had not her father cast out a son and a daughter for disobedience to his will? Why should she dream that he would treat her more tenderly? And, as Mabel knew nothing of her sister Ada's life, the example she set was rather deterrent than attractive. To keep a shop, to be a shopkeeper's wife, seemed to this aristocratic young person a sort of degradation; and yet for herself, should she persist in her present state of mind, a worse fate was probably in store. She saw herself, in imagination, a poor and lonely woman-most likely a governess; that was all she was fit forloftily condescended to by her employers, growing old, faded, shabby, her brilliancy a story of the past, her good looks of no avail, her life one long struggle

On the other hand, her father's smiles, her brother's congratulations, her sister's countenance, an easy life, an indulgent husband, honour, wealth, troops of friends. Was not this a much more attractive picture? Ay; but there was something to set against this.

Mabel had been repeatedly told of late that right and wrong were mere terms, which society, for its own preservation, had tacked to different ways of acting, one of which is immeasurably more convenient than the other. About theories of this kind there is some-

. . . . .

thing which appears reasonable and complete. Their very neatness catches us; they explain the inexplicable, and seem to open a broad highway to the mysterious temple of Truth. But when a crisis, such as that through which this young creature was passing, comes, we discover their futility; the neat completeness ceases to charm us, and we find that the lucid explanation does not fit the facts of human nature.

Between these imaginary pictures there rose suddenly before Mabel's mind the two dread forms she had been told were illusive—the right and wrong of her childhood—and the struggle, old as humanity,

began.

"It would be wrong," cried the poor girl; "it would be wicked. I dare not do it."

"Then," whispered the tempter's subtle voice, "it is right for a child to disobey a father?"

She was mute, but a stern and awful voice within her seemed to answer—

"There is something higher than even a father's will."

The young girl bowed her head.

"God help me," she murmured, "to choose the right."

It was wonderful how, as she breathed that simple prayer, the difficulties seemed to vanish from before her, and a light to shine upon her faith.

The morning was passing. Her father, she knew, would expect her at the lunch-table presently. At first, when she glanced at her pale tear-stained face in the mirror, she thought of sending her maid to tell him she would not leave her room; but now she reflected that, if she was determined to disobey him in this great matter, she should be particularly dutiful in all small ways. She washed her face, therefore, and smoothed her hair, and dressed herself neatly.

The emotions of the morning had tried her. When, as the lunch-gong sounded, she took one parting glance at herself in the mirror, she experienced a strange new pang of self-pity and tremulous softness. It seemed hard she should have to stand alone in the world—she was not fit for conflict. The blue rings about her eyes, and the veined whiteness of her forehead, gave her so fragile a look. A faint smile parted Mabel's lips as she gazed.

"I am only a child," she said to herself, and then

blushed deeply.

In the subtly-mingled thread of her consciousness she had detected a feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that if a sufferer, she was at least an interesting one.

Her father met her kiadly, and was exceedingly gentle and tender in his manner. When, after their lunch was over, she begged to be allowed to speak to him, he suggested that they should wait a while, "I see we frightened you," he said. "It is difficult for a man to stand in the place of both father and mother to a girl. I have tried to do my best; where I fail you must forgive me, Mabel."

"You have been the best father in all the world," cried the girl, her eyes filling with tears; "and if

you would only let me stay with you, and be your daughter always——"

He interrupted her. "More of that to-morrow, Mab; you look pale, my child, and I feel far from well. I may as well tell you that Douglas has annoyed me very much of late. I have one or two other worries besides. What should you think of a run to Brighton—sniff of the sea breeze?"

"I should like it very much," replied Mabel, to whom the idea of any change, which would delay the inevitable conflict, rendered all the more terrible in prospect by her father's kindness, was pleasing.

"Well, then, let the servants know!" replied Mr. Lacy. "Can you be ready to catch the afternoon

express ?"

"Yes," she replied, readily; and, braced by the thought of action of any kind, ran off to make the few necessary arrangements.

Looking after her, her father sighed. "She is a child still," he said to himself; "she will yield, if we take her the right way. But," and a look of fierce anger against some one or something crossed his face, "I should have preferred any sacrifice to this."

It was just at this moment that Douglas sauntered in. Mr. Lacy did not speak to him, and presently, having stretched himself in an arm-chair, the young man gave utterance to a languid, "Well!"

"What?" answered his father, turning round

"My dear sir," said the exquisite Douglas, "you look quite seared. What's the matter? Has there been another scene? That child ought to be reprimanded and sent to bed till she drops her heroics. You are not nearly so strong with her as you have been with the rest of us."

So he wandered on, occupied in the meantime with admiring examination of his white hands, and not thinking it worth his trouble, probably, to look into the face of the person he was addressing. His astonishment, therefore, was great when, in a voice of thunder, his father answered him—

"If I had been properly strong with you, things would never have come to this pass. Don't answer me, sir; I refuse to be spoken to by you; and go, leave this house at once. If Mrs. Herbert Lacy were reasonable I would adopt her son, and cut you off with something less than a shilling. But, do you hear me? Go. To see you lolling about as you do passes my endurance altogether."

Slowly, with his usual languor, Douglas rose to his feet, and walked to the door of the room. There he turned, looked back, and, smiling at his father, "Don't you think," he said, sneeringly, "that before you talk of adopting an heir you had better make sure you have something to leave?"

Of this insolent speech Mr. Lacy took no notice. He was accustomed to words of this kind from the son he had carefully taught to be a man of the world.

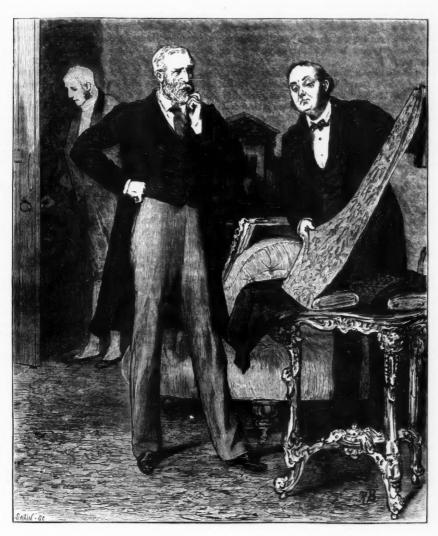
But the bitter words were not lost, Mabel, who was crossing the hall, on her way to the house-

keeper's room, heard them, and stopped involuntarily. What could they mean?

Then, recollecting that, whatever they might mean, they were not meant for her, she darted on answered. "I am so dreadfully busy."

he said, when they were together on the staircase, "I wish to speak to you."

"I am afraid I cannot spare the time," she



"He was examining some gorgeous stuffs, . . . and he looked troubled."-p. 583.

again. Here, however, she was mistaken. When Douglas gave utterance to his last insulting speech, he had caught sight of Mabel, and he fully intended that his words should reach her.

He shut the door of the dining-room, and beekoned to her to follow him. "Come to your sitting-room,"

"Oh! very well-do as you please. The usual thing, of course; think of every one before your brother!"

"Douglas, you know that is not the case."

"Then it strongly resembles the case, Mabel. Well, good-bye! Our father has forbidden me the

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to av ble Mr. on the the s a we rce his to red tly, ung and you iere priics. ave ime and ook His e of ings wer g0, vere off you do e to here her, house, so it is impossible to say when we shall meet again."

Mabel lifted her large troubled eyes up to her brother's face. "Oh! Douglas, she cried, pitifully, "why do you vex papa so?"

She had yielded in the meantime, and had followed her brother to the boudoir.

"Of course, I know your unkind speeches mean nothing," she went on, tremulously, "but they annoy papa, and he gets gout, and that is painful both for him and me."

"A person suffering from gout is not cheerful as a companion," said Douglas, with the satirical smile which Mabel hated; "but if being annoyed gives our father gout, he is likely to suffer from it for some considerable time, unless you make up your mind to help him."

"I? What do you mean, Douglas?"

"Look here, Mabel; what I said at the diningroom door just now does not mean nothing; on the contrary, it means a considerable amount. I tell you, as a fact, that unless you make up your mind to marry Mr. Ling, the family is ruined; no use staring, my dear child-that won't help matters. What you have to do is to show yourself a woman of the world. Our father has been uncommonly indulgent to you. Show your gratitude by helping him out of his difficulties. You see, he has got mixed up with some companies, which appear to be in a bad way, and if he cannot buy himself out in time he will be in a bad way too. But he can't put down the ready money, and Mr. Ling, who has ready money enough to buy up any number of companies, will not act except on certain conditions. He wants a wife, and he has fixed on you as a suitable person. There now, Mabel, you have it in a nutshell. Engage yourself to him, and the family is saved; refuse, and we are ruined. Really, it is rather a good opening for a girl who is always preaching about unselfishness. You can be unselfish now, with a vengeance."

While Douglas was speaking, Mabel sat with her hands clasped in her lap, and a stony look in her eyes, like one who diligently shuts out every kind of feeling, that the understanding may be free to do its work.

When he paused, she looked up.

"Is this true?" she said, pitifully. "You are

not deceiving me, Douglas?'

"My dear child," argumentatively, "do be reasonable. What motive should I have for deceiving you? I have no motive, that is, no personal motive, for telling you the truth, except, perhaps, a slight objection to see our name dragged through the mire. My future papa-in-law is a person who does not believe in something for nothing, and our marriage-settlements are already signed, sealed, and delivered. I shall be a rich man under any circumstances. So you see it can only be for your sake I speak—your sake and our father's."

Certainly Douglas Lacy had mistaken his vocation. He would have made a much better actor than soldier. Into those last words he threw so much pathos: he uttered them with so ingenuous an accent, that a much shrewder person than Mabel might have been deceived.

She shivered a little, closed her eyes, opened them again, tried to speak, and felt as if something choked her. For the impression borne in upon her was that her brother had spoken the truth, that the problem she had found it so hard to decide was, all at once, cruelly complicated, and that the battle she had thought ended must be fought over again, with different forces. And who could tell what the end would be? Mabel, at this moment, felt as if right and wrong had changed faces, or, rather, as if there were no right anywhere. She did not break down, however, for, between her and the decision which would affect her whole life, were the duties and plans of the day. Sighing deeply, she rose to her feet,

"If it is true, thank you for telling me," she said.
"It may not be true; you may have heard wrongly; something may happen."

"My dear Mab-"

"Oh, please say no more about it now," she pleaded, earnestly. "I cannot tell what I shall do. You ought to remember, Douglas, that all this is new to me. I am not accustomed to think for myself. But I will think—oh, yes!—while I am away, very likely, I will speak to papa. Good-bye now. I have so many things to do."

This was not very satisfactory to Douglas. But, seeing Mabel was now an important person in the family, and would probably become still more important, he consented to be forbearing. Saying he would take care to see her shortly after their return from Brighton—if not at home, then at Sir Francis Torrington's—he permitted her to take an affectionate leave of him.

He had told her the truth—but not all the truth. That Mr. Ling's money and commercial influence had become necessary to Mr. Lacy was an undeniable fact. It was also true, however, that the old friend of the family, who, on certain conditions, was ready to be its saviour, held him, the stately Douglas, in his grip. For Douglas, like his father, was of a speculative turn of mind, and he also possessed, in a high degree, his father's and grandfather's overweening belief in their own acuteness. It was a somewhat singular circumstance that while, during these three generations, this self-confidence was on the increase, the shrewdness, on which it was originally grounded, had considerably lessened. Mr. Lacy was not so acute a man as his father had been. Douglas had actually little or no capacity for business. But it was precisely on this business capacity he prided himself. "Any man can make money out of money, if he is not an arrant fool," was one of this young man's profound aphorisms.

He, of course, was anything but a fool, and he loved money not only for the sake of the luxuries and dignities it could procure, but for itself. He was determined to be a prodigiously wealthy man. He set himself, therefore, to study the money-market,

and, having saved some hundreds of pounds out of his large yearly allowance, which feat was accomplished by the comparatively easy method of allowing the trades-people, who supplied him with all that was necessary to maintain his position becomingly, to wait a year or two for their money, he began speculating on the Stock Exchange.

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The first consequence of this step was an unpleasant discovery. Douglas found out, to his cost, that there were cleverer people in the world than himself. His self-confidence, however, was no whit abated. He was a mere beginner, he said; he had not gone far enough; he had been atrociously swindled. He called upon his father to pay up his losses, closed with the firm through which he had been transacting business, and promised to be content with his present allowance and future prospects, and speculate no more for ever.

But Douglas was not one of those who hold a promise binding. He began to lay by again, set himself once more to watch the money-market, and put his affairs in the hands of a broker who was above suspicion.

Again he failed, and this time his position was far more unpleasant. If a certain sum could not be obtained by a certain day he would be a bankrupt. He did not care to apply to his father, who, on condition of his consenting to engage himself to Madeleine Perry, had just agreed to pay up all his private debts, which reached a pretty good total. It was his firm belief that Mr. Lacy himself would be hard put to it to find the necessary sum. Douglas had nearly made up his mind to pass through the bankruptcy court, when a stroke of "good luck" came to him.

Alfred Ling, one of Mr. Lacy's early friends, returned unexpectedly from the United States of America, where he had made a fortune that was reported to be enormous.

Most of the friends of his early years were dead, or living in foreign lands. He had neither brother nor sister nor cousins in England; indeed, why he should have come back at all to the country, which was now strange to him, puzzled many.

Mr. Ling kept his reasons to himself; but, as we have seen, he at once attached himself to Mr. Lacy and his family.

He did not like Douglas. The self-sufficiency and shallow pretensions of the young man, who had done nothing serious in the world, either for himself or any one else, moved his scorn. At the same time—partly from contemptuous pity for an exceedingly weak person, partly from a cynical desire to see how far such a man would go when given the rein—he listened to the story of his difficulties, and lent him a large enough sum to free himself from them, and start again,

Few men are uniformly unsuccessful, and this time Douglas hit upon a happy vein. He made some money. Pleased as a child with a new toy—but mindful, at the same time, of the future, when a friend might prove useful—he sought out Mr. Ling, bringing half the sum he had in hand.

Mr. Ling was at home. Douglas found him in the half-furnished drawing-room of a palace he was preparing for himself in Kensington. He was, at the moment, examining some gorgeous stuffs that had been submitted to him as patterns for hangings, and he looked troubled.

As Douglas was shown in, he said-

"I think it would be better to wait a while for these things."

The upholsterer retired, with a deferential gesture. Douglas said, smilingly, that Mr. Ling looked as if his furnishing was a heavy care to him.

"So it is—so it is," was the reply. "You see, I am one of the few. I know where I can trust myself, and where I must have a care. Put a financial matter in my hands, I'll undertake to go through with it. When it comes to a question of taste—what carpet ought to go with what curtains, and so on—I am at sea."

"Oh!" said Douglas, lightly, "you must get a wife to look after those kinds of things for you."

Then, without delay, he entered upon the business which had brought him.

"I want to thank you for your extreme generosity, Mr. Ling," he said, "and to bring you the first instalment of my debt. The tables have turned for me. I think I am learning judgment. I hope in a very short time to pay back the whole sum; but nothing will ever make me forget your goodness. You simply saved me from ruin."

He handed over his cheque.

Mr. Ling looked at it, turned it over, then turned and looked into his visitor's face.

"You had better keep this," he said. "I don't want it."

"My dear sir, you must really allow me to pay my debt by degrees. It is the only way in which I shall be able to do it."

"What if I said that I did not want the money back?"

Douglas's heart began to dance, and his eyes to glisten. He loved money. The handing over of his banker's promise to pay had cost him a bitter pang. But he managed to say, quietly, that this was a matter of business. To borrow money was not the same thing as to take it. He scarcely thought he would be right in accepting so great a favour, even from an old friend of his father's; but no doubt Mr. Ling was joking. It was quite impossible he should be in earnest.

Then the face of the tame-looking elderly man changed; his sternness and cynicism fled; he looked as gentle as a love-sick girl, as shamefaced as a boy caught for the first time in woman's toils.

"The fact is," he said, pressing nearer to Douglas, and watching him with the eagerness of one who hopes to read his future in the book of fate, "I am in earnest; I am very desperately in earnest. I went into the thing at first lightly, without any serious intention, and I'm caught. There's the whole truth, young man. I'm caught. You look surprised, and

it's natural enough. I have looked at it from your point of view, I can assure you, I know there's every kind of disparity-disparity of age, and of position, and of experience-besides, I'm rather late in the field; she may be in love with some one else -most likely she is. Well, I have said all this to myself a hundred times; but it does no good, I am in love, for the first time in all my life-in love! just think of that. How my friends over the water would laugh! Don't you laugh, Douglas Lacy. But look here! lend me a helping hand, there's a good fellow! Talk of me; represent me as your friend; say I am as kind as possible, and the very sort for a husband. You wouldn't be far wrong. If ever a man devoted himself in his life, I will. I have the means to do pretty much as I please. Tell her she shall want for nothing money can buy. Do this, and, I give you my word, the day your sister Mabel becomes my wife, I shall look upon you as freed entirely from your obligation to me."

We have said Douglas was gifted with the power to act a part he did not feel. He used this gift now, and to admirable purpose. Mr. Ling reversed his former opinion of the young man, forgave him his shallow pretentiousness, and was moved to believe that his self-sufficiency might be well grounded, when, with a charming smile, Douglas grasped his hand, assured him that this piece of news was one of the best he had heard for some time, hinted that his sister Mabel had already shown signs of tender interest in her father's old friend, descanted in brotherly fashion on the young girl's amiability, and her sisterly fondness for himself, and cordially promised to seek the earliest occasion for letting her know how strongly he felt

towards Mr. Ling.

And as Mr. Ling seemed unable to have enough of this delightful topic, Douglas enlarged upon it. He branched out into anecdotes, mostly fictitious, of their childish days, in which Mabel's affection for him and profound reliance in his judgment were illustrated; he made Mr. Ling feel that his sister's interests were very dear to him.

"I would not give her up to any one," he said, and the smile directed towards his companion gave flattering assurance that he looked upon him as superior to the ordinary run of mankind. He observed that young and untried men were generally selfish, and expressed it as his firm conviction that Mabel was far too sensitive to survive connection with a person of this description. "She would give in at once, poor child; she would be crushed," he exclaimed, pathetically; at which Mr. Ling shudered, and protested that, if he could help it, no young man should have the chance of trifling with her.

He was at the foolish stage of tender sentiment, and Douglas fooled him to the top of his bent. There was serious purpose, however, in the fooling, as was proved by the interview between the young man and his sister which swiftly followed. For Douglas had made up his mind that Mabel should

marry Mr. Ling, and that he, her brother, should at the present moment be set free, and for all the future have a moneyed friend, able and willing to help him. When he saw his sister was inclined to be restive, he used the argument that he believed would be most effective, an argument which, from a remnant of pity and righteous feeling Mr. Lacy had determined, for a time at least, to keep in the background.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

DURING the visit of Mabel and her father to Brighton, Mr. Lacy continued his conciliatory course of conduct; in fact, Mr. Ling was not even mentioned between them.

But the peaceful interval came to an end. They had started on a Saturday. On the Monday evening they returned to London. Friends were dining with them that night, and Mabel having ordered her tea to be taken into her boudoir, asked her father if he would not join her there, before going to dress; but, scarcely had she done so before she repented it, for there was a nervousness in her father's manner towards her, which struck her with a sense of shame. When they were alone together, Mr. Lacy said—

"Did I tell you, by-the-by, that Mr. Ling was dining with us to-night?"

"No, papa."

"He is. Now, just one word, Mabel. He may speak to you on the subject I mentioned a few days ago. Understand me. I expect you not to refuse my friend definitely."

And therewith he rose to leave the room. Mabel ran between him and the door.

"Oh, papa!" she cried out, in great distress.
"Do tell me what you mean! I dare not accept
him. You say I must not refuse him."

It alarmed her to see her father turn as pale as death, and she rushed up to him with anxious inquiries; but he held her off, coldly.

"There is nothing the matter with me," he said, "except, it may be, displeasure to find I have so childish a daughter. Any woman would understand me. Any woman knows that it is the easiest thing in the world to give an answer which means neither yes nor no."

Therewith he turned and left the room, and Mabel stood silent, feeling bewildered and unstrung.

This lost feeling was not diminished—it rather increased—when, about an hour later, upon entering the drawing-room, she found Mr. Ling there alone, It alarmed her vaguely to find him changed. He was dressed with care, almost with foppery, and his face had a radiant look, which she had not seen there before.

"Good evening," said Mabel, advancing gravely into the room, and offering him her hand. "I thought papa would be ready by this time. I will tell him you have come."

She turned to the door. Mr. Ling was looking at her as he had done on the night of the musical party, and she hated to be looked at so. He called to her—

"You are surely not afraid of me, Miss Mabel," he said; then, when she turned to him a flaming face and eyes, wild as those of some hunted creature, he went on, with a return to his former authoritative manner, which was reassuring to Mabel. "Come and sit down, quietly. I am not a wild animal. I am an elderly gentleman who has seen something of the world, and whose wishes, I assure you, whatever any one may have told you to the contrary, are of a very reasonable character."

So Mabel seated herself near an open window, with the whole breadth of the room between her and her companion, and he began talking to her in a quasi-philosophical style. Presently the young girl so far forgot her grievances as to laugh at his quaint description of some of the many types he was daily meeting in society. Of course, she had no idea that under this thin disguise Mr. Ling was trying to impress upon her the convenience of his own rationalistic views. She was simply pleased that the interview she had so much dreaded was passing over quietly. Her spirits rose, in fact, and she was already able to assure herself that in this, as in a former case, all her friends were mistaken.

This is a sample of what took place on several occasions:—Mr. Ling, when he saw he had alarmed Mabel, was wise enough to resume his former manner with her. Men talk about forming their wives after marriage; it was his intention to form before marriage the woman he had destined for himself. And the schoolmaster-like attitude of one bent on being instructive before all things is so very different from a young girl's idea of the typical lover, that he felt sure he would presently disarm her of her terror.

At first the plan prospered. Mabel was so grateful to him for not attempting to play the lover's part, that she listened to his lectures with the most charming amiability, feigned deep interest in his new philosophy, murmured assent to opinions which she did not understand in the slightest, and laughed merrily at cynical stories. Naturally these things told upon her. Because she hated conflict, and loved ease, she was allowing herself to drift, and, by slow but perceptible degrees, the current was bearing her down. Had she never longed for Ralph de Montmoreney's secret of goodness, had she never visited Adela Lacy, it is probable that her father's friend would have succeeded in the task to which he had set himself. Mabel would have reached the point of smiling at unselfish love as a dreamer's enthusiasm.

But the good seed sown in her heart, though dormant, was not dead. Even during the days when she was most consciously to herself under the influence of Mr. Ling, she had severe prickings of heart.

One night, as she returned home after a concert, where one of Beethoven's lovely andantes had brought on its wings of sweet magic the old beautiful ideas to her mind, these feelings became almost

more than Mabel could bear. Her brother and Mr. Ling were escorting her home, and the conversation between these two had followed the usual type, Music was the theme-a subject, Mr. Ling said, concerning which nonsense without end had been spoken and written. Music was pleasing. Classical music, as the most perfect in form, had a special attractiveness. As to its divinity, its linking of men with the unseen, mere stuff and nonsense-verbiage. It was a marvel to him how men, in this nineteenth century, could consent to be so fooled. Whereupon, he gave his own definition of music, which Douglas praised as exhaustive; but Mabel, who sat in a corner of the carriage, wept silently. Was there, then, no beauty in life, no mystery ?-nothing that the intellectual line and plummet could not fathom?

That night she could not sleep for the horror of great darkness about her. Whichever way she looked was fear—life, death, the procession of the years, gruesome age, creeping on without hope to cheer its dismal gloom. Each had separate terrors for the poor child, who, up to this, had innocently imagined that every one in the world believed in a good God and a happy heaven.

"What shall I do?" she cried, sitting up in bed, and clasping her hands. "Oh! if I only knew! Oh! if some one would tell me!"

No voice answered, and, gasping, she lay down again. The world which but a few weeks ago had seemed to her so beautiful and vast, was contracting. She could not breathe in it. It would surely crush her. It was crushing everybody. It was not beau-tiful. It was ugly, terrible, cruel. As these thoughts came, tears poured down Mabel's face. For a few moments she forgot even her present difficulties in the great pity and agony which made her young heart like to break. It might be all true, but it was unutterably sad-that, through all these ages, men should have been worshipping and striving, building useless temples, pouring out fruitless prayers, dreaming vain dreams of unearthly beauty, when earth alone was about them, and mortality their portion. Yes, it was sad, dreary. Surely, some one was to blame-somebody-somewhere.

Then—for, as we have seen, this poor girl was no heroine of romance to think large thoughts and forget her own sorrowful life—her agony was followed by fretful impatience.

"Why did they tell me these things?" she murmured. "I should never have thought them of myself."

Mabel had asked the question instinctively. Having asked it, however, she stopped to think it out, and, all at once, there darted upon her an appalling suspicion.

"They are doing it on purpose," she said to herself. "They want to confuse me."

For a few moments she lay like one stunned. She hated herself for having formed this suspicion, but she could not rid herself of it, and, meanwhile, it made her feel more alone than ever.

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"If some one would only tell me what I ought to do!" she cried out, passionately, weary of conflict.

It was at this moment that there rose before Mabel, with the suddenness and force of a revelation, a picture of the little room she had visited on her father's behalf, and of the poor, calm, pale-faced woman whom she had foolishly misjudged. The vision was so sudden, so utterly detached from her previous thoughts, that it seemed to the girl's excited fancy like a miraculous answer to her cry for help, and, starting up, she gazed out into the darkness with wonder and awe.

When she lay down again, she was calmer, for her determination was formed.

"I will go to Mrs. Herbert Lacy," she said; "she will help me, if any one can."

Mabel soon forgot her perplexities in sleep; but she did not forget the determination, the forming of which had so soothed her; and, on the afternoon following that dreadful night, she started on foot for Jinks's Lane without telling any one whither she was bound.

Mrs. Lacy was in her new drawing-room, sitting at her work amongst her poor neighbours. She had an exquisite tact; and it required but a glimpse of Mabel's face to convince her that the young girl was in trouble, and had come to consult her.

"Sit down, dear," she said, kissing her. "I shall be free in a few moments."

Mabel looked round for the children, and was told that Lady Mackenzie had carried them off for the afternoon and night.

"But there is some one here you ought to know,"
Mrs. Lacy added; and Mabel now first remarked a
lady sitting near Adela, whose face was, in some
strange way, familiar to her.

"I do believe——" she began, shyly, as the pleasant comely face, into which she was wistfully gazing, advanced out of the gloom, and there she paused.

"Yes, yes; you are right, darling," the lady answered. "I am Ada, your sister Ada. Will you be afraid to have a talk with me while Adela finishes her story?"

The kindness of these words, and Ada's strong sensible face, attracted Mabel. She followed her sister to the window, and they talked together for a few moments. Then, believing that Mabel, whom she also had judged to be in trouble, would find a better counsellor in Adela than in herself, Ada bade her sister a kindly farewell.

"Tell Lady Mackenzie Joseph and I will be with her at about eight o'clock; but that we shall not be able to accept her kind invitation for dinner," Ada said, as she passed her sister-in-law, very much to Mabel's surprise.

By this time, however, Mrs. Lacy's guests of the afternoon were making haste to put their little bits of work together before saying good-bye to her, and Mabel was too fully absorbed in the thought of how she should put her own perplexities into words, to spare time for wonder at her sister's anomalous posi-

tion-mistress of a shop, and guest of a titled lady.

Soon Adela and she were alone together, and, by a few questions, as kind as they were skilful, Mabel's sad story was drawn from her.

It touched Adela inexpressibly, and when the young girl, who, by choice, had seated herself on a low stool at the feet of her new friend, raised her blue eyes, and said, appealingly, "You will help me? You will not desert me?" she answered her by gentle words of sympathy.

She did more. Adela possessed not only the gift of speech—she had also that reasonableness, oftener, perhaps, possessed by good women than good men, which enables one to see, through all and every obscuring mist, what is the right thing to be done in any given case. In a few clear words she now showed, to the young girl's satisfaction, that her notion of sacrificing herself for her father was the outcome of morbid feeling. Her conviction that to marry according to her father's wish would be to put iron bars about her spirit was the best proof she could have that it was wrong.

"Love was given to us," said Adela, "not to imprison our spirits, but to set us free, and if we deliberately throw away our chance of ever tasting the highest kind of love earth has to offer, how can we expect that our natures will grow in the right direction? I will not speak about suffering," she added, gently, "for I see you are just in the state of mind that leads one to accept suffering, and accept it almost gladly. We women sometimes think, Mabel, that the course which does most violence to our feelings must therefore be the right course to I thought so when I hid away from my beloved Herbert, because I would not spoil his life. But I was wrong. He taught me that, and now I pass on the lesson to you, dear. There is such a thing, you know, as sacrificing ourselves wrongly, and I think the suffering brought about by such sacrifice is actually injurious to us. After the first effort, through which we are supported by self-approval and the gratitude of friends, a galling sense of injustice makes us bitter. Then we become cynical and morbid. We find ourselves in a vicious round from which scarcely anything can release us."

Mabel sighed deeply.

"I think I begin to see my way a little more clearly. Thank you so much," she added, after a few moments' pause. "You and Ada and Herbert found your way out of the vicious round; but then you were stronger than I am, and "—her voice dropped —"you were loved."

The dropping of Mabel's voice, and the deep colour in her face, brought a certain suspicion to Adela's mind, and she said, softly—

"But you may be loved, darling. How can you tell? Perhaps the right person is waiting for you all this time."

Mabel half smiled, and shook her head.

"If I only thought that!" she murmured. "I

did once; but I was foolish. Yes; it is my own fault. I disgusted him."

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For fear of deeper inquiries, she made haste to add-

"I suppose every woman is foolish and fanciful some time in her life. Those are the fancies we get over when we have more experience; and, really, it was a fancy rather put in my head by other people than started by myself."

Then—Mabel said afterwards that she never could imagine how it came about, except that Adela's eyes had the mysterious power of drawing out people's secrets—she found herself presently telling her new friend the whole story of her unhappy love.

But when she had told it she was glad; for in some strange inexplicable way it was put into a new light

Adela guarded herself well indeed from buoying up the young girl with hopes which might prove to be vain; though she herself believed, woman like, that now the story was known to her, she would be able to direct its course wisely, and to a happy ending. But she succeeded in soothing the bitter sense of humiliation which since Ralph fell away from her had abased Mabel in her own esteem, and rendered her more liable to fall into any snare which might be laid for her. She showed her that in an unhappy love there is nothing shameful. The shameful thing is to love what is unworthy of love, or to prove untrue to our convictions.

"Oh," cried the girl, when this point had been reasoned out, "if you only knew how much happier you have made me feel! But I shall have to go away presently, and I cannot tell when we may meet again; and it is so hard to be alone."

"When it comes to these great matters, Mabel, we must all be alone. No dearest human friend can decide for us."

The evening was passing, but Mabel still lingered. It was as if her mind had not yet been entirely freed from its burden.

"I think you have something more to say to me," said Adela, presently, with the most winning gentle-

Mabel's eyes filled with tears.

"I am afraid you will think me wicked," she cried out; "but I must speak. I must speak to some one, or my heart will break. Is all true that good people say they believe—about God, and heaven, and goodness?"

"True, Mabel!"—a smile of angelic pity was on Adela's face as she echoed the word. "Do you think I could ever have lived if it were not true?"

The hot blood mounted to Mabel's brow. She did not wish to argue: it was the dearest desire of her heart to be convinced.

"Don't hate me," she said, plaintively, "if I ask you one more question. I should not have thought of it myself, for I am not at all clever, and I generally take things on trust; until lately I always did. But, oh! are you perfectly sure about these things, or is it only feeling?"

"I feel, and I am sure, and I know," replied Adela, solemnly. She would use no argument: she saw at once that Mabel had been torturing her brain with thoughts too deep for her—thoughts, as she felt with burning indignation, that would never have come, of their own accord, into so childlike and simple a mind as that of this young girl. What Mabel wanted at that moment was to be certain of another's faith. This assurance she could give. She went on now to speak in the tenderest, simplest way, of that God-like life lived long ago, dwelling chiefly on its beauty and its power over the human heart in all ages.

Mabel grew calmer. "That, at least, is true," she said, in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Adela, "for no mere man could have imagined it."

By this time Mabel had awoke to the fact that the day was rapidly advancing. Her father would probably return home and ask for her, and she did not wish him to know where she had been. So she bade an affectionate farewell to Adela, thanked her for her kindness, and promised to take no serious step without letting her know.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AN EVENING WITH LADY MACKENZIE.

MRS. LACY had promised to spend the evening of that day with Lady Mackenzie. Indeed, during the latter part of her conversation with Mabel, that lady's brougham was in attendance to convey her to the house of her friend.

While she was advising Mabel, Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. de Montmorency were holding a consultation about her. The two ladies were alone; Ralph had not arrived, and Mrs. Lacy's children were having tea in the housekeeper's room.

They had both come to the conclusion some weeks before that their homes in the country required their supervision, and yet they both lingered in London—Mrs. de Montmorency through anxiety about Ralph, and Lady Mackenzie because she wished, when she should return to Devonshire, to take Mrs. Lacy and her children with her on a visit.

"Adela Lacy is breaking down," said the kind lady, with decision. "I am convinced of it. She ought to take a change."

"But will she?" asked Mrs. de Montmorency.

"I intend to bring all my arguments to bear upon her to-night. You must help me. But what about Ralph, by-the-by? You want him to give you a few days."

Mrs. de Montmorency sighed deeply. "You will say I am an absurdly over-anxious mother," she said; "perhaps I am. Do you know, I have another fear for my son. I almost wish now that this gentle woman would return his love."

Lady Mackenzie, who had from the beginning been Ralph's champion, turned round upon her friend almost sharply. "Do you really think," she said, "that your son will suffer permanently either in health or morals by disappointment in a first love? I have judged him as far too fine a creature for that."

"Now you mistake me," replied the mother, with a proud smile. "No, Eleanor. I have perfect faith in my boy. He will never be anything but what he is, noble, true, and good. But the best are liable to errors in judgment. Ralph is in a very soft-hearted condition just now. Suppose he should meet a woman who could make him believe that she felt towards him as he feels towards Mrs. Lacy—a wily woman of the world, of great tact and cleverness, but wholly without principle, who had an object in trying to win him. Can you guess to whom I allude?"

"I think I can—the Italian. You know I was never so much taken with her as your son and you were. Well, I confess that might be serious." Lady

Mackenzie smiled in a peculiar way.

"I think," she said, presently, "that if I were you I should try to fight this woman with her own weapons."

"I scarcely understand what you mean."

"That I can well believe, Margaret, and I fear, do you know, I shall find it difficult to explain myself, Do you often see the Countess Zerlina?"

"It has become her habit to drop in on Thursday

evenings."

"That shall become my habit also," said Lady Mackenzie, with a reassuring smile. "But hush! not a word; that is your Ralph's step upon the stairs."

Ralph was full of Jinks's Lane, to which Lady Mackenzie had now become a regular visitor.

"If you could fully realise the enthusiasm created by your presents of flowers and plants," he said, "you would be more than rewarded."

"Ah! we have to thank Mrs. Lacy for showing us this new way of ministering to our poor neighbours," said Lady Mackenzie, "and, talking of reward, let me assure you that the pleasure I experience in going my rounds is a much more than sufficient reward for the slight expenditure of time and trouble. In fact, the work is so pleasant that I think sometimes I must have got hold of it by the wrong end. Just think! They are beginning to make themselves and their children tidy on Thursdays, and they meet me'with such beaming faces. One poor woman cried with pleasure the other day. I had brought her a bunch of lilies of the valley, nothing more. She said, "I didn't think a lady could have thought of it." Yes, indeed! I feel I owe a debt of gratitude to Adela Lacy for opening me a new door of happiness."

"By-the-by, where is Mrs. Herbert Lacy? I thought she was to be here this afternoon," said

Ralph, looking round.

"We expect her every moment," replied Lady Mackenzie; "I sent the carriage about an hour ago,"

Ralph hoped anxiously that their friend was not ill, and stationed himself at the window to watch for the carriage; but a full half-hour passed, and they spoke at last of the necessity of going to dinner without her, before the brougham was seen.

It came at last, and Adela, who, they all thought, looked unusually pale and worn, while apologising for the delay—which, she said, was unavoidable—reproached her friends gently for having delayed their dinner on her account.

The dinner passed pleasantly away. Herbert and Queen Mab, dressed in pretty costumes, which Lady Mackenzie had pleased herself in buying for them that afternoon, came in to dessert, brimful of happiness and fun. Never, since she had been left alone in the world, had Adela felt so free from responsibility, so entirely at rest.

While they were still over dessert, Ada Hartley and her husband arrived. Lady Mackenzie, who liked and appreciated them both, greeted them in

the warmest way.

Ada, who had been much touched by the meeting that afternoon, began presently to speak of Mabel; and Adela was given an opportunity of saying warmly how much she thought of the young girl.

"There must be something specially good and sweet in Mabel Lacy's nature," she said, "or it would not have been possible for her to be so unselfish and true as she is, with her surroundings."

At this Ralph looked surprised, and asked if Mrs.

Lacy had seen her sister-in-law lately.

Adela mentioned the visit of the afternoon, and, without hinting at its object, succeeded in making it understood that the young girl was in trouble, that she felt alone and deserted, and was in sore need of friends. Whereupon Mrs. de Montmorency, who had been listening with interest, said she would make a point of calling upon Mabel shortly.

Ralph said nothing; but Adela was pleased to observe that, after she had spoken, he looked thoughtful.

The next subject they discussed was the projected journey to the sea-coast. Adela's belief that she could be useful to Mabel, joined with the fact that more work than she could accomplish was constantly pouring in, made her doubtful about the wisdom of leaving London just then.

"You can take your work with you," Lady Mackenzie urged. "I assure you, work will be ever so much easier to you at Seaford than here. You will get new ideas; you will find yourself presently

a different being."

"I am sure of that," replied Adela, smiling. "You know I love the country, and especially sea-side country. I am the child of the waves. And—what did you say the name of your place is?"

"Seaford Castle."

"I wonder, can it be the same? It was at Seaford Castle that Lady Mountmorris lived, and she, you know, was the dearest friend of my childhood. I lived with her for some years. My foster-mother, Sally Geen, is at the castle still, if she is alive. For a long time she has been too feeble to write to me."

"Now," cried out Lady Mackenzie, looking round her with triumph, "I ask you all—is not this stranger than fiction? Dear Lady Mountmorris, whom I remember very well, was a cousin of my father's. My father was the second to possess the property after her. At his death, it was uninhabited for some

"Yes, yes," replied Adela, smiling. "I am Sally's little Addy. Dear old nurse! how I should like to see her!"

"You can, at once. In fact, I maintain now



"The dinner passed pleasantly away."-p. 588.

time; then, for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' I rented it about a year ago. Why, Adela, I may have seen you there. We are almost relations—and poor old Sally Geen! I suppose you are her little Addy Maffy?—the child of fine parentage, whom Jan saved from the wreck?"

that you owe Seaford a visit. But how strange it is !"

"The next thing will be," said Ada, "who was looking at her friend with shining eyes, "that some-body will crop up who knows something about these fine parents of yours, Adela."

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"And the fine fortune," said Adela, with a smile, "in which, I do think, Ada still believes firmly."

"Ah, well! you know the grounds of my belief," she returned, with perfect seriousness.

When they were in the large drawing-room, and broken up into separate groups, Ada took Ralph de Montmorency aside.

"I think you take an interest in my sister-in-law," she said; "will you help me in a little matter which concerns her?"

"With all my heart," he answered.

"You are in the profession of the law?" she asked.

"Yes. I am a barrister."

"Man of middle age, is he not? sandy-haired, small, thin, with a squeaky voice?"

"Exactly. He has come into property lately, has he not?"

"He was left the money by a rich client."

"He was—by a poor old man who did not appear to have a single relative alive."

"Mr. de Montmorency," said Ada, for Lady Mackenzie, with a request for a little music in her face, was approaching them, "will you call upon me to-morrow morning early? I have something to say to you about Mr. Gaveston Smith."

"With pleasure," he answered; but he looked puzzled. Mrs. Hartley had opened the conversation by say. ing she wished to consult him on a matter of deep moment to her sister-in-law. What could Adela Lacy and Gaveston Smith have in common? Meanwhile he was compelled to repress his impatience, Ralph was a fairly good amateur musician, and their hostess was urging him to turn his talent to account While he was performing, for their amusement. Ada, who had young children at home, bade Lady Mackenzie good-night, and, before he had reached the last movement of the piece he had chosen-one of Mozart's sonatas-something happened which prevented him from thinking with composure about anything. (To be continued.)

## "THE BELLS OF THE HORSES;"

OR, HOLINESS IN COMMON LIFE,

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, ETC.



N that day." More than 2,000 years have passed away, and that day has not come yet. For the vision has respect to the latter-day glory. And of this the chief characteristic will be the spread of universal righteousness; the reign of perfect sanctity in the orderings of the world, and in the hearts of the sons of men. As yet, holiness among us is limited and partial. It denotes a certain seal of consecration which we agree to put on men and things—holy seasons to observe, holy events to commemorate, holy sacra-

ments to partake of, holy places to set apart. Our text contemplates a glorious and blessed future, in which we, and everything about us, shall be all holy; a state in which daily occupations shall be sanctified, and common things shall be hallowed, and the impress of sacredness shall be stamped on the familiar scenes of life; in a word, when, according to the language of our prophet, "every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness, and upon the bells of the horses shall be written, Holiness unto the Lord."

"On the bells of the horses." These appendages to the horse trappings were in use in all parts of the East. They were used chiefly to keep large travelling parties together, who, in the

absence of any beaten path through the wilderness or the forest, were in danger of getting separated. And on the rims of the bells, or on the side, it was very common to have a motto engraved—a moral precept, or a sentence from the holy writings. In the case before us, however, that which most strikes us is the particular motto selected, "Holiness unto the Lord." For it is one of sacredly restricted use, being that of the High Priest of Israel, in the execution of his office, and engraven on the frontal band of his mitre. The sentence was one of exclusive sanctity, and none would think of using it in any other way. Yet here, as it were on the frontlet of an unclean animal-a creature, too, employed commonly in the service of bloodshed, and cruelty, and crime—are the pre-eminently sacred words written, as if prefigurative of a dispensation under which there should be nothing common nor unclean. And in Christ Jesus, we know, there is nothing unclean of itself: not an employment, not a condition, not a service, not a defect or infirmity, whether of mind or body; all are cleansed, and "what God has cleansed, it is not for us to call common." Every pot in Jerusalem and Judah may be a vessel unto honour, and it must be our own fault if even upon the bells of the horses we are not, by the help of the Holy Spirit, able to write, "Holiness unto the Lord."

I. The principal lesson which I desire to inculcate in connection with these words, is the duty of combining personal holiness with the work of common life—the practicability of giving time and thought, the labour of the toiling hand and the toiling brain, to earthly things, whilst yet bestowing the most sedulous care and attention on the things of heaven. Two or three considerations may help to give emphasis to this lesson.

First, there is the fact that all the precepts of Scripture are addressed to the compound man; assume him to stand in a certain relation to two conditions of existence, each having claims upon his service at the same time; and yet the claims of one never crossing with or contradicting the claims of the other. Hence, any precepts given to him for his higher service-for the rendering of what is due to God and his own soul, must meet him on the low platform of his earthly necessities-must allow of his doing service to the Most High, not only, or even chiefly, after the prescribed rules of an external worship, but amidst the duties of his calling, whilst the hands are still rough with the hard work of every-day life, and the tinkling of the bells on the horses is yet sounding in his ears. A Christian has a stake in both worlds: and to live in both, he must work for both.

The question is, how is this to be done? And the answer is, It will be best done by remembering that the holiness which God requires of us consists in the state of the heart's affections towards Himself, not merely in certain specific acts of duty or service. We all have our daily round of work-of duties one to another, of kindness, affection, obedience, sympathy; and that which makes one man differ from another is, not so much what things he does, as his manner of doing them. And yet, externally, there may be no difference, in his manner of doing them, from that of his neighbour next to him; the difference being in the aim, motive, spirit, temper by which the two men are severally actuated, the one being under the power of a worldly mind, the other having the mind of Christ; the one led by impulse, by passion, by the example of the multitude; the other led by the Spirit of God. Hence, by holiness, as far as relates to conduct, we are to understand right things done in the right way; all life's work done as religious work. religion, we must always remember, is not the separable accident of a life; it is that which runs through, and animates, and pervades the life. It is not the altar set up in the house; it is the living inspiration which breathes through the house. It consists not so much in external works of piety-in the alms, that they are large; or in the attendance upon ordinances, that it is frequent; or in the zeal for good works, that it outstrips that of other men-as in the habit of carrying all the restraints and sanctities of godliness into the transactions of every-day life, making conscience of our gains, prescribing rules for our pleasures, imposing limits upon our self-expenditure, succouring, helping, doing good upon a principle and upon a plan; in a word, in everything we undertake, or do, or purpose, having regard to an unseen but ever-controlling Presence, and even on the bells of the horses writing—"Holiness to the Lord."

II. Another lesson to be engrafted on the passage we are considering, is, that not only is holiness a proper element and part of the work of common life, but it is also compatible with the engrossing demands of the most holy life. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," plainly intimating that there is no reason why the man of toil should not also be a man of prayer; that the man who in the world might seem to be among the keenest racers after earthly distinctions and success, should yet, in the closet, be "a prince who has power with God," and prevails.

At first, this seems hardly possible. Admitting, some would say, the general compatibility of a working life, and a holy life in moderate degreeas, for instance, that an average degree of attention to the demands of business may consist with an average regard to the duties of personal religion—are we prepared with proofs that a man may excel in both? that the busiest and most active men in the world have been, at the same time, most remarkable for their proficiency in all outward and inward holiness? I think we are. The great Example of all would probably be thought beyond us, on the score of the infinite remove at which His sinless humanity places Him from us. But still, an example He was to be; is definitely set before us as such; and among the imitable characteristics of His earthly life, we cannot fail to notice this, that while no life was so full of incessant toil, exhausting labours, harassing interruptions, wearing and wasting anxieties, none ever had so many of its hours consecrated to communion with God, and secret prayer-sometimes early in the morning, or even all night on the bleak mountain side.

But leaving this, our Great Pattern, see what we are taught by the example of prophets, and kings, and apostles, and holy men. Look at Joseph, with the destinies of nations hanging upon his prudent administration of the proceeds of those years of plenty. Look at Moses, as king 'n Jeshurun, and yet obliged to endure, for forty years, the contradictions of an irritable and proud people. Look at David, bearing himself with noble front, amidst all the turbulent elements of disaffection, and intrigue, and perfidy, and misrule. Look at Daniel, advanced to the highest responsibilities in the province of Babylon, and yet see how each, in the court, on the mount, in the barren wilderness, and in the secret chamber,

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testified to the intenseness of his soul's longing after God, and to his practised familiarity with the comfort and the strength of prayer. And so has it been with the more eminent saints of God in all ages. With our Hales on the judgment seat, with our Howards and Macaulays in their schemes of philanthropy, with our Wilberforces in the senate, and our Havelocks in the camp, the noteworthy feature in their characters was the manner in which devotion was made to mingle with the duties and toils of life. Men wondered to see how the saintly life managed to hold its own against the demands of the busy life; how the strifes of men and the peace of the heart, the din of arms and the uplifted prayer, the tumults of interested factions and the quiet hour of communion with God, could all go on together, and yet the soul take no hurt, the fire burning in the midst of the bush, and yet not a leaf consumed.

But the one explanation of this I believe to be that which I have assumed to be the outstanding lesson of our text, the motto writ large, as well upon "the bells of the horses" as upon every pot in Jerusalem and Judah-namely, that true holiness consists not so much in the super-addition of certain acts of worship to the duties of our calling, as in leavening the duties of our calling with the spirit of religious worship. The worship of the sanctuary and the closet, is but preparatory to the higher worship of the life; the one is the We withdraw ordained means to the other. from the world to learn the principles which we are to apply when we get back to the world. Kneeling down, reading the Scriptures, receiving of sacraments, hearing sermons—this, needful as it is, if it stop there, is not worship. But it becomes worship when we set about our common duties in the spirit of a holy consecration, contentedly, with diligence, in all good conscience, having no aims but what God will honour, and using no means but those He will bless. It is "worship" in the husbandman when he tills the ground with a thankful heart. It is "worship" in the merchant, when, for all his successes, he gives God the glory. The servant who in all good fidelity discharges the duties of his trust, is offering unto God a continual sacrifice; and to walk humbly and obediently in the calling to which He has called us, is far more than by the austerities of an ascetic gloom, or the moody musings of "cloistered cell," to worship God with a holy worship. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" were the words of the Holy Child to His mother in the temple. And we are about our Father's business, when, according to our vocation and ministry, according to our age and circumstances, according to our means and opportunities, we are endeavouring, without neglecting our proper work in the world, to do some little work for God and the souls of men, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour, and evidencing the work of the Spirit in our hearts, by letting that work shine through in our lives. To originate great schemes of philanthropy may not be ours. To build churches may not be ours. But to witness for Christ our Lord in our daily avocations; to hold up the light of a godly conversation, so that all men may see it; to shed a hallowing influence over the lowliest station and the common task—this is possible to all of us; and, in doing it, we are hastening the advent of that time of millennial blessedness, concerning which it is said, "In that day shall be on the bells of the horses, HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

# ZENANA LIFE IN INDIA.



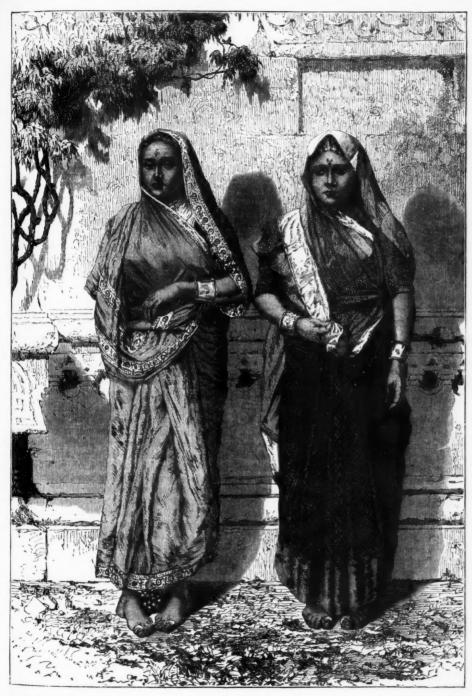
HE life of women in England is perhaps yearly becoming freer, fuller of resources, more capable of development. Their education is being en-

larged, spheres of work are increasing for them, and it is surely a woman's own fault now-a-days, in this country, if she passes her time in idleness, or dies of *ennui*.

But how stands the case with the women of India?—not only her sisters in a common humanity, but her fellow-subjects? Alas! the life of numbers of Indian women from the cradle to the grave is one of emptiness and weariness, and to many it is filled with sorrow and woe. There are a hundred millions of women in India; their condition and manner of life should surely have great interest for us.

An Indian female child is despised at its very

birth. Its parents think "the gods" must be displeased with them, or they would have sent instead a son who could perform the funeral rites without which the father has no hope of entering into happiness in the next world! The little girl passes a few neglected years in her father's house, and is then married at large cost to a boy belonging to the right caste, whom she has never seen, and whose name perhaps she has never heard. When she goes at length to her husband's home, it is in all probability his father's house, and she finds herself one of a company of women and girls, the wives-"Bows," as they are calledof the different members of the family. poor young stranger may possibly be viewed with unkind eyes by some of her new relatives, but she is nevertheless compelled to associate constantly with them in the Zenana or women's apartments



HINDOO WOMEN.

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of the house, into which alone she is allowed to go. These rooms are sure to be situated at the back of the premises, and to be the worst built portion, possessing scarcely any furniture but the charpoys or low bedsteads, with an outlook into a court, probably filled with rubbish. Up a narrow staircase, in these bare rooms, with no cheerful prospect of the outer world, in company with the other women, must she pass the rest of her days, except on some very rare occasions, when, strictly veiled, she may be taken in a close carriage to visit her father's house, or to pay some religious vow. And what is the life inside these walls? How can our young bride fill the long hours in this unchanging scene? What resources has she for mind or body? When she has cooked her husband's meals, and served him with them, and afterwards eaten her own, and when she has dressed her hair, her occupation for the day is over. She is a woman, and therefore she has not learnt to read, and no one has taught her to work; her one long "saree" needs neither shaping nor needlework; it simply depends on her skill to wind it gracefully around her, and her dress is complete. As the writer of an interesting book on "Hindu Women" says, "Try seriously to contemplate ourselves within the doomed circle. All day long, and every day for years in and years out, in one room; four bare walls, and nothing more to look at but a square patch of sky occasionally. What should we think about? 'Oh, what we did yesterday, and what we have to do to-day,' says one. But, alas! it is not the custom of Hindu ladies to do any-'Things and people we had seen in times gone by,' suggests another. Ah! true, so we might; but these poor weary ones have always been prisoners, and so they have no happy memories to feed upon. It is scarcely credible I know, but it is true, that in the city Zenanas are shut up lots and lots of women who have never even seen a tree, and of course, if not a tree then not one of the hundreds of different things which pass so constantly before even our babies' eyes and minds, forming sources of mental education and opening thoughtfulness. Truly I know not how to grasp the thought of the utter vacuity. Remember there are no other people's thoughts, no books, no finger-work of any kind, and no amusements, not many household duties, and no outside life to break the pitifulness of it all."

If the wife is happy enough to win her husband's love, and if children are sent to her, her life is of course fuller and richer, but what is the case if the husband dies? or even if the boy to whom she has been nominally married, but whom she may never have seen, is cut off in his youth? She is then a widow for life, despised and cursed by her husband's relatives as if she were the cause of his death-the ornaments and jewels which were her only toy and luxury, torn from her with

force and even cruelty, sometimes giving her excessive pain, forbidden henceforth to wear any but common white cloth, compelled to eat only one meal in twenty-four hours, and that of a particular kind of food-forced once in a month to fast for a day and night, and once or twice in the year for three or four days together, during which time she must not even drink water, or, if this fast occurs in the hot seasons, and she is dving of thirst, a few drops of water may be poured into her ear!

Such are some of the lifelong sufferings of Hindoo widows! What wonder that some of them sigh after the abolished custom of suttee, thinking a few minutes in the fire would be more merciful than years of such a life of scorn and agony? It is one of themselves who writes, "The Hindoo widow is the most desolate and most wretched creature upon God's earth!" Another says, "What! do not Hindoos fear what such oppression may lead to? If the widow's shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken and overshadow the whole land with it? I am told that in England they comfort the widow's heart; but there is no comfort for us."

The women of whom we write belong principally to the upper classes; the lower caste women have somewhat more freedom, and in Southern India the seclusion is not so entire. But in spite of these exceptions there are thousands and thousands of women at this moment living such lives! What can be done to bring them more freedom and relief?

Let us first see what has been done.

It is just thirty years since the first attempt was made to penetrate to the interior of Hindoo homes, there to instruct those whom custom prevents from coming out to be taught. Paster Sadig, of the Umritsur Mission, says, "Get the hearts of the homes, and the heads will be more likely to follow." This also was the feeling and hope of the devoted missionary ladies, who first braved the hot midday sun, and with some shrinkings of heart visited in their Zenanas the wives of some of the young men, who having had an English education, and having seen that Englishwomen were companions to their husbands, were no longer content to be served by their wives as mere slaves.

Of course no man who is not of the family is allowed in the apartments of the women, but this admission of English ladies, even, into the inner sanctum of the home, was at first greatly opposed, and by the more strict and orthodox of the Hindoos is still resisted. But enlightenment is spreading, and, now, in all parts of India, thousands of Zenanas are receiving the visits of English and native Christian ladies, and many more houses would be opened were there sufficient labourers to enter this inviting field. The curiosity with which the teachers are received, the eager childish questions which are asked by these secluded ones. make the work a novel and perhaps rather difficult one; but when once an appetite for learning is awakened, and especially when eager attention is given to the story of God's love, all our missionaries agree that the work becomes of absorbing interest. In recent years, the English ladies have been most materially helped by the employment of native Bible-women. These converted sisters, understanding the customs of their countrywomen, and able to speak to them according to their own ways of thought, have great They can tell of a freedom and peace in power. Christ, far different from that possessed by the heathen, and their very presence and example

give light for the Master.

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We will quote once more an extract from the letter of a Zenana missionary:—"There is such a difference perceptible in the very look of the dear women after they have been under instruction for some time; and so it should be. Their intellect comes out in their faces, and they are really clever; and the old, dull, listless lives give place to happy bright industry, and consequently there is a great deal less quarrelling than formerly. I went into a Zenana the other evening, just simply for a call on my way home, and what a different scene met my eyes! Two years ago, when first asked to visit these ladies, I found fifteen women, with all their noisy unclothed children, boys and girls of all ages up to seven, swarming in the verandah and women's apartments. Not one of them could read, and the dirt and noise were intolerable. But they were really desiring to be taught, and yearning after a better sort of life, and it was wonderful how soon the chaotic scenes changed into order and decency. . . So you see even their surroundings have improved; but I must tell you what I saw the other evening. Seated comfortably in a low wicker chair in a shady corner of the verandah, was the Burra Bow. She is a dear bright woman, not more than forty, though looking much older, and with, already, seventeen grandchildren! though some of these, her daughters' children, are not here with her, of She had spectacles on, and was reading aloud. As I came forward, I caught the words, 'And it came to pass that on one of these days, as He taught the people in the temple, and preached the Gospel,' etc.; and I knew they were searching the Scriptures for themselves. On the charpoie sat most of the rest of the women sewing-two of them had wool-work, one was nursing her baby, and the little Chota Bow was keeping the tinies engaged with a quiet game of stones, which they arrange on the ground in some mysterious way, not unlike our solitaire. They all looked so bright, and so happy, and so content, it did my heart good. And why should not all India be gladdened by such possible pictures?"

Much good is also being accomplished by the efforts of English ladies who have studied medicine, and who visit the Zenanas for the purpose of attending the sick. The sufferings of many of the women who are ill, are very great, as custom forbids any doctor of the sterner sex to visit them, and necessarily the remedies administered by the uneducated women around them are often inadequate to their relief. A grand opening is thus presented to female medical missionaries, who, while prescribing and ministering to their patients, can point them to the Great Physician for sin-sick souls. Miss Beilby, one of these medical missionaries, was lately sent for to attend upon the wife of the Maharajah of Punna, who, after she was cured, extracted from Miss B. a promise that when she went to England she would carry a message from her to the Queen. telling her "what the women in the Zenanas suffer when they are sick." The tender heart of our Queen was touched, and she has given public expression to her sympathy with every effort made on behalf of the women of India.

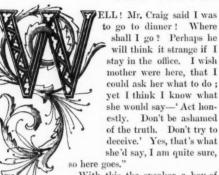
The spread of education and Western ideas among the men is not only causing some of the Hindoo gentlemen to open their Zenanas to the visits of English ladies, but in the case of many of the younger men (especially those who have joined the sect of the Brahmo Somaj, which repudiates idolatry, and acknowledges one God), it is leading them to give their women more liberty. These cases are, however, very exceptional, and the amount of freedom granted, though great to them, would seem small indeed to an Englishwoman. A rather amusing instance of this may be given. A missionary's wife in one of the great cities of Northern India lately invited two young men, who were students in her husband's college, and who were anxious to break through some of the restrictions of custom, to bring their wives, whom she had visited, to tea at her house. On the evening in question, some unexpected and unavoidable business detained one of the young men. His wife came with her friend in a close carriage, and the other native gentleman appeared at the appointed time. So contrary, however, was it to their sense of propriety, that the lady should be seen by gentlemen in the absence of her husband, that the missionary's wife had to spend the evening in one room with the ladies, while her husband poured out tea for and entertained the gentleman in another!

Great efforts are being made by the enlightened portion of the Indian community to encourage the re-marriage of widows, and in a few instances men have been bold enough to brave public opinion by allowing a widowed daughter or sister to marry. We hail these exceptions to the rule, and these attempts to free the women from the bondage in which they are held, and we long for

the time when the Indian people as a whole will feel the advantage to be derived from the freedom and education of their women. In the meantime let Christians be up and doing! Thousands are passing away in these secluded homes uncheered by Gospel light and love, and with no hope of eternal life. Are there not many young girls, full of love to the Lord Jesus, who are longing to do something for Him? They have acquired a love of study, and to learn a language with such a

grand impelling motive would not be an unwelcome task; they have good health, and a desire to spend their redeemed lives to some purpose. Where could they find a sphere where they were more needed, or work more worthy of their energies? Let them think and pray much over the lot of the women of India, which has been thus depicted:—"Unwelcomed in birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, unlamented when they die,"

### THE SILVER SNUFF-BOX.



With this the speaker, a boy of about twelve years of age, turned out of his pocket a small parcel of bread and butter, which he began to eat with a great relish. This frugal meal being finished, he took

a good drink of water, and really felt that he had dined. Presently Mr. Craig, his employer, came out of his room, and, seeing the boy, said—

"Robert, you are soon back. You may always take an hour for your dinner."

"Thank you, sir," he replied; "I never take so long as that over any meal." Then, after some little hesitation, he added—

"If you don't mind, sir, I should like always to eat my dinner here."

"Well, my lad, that is all very well, but you can't always eat cold dinners."

"Yes, sir, I can, because I am quite used to it; besides, there is sure to be something hot for me at

Poor child! the only hot food he ever got was an occasional basin of gruel or some very weak tea left by his mother.

The boy had a very thoughtful pale face, far too serious for his years. He had never romped and played as most boys do; from his earliest age his one thought had been how best to help the mother he so tenderly loved. When but five years old his greatest happiness was to earn a penny and run straight with it to her. They were then living

in a pleasant country village; but one day his mother received a letter, after reading which, she turned to her little son with a tearful face, and said—

"My child, we must leave this place to go to London, a large town a long way off, as I can get more work to do there than I can here in the country, and we may find your father."

"I don't like fathers," said the boy. "Mothers don't run away and be cruel. I'm sure we'd better

stay here."

"But I have settled it all, my darling, so we must start off very soon."

So the poor woman and her little son came to London, where they took a room in a dingy street. For the first few days she spent many weary hours in trudging to the docks, scanning eagerly each sailor's features, hoping to find her truant husband. She was doomed to disappointment, and giving up all hope of ever seeing him again, she sought for and soon obtained some needlework. Her employer soon saw what a very neat worker she was, and so he gave her the best things to make up, and thus they lived on, she working almost day and night, little Robert obliged to content himself with the domestic duties.

This work, however, did not long satisfy Robert. He wanted to earn more money. He had noticed small boys delivering newspapers, and finding out who was their employer, he applied for a similar occupation. A vacancy soon occurred, and Robert was selected to fill it, and so pleased was his employer with his conduct, that he shortly afterwards gave him charge of a newspaper stall at a railway station. It was while attending to this stall that a gentleman noticed how thin and pale he looked, and yet always clean and bright; he took an interest in the boy, and finding that he could read well and was intelligent, he recommended him to his friend, Mr. Craig, who was requiring the services of a junior clerk.

The reader's first introduction to Robert was the day he entered this office.

Years passed on, and Robert still remained in the same office, much respected by his employer, but equally disliked by the senior clerk, who, truth to say, was very jealous of him.

"Mother," said Robert one day, when he returned home, "I don't know how to please Mr. Bristowe. He finds fault with everything I do,"

"But, my dear," replied his mother, "as you

so be very careful, my dear, not to offend him, or he may make things very uncomfortable for you."

"That is what I am afraid of. You see, he was in the office long before I was, and Mr. Craig has



"'He brought out the silver snuff-box."-p. 598.

seem to please Mr. Craig, who is the principal, why trouble yourself about his clerk?"

"Well, the more Mr. Craig praises and notices my books, the worse Mr. Bristowe is."

"Then I tell you what it is-perhaps he is jealous;

never asked him up to his house, as he has me; so he does not like it. I wish he had nothing to do with me. I feel quite stupid now, whenever Mr. Craig comes to my desk. Why is it, mother?"

"I know what you feel, my child, and it is very

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painful for you to bear; but have patience, do your duty, and all will come right."

Time passed on, and many similar dialogues took place between them, till one day he came home much earlier than usual, flung himself into his mother's arms, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"What is it, my poor boy? tell me all."

It was some time before Robert could utter a word, but at last he sobbed out—

"I am accused of being a thief, and am dismissed from the office."

"But it is false!" exclaimed his mother; "who dares accuse you so wrongfully? Tell me all about it, then I will see what is to be done,"

"Several times lately I have heard Mr. Bristowe telling Mr. Craig that stamps have been taken out of his desk. I paid no attention to it, as I knew nothing about it. But to-day Mr. Bristowe asked to see an old ledger at the bottom of my desk, I gave it to him, and he began turning over the leaves, to find some old account, when he came to some sheets of stamps, and exclaimed, 'What does this mean?' I said at once that I did not know how they came there; but he bullied me, called me a liar, and asked if that was the way I was going to repay Mr. Craig for picking me out of the gutter, and much more that I cannot remember or repeat. Well, in the midst of it all, my good friend Mr. Craig came in. He looked so sad when told what had happened, and merely said, 'You must go home, my boy, till this matter is cleared up. Did you put the stamps in the book?' I replied, 'No, sir.' 'Have you lent the key of your desk to any one?' 'No, sir.' 'Then, how could any one else place them there ?' 'I don't know, sir.' Then he shook his head, as if he thought I was not speaking the truth. Mr. Bristowe was examining my desk to see, as he said, if it had been forced open, when, to my dismay, he brought out from the back of the desk the silver snuff-box which I told you was lost some time ago from the private room, I felt stupid, giddy, and could say nothing more. Mr. Craig then became very stern, and said, 'For your poor mother's sake, I shall only dismiss you. Take care for the future, or you may yet come to a prison cell.' That is all, mother. You do not believe I stole the stamps and snuff-box?"

"No, my son, I feel quite sure of that, and shall live in hope of its being some day cleared up. My fear is that Mr. Bristowe is at the bottom of it."

Robert's mother had a good neighbour who kept a grocer's shop, and who had been very considerate to the poor woman. To him she told her trouble, and he agreed with her that an enemy had done the deed, to get her son turned away. As a proof of his belief in the youth's honesty, he offered to take him into his service. Of course this kind offer was gladly accepted, and, though the work was much harder and not so pleasant as that to which he had been accustomed, Robert soon won the esteem of his new employer, by his diligence and industry.

One day when he was on his rounds taking orders

for his master, he suddenly met Mr. Craig's house-keeper, who stopped him, saying—"Oh! Mister Robert, I have been wanting to see you for ever so long, but did not know where you lived, and did not like to ask any one in the office, as I knew you had been turned away because something was found in your desk—not that I and my husband believe you ever put the things there. I know something, but my husband says that if we speak about it we shall be packed off."

Robert did his utmost to persuade this woman to divulge her secret then, but in vain; so he had to content himself with giving her his address.

The meeting, however, so excited and unnerved Robert that when he reached home he could scarcely eat his evening meal. He told his mother what had happened, and they spent much time in taking counsel together as to what steps should be taken to unravel the mystery without injuring the woman. Both agreed, however, that the first thing to be done was to find out what she had to tell them.

Soon there came a knock at the door, and the housekeeper and her husband entered.

"We 've come," said the man, "to see you about what my wife spoke of to your son this morning," and then, without any further introduction, he went on—

"My wife and I are always up by six o'clock to tidy the offices; but one day-it was the day before Mr. Robert left the office-we thought we would get up very early, because Mr. Bristowe said he had some very important work to finish, and that he intended being at the office very early. So we got up at four; and as it was quite dark, I took a candle with me, and went into the room that we were going to do first. To my surprise, I saw that Mr. Bristowe was already there, not at his own desk, but at yours, and he had the lid wide open. He started when he saw me, and said, 'You haven't seen young Robert's day-book about, have you? I can't find it; careless fellow he is!' Well, that night my wife told me about Mr. Robert being sent away for stealing. We knew he hated you for some reason or other, so that made us think that perhaps he had put the things in your desk to get you turned off."

The mother thanked the visitors for their information, and after a long discussion it was decided that all the facts of the case should be written out and placed before Mr. Craig, leaving that gentleman to use his own judgment as to the manner in which he would deal with them. Robert wrote out the case himself, and the letter was posted to his private residence.

A week elapsed, but no reply came to this letter, and Robert and his mother were beginning to feel that their statement was not credited. Mr. Craig, however, like a wise man, was making his plans; he had summoned the housekeeper to his private room one day during the absence of Mr. Bristowe from the office, and the interview clearly proved to his own mind that Robert had been treacherously dealt with,

Then came the difficulty—how to prove that Bristowe put the stamps and box in the desk. Dismissing the whole thing from his mind as well as he could until he had attended to the day's business, Mr. Craig asked for the morning letters, which were usually opened by Mr. Bristowe, who was now away for his holidays.

One letter, addressed to Mr. Bristowe, proved to be a bill from a silversmith. This was opened with the other letters, it being a rule in the office that no private letters of the clerks were to be addressed there.

Curiosity tempted Mr. Craig to read the items in the account, one of which struck him very forcibly. It was dated just a week before Robert's discharge, and ran thus, "For repairing silver snuff-box, 2s."

Mr. Craig instantly put aside the other letters, and went round to the silversmith in question, and asked him whether he could describe the snuff-box for repairing which he had charged in the bill.

"Oh, yes, sir; it was one requiring a new hinge. It was sent to Mr. Bristowe's private house. As he took no notice of the bill, I thought I would send him a reminder at the office to jog his memory. I don't know that I can describe it more fully, but perhaps the man who did the job may be able to do so."

The workman was then called, and asked if he remembered putting a new hinge to a silver snuff-box, "Oh, yes, sir," he replied; "some months ago."

"Do you remember anything particular about the box by which you could tell it from any other?"

The man hesitated, At first he said "No," then "Yes, I think I can; one of my mates is fond of taking impressions of crests, so whenever I get a piece of silver with a crest, I let him take an impression. Now, if I remember rightly, sir, there was a raised coat of arms on that box, and if so, I have no doubt he has the impression."

Mr. Craig, apologising to the master for giving so much trouble, said that it was most important that he should know whether this was really the case.

The other workman having been fetched, was asked to produce his box of seals. As they were all neatly arranged in rows, it only took a very few minutes for Mr. Craig to pick out the fac-simile of his box, which he now produced, and all saw plainly that it must have been from that box that the impression was taken. Thanking them for their trouble, Mr. Craig begged the loan of the seal, with which he returned to his office. At last Robert's good benefactor felt he was in a position to do him justice. He wrote at once, asking Robert to call upon him.

After the interview, a very sharp stern letter was sent to Mr. Bristowe, telling him that his villainy had been discovered, and that he was therefore dismissed from the office.

For the sequel to this story we must follow Robert home to his mother, who was anxiously awaiting him, and tears of joy ran down her cheeks as she heard how the plot had been unfolded.

Arrangements were at once made for her son to return to his old office—not to his old post, but to that left vacant by the dismissal of his enemy.

Need I add that, with increased responsibility, he, by diligence and forethought, became in a very few months quite equal to all demands made upon him, and Mr. Craig never had cause to regret the pains he had taken to sift that most painful affair to the bottom.

The poor mother was soon removed to a comfortable little cottage, which always looked bright and clean; and Robert was able to supply her with every comfort, and thus to realise the dream of his life.

M. N.

## LESSONS OF THE METALS.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

"There is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone."—Job xxviii. 1, 2.



ETALS are among the most serviceable possessions which God has furnished in nature for man's use, ministering to his necessities, and even supplying in a variety of ways his artificial wants. Iron was among the earliest known, and is among the most useful. Gold and silver consti-

tute a valuable medium of exchange, and answer other important ends. The applications of copper,

and zinc, and brass to the purposes of daily life are numerous and constantly multiplying. We should find it difficult to dispense with lead or tin. With the advancement of science, and its increased applications, mercury, platinum, and other metals less common, are coming into greater use. The various metallic productions of the earth are among the chief agencies of the world's enterprise. Like all other creatures of God, they may be put to great and various uses.

The fact that the most useful of the metals is the most abundant, is not without instruction. Not one is so widely distributed throughout nature

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as iron. Its various ores are scattered in such profusion through the crust of the earth, and can be made to yield their metal so easily and cheaply, that the supply may be regarded as inexhaustible. And so useful is it, that we may safely assert, scarcely a step has ever been made in the industrial progress of any community to which, in some form or modification, it has not been indispensable.

Here we have an illustration of the wisdom and goodness of God. If gold or silver had been made as plentiful as iron, it would have been of little service. If iron had been formed only in the limited quantities in which gold and silver exist, the result would be, if possible, still more disastrous. But, as it is, these and the other metallic minerals are so proportioned as to meet our wants. This is not the only illustration of the kind furnished in nature of the Divine wisdom and benevolence. In all departments, the things which are most needful, such as air, light, and water, are found in greatest abundance.

The various processes by which the metals are prepared for use are suggestive of instruction. Quartz is crushed to extract the gold; and, after that, it is sometimes necessary to grind or stamp it. Iron, copper, and other ores are roasted and smelted in furnaces. Further processes are necessary before the several metals are fit for their destined use. Silver is extracted from lead, and thus the lead is improved and rendered suitable for the purposes to which it is applied. Iron is converted into steel. Copper is used with zinc to make brass, with nickel and zinc to make German silver, and with tin to make bell-metal and bronze. There are other methods of treatment, according to the nature of the substance, and the ends it has to

All this reminds us of God's discipline of human character and life. We have to pass through many processes to refine and perfect us for use. We need much crushing and grinding, and all the other stages of preparation. We have to be purged from our dross, tried so as by fire. This is the meaning of life's deepest mysteries:—

Thus at the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought; Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought,

Among the metals there are several that are used, not in a direct and independent manner, but indirectly; they are employed to produce some effect dependent upon a peculiar property of the metal, and not upon qualities which belong to it in common with the rest. "Thus, mercury or quicksilver is used for amalgamating or dissolving other metals, and also as a suitable liquid for constructing barometers and thermometers; antimony owes its usefulness to its property of hard-

ening lead and tin when melted with them; bismuth and cadmium are employed to render lead and tin capable of being melted at lower temperatures."

What a striking illustration of what we often see in human society! How many persons there are who are not able to originate any movement, or give any distinct direction to the public mind, but who, nevertheless, have the faculty of influencing and regulating those who can. They work through others, and thus become the unknown benefactors of the world. Such persons, like the foundations of a building, hidden under ground, support many a goodly structure of

usefulness and blessing.

The lustre of metals depends on their real quality, and in some cases it is so great as to add much to their value. Burnished gold is brilliant and beautiful. Zinc and lead exhibit the metallic lustre in an inferior degree. In all cases, the lustre of the metal depends on its quality. So is it with human character and life. It is the existence of inward virtues in various kinds and degrees that gives beauty to the outward conduct. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The principles of ordinary morality give a certain brightness to a man's life; but too often, like the inferior lustre of zinc or lead, it becomes dulled by exposure and the action of influences from without. Only true religion-the grace of God reigning in the heart-gives that true glory to life, which, like the splendid combination of lustre and colour in burnished gold, nothing can destroy.

We must not forget, however, that the best things have their imitations. On account of the resemblance in colour, iron pyrites has before now been mistaken for gold. Electro-plating is often employed for coating articles of baser metal with a film of silver. One more true picture of what you see among men! The plated human article is too common; and, like its metallic emblem, sooner or later loses all its lustre, and is appraised at

its real worth.

The peculiar qualities of various metals have their correspondences in the peculiarities of individual character. Some are noted for their tenacity—the strength with which they resist any attempt to pull asunder their particles; this is a most useful property. It reminds you of tenacious men-men who are firm in their friendships, enduring in their patience, persevering in their endeavours, indomitable in their courage, not soon shaken in their opinions, or turned aside from their purpose. Heat lessens the tenacity, both in metals and men. ability of gold is one of its greatest peculiarities. Ductility, too, is a special quality of gold, and of silver and platinum. In society, we meet malleable and ductile men-men easily persuaded, beaten thin, drawn out, utterly lacking in sturdiness and strength. Mercury is wholly volatile, like those unstable ever on the move. Some metals are better conductors of heat and electricity than others. The men who communicate heat and life are the vital forces of the age.

In the discovery and use of the metals, we have an illustration of the way in which God leaves scope in nature for the exercise of the human intellect, and the practical application of its powers. The first discovery of their existence has often been accidental. The heavy deposits of stream tin in the rivers of Cornwall, no doubt attracted the attention of the Cornish Celts; and the bog impregnated with copper, the old Britons of North Wales. In the twelfth century, a peasant in the Black Forest sat down to rest by the wayside. Curiosity led him to pick up a stone he saw at his feet. He took it away, and had it tested. It proved to be galena, rich in silver. So began the working of the Hartz silver mines, which have furnished enormous wealth, and even now constitute the chief mining centre of Europe. The mercury mines of Mexico were discovered by a hunter, who caught hold of a shrub to assist him in ascending the mountain. The shrub gave way at the root, and there ran from the ground a stream of mercury. The Indians were led to the discovery of gold in South America by the shining grains in the rivers along which they fished. A party of miners seeking a nearer road than their companions, saw some rich mineral "float," in what is now known as New York Cañon, and thus discovered the silver ores of Ruby Mountain. And, to add one instance more, the digging of a mill-race for a saw-mill, and the first rush of water carrying with it shining particles of gold, suggested the search which has resulted in opening up the golden treasures of California.

But in all these cases, and others of a similar kind, Nature gives man hints of her secret wealth, and leaves him to find and use it. Grains of gold in a river bed, lumps of lead lying in the flats and hollows of a hilly country, springs of water charged with iron or copper, point as clearly to

deposits of like metals lying near, as they can. Man, on the whole, has been slower in the past to learn the way to Nature's hidden treasures, than she has been to teach him. It is the intelligent and persistent seeker that finds.

In the preparation and use of the metals, we learn the same lesson. We instance the case of alloys. When a metal is needed for a particular purpose, two or more metals are melted together. The result of the alloy is a new metal. "When two parts of copper are melted together with one part of tin, the mass, after cooling, is found to possess properties very different from those of either of the metals." In this way, God supplies the materials, and gives the intellect; and then says to man, "Go now and use your powers. Out of these materials make what you desire. Discover, prepare, combine, manipulate, utilise, as may seem good."

We may remark, in closing, that as the metals engage the exercise of the intellectual faculties, so they become important factors in social status and moral character. Some men have been so enriched by their agency, that from penniless beggars they have become the possessors of immense wealth. Often, however, while condition is enriched, character is impoverished. The discoverers of gold, in the sixteenth century, on the banks of the Rivas in Brazil, fought over their booty, and killed one another in such numbers, that they gave the stream the name of Rio des Mortes, or River of Death.

Many others have found gold and silver the agencies of death. Men will lie for money, and cheat, and rob, and commit murder. It often makes men hard, oppressive, unjust, fraudulent, cruel, and transforms them into wretched misers, enemies to their own comfort and peace. Yet, sometimes, men grow great and good as they grow rich. Their wealth becomes an angel of mercy, first to others, and then to themselves. Their generosity and benevolence increase with the increase of their riches; and they consecrate their gains to the noblest uses of philanthropy and religion.

## THE RECLUSE OF STANFORD RIVERS.

LL religious movements may be said to have had their golden age, as well as their own saints and heroes; and men are apt to despise contemporaries, and look back to certain fathers and pillars of the Church Militant with a rooted conviction that there were giants on the earth in those days, and that minds of similar calibre will never

again arise to take the helm in hand, and steer the ark with masterly skill to the wished-for haven.

It is perhaps with something of this feeling that many Christians regard the memories of Robert Hall, John Foster, Thomas Chalmers, and Isaac Taylor, the Recluse of Stanford Rivers, who was known to the world in the threefold character of artist, author, and mechanician. He death, in 1865, was the severing of a last link between the vigorous early days of revived religious activity and our own; and he occupied a somewhat different position from any of his predecessors, inasmuch as his theology was both philosophic and logical, and his mental attitude

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not only that of a Christian, but of a scholar and a man of wide cultivation.

He was one of a clever family, being the eldest son of the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Colchester and Ongar, though born at Lavenham, before his father undertook regular pastoral work. His sisters were Jane and Ann Taylor, the authors of a great deal of juvenile poetry, and of many more mature productions. Ann married, becoming Mrs. Gilbert; but Jane was her brother's faithful companion and bosom friend to the end of her life, going with him when he was obliged to reside in Cornwall on account of his health, sharing his literary tastes and pursuits, and helping to develop that valuable property which, as Southey observed of his own, "lay in his ink-

It was not till after her death that he married, and his wife was all the dearer to him because she had been tenderly beloved by his favourite sister, and he took a pleasant roomy house, surrounded by an oldfashioned garden, at Stanford Rivers, about two miles from the paternal home at Ongar. A relative who saw it for the first time, just before the marriage, described this rural abode as "just what one would like to take a simple-hearted, tender, good-tempered, cheerful, kind, contented young bride to." lady proved to be an ideal combination of more than all these pleasant qualities, and had the rare good fortune to spend her forty years of married life in the house to which her husband brought her home.

Isaac Taylor's literary career commenced after he had made himself a name as a miniature painter and engraver, by some articles in the Eclectic Review, under the leadership of an old family friend, Josiah Conder; but the first independent volume he published was in 1822, entitled "Elements of Thought," and it was followed by a new translation of the "Characters of Theophrastus," illustrated by his own pen and pencil.

Two circumstances that probably largely influenced his mind and told on his future labours were the apparently chance purchase, during his residence in the West of England, of an odd volume of the Latin Fathers, and his warm friendship with Edward Irving. Contact with the one added weight, and with the other gave a touch of pathos and eloquence to his language, as well as to the veins of thought from whence it sprang. His most important works were written after marriage, and his study was the largest room in the house, well lined with shelves and furnished with books, conspicuous among them being the rows containing the Christian Fathers, his intimacy with whom he looked upon as the most important, because the most hardly-won, of his mental possessions. It is a strange law of our human nature that we should set so little store on what comes to us easily, and so overweeningly prize that which costs us hours and years of labour, and, though comparatively worthless in the eyes of others, is dear to our individual selves as a right hand or eye. He

regarded those old theologians, however, as to some extent men who wrote before the personal influence of the Master had wholly faded from the minds of His followers, and who dealt more with central truths than with biassed interpretations of them, and dreaded the modern tendency to preoccupation with single schools of divinity. He recognised many branches of the Universal Church, and used to say that there ought to be in each a few men thoroughly familiar with the Fathers, knowing all their views, and acquainted with the bearing of any passages to

which controversialists might appeal.

Well known as Mr. Taylor's name was and is in certain circles, he was anything but a popular author, and, indeed, wrote only for the thoughtful few, who form but a small minority in every generation. The task he set himself has been described as that of separating real from fictitious piety in its secret springs as well as its outward appearances. To this end he strove to clear religion of every element of disease or alloy, and hand it down to others in a healthy state, calculated to secure a wider spread and mightier power than ever before; and we cannot but acknowledge that it was a lofty if a somewhat visionary aim. The means by which he sought to attain it were the production of a series of books, which were, moreover, to stand exclusively on their own merits, unprotected even by the agis of an honoured name. The first that saw the light was the best known, and, indeed, to quote Sir James Stephen, it was from "The Natural History of Enthusiasm" that the author derived his literary peerage. Neither to parents, brothers, or sisters did he acknowledge the work, but it was widely read and discussed in "serious" coteries, and, from internal evidence alone, the sympathetic affection of this closely-linked family divined that it was the offspring of Isaac's mind. The father, then well advanced in years, was one day reading a review of it in his study at Ongar, when his son came in. Pointing to an extract, the old man said, "Isaac, I think I know who wrote this." "Well, sir," was the answer, "if I have not told you, you will believe I thought there were good reasons

Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor) guessed the secret, but was not confirmed in her surmises until the author allowed his name to be brought forward in 1836 as a candidate for the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, and found it necessary to acknowledge his work. Then he wrote to her in his quaint fashion the following announcement:- "Married, on Friday last, at 57, Chancery Lane [his publisher's], by special license, Isaac Taylor, Esq., of Stanford Rivers, after a long courtship, to 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' The lady is the eldest of a large family, and is understood, although she has a title, not to have brought a fortune." The next volume of the series was called "Fanaticism," but it obtained comparatively little attention; and "Spiritual Despotism," which was the third, was even less noticed. Mr. Taylor did not find sufficient encouragement to

induce him to go on; so, turning his thoughts into other channels, he wrote the "Physical Theory of Another Life," which is in many respects his most remarkable work; "Saturday Evening," and "Home Education," as well as "Lives of Wesley and Loyola," Yet so diverse were his pursuits that while preparing the two latter he was thinking out and perfecting an ingenious process connected with calico printing, which though a practical, was far from being a commercial success. This invention often took him to Manchester, and entailed long and comfortless sojourns in that noisy and murky city. When at home he was busy with mechanics all day, had a MS. volume of the Burnet Essays, on which he was one of the adjudicators, or some similar reading, laid on the table at every meal, and when his household retired to bed pursued his writing far on into the night. Outsiders wondered how he could get through so much, but his own people knew how it was done. He used to say there was no need for one Taylor to explain that mystery to another, the simple rule being only that of staying at home, and sitting so many hours a day to the business in hand. The American war dried up the last drops of revenue that the calico printing patent yielded, and narrow means would have pressed heavily on the then elderly student had not Lord Palmerston about that time granted him a welcome and well-deserved pension.

In 1861 came a long-looked-for bereavement in the death of the sweet wife, with whom so many happy peaceful years had been spent; but it was a parting that saddened without clouding the spirits of the survivor, who knew that in the course of nature he should soon take the same voyage outre mer, on which his beloved partner had preceded him. Thenceforth his remaining relatives observed that his correspondence with them languished a little, though the

few greetings exchanged were as loving, and rang as true as ever. The whole elder generation of the Taylors, however, had a curious habit of despising the penny post, while acknowledging its blessings all the time. The truth was that they were born letterwriters, and had throughout life enjoyed the rare privilege of corresponding with congenial and sympathetic minds, and from their point of view, cheap postage had put a complete end to the dispensation of letters, and inaugurated that of notes. they were all nearing the close of their respective pilgrimage, and perhaps, to borrow an idea from every-day life, felt that they would tell all and indulge in an eternity of "converse high," when the great meeting-time arrived. It could not be very far off!

Isaac Taylor's latest literary work was "Personal Recollections," published in 1864; and a pithy, suggestive, and far-reaching record it is. while writing this last mental legacy of thought, he was conscious that the pins of his mortal tabernacle were loosening, and the screw-heads dropping out; and viewed the process with hardly a nuance of regret. Heaven was no foreign land to him, but a heart's-home, where the best treasures were already stored; and, as Richter says, to such as he "the mounds we call graves are but the mountain-tops of a new and fair world." In April, 1865, he wrote to Mrs. Gilbert that he was only just crawling about; in May she understood that he would never be better on this side the river; and at the end of June, while sitting on the couch in his pleasant study, the summons came, and "he was not, because God took him." It was a fitting end to a godly and happy life, and was felt to be so by those who, as they laid him in his quiet grave, gave thanks that he had been so long spared to them. E. CLARKE,

## THE "BIRDS' NEST" ORPHANAGES.

PIDDAL is an obscure fishing village on the west coast of Ireland. The neighbouring country consists of little more than bogs and stones, and is very unproductive. A small river, with wooded banks, which flows from a lake two miles

The shore consists of distant, joins the sea here. hard sand and rocks. The beautiful mountains of Clare can be seen across the bay, and the Island of Arran seawards. The scanty population are mostly engaged in fishing, while the women spin, weave, and dye the coarse flannel of which nearly all their clothes are made. They are very poor and ignorant. The potato crop here is uncertain, and when it fails "yellow meal" forms Their religion consists in their principal food. a firm belief that, provided they pay their dues, the priest can save their souls.

Such a spot is the last in which we should expect to find a home for destitute children. It is so far from any of the centres of population-Galway, the nearest town, being eleven miles distant—and the district is so inhospitable that the existence among such surroundings of a comfortable home, capable of holding nearly a hundred waifs and strays, is at first sight strange. Yet upon reflection it will appear that there was true wisdom in the choice of such a place for such a home. The strong bracing air and dashing waves of the Atlantic bring health and strength to weakly little ones sent hither from similar institutions. Food, too, is here much cheaper than in many other parts of Ireland. Thus, potatoes, eggs, and milk can be had for little more than half their cost in Dublin. A dinner of fish can be prepared for sixty children for two shillings and sixpence, and

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not only that of a Christian, but of a scholar and a man of wide cultivation.

He was one of a clever family, being the eldest son of the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Colchester and Ongar, though born at Lavenham, before his father undertook regular pastoral work. His sisters were Jane and Ann Taylor, the authors of a great deal of juvenile poetry, and of many more mature productions. Ann married, becoming Mrs. Gilbert; but Jane was her brother's faithful companion and bosom friend to the end of her life, going with him when he was obliged to reside in Cornwall on account of his health, sharing his literary tastes and pursuits, and helping to develop that valuable property which, as Southey observed of his own, "lay in his ink-glass."

It was not till after her death that he married, and his wife was all the dearer to him because she had been tenderly beloved by his favourite sister, and he took a pleasant roomy house, surrounded by an old-fashioned garden, at Stanford Rivers, about two miles from the paternal home at Ongar. A relative who saw it for the first time, just before the marriage, described this rural abode as "just what one would like to take a simple-hearted, tender, good-tempered, cheerful, kind, contented young bride to." The lady proved to be an ideal combination of more than all these pleasant qualities, and had the rare good fortune to spend her forty years of married life in the house to which her husband brought her home.

Isaac Taylor's literary career commenced after he had made himself a name as a miniature painter and engraver, by some articles in the *Eclectic Review*, under the leadership of an old family friend, Josiah Conder; but the first independent volume he published was in 1822, entitled "Elements of Thought," and it was followed by a new translation of the "Characters of Theophrastus," illustrated by his own

pen and pencil.

Two circumstances that probably largely influenced his mind and told on his future labours were the apparently chance purchase, during his residence in the West of England, of an odd volume of the Latin Fathers, and his warm friendship with Edward Irving. Contact with the one added weight, and with the other gave a touch of pathos and eloquence to his language, as well as to the veins of thought from whence it sprang. His most important works were written after marriage, and his study was the largest room in the house, well lined with shelves and furnished with books, conspicuous among them being the rows containing the Christian Fathers, his intimacy with whom he looked upon as the most important, because the most hardly-won, of his mental possessions. It is a strange law of our human nature that we should set so little store on what comes to us easily, and so overweeningly prize that which costs us hours and years of labour, and, though comparatively worthless in the eyes of others, is dear to our individual selves as a right hand or eye. He

regarded those old theologians, however, as to some extent men who wrote before the personal influence of the Master had wholly faded from the minds of His followers, and who dealt more with central truths than with biassed interpretations of them, and dreaded the modern tendency to preoccupation with single schools of divinity. He recognised many branches of the Universal Church, and used to say that there ought to be in each a few men thoroughly familiar with the Fathers, knowing all their views, and acquainted with the bearing of any passages to which controversialists might appeal.

Well known as Mr. Taylor's name was and is in certain circles, he was anything but a popular author, and, indeed, wrote only for the thoughtful few, who form but a small minority in every generation. The task he set himself has been described as that of separating real from fictitious piety in its secret springs as well as its outward appearances. To this end he strove to clear religion of every element of disease or alloy, and hand it down to others in a healthy state, calculated to secure a wider spread and mightier power than ever before; and we cannot but acknowledge that it was a lofty if a somewhat visionary aim. The means by which he sought to attain it were the production of a series of books, which were, moreover, to stand exclusively on their own merits, unprotected even by the ægis of an honoured name. The first that saw the light was the best known, and, indeed, to quote Sir James Stephen, it was from "The Natural History of Enthusiasm" that the author derived his literary peerage. Neither to parents, brothers, or sisters did he acknowledge the work, but it was widely read and discussed in "serious" coteries, and, from internal evidence alone, the sympathetic affection of this closely-linked family divined that it was the offspring of Isaac's mind. The father, then well advanced in years, was one day reading a review of it in his study at Ongar, when his son came in. Pointing to an extract, the old man said, "Isaac, I think I know who wrote this." "Well, sir," was the answer, "if I have not told you, you will believe I thought there were good reasons for it."

Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor) guessed the secret, but was not confirmed in her surmises until the author allowed his name to be brought forward in 1836 as a candidate for the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, and found it necessary to acknowledge Then he wrote to her in his quaint fashion the following announcement :- " Married, on Friday last, at 57, Chancery Lane [his publisher's], by special license, Isaac Taylor, Esq., of Stanford Rivers, after a long courtship, to 'Natural History of Enthusiasm.' The lady is the eldest of a large family, and is understood, although she has a title, not to have brought a fortune." The next volume of the series was called "Fanaticism," but it obtained comparatively little attention; and "Spiritual Despotism," which was the third, was even less noticed. Mr. Taylor did not find sufficient encouragement to

induce him to go on; so, turning his thoughts into other channels, he wrote the "Physical Theory of Another Life," which is in many respects his most remarkable work; "Saturday Evening," and "Home Education," as well as "Lives of Wesley and Loyola." Yet so diverse were his pursuits that while preparing the two latter he was thinking out and perfecting an ingenious process connected with calico printing, which though a practical, was far from being a commercial success. This invention often took him to Manchester, and entailed long and comfortless sojourns in that noisy and murky city. When at home he was busy with mechanics all day, had a MS. volume of the Burnet Essays, on which he was one of the adjudicators, or some similar reading, laid on the table at every meal, and when his household retired to bed pursued his writing far on into the night. Outsiders wondered how he could get through so much, but his own people knew how it was done. He used to say there was no need for one Taylor to explain that mystery to another, the simple rule being only that of staying at home, and sitting so many hours a day to the business in hand. The American war dried up the last drops of revenue that the calico printing patent yielded, and narrow means would have pressed heavily on the then elderly student had not Lord Palmerston about that time granted him a welcome and well-deserved pension.

In 1861 came a long-looked-for bereavement in the death of the sweet wife, with whom so many happy peaceful years had been spent; but it was a parting that saddened without clouding the spirits of the survivor, who knew that in the course of nature he should soon take the same voyage outre mer, on which his beloved partner had preceded him. Thenceforth his remaining relatives observed that his correspondence with them languished a little, though the

few greetings exchanged were as loving, and rang as true as ever. The whole elder generation of the Taylors, however, had a curious habit of despising the penny post, while acknowledging its blessings all the time. The truth was that they were born letterwriters, and had throughout life enjoyed the rare privilege of corresponding with congenial and sympathetic minds, and from their point of view, cheap postage had put a complete end to the dispensation of letters, and inaugurated that of notes. they were all nearing the close of their respective pilgrimage, and perhaps, to borrow an idea from every-day life, felt that they would tell all and indulge in an eternity of "converse high," when the great meeting-time arrived. It could not be very far off!

Isaac Taylor's latest literary work was "Personal Recollections," published in 1864; and a pithy, suggestive, and far-reaching record it is, while writing this last mental legacy of thought, he was conscious that the pins of his mortal tabernacle were loosening, and the screw-heads dropping out; and viewed the process with hardly a nuance of Heaven was no foreign land to him, but a heart's-home, where the best treasures were already stored; and, as Richter says, to such as he "the mounds we call graves are but the mountain-tops of a new and fair world." In April, 1865, he wrote to Mrs. Gilbert that he was only just crawling about; in May she understood that he would never be better on this side the river; and at the end of June, while sitting on the couch in his pleasant study, the summons came, and "he was not, because God took him." It was a fitting end to a godly and happy life, and was felt to be so by those who, as they laid him in his quiet grave, gave thanks that he had been so long spared to them. E. CLARKE.

## THE "BIRDS' NEST" ORPHANAGES.

PIDDAL is an obscure fishing village on the west coast of Ireland. The neighbouring country consists of little more than bogs and stones, and is very unproductive. A small river, with wooded hanks which flows from a less two siles

banks, which flows from a lake two miles distant, joins the sea here. The shore consists of hard sand and rocks. The beautiful mountains of Clare can be seen across the bay, and the Island of Arran seawards. The scanty population are mostly engaged in fishing, while the women spin, weave, and dye the coarse flannel of which nearly all their clothes are made. They are very poor and ignorant. The potato crop here is uncertain, and when it fails "yellow meal" forms their principal food. Their religion consists in a firm belief that, provided they pay their dues, the priest can save their souls.

Such a spot is the last in which we should expect to find a home for destitute children. It is so far from any of the centres of population-Galway. the nearest town, being eleven miles distant-and the district is so inhospitable that the existence among such surroundings of a comfortable home, capable of holding nearly a hundred waifs and strays, is at first sight strange. Yet upon reflection it will appear that there was true wisdom in the choice of such a place for such a home. The strong bracing air and dashing waves of the Atlantic bring health and strength to weakly little ones sent hither from similar institutions. Food, too, is here much cheaper than in many other parts of Ireland. Thus, potatoes, eggs, and milk can be had for little more than half their cost in Dublin. A dinner of fish can be prepared for sixty children for two shillings and sixpence, and

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it is still possible to feed a child for  $\pounds 6$  a year at Spiddal.

It is many years since a clergyman, struck with



THE FIRST MISSION-HOUSE AT SPIDDAL.

the destitution and ignorance of these poor villagers, hired here, as a school and mission-house, a cottage, a little better than the rest, for, although it only had a clay floor, it actually possessed a door, windows, and a chimney. It was four yards long, and a little more than two and a half wide. For some months school was held here daily, and a service once on Sundays; but this effort was

not destined to be encouraged, and the owner of the cottage very soon forbade its use for such a purpose. In spite of this opposition, however, the school was kept together, and at length a sufficient sum was collected to build two cottages. From these small beginnings, the present home at Spiddal eventually resulted. During a period of famine, the necessity for finding food and shelter for homeless waifs and strays was keenly felt in the neighbourhood of Spiddal, and collections were made to support the starving children who thronged the school-house. Ultimately, a large piece of land was procured close to the river and near the shore, and here the present building of two storeys was erected. A small church, capable of holding two hundred and fifty people, was also built on a neighbouring

The Little Children's Home at Spiddal has now been in existence for many years, but the collections for its support gradually became so small, that they would not supply the needs of

more than twenty or thirty children, although there was room for seventy. Through the death of the lady who had long made it her care, it fell into

the hands of those ladies who manage the Birds' Nests at Kingstown. The services of a master and mistress were secured. while the number of children was increased as the other Homes became too full. So Spiddal became a mother, supported by her child; and now so greatly have the affiliated Homes been extended, that it is like a good, kind, indulgent grandmother, with a family of happy grandchildren. The orphanage was recently christened in Irish "Nead le Farrige," the "nest by the sea," and it would be difficult to find a more appropriate name for this cosy home of a happy family of nestlings. The contributions which support this much-needed institution are still insufficient to provide for the bodily wants of its inmates, and were it not for the children sent down from Kingstown, and the money paid for their support, the Home could not be kept half full. At the present time, although a sum of money has been left to enlarge the Home, so as to receive

thirty more children, the committee do not feel justified in incurring so great a risk as their support in view of the uncertainty of subscriptions during this terrible period of depression of property in Ireland. The energy and spirit of helpfulness with which this Home is managed is well shown by the following incident. At the rear of the orphanage there was a place from



THE PRESENT MISSION-HOUSE AT SPIDDAL.

which almost all the stones were quarried for building the wall which encloses the whole premises. This place was dangerous for the little



THE "BIRDS'-NEST" AT KINGSTOWN.

children, because of the cuts and bruises they were sure to get if they ventured into it, owing to the sharp and jagged rocks. It was difficult to know what to do with it. Several persons gave estimates of what they would undertake to level it for, but even the lowest proposal could not be entertained in the face of the pecuniary difficulties of the Institution. It was equally impossible to leave it as it was, a source of danger and reproach, so, it was determined to see what could Some of the neighbours laughed be done. heartily at the folly of attempting so impracticable an undertaking. However, the master and children, nothing daunted, commenced with the easy parts, by making large fires on the rocks until they became quite red, then, suddenly knocking off the fire, threw several buckets of water, which were kept in readiness, on them. Great was the joy and amusement of the children when they saw the rocks break up into very small pieces. Emboldened by the success of the first attempt, they summoned up courage for the more difficult spots, and at last had their efforts crowned so far as to be able to add a piece measuring 43 feet in length, by 30 in width, to their playground. After burying several tons of stones in filling up the deep holes, they preserved as much building

stone as made a wall 30 feet long, 5 feet high, and 3 feet thick. The children then drew sand from the sea-shore in every conceivable sort of vessel (because they had no barrows) to level it. The whole was covered up with clay, which was drawn from other parts of the ground. "So, like the coral insects, with union and determination, these children performed what one must think a herculean task."

The house is most beautifully clean. It is whitewashed inside and outside, and on the stone at the end can be read the motto, "Jehovah The beds look cosy and clean, and the texts on the walls cheerful and bright. Some, too, would wonder how there can be such a garden in that wild region. It has been formed on what was once a rock. In the middle of June many of the seeds sown in March bloom into bright Ten-weeks' stocks, nasturtiums, and wallflowers, make the borders and beds very gay; and the paths are spread with fresh gravel, carried by little hands from the shore; the white stones laid along each side make a pretty contrast to the green grass and flowers. At midsummer the fresh growth of grass is not yet trodden down, and this is the choice time of the year. Outside the side-gate a beautiful new pathway leads to

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the bathing-place among the rocks. These are certainly great works for such young labourers to

have accomplished.

The home at Spiddal, and its happy inhabitants, exercise a great influence in the neighbourhood. Many of the peasantry around come at night to talk to the missionary, and much good seed has certainly been sown in Spiddal, which will spring up, and bear abundant fruit. The education of the children is conducted and provided by the Society for Irish Church Missions, who supply teachers and school requisites. It is a sound, practical, Christian education and training, fitting the children for the position in life to which they are called, and enabling them to procure situations for which they would otherwise be unfit.

The Birds' Nest at Kingston is another home for destitute little children. It was opened in October, 1859, by the late Mrs. George Wale, the daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. The bright windows, and the plants, which are being carefully reared, the strip of garden, and the clean stone steps, all make up a picture of comfort and neatness. In the infants' school there are more than seventy children, and the teacher has the help of two or three elder girls for the small classes. The bed-rooms are very clean. The air is kept pure and fresh,

the windows letting in mountain air on one side, and sea air on the other. Children with slight ailments are kept in the nursery, where they are well taken care of, and the gifts of dolls, toys, and scrap-books, which are occasionally sent, are very welcome. The number of children now in the Birds' Nest is 230, and it will readily be believed that while the bodily wants of such a large family are very great, their mental needs must also tax the resources of the Society for Irish Church Missions, whose funds are inapplicable for any other purpose than spiritual and educational

Both the "Nests" take in destitute children, even if they have one parent, or it may be two living, but unable to support them. So great is the number of destitute children at the present time that every pair of little hands must help, and in this way every effort is made to keep down the expenses, which are continually increasing, and are a source of great anxiety to those who have the prosperity of this great work at heart. "God's Providence is mine inheritance," is the motto of the Birds' Nest. In the dining-room, in the nursery, and in many other parts of the house, in large illuminated letters, it adorns the walls, and "it is written in living letters on the hearts and lives of the children."

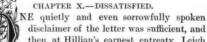
## "WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID."

HAT time I am afraid, I trust in Thee," Though gloomy and perplexed my earthly state; For Thou art wise, and merciful, and great, And all Thou will'st is only good for me, If to Thy will I bow submissively, And with unwearied faith and patience wait,

Oh, let this patient faith my portion be. Yet larger gifts I crave; to me impart Cheerful contentment and abiding peace; So through the bleakest winter day my heart, Waiting Thy time for outward storms to cease, Shall dwell in clear bright sunshine of the spring, The love and joy and favour of my King. E. B.

#### WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.



A daily suppliant at Thy royal gate.

disclaimer of the letter was sufficient, and then, at Hillian's earnest entreaty, Leigh Stapleton suffered her to depart, and she retreated to the kitchen. There she stayed with Lil and the half-awed half-curious boys till Fanny was heard to run up-stairs, sobbing as she went, and her brother came

to stand by the fire, his eyes grave and troubled, but his voice cheerful as he questioned Fred about some difficulty in his work, and suggested a way of over-

Not till he was left alone for a few minutes with

his cousin did he make any allusion to the scene in which she had been compelled to play a part.

"I am very sorry for what has occurred, especially as you have been drawn into it," he said, angry with himself for having been induced to distrust her. It was with a sigh of regret that his sisters were not more like her that he added, "I don't know what you must think of us, Hillian."

"Nothing unkind," she answered, "although I

can't help wishing-

But conscious that she was too young and inexperienced to play the monitor, she checked herself, and there was a pause till Leigh, without looking up, burst into a rather incoherent explanation.

"There are excuses for her-for Fanny, I mean. We could not tell her all the reasons why it was impossible that she could be allowed to continue her acquaintance with this young man. Unfortunately, too, he is related to Melissa, who, in the kindness of her heart, does not see his faults as clearly as I do. She thinks marriage would reclaim him; reclaim a fellow who tempts a thoughtless girl to deceive her father ! He is a scoundrel !"

"Pray, do not tell me any more," murmured Hillian, divining and sympathising with his reluctance to enter into further details.

"Thank you; Fanny has promised"—but here Leigh stopped, and his looks betrayed his fears that there was not much dependence to be placed on a promise wrested from her by her fears of what her angry brother might do-" I hope she will keep her word. Will you help and encourage her, Hillian? Remember, she is motherless, and-and perhaps I have been to blame. I thought I did enough in keeping an eye on the boys, but I suppose I should have contrived to take more care of Fan and Eunice."

And here Leigh puckered his brow, and stood staring moodily into the fire till Hillian touched his arm, saying, in an inquiring tone, "Your father?"

He started.

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"Ah! true! I daresay you'll think I have done wrong in pledging myself to keep him in ignorance. There are no such underhand doings in your home, are there? But perhaps there's no threat held over your head of being thrust out for the first fault. I can't expose such a girl as Fanny to the risk of being cast on the mercy of strangers."

Hillian sighed. She had seen enough of her Uncle Stapleton to know that he held out no inducement to his children to confide in him; yet still, her sense of filial duty revolted from what Leigh truly called

underhand proceedings.

"It's all wrong; it's wrong altogether," she said to herself, feeling thoroughly uneasy at the state of affairs, yet without knowing what could be done to Her face must have betrayed her mend them. thoughts, for the next moment Leigh said, crossly-

"You need not look so worried. If father should say any more about that letter, I'll take care to clear

"I was not thinking of myself-at least, not in that way," answered Hillian, now really hurt.

"There's no reason why you should suffer for our shortcomings," persisted Leigh, doggedly. "I dare say you'll be glad to get away from us; we have not made things very comfortable for you."

"Have I complained?" she demanded, walking swiftly away before he could reply; for she resented his touchy mood; yet softened towards him when she glanced over her shoulder, and saw how despondingly he had folded his arms and drooped his head. She thought she could understand how his father's indifference towards the young daughters he should have guarded so carefully, irritated him as much as the discovery of Fanny's weakness and duplicity, and how, while determined to take upon himself the duties towards his family Mr. Stapleton ignored, he felt aggrieved at the necessity for it that had

After a little hesitation, Hillian went back, to say, more kindly-

"I wish I could help you, Leigh."

"Why, so you can; you can keep this affair from Eunice and the rest."

"I will do that," she promised, rather too readily; "but I wish I could do more. If mother were here, she would know what to say that would give you the comfort and help you want. But, then, she's such a dear good woman! There's no one like mother !

Leigh smiled at the enthusiastic speaker; but it was so sadly that she went away reproaching herself for having spoken words that sounded as if she were extolling her only parent at the expense of his. She went to bed with her head full of benevolent projects for furthering Leigh's wishes, and influencing his sister for good; but her well-meant plans crumbled away, and were ignored when she met her cousins on the morrow.

Eunice, still under the impression that Hillian's correspondent was Sydney Heriot, treated her with no more civility than she considered such a treacherous kinswoman merited; while Fanny's reflections during the night had brought her to the conclusion that she was being very unkindly treated, and that Hillian, who might have shielded her from detection, was the cause of it.

To be talked at by one and glowered at by the other was more than their cousin, conscious of her innocence, felt disposed to submit to: with each sign of their ill-will her resentment grew stronger, and as soon as the elders of the family departed to their various occupations, she sat down and wrote to her mother, apprising Mrs. Hughson of her intended

"They will be glad to get rid of me," she told "They look upon me as a herself, wrathfully. hypocrite and a spy because I cannot think and act as they do. And I am frittering away time that might be more sensibly employed. I have been no use to any one here except Lil, poor Lil! and even she thinks me fidgety and over-precise when I try to make her carry out mamma's suggestions for the little ones."

"I am going back to Cherbury the day after tomorrow," she announced, as she bade her cousins good night, when the long uncomfortable day came to an end. "I shall be glad to know the time of the trains, if you will learn it for me, Leigh."

"Going to leave us!" he exclaimed. not!" while every one turned to stare wonderingly at the slender figure standing by the door. "Has

my aunt sent for you?"

"No, she would not do that while she fancied I was happy or useful here; but it is time I went home; I have been away longer than either she or I anticipated when we parted."

There was an awkward pause. Leigh, who had hoped much from her example, if Fanny could be persuaded to follow it, was grieved as well as surprised; but he was never ready of speech, and waited for Eunice to make those caressing remonstrances that might induce their cousin to lengthen her visit.

But he waited in vain. Eunice had started and coloured when Hillian spoke, and had she listened to the dictates of her really warm generous heart she would have behaved as Leigh expected; but the voice that tormented her was whispering evil suspicions, and she remained mute.

It was Lil who, throwing her arms about her cousin's neck, began to cry in such distressing fashion that Fanny jumped up to shake her for behaving like a baby; the boys who loved, even though they tormented her, grew uncomfortable, and slipped away to their usual place of refuge, the kitchen; and Leigh, after walking about the room for some time harassed and impatient, aroused his aunt from her evening slumber.

"There is nothing the matter," Eunice told her abruptly; "Lil is always in extremes. Miss Hughson has quite robbed us of her affections, and the thought of losing her idol has driven her frantic."

But Miss Letts looked grave when she saw Lil's condition.

"The child is ill! Haven't you any hartshorn or sal volatile?" she demanded, as she went to the aid of Hillian, whose efforts to stay the hysterical wail so distressing to hear only seemed to make it worse, "My landlady said, the last time she saw Lil, that she was afraid she was outgrowing her strength, and I meant to warn you not to overtask her; but dear! dear! how is my poor head to retain everything!"

"I don't believe there's anything the matter. Why should there be?" muttered Fanny, ill-naturedly. "She doesn't have to work for her living, as I

do."

"She has had dreadful headaches lately," Hillian hastened to say. "She was dizzy with pain when you, Fanny, accused her earlier in the evening of being sulky."

"Why were we not told of this?—we are her sisters—why were we kept in ignorance of it?" Eunice exclaimed; but Leigh's imperative "Hush!" silenced her.

It was well that he interposed; it gave the too impetuous girl time to listen to the inward voice that reminded her how little consideration she had shown for the much-enduring drudge of the family. She was struggling with her shame and remorse when her brother gave utterance to a similar feeling.

"It seems to me," he said, quietly, "that none of us are as thoughtful for Lil as we might be. As you are awakening, Eunie, to your duty towards her, suppose you take her to bed, while I ask father to let a doctor see her to-morrow." Eunice was very kind and sisterly that night, but her solicitude for Lil did not extend any farther. It was Hillian who rose with the lark to admit Mrs. Mobbins, who had been induced to come at six instead of nine, and who presided, by-and-by, at the neatly spread table, with Rosy and Posy, their faces shining from the morning bath she had instituted, seated on either side of her.

It was Hillian, too, who postponed her visit to the hospital, that she might devote herself to Lil, who, although she made no complaint, was forced to lie still on the sofa, looking more frail and shadowy than ever.

"It was my place to stay at home and nurse up poor Lil," Eunice said to her lover in the evening. "I feel very guilty, for I know there are hundreds of ways in which I might spare her, and make the boys and Fanny more thoughtful for her, too; but it's not my nature to be gentle, and light-footed, and considerate. In a word, I am not a Hillian Hughson."

"You will miss your cousin very much!" said Sydney, either not detecting or not caring to notice the sarcastic tone his betrothed was taking. "She has been a treasure in your household, Eunice; how the little ones have improved since she came!"

"Yes; I am conscious of her perfections. I give her due credit for them. There are times when I could love her as thoroughly as at other times I-—"

But Sydney Heriot was not listening. The last post had brought Hillian a note from her mother, written immediately on the receipt of hers, and as she sat by the sofa with Lil's weary head resting on her shoulder, she was communicating the contents to all within hearing.

"Mamma will be delighted to see me, although she gives me leave to stay longer if I wish it; and she bids me ask uncle to let me take Lil to Cherbury. You see, I told her of Lil's headaches some time since, and asked her if she could suggest a remedy; and she says change of air and her own nursing are the most effectual ones she can prescribe. Will you go, Lil, my darling? The woods beyond the city walls are always most beautiful in the autumn; and there is a gate at the bottom of our garden through which you can pass to the meadows beside the river. With nothing to do but be happy, and mamma to take care of you, how could you help growing strong and rosy?"

Lil's chest was heaving, her eyes sparkling at the delightful prospect; though all she said was—

"I should not feel a bit afraid of Aunt Hughson. I should like to see her again very much."

"And uncle won't refuse, I'm sure; so we may look upon it as settled—mayn't we, Leigh; mayn't we, Eunice?"

"Of course, we are all of us very much obliged to Aunt Hughson," the latter constrained herself to say. "Yes, and to you, too, Hillian," she added, as warmly as unexpectedly. "You are very kind, very thoughtful. I wish I could thank you as you deserve to be thanked."

Hillian cordially responded to the embrace Eunice proffered; and peace was restored once more.

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It was pleasant to think that she would be remembered affectionately, after all; and she lay awake long after every one else in the house might be supposed to be sleeping, deciding on the farewell gifts, of which Eunice's was to be the handsomest, that she would purchase when she went to London on the morrow.

But a figure huddled in an old cloak was sitting on her bed when she awoke in the grey dawn, and the first sound she heard was a burst of weeping. She started up in alarm, to discover that her visitor was Lil.

"Oh, Hillian," the girl blurted out, "it can't be! I might have known it was too good to come to pass! You must not tell Aunt Hughson how I have longed to go to Cherbury. Whenever I am feverish, I think of the cool stream in the green meadows you talked about so often, and the tiny islands round which the water ripples; and I 've seemed as if I could hear the voices of the choristers singing their grand old hymns in the cathedral; but I shall have to be content with my dreams. I must stay here—I must!"

"But, Lil, you forget, dear, that Leigh spoke to uncle, and he consented to spare you."

"Yes, he would not miss me much, though no one will try harder than I did to have everything in his room just as he likes it; but it's the little ones, Hillian. They'd be left to Mrs. Mobbins; Tom would take to running away again as he used to do; papa would beat him; oh, Hillian, it's dreadful when he does that! and then he would fall into harm, and I should come back to find my poor little sisters—where?"

"Eunice will stay at home and keep house; it is her duty," said Hillian, decidedly.

"Papa would forbid it, lest she should lose her situation," was the reply.

"And your health—is not that to be studied?" asked Hillian, provoked at these obstacles.

Lil's only reply was a sob, but she adhered to her resolution in spite of the pain it cost her, and went away at last comforted by her cousin's admission that she was acting rightly.

It was Hillian who took up Mr. Stapleton's breakfast, and who after a short colloquy with that gentleman came down-stairs with a smile on her lip, although her eyes showed traces of recent tears.

As she went towards the seat Leigh had risen to give her, she bent over Lil and kissed her forehead.

"It's all settled," she said, gaily; "you start for Cherbury on Monday, and uncle will take you there. He has accepted a substitute for you, who promises to take good care of the babies, and Tom."

Lil started up breathless with gladness, and some deeper feeling.

"Is it so? Have I guessed rightly? Yes, yes, I know I have! It is you, Hillian, you who are going to take my place; but it isn't right, it isn't right, I cannot let you do it."

"Not if I wish it?" whispered her cousin. "It's for your sake, Lil, to enable you to grow healthy and strong. Let me do this one cousinly service for you, and don't mar it by a refusal."

#### CHAPTER XL-GOING HOME.

So it was settled that Lil should go to Cherbury under her father's escort, to be affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Hughson, who would not by word or look betray her disappointment at their coming without her little daughter. Hillian's self-sacrifice had been rewarded by her hearty approval; but, nevertheless, both were beginning to pine secretly at the length of this their first separation since the death of Winnie had drawn them very closely together.

Leigh had gratefully thanked Hillian in Lil's name and his own, but he was the only person who seemed to divine that it would cost her something to stay while another went in her stead. Melissa observed with a titter that Miss Hughson seemed to have found out that London was the best place, after all; those old-fashioned out-of-the-way country towns must be frightfully dull; and Fanny, always in a state of chronic revolt, considered herself ill used in being passed over by her aunt.

"Under present circumstances," she said, "it was very hard that she could not have a change as well as Lil. The mind was of more consequence than the body, but no one seemed to remember what she was suffering just now. If she had done like many other girls, fretted and made a fuss——"

"Why, Uncle would have inquired the cause," Hillian reminded her, "and if he had questioned me, I should not have attempted to tell him an untruth."

"You have never known what it is to love," sighed Fanny; "and let Leigh say what he will, it would have been a capital match for me! His father—George's, I mean—has an excellent business; it's only because he's a little unsteady, as good-looking young men, with plenty of pocket-money, generally are. I'm sure there's no harm in him. I dare say your own brothers—"

"Please don't name them in the same breath with a person who has tempted you to set your father's commands at defiance!" exclaimed Hillian, so indignantly that Fanny turned sulky, and troubled her with no more half-confidences on the subject.

As for Eunice, she was alternately glad and sorry that her cousin was not going to leave Highbury yet. Melissa might hint that Hillian was one of your goody-goody young ladies, who hypocritically posed as a saint for the admiration of all beholders, but Eunice knew that this was false. The girl who lived her religion instead of parading it, and put self bravely aside whenever she could serve others, was no hypocrite; and the mental atmosphere of the house had been purer since she dwelt in it. But, on

the other hand, poor Eunice could not acknowledge Hillian's good qualities without keenly feeling her own deficiencies. Her devoted love for Sydney Heriot made her regret these on his account, but it did not inspirit her to conquer them, and become more worthy of him; to do this would require resolute and continued efforts of which she believed herself incapable; and as soon as she came to this conclusion, she would be seized with a jealous dislike of Hillian for possessing the feminine virtues and refinement that ought to grace the wife of a clever intelligent man like Sydney Heriot.

Altogether, Hillian did not seem destined to receive much encouragement when she assumed her new post, but she meant to take up its duties cheerfully, only stipulating that before Lil went to Cherbury, she should have leisure to pay her visit to

Thurstan Macey's relative, Mrs. Cottrell.

Miss Letts, fortunately remembering that she had business in that direction, left her at the door of the hospital, and promised to be on the look-out for her in a couple of hours, that they might return to Highbury together. Hillian felt shy and strange when the busy spinster disappeared round the corner of the building, and it was with much hesitation she ascended the steps and entered the hall, where she found several groups of patients waiting for admission to the consulting physicians.

From one of the gayest and noisiest of our great thoroughfares she passed into the house of sickness and suffering, that, unseen as yet, made itself felt by the subdued voices, the gentle tread, the noiseless swing of the doors. As Hillian moved forward, not knowing whom to accost, a few, who were detailing their symptoms to those who sat near, stopped to stare at her, but an elderly female, with more civility, laid down the knitting with which she was beguiling the tediousness of waiting her turn, and asked if she could be of any service to her.

A rosy-faced nurse, a probationer from the country, about whom, with the burr of her dialect, there seemed to cling something of the farm life she had left so lately, came forward to conduct Hillian to the ward in which Mrs. Cottrell lay, and intuitively divining why she trembled and looked so pale, gave her

an encouraging nod.

"You've never been in a hospital before? I thought not; and you're thinking you'll see all sorts of dreadful sights. I'd just the same feeling myself when I came here, and, if the porter hadn't carried in my bag, I think I should have just snatched it up and taken myself off again. But afterwards I was glad I didn't. If those whom God afflicts can bear the pain as patiently as I've seen them bear it here, it would be hard if we hadn't courage to stand by and give them what help we can. And so we make up our minds—nurses and patients—to have no fretting, no murmuring; we just do our best to cheer each other, and you won't find a livelier ward anywhere than the one to which I am going to take you,"

With a merry word or two to a night-nurse, who was on her way to take the daily walk enjoined on her, and a pause to dart into her own room, whence she returned carrying a huge bunch of chrysanthemums she had just received from her own home, Nurse Katie led the way up flight after flight of stone steps, exulting in the thought of the pleasure her beau-pot, as she called it, would give to the weary eyes that had only the whitewashed walls of the ward to rest upon.

She had told Hillian truly; there was nothing here to shock her. The long lofty room, with its rows of beds on either side, looked almost painfully clean and bare; but there was a pleasant hum of conversation, for it was visitors' hour; and there were but two patients beside whom no loving friend was seated. One of the twain was a widow from the far North, who, having found all other remedies in vain, had dragged herself here, surviving the fatigue of the journey only to hear the clever surgeon, from whose care she had hoped so much, whisper to his colleague that it was too late.

It was a relief to turn from the gaze of those despairing eyes, in which the love of life still lingered, to the pale, worn, but smiling little woman who lay in the opposite bed. Mrs. Cottrell was quite interested in Hillian as soon as she heard ner name and whence she came, recalling with much pleasure the incidents of a visit she had made to Cherbury just before her marriage.

"That was when I saw so much of Thurstan—poor dear Thurstan! Oh, yes, miss; I'd willingly answer any inquiries about him; but, you see, it's so very little I know. He was not with us long: it was a great grief to me that I had to part with him,

for he was a good kind boy always."

"But you can tell me where he is to be found?"

"Indeed, miss, I cannot. If it's for his benefit, I wish I could. I'm afraid he was sadly put to it after Cottrell—after he had to leave my house; but he made shift to send my children some little presents at Christmas two or three years running, and I thought a great deal of it, for it showed that he was grateful."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"No, miss. I did hear, quite promiseuous like, that he was doing uncommonly well; but then some one else said they met him, looking as if he were half-starved. Poor boy!—poor Thurstan!"

Hillian was greatly disappointed, and she said so; she had hoped so much from this interview with

Thurstan's relative.

"Well, miss," said Mrs. Cottrell, after considering awhile, "perhaps I have been to blame, for I believe I could have got news of him if I had tried; but being always ailing, and my husband—though in general he's the best of husbands—being peculiar at times, I've let it alone."

"But still, you think you could hear of him?"

"It's just possible, miss, for one of my neigh-

bours has a son, a pleasant fellow, with whom Thurstan was very friendly. Mrs. Knight has moved away from Agar Town, but as soon as I leave here I'll make a point of calling on her and her son, and I'll try and send you Thurstan's present address. If I go on as well as I am now doing, I shall be discharged in a week or two. I've been so long away, that I'm half afraid "-she went on, between smiles and tears-"half afraid my baby-boy will have forgotten me."

Hillian winced. Then the poor mother was still ignorant of her baby's death, and the painful truth, which she had hoped to evade telling, had yet to be revealed!

"Did you see my children when you called at my house?" asked Mrs. Cottrell, anxiously, as if the change that swept over her visitor's face had inspired a vague uneasiness. "Ah! no; of course they were They are such dear good children for at school. that; there's no trouble to get them to school. But baby-you saw baby?

"Yes," said Hillian, faintly. "Mrs. Barker took me into the room where he lay.

"Then he was asleep? Ah, that was a pity, because you didn't see his eyes, and they are such pretty blue eyes; and yet I don't know but what he looks his best when he 's asleep. Would you believe it, miss? I haven't seen him since I've been here, and it's ten weeks and three days since I came! Mrs. Barker offered to bring him once, but I did not dare agree to it. How could I have let him go from me if I once had him in my arms? or how could I have borne it if he had cried to stay with me?-my precious baby, that I had to leave for all this long, long time!"

She suddenly put her head under the bed-clothes, and Hillian had time to compose her own features before she looked up again. But how was she to speak the words by which this loving mother's hopes would be turned to the bitterness of mourning?

"Are you not afraid that you may be too fond of your little ones?" was all she could find to say.

Mrs. Cottrell smiled incredulously. As if a mother could be too fond of the helpless baby that clung to her bosom, and looked to her for everything! She glanced, compassionately, at the speaker. What could such a young girl know of the raptures that would fill her soul when, her health restored, and her husband penitent for the past, she went back to her home, and gathered into her arms the children whose dear faces she pined unutterably to behold?

Leaving Hillian's last question unanswered, she reiterated her promise to obtain tidings of Thurstan Macey as speedily as possible, and forward them to Mr. Stapleton's, at Highbury.

"Or, perhaps, you'll call upon me, miss, when I get back. I could tell you more particulars than I could write."

This Hillian promised to do, and, her unfulfilled errand weighing heavily on her conscience, arose to leave hea

"You have been well taken care of here?"

"Oh, miss, what would become of poor creatures like me if it wasn't for such places of refuge as hospitals? It was hard to leave home, and at first I didn't like the strict rules, and the nights seemed very long (for the gas is put out early; and when one can't sleep, one can't always help fretting); but there 's some in this ward that have had more to suffer than me, and every one tries to seem cheerful, for the sake of the rest. It's been a great comfort to me that I 've been able to sit up sometimes, and work," she added, plunging her hand into the locker by her bed, and bringing out a half-finished frock, elaborately braided. "I've made something for both the other children, and Mrs. Barker's as well; she's been very good to me; but this is for my baby." And she smoothed out a crease, and exultingly displayed the little garment to the best advantage. "I fancy I can see him in it, with his plump arms and neck-"

But Hillian had fled, unable to listen any longer. and it was to the motherly-looking matron, whose concern was as hearty as it was genuine, that she delegated the mission she could not bring herself to

#### CHAPTER XIL-LEN.

Not at all sorry to find on reaching the street that Miss Letts had not yet appeared, Hillian began to walk slowly along the pavement, every nerve quivering with compassion. Still she seemed to see the suffering creatures she had just left; the widow dying so far from home and kin; the young wife in the bed next to Mrs. Cottrell, whose artisan husband she had seen holding between his rough palms a poor thin hand from which the wedding ring was slowly, surely slipping; and still farther away a face lying on its pillows, pinched and haggard with something worse than sickness; and while she recalled the scene she had just left she longed to be able to fall on her knees and return reverent thanks for the blessings that had been showered upon herself.

The street in which the hospital was situated led to a quiet square, in which Miss Letts had advised Hillian to await her, and she was slowly wandering in the shadow of the once fashionable mansions, when a horseman rode past, saw her, and, wheeling round, dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, greeted her respectfully.

It was Sydney Heriot.

"Alone, Miss Hughson? Did I not see you leave the hospital? I hope no one in whom you are interested lies there?"

It was very foolish, as Hillian told herself afterwards, but at the sound of his voice the tears she had hitherto restrained began to fall, and it was in very broken words that she explained their cause. However, Mr. Heriot expressed such a kindly interest in the poor mother who was plying her needle for the babe she would never see again, that Hillian was not made to feel ashamed of her tears, and she freely

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"It was Sydney Heriot,"-p. 611.

answered his questions respecting Mrs. Cottrell and the hospital.

"Your kindness to this person whom you tell me you have never seen before makes me ashamed to have done so little myself for my fellow-creatures," he said, gravely. "In some respects you who live in a country town have the advantage over us Londoners. Cases of distress are brought more directly under your notice; if any one is hurt or ill you know him, or some of his connections, and it naturally makes your sympathy stronger than if it were demanded for a stranger."

Hillian assented rather absently. She was debating whether this would account for the utter indifference to everything passing outside their own doors evinced by her cousins. They sneered at the idea of district-visiting, declined to assist in the Sunday-schools, avoided the streets in which the poorer classes resided, and Lil was not only forbidden to relieve a beggar, but to receive any appeals to Mr. Stapleton's benevolence.

But Mr. Heriot was again speaking.

"I wish you would let me make some atonement for my selfishness. Will you, Miss Hughson? I should dearly like to assist your protégée. If a sovereign——"

But Hillian drew back. She could not be his almoner,

"You will help many instead of one, Mr. Heriot, if you drop your gift into the box outside the hospital; and you must not call Mrs. Cottrell my protegie, nor give me more credit for going to see her than I deserve. My motive for the visit was to ask for some information I hoped she would be able to give me."

"And she cannot? Can I?" and a deep flush overspread the young man's face. "I will if I am able. I should dearly like to do something for you, Miss Hughson."

The earnestness of his tone, although extremely gentle and deferential, startled Hillian, and made her uneasy.

"Thanks, Mr. Heriot," she replied, in some embarrassment. "It would oblige my mother more than it would me; it was by her wish that I went to Mrs. Cottrell."

Sydney turned to pat and soothe his horse, for the animal had grown fidgety, but he continued to pace beside Hillian, who now began to wish Miss Letts would come, yet dreaded her appearance too, lest she should be the first to inform the jealous Eunice with whom she had found her conversing.

"You do not tell me what it is you wish to learn, Miss Hughson. Do you doubt me when I say that I am ready to do anything in my power to serve you?"

"You are very kind, but is it so easy to discover the whereabouts of a boy who has drifted beyond the ken of his friends and relatives?"

"Drifted whither? From bad to worse? When the downward course has once commenced, do you think your woman's hand could stay it? But perhaps it is to punish, not to reclaim, that you are bidden to search for this lad."

"You do not understand, and I should not be justified in giving you further particulars," replied Hillian, now earnestly wishing he would leave her. "But I will not forget your offer, Mr. Heriot; and if mamma, when I tell her how much you seem to know about this great London, should determine to avail herself of it, I will, if you please, send heryour address."

He was about to make an eager reply, but stopped short, bowed, and springing into his saddle rode rapidly away, before Miss Letts, who had just entered the square, could have had time to recognise him.

Though conscious that the rencontre—on her part at all events—was accidental, it vexed Hillian that it should have occurred; especially as Sydney's looks and manner had betrayed an interest in her of which his jealous betrothed in her present mood would assuredly disapprove. As soon as she reached Highbury she would tell Eunice she had seen him, and where; if questioned, she would reply frankly and fully, for she would give no cause for the doubts of her honesty of purpose her cousin was already manifesting; yet she could not help dreading the catechising which, however truthfully she met it, would be certain to leave her hurt and angry, and Eunice unconvinced.

Filled with these thoughts, she answered Miss Letts' voluble remarks at random, and mechanically following her to the nearest cab-stand, had left the hospital far behind when some block in the road made her companion thrust her head out of one of the windows to ascertain the cause of the sudden stoppage, while Hillian, afraid that it might proceed from an accident, glanced timidly from the other.

The road was being repaired, or new pipes laid for fifty yards or so, and the stream of vehicles, jammed into a narrow space, could only proceed by degrees; but while Miss Letts fussed and exclaimed at the delay, Hillian caught sight of one of her cousins, Leonard, the brightest of the twins, tearing along the street to where, outside a newsvendor's, a man was placarding the result of some races, hampered by an impatient gesticulating throng of horsey men, eager to learn whether their favourites had won or altogether failed to take places in the van of the struggle.

Just as the cabman drove on again, Hillian saw Len squeeze himself into the midst of the throng, resisting violently the attempt of a bigger lad to jostle him out of the way. Was it merely boyish curiosity, or a sheer love of mischief that prompted him to fight for a place amongst a set with whose language his young ears should not have been polluted? She would have regretted to herself that such things should be without her having the power to alter them, and then thought no more of the incident, if she had not been startled by the expression of Len's face when he reached home some time afterwards.

His curly hair lay on his forehead wet with perspiration, and he was so pale that she hurried to him to ask if he were ill, or had been hurt. But he turned his back upon her, asking, so rudely, "Why she bothered him? couldn't she see that there was nothing the matter?" that Leigh sternly bade him leave the room till he knew how to behave himself.

When Lil stole out to the kitchen to carry him some tea, he had gone to bed, and, if he continued to look moody and ill at ease, no one noticed it. Lil's very small wardrobe required so much altering and repairing to render it commonly respectable for her visit to Cherbury that even Fanny had to assist, while Leigh, with American cloth and brass nails, was equally busy converting an old box, dragged out of the lumber closet, into a trunk for her use.

In spite of all the pains taken and the labour bestowed on poor Lil's garments, her father shrugged his shoulders at the result, and audibly wondered why his daughters never looked like other peoples'. But, in the mingled sorrow and joy that filled her heart—sorrow at leaving the little ones, and joy at the prospect of seeing Hillian's home and Hillian's mother—Lil soon forgot her father's peevish speech, and looked radiant with pleasure when she waved her handkerchief from the train to her cousin and Aunt Bessie, who had gone with her as far as Waterloo, where Mr. Stapleton arranged to meet her.

To see some one else going to Cherbury, to be there welcomed and petted by her beloved mother, while she stayed behind, cost Hillian more pangs than she would have cared to confess to, and she was half inclined to think that the Stapletons were ungenerous for taking advantage of her good nature. Why should she do battle with Mrs. Mobbins, endure with the wandering proclivities of Tom, and the pranks of his elder brothers? or rise early to cook dainties for the fastidious paterfamilias, and be polite and obliging to Eunice and Fanny when they came home, expecting to be waited upon? What thanks would she get for it?

Then, in a burst of self-reproach, she cried, "It is I who am ill-natured and unkind! Did I not stay behind of my own free will? And it was for Lil I

did it, not for the others; shall I not be amply repaid if she regains her health?"

But though her lips murmured these words over and over again, the home-sickness that had seized upon her refused to be banished.

The house was cold and dark when she returned to it. Eunice and Fanny were detained beyond their usual hour by a press of work, and Mrs. Mobbins, who had been left in charge, met her and Miss Letts at the gate, where she detained the latter with a long tirade on the tiresomeness of "those children," who had fretted for Lil, after she had put them to bed, till she was fairly "moithered."

"But was there no one at home?" asked Hillian, as she peeped into the kitchen. Yes, Len was staring into the fire with his head on his hands, while Tom was watching Fred rig a boat, both boys too much absorbed in the work to take any notice of her.

The parlour, was that deserted? No; for there she found Leigh, his hands clenched, his lip bleeding where he had bitten it, as he paced the room wildly. It was not till she had groped her way to the table and lit the lamp, that she saw his troubled aspect; and then her exclamation of terror made him pause and draw his hand across his brow.

"Something has happened; ah, what is it?" she gasped.

"Nothing that you can alter," was the hoarse response. "God bless you, Hillian! if every one were like you—."

He crushed her fingers in his grasp, snatched up his hat, and was gone before she guessed his intention. But her terror increasing—for what could have driven him into this frenzied condition?—she no sooner heard the outer door close upon him than she flew in pursuit.

Nearly upsetting Miss Letts in the passage, she reached the street, but already Leigh had disappeared. It was into the arms of Eunice she ran at last, sobbing in her agitation, "Stop him! cling to him! and do not let him leave us thus, lest in his madness he should leave us for ever!"

(To be continued.)

# CHRIST'S TEACHINGS ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE .- II.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

(CHRIST THE WORLD'S TRUE LIGHT.)



DHAT does Jesus Christ say about the life hereafter? Has He anything certain to say about it, anything greater or better than the dismal conclusions of materialism?

"He brings life and incorruption to light." He reveals the hidden truth of things, makes certain that which men only guessed at. Here again He does not create any new condition. It is not said that through Him men who otherwise would perish at death shall begin to be immortal. He does not change the realities of man's being; He simply makes certain the knowledge of what shall be hereafter. He is simply "the Light of the world," and He throws light—divine and certain light—upon this great problem. He also makes us

see great and glorious things which we had not before seen. He draws back the veil which intercepted, drives away the clouds which concealed; He does not change the things of God, but He gives us a juster and greater conception of them, so that we have a more certain hope, a stronger impulse. We understand better our spiritual relations and destiny. Life is made greater and holier, and is filled with more glorious inducements and inspirations.

It is very beautiful to see, in all the teachings of Jesus Christ, that He falls in with, and confirms, and perfects the old religious ideas and hopes of men. He comes not to destroy, but to fulfil—not to create, but to reveal.

Jesus Christ, then, simply throws light upon the questionings, yearnings, and hopings of human

I cannot here examine the evidence for immortality possessed by men before Christ came—the notions revealed by the old Babylonian literature recently deciphered, and which prove that the dwellers on the Plain of Shinar 3,000 years ago believed in the immortality of the soul; the notions of the old Egyptians, embodied in their whole mythology, and engraved upon their temples and tombs; the notions of the Greeks, culminating in Plato, who wrote a noble essay on the immortality of the soul 400 years before Christ; the notions of the Hebrew people, who received God's special revelation; and those of almost all the Pagan peoples of the world.

No idea, not even that of the being of a God, has been more common throughout the world's history, among all peoples and in all lands. Where there has been no knowledge, there have been imaginations and superstitions—dead ancestors, ghosts, spirits—from the civilised Chinese to the American Indian and African Zulu; not to speak of peasant superstitions lingering even yet among ourselves.

Why should we think that the mind, the spirit, of a man is subject to the laws of matter? In itself it is radically different from matter; its methods and laws are different. Lop off the legs or arms of the body; you do not affect the mind or the soul. Why, then, should the death of the body affect it? Death is no proof that the soul ceases to exist; it is only the destruction of the tenement in which the soul dwelt. The body that lies dead before me is not my friend, that thought, and loved, and communed with me.

Why may not the soul live on when the body dies, as the vital element of the seed-corn lives on when itself perishes in the earth? "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Death is the means of its noblest life. The difficulty to science is every whit as great in the seed-corn, or in the chrysalis, as in the transformation of death.

Then there is the argument from the noble

powers—the thoughts, the affections, the purposes, the religion, the aspirations, of a man. How difficult to imagine all these broken off and disappointed; everything that is noblest in human life quenched; everything else answering the end of its being, man signally failing of his—the greatest failure and disappointment of creation. It is as difficult as it is unphilosophical to think it.

Upon all these probabilities and yearnings, Jesus Christ throws light; makes what were only guesses certainties. The instinct that has sought immortality, the reason that has conjectured it, the yearning that has desired it, the religious consciousness that has found its hope in it, are all confirmed, assured. Certain light is thrown upon them. The wondering surmises, the daring guesses, the mystic certainties, are all confirmed. He has "abolished," destroyed, the idea of death as a cessation of being, and has "brought life and incorruption to light by His Gospel."

This is the Gospel, the good news that He brings. It is a glorious part of His message from God, His revelation of the Father. He is the "Father of our spirits," which are immortal sparks from Him, the immortal Sun of being.

This only gives significance and value to God's Fatherhood. What meaning or worth would there be in it, were I related to Him only for the few years of my mortal life? Death cannot destroy the spiritual child of the spiritual Father. "With Him is the fountain of life."

How the idea of immortality is assumed in all Jesus Christ's teachings, I need not say.

Let us come at once to the crowning revelation and proof which Christ's own Resurrection furnishes.

That He really did "rise from the dead according to the Scriptures" is not to be proved here. The proof has its own proper place, and has been a thousand times demonstrated. For this argument we are entitled to assume it.

Christ was not an isolated man who accidentally escaped the doom of our race. He avowedly came as our human representative, to work out our redemption from sin and death. "Whereof God gave assurance to all men, in that He raised Him from the dead." He formally identified Himself with us, took up our gage of battle, "destroyed all the works of the devil," destroyed the last enemy, which is death, stood forth as our champion, and adduced His own resurrection as proof that He had conquered death, and as pledge that we shall conquer it also. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The statement that He rose from the dead, therefore, is, to say the least, perfectly congruous with His professed mission. Assume that the records of the Gospel are true, and they are in profound and perfect harmony.

That Jesus Christ really did appear on the earth after His Crucifixion is, I think, as con-

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clusively established by historical evidence as any fact in history. They who deny it have to deal with some of the most awkward and stubborn facts that I know. It is as ludicrous as it is pitiable to see men like Renan and Strauss trying to extricate themselves from the dilemma.

The moral argument is simply overwhelming. One has only to read the Gospel records of our Lord's appearances during the forty days, of the disbelief of the Disciples themselves, of the conversations that our Lord held with them, of the almost miraculous change that came over the entire feeling and bearing of the men, and to think of the utter impossibility of deception or imposture-considering the kind of men they were, the things they said, and the way in which they laid down their lives in attestation of the truth of their testimony, not, observe, to a doctrine, but to a fact—and then to read Paul's summary of the historical evidence, and of the moral argument, in the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, to feel how utterly impossible it is reasonably to doubt this great fact. It is impossible to think that this complicate and harmonious history was a mere tissue of the imaginations of fanatical men, and that a man like Paul could be so deluded as falsely to say, "He was seen of five hundred brethren at once.

And the resurrection of Christ established, it is a conclusive proof of the resurrection of His disciples. "Christ the firstfruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." It was a marvellous revelation of the spiritual world; it

was a great birth of human hope.

This, then, comes to be the warrant and assurance of my faith: whatever may be literal, whatever figurative in the circumstantial details, the great broad fact of life hereafter is assured. And this so satisfies all the yearnings of my soul, all the phenomena and the wants of my nature, my strongest desires and my noblest affections, my religious yearnings, my love, my spiritual sympathies and capacities, that I need no other proof. It flashes in upon me like light into darkness; and, like light, it is its own witness. I could not have proved it for myself; but now that Christ's resurrection demonstrates it. I feel that it solves all the problems, harmonises all the laws, and explains all the experiences of my being. Christ has done for the vague instinct of immortality what He has done for the vague instinct of expiation—He has made the surmise a demonstration, the dream an experience of actual life; He has set it in the full radiance of the revealing lights of God. We are "begotten again to a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

Is not this great claim of the Christ made good? Is He not in all His great teachings the Light of the World? Who else throws such light upon all the great problems of moral being—God

and man, sin and forgiveness, the great meanings of life here, its destinies hereafter? Is there any teaching greater and more inspiring than His?

Christian men, above all men, exult in the conditions and certainties of life. They do not walk in darkness; they have the Light of Life. Christ will not permit any man to say, "I am an agnostic; I do not know." "Verily, verily, I say unto you." He demands that His teachings about things be considered on their proper evidence, and, if convincing, that they be accepted. No man may say it is dark, when Christ has filled the moral firmament with the light of God. He Himself has pronounced the condemnation of such—"Light has come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light; because their deeds are evil;" "We know Whom we have believed."

It is not a mere philosophy of things that we speak; they are not mere notions that Christ propounds, that you may accept or reject with impunity. It is a practical salvation, the principles and powers of an endless life. They touch life at its very core; they determine its character, its experiences, its destinies; they are truths to live by and to die by; the mighty "powers of the world to

ome."

"What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?" What are His practical claims upon you—your

thought, your love, your life ?

As you think of Christ, you will feel and live towards Him. Light is for practical uses—to walk by, to work in. Ideas are the guides and inspirations of life; they mark out its paths, they impel its footsteps. All life is ruled by the notions that it holds.

You can know Christ's teachings only by putting them to practical tests. "He who will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine." Moral things are tested by their practical fitness and power; vital forces are understood only by

living.

Receive Christ as your guide and inspiration.

Submit your mind to His teachings, your heart to
His influences, your doings to His commands,
and you shall know what He can be to a human

life

If you merely speculate about Him, if you come to Him with suspicious or antagonistic hearts, if you half suspect that He is an impostor, and come "with swords and staves to take Him," you close your hearts to all the moral influences of His life and love. Your very attitude is an impassable barrier. Only the man who yearningly seeks lights to teach him, and remedies to heal him, and who eagerly accepts whatever may help him to know God and attain to goodness; only the man who practically follows Christ in all His ways of truth, can know Him as "the Light of Life."

# The Lord of Might.



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## THE FALL OF NINEVEH, AND ITS TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON,



MONG the chapters of prophecy, none are more impressive than that which recalls the fall of Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian Empire, a prediction which was exactly accomplished, not one jot of which fell to the ground, and upon which recent investigations have thrown the lustre of a complete vindication.

It is contained in the book of the prophet Nahum, a native of Elkosh, a village of Galilee, and whose name signifies "a comforter." We learn from internal evidence that he wrote his book after the captivity of the ten tribes, and after Sennacherib's brilliant campaigns in Egypt, but before that monarch's invasion of Judah, so disastrous to his arms. The design of Nahum's writing was to encourage the chosen people of God in that crisis of trial. And so he foretells the overthrow of Nineveh, and of the vast despotism of which it was a central pivot. He does this in language of singular hardihood, portraying the desolation of the city in luminous The narrative of Nahum is, as his name signifies, sometimes picturesque and tender, sometimes wild and imaginative, always true and exact, for his words were all precisely fulfilled a hundred years after they were uttered, when Nineveh was taken by Nabopolasar and

But during the lapse of two thousand years, marked by the rise and fall of many an empire, the shifting again and again of the seat of power, but above all the gradual decay and depopulation of the plains of Mesopotamia on which Nineveh was situated, not only had many of the sayings of Nahum become unintelligible, but the very site of the ancient city itself was disputed. Vast mounds of rubbish, some of them as extensive as and scarcely less lofty than the larger hills that surround London, startled the traveller and bewildered the antiquary, in various parts of the plains already mentioned; but of none could it be said with any certainty, This is the city of Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord. Here Sennacherib the warlike mustered his legions, and there Sardanapalus the effeminate mounted the funeral pile. But within a few years, in the order of the Providence of God, a new light has been thrown on the topographical difficulties that beset the historical inquirer. By the enterprise of a recent English traveller, the lost city has been found. The cornices and alabaster walls of its imperial palaces, dug out of the dust of ages, now decorate

our national Museum. We must learn to dig with Rich and Botta and Layard, not forgetting Rassam, into those mountains of rubbish; we must assist in their excavations; we must follow them, along the galleries and stifling tunnels, into the very heart of those mounds, we must gaze upon bas-reliefs that were sculptured perhaps before the foundation of Solomon's Temple, before we can understand fully the force of the "Burden of Nineveh, or the Book of the Vision of Nahum the Elkoshite."

After an appropriate exordium follows the burden itself. The prophet addresses the great city as a person, and tells her that "He who dashes in pieces is come up before her face;" that the besiegers are accumulating their instruments of attack, and that soon her walls will be hammered to pieces. "Keep the munition," says he, "watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily." Now is the opportunity for the display of all thy energy, and all thy enterprise. Strengthen every garrison; double the sentinels on every tower; guard every ravine and pass, and above all, watch the river-way. The enemies of Nineveh, the Chaldeans and Medes, are seen approaching from afar, with their shields of vermilion, and their valiant men clothed in scarlet. They come with their polished chariots glittering like streams of flame, and the pavement flashes beneath the iron wheel and the hoof of the war-horse. Their tall lances shake in the distance like forests of fir. They approach nearer and nearer to the city. The warrior King of Babylon rides at their head. He recounts his worthies, selecting the choicest troops and the bravest leaders, to conduct the siege. They press on with such fury as to overthrow each other. They cover their heads with their circular shields, and so they advance to undermine the walls of the beleaguered capital of their Nor are they unsuccessful. Nineveh was situated on both banks of the river Tigris; the weak part of its fortifications was where they were traversed by the stream. Nahum foretells that the flood-gates shall be opened; and the enemy entering by them, the royal palace shall be dissolved and molten with fire. Having arrived at this crisis of his prophecy, the inspired seer pauses to contemplate a scene of exquisite tenderness, which has been variously interpreted. "Huzzab," says he, "shall be led away captive; she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts." His Huzzab has sometimes been regarded as the Queen of the Assyrians, hurried into captivity; torn from her guarded home, and exposed to the insolence of the conqueror. Her gentlewomen accompany her mourning, and beat their breasts for anguish, instead of the lively and joyous tambourine. But the word Huzzab signifies literally a stronghold. It may therefore be viewed as a personification of Nineveh herself, carried away with the lesser cities that depended upon her, into irremediable captivity, and like some delicate lady, bewailing her fate. And now the prophet beholds the city taken. Though its multitudes were like the waves on the deep, and the roar of its populous thoroughfares like the sound of many waters, now it is empty and waste; they are all fled.

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The second part of the "burden" is equally majestic. We are taught in it the reason why Nineveh was destroyed, and the vast empire of Assyria overthrown. That reason was the magnitude of its national sins. Its despotic power was marked by tyranny; it was full of falsehood and rapine, and so it fell. Continually bent on increasing its territory and wealth by the plunder and the absorption of bordering states, it was alike It was the perfidious to friends and enemies. public patron of abominable idolatries. Its people were rendered degraded by the coarse licentiousness that accompanied those idolatries; they were the Neapolitans of primitive antiquity. The consequences are foretold by Nahum in language of terrible vehemence. He hears with prophetic anticipation the enemy advancing with all their chivalry; "the noise of the whip, the noise of the rattling of the wheels of the jumping chariots." "Fortify thy strongholds." Set brickmakers to work with the clay, tread the mortar, and make strong the brick-kiln. All thy busy preparation is vain; "the fire shall devour thee, and the sword shall cut thee off."

At the time when this prophecy was uttered, nothing was more unlikely than that it should ever be fulfilled. It would appear to the proud and victorious Assyrian, the rude rhapsody of a conquered people, if not of an actual captive; an angry effusion, designed to comfort the tribes of God's inheritance, amidst the calamities which the Assyrians had brought upon them, and nothing more. Nineveh at that time was, perhaps, the most splendid and populous city in the world. Jonah calls it "an exceeding great city of three days' journey," the number of inhabitants who did not know their right hand from their left being sixscore thousand. A day's journey being twenty miles, the circumference of the city was sixty miles, and supposing that young children are intended by the prophet, the entire population amounted to upwards of 600,000 souls. It stood, like modern Lyons, at the junction of two large rivers, and thus commanded a vast inland trade. Founded by Nimrod in the remote infancy of civilisation, successive monarchs added new palaces to those already built. Conquered nations were brought from distant lands to settle around it. Suburbs were gradually embraced in the spreading precinct; until, in the time of Nahum, it had reached the summit of prosperity.

Yet, improbable as the fulfilment of the prophecy might appear, not one tittle of it fell to the ground. About a hundred years after Nahum's time, and about six centuries before the coming of our Blessed Lord, Nineveh suc-Surrounding peoples, Syrians, Babycumbed. lonions, and Medes, all combined to destroy a power that had so long mercilessly domineered over the nations. An inundation of the river Tigris favoured the designs of the besiegers. They entered by a breach which the waters had made in the lofty wall. Then came the universal crash that follows a great military disaster. Its merchants fled, like locusts in the heat of the day. Its great men were carried into captivity. Its glory departed; until at last, amidst the shifting currents and streams of the Tigris, the sand-winds of the desert, and, more than all, the gradual barbarism of the East, its very site was lost.

It would be impossible in this article to show in detail how the little allusions, the metaphorical expressions of Nahum's prophecy have been illustrated by the discoveries of the remains of Nineveh over the space of which Monsul is near the centre, and the circumference touches the modern villages of Nimroud and Khorsabad. It would seem as if the sculptures had been made on purpose, and as purposely preserved beneath those mounds of rubbish, the débris of a hundred generations, that they might convict the modern Do we read in the prophecy of the sceptic. chariots and spears of fir? In like manner the sculptures everywhere display warriors in the ornamented car, and brandishing the tall steel-tipped lance. Does Nahum speak of pleasant furniture? Layard brings home designs from which our cleverest cabinet-makers might take a lesson. Does the prophet describe the dwellings of the lions and the lions' whelps? The British Museum is full of them, fetched from the palaces, at the gates of which they once stood sentinels in grim repose. Are we told in the prophecy, "I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will burn thy chariots in the smoke," or, as the word may be rendered, "thy habitations?" Then we learn from the modern discoverer, that everywhere he found signs of conflagration: cinders and charcoal mixed with ruins; cornices and sculpture that fell to pieces, because they had been calcined by the heat. Everywhere, amidst those vast heaps of material, the monument and sepulchre of a great capital, the prophet seems of old to have walked and meditated before his mighty soul was moved by the impulses of the Holy Spirit, and he poured forth the "Burden of Ninevel."

## THE FOOTPRINTS OF SUFFERING.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

RULY, a Christ walking through life on a flowery path, would have been little use to mankind. As He pursued the even tenor of His way, spring and summer ever around Him, with no sear and yellow autumnal leaf, no winter frost or biting blast to chill and to depress, He might have excited our envy, or our admiration; but He could have called forth no feelings from our human nature, but bitterness of spirit, as we tried to follow His example, and attain to His blessedness; and, defeated by one thing and another,

signally failed. And so God, Who meant the Christ to be a great, and abiding, and all-suiting reality to us, has given us such a Saviour, and one under such circumstances as will help, and teach, and encourage us on all sorrowful paths. The footprints which Christ left on the paths of suffering, are to be those in which we are to set our feet as

we wayfare amid many trials too.

And now, first of all, what sufferings had Christ? I answer, we can understand but little of them; we are almost ashamed to attempt to write of it. We cannot read His soul. We are told in the Psalms that the "iron entered into Joseph's soul," though we read nothing of this in the story itself; and the iron, we may be well assured, entered into the soul of Jesus on many an occasion, when all that we have in the record

is that such and such events took place.

With regard to physical sufferings, which form so large a part of the woes of mankind, our Lord must, apart from His crucifixion, have been to a great extent free from them as they are experienced by many now. The idea that His life was a strong healthy one, is probably the truth; and He needed its strength to carry Him through His appointed work. The early training of the body of Christ was all calculated, by its regularity, and purity, and occupation, to bring with it health. And it seems to be urged with reason that, had the physique of our Lord been feeble, it would have been a physical impossibility for Him to have undergone, except by perpetual supernatural interposition, the labour which He endured. Some sufferings He doubtless had, such as from occasional hunger, and thirst, and weariness; but the acute agonies which are the accompaniments of some illnesses, and the wearing-out weakness and distress which are a part of others, He does not seem to have ever known.

His wearings-out came from another direction;

and there were enough to enable Him to enter into all wearings-out which come on us.

And as to the pains of the body, He took high experience of them on the cross; so that along the worst paths of acute suffering we can trace His footmarks, and know that whither we have come.

hither has He come before.

To a nature such as Christ's, the sufferings of sensitiveness were no doubt more acute than would have been any bodily pains. Sensibility in Him was high pitched and refined. It was affected by what we do not even perceive. The very construction, so to speak, of Christ's nature insured that He must have suffering. We can easily imagine how He shrank from all that was rude. and selfish, and low; how the meanness, and untruthfulness, and the falseness and baseness of Pharisee, and Sadducee, and doctor of the law, grated against His whole being. And in some degree we can understand His isolation. True, He was seldom alone in the sense in which we speak of being alone; but there are other solitudes besides what we understand by the words "being by oneself."

There is the isolation of the heart-of the sentiment-of the lack of sympathy, even of comprehension; and Jesus dwelt amid these. Even His disciples continually misunderstood Him; His very manhood was too pure for them. He was pitched too high in aim, and thought, for

And then His ministry and position brought much on Him in the way of suffering. He had to abide in the presence of sin. He probably often thought of that verse of the Psalmist, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest;" but He had to walk the earth in its troubled places—where the troublings of sin were, there had He to be. The Psalmist speaks of His table being prepared by God in the presence of His enemies; and it was in the presence of His enemies that Jesus had to dwell. Had He only His holy human will to obey, He would have fled from the presence of the distasteful temptation. It was suffering to Him to be under it; but, until all was fulfilled, there must He remain. It is only when the devil had ended all that temptation that He left Him, and then angels came, and ministered unto Him. was typical and prophetical; it was an epitome of what was to be His life; He must abide in the presence of temptation, until all was fulfilled. The mere abiding under temptation, and mere living in the presence of sin, the dwelling in Mesech and sojourning in the tents of Kedar, is a woe to a holy

Then think how the patience of the Lord must have been tried by the dulness, and meanness, and want of understanding in those with whom He had to do. His noble thoughts found little response in their poor mean ones. While He was thinking of winning all the kingdoms in the world for the sovereignty of a righteous sceptre, their thoughts aspired no higher than the kingdom being restored at that time to Israel; when He warned them of the pervading power of evil, the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees, they could see nothing but a warning about daily bread. "How is it that ye have no understanding?" might have been the continual refrain upon His lips.

And so, wherever we turn, we find our Lord acquainted with suffering. As it says of Him in the prophet, He was "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He came upon the very scene of the sufferings with which He was to sympathise; and He took experience of those things in which He was to be our Teacher and

our help.

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Here, then, we have our Lord, upon the scene of suffering; now let us ask ourselves how He behaved Himself thereon; for it is only by watching what He did, and was, that we can know what to be, and how to do, ourselves. We must be able to see the footprints, before we can set our own feet in them.

Our Blessed Lord, then, accepted suffering as the dispensation for the time being. Whatever His future might be, that was His present lot, by the ordination of His Father; it was the right thing at that time. The end He no doubt had ever before Him; "for the joy set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame; and is now set down at the right hand of God." But He was He never attempted to forestall the end. contented that it should keep its own place as a hope—an energiser—a future. And so He applied Himself to the present, with all that belonged to it. When the day's trials came, He did not consider that any strange thing had happened to Him; it was the expected. It was deliberately accepted suffering. With His whole will He accepted the will of His Father that was in heaven.

Now, suffering of some kind is sure to come to us, and it may come without our accepting it; worse still, with striving against it. The ways of meeting suffering are of almost as many kinds and degrees as suffering itself. They vary from surly indifference to open rebellion in those who refuse to accept it of the Lord; and from simple acquiescence with the will of God, and resignation to it, up to a oneness of heart with Him, so that the activity of our will goes with the activity of His will; and we believe that all is best as our Father orders. The Saviour has left us the footprints in which we are to go.

And He did not want to emerge from it before the proper time. He was willing that it should run its course; He could have cut short His sufferings at any time, if He had chosen thereby to cut short His mission also; the two had to run their course together; and He patiently endured. That is a footprint in which we are to tread. We have many trials which have to run a course; there is much attached to them which cannot be attained without the whole course being run. And in some of these trials our own will can come in, and we may cut them short, We may leave the sphere in which the trial is to be endured-leave it, when we manifestly see that it is our duty to remain in it. And even if we cannot leave it in fact, we may in will and thought. We have so left it; our spirit, our real self has left it, if we rebel against it and remain under God's hand only because we cannot help If we would tread in the footprints of Christ we must leave the times, and seasons, and degrees of suffering in the Father's hand. This will give us great peace. This will save us a world of This will calm, and charm away the fret of the spirit. The life of Christ was an embodiment of that verse, "Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because He trusteth in Thee;" peace, none the less because it had to exist in the midst of trials. "My times are in Thine hand;" that was the experience of our Lord; and if that be ours, we shall be saved a world of restlessness and care, and in all probability sin too.

Our Blessed Lord has left us a footprint in another direction also—viz., in His non-absorption in His own sufferings. Whatever came upon Him, He was always ready to enter into the wants of others. If He was weary, He yet came forth to minister to the crowds; if one was sick far away, He said, "I will go and heal him," and when He might have been expected to be completely absorbed in His own exceeding agony of mind and body, His ears and heart were both open to the

cry of the penitent thief.

Suffering acts in opposite ways; it hardens the heart into selfishness, or it softens it, and makes it more capable than it was before to take in the

sufferings of others.

Our Blessed Lord left us an example of what it was to be to us. And in truth He has thus taught us where to find the blessing. For there is no greater alleviation of our own suffering than what is to be had in lightening that of others. The penalty of selfishness may meet us in our own sufferings, as well as in our spendings, or enjoyments: we may so turn in upon ourselves as to be self-devoured. The great sweetener of suffering is unselfishness in it—to feel for others as well as for ourselves—to believe that they may be enduring, and needing help as well as we. If any one might have been absorbed in what he was suffering,

Christ is the One, but He steadfastly forbad self to swallow up His thoughts.

And now, how shall we try to put our feet in

the footprints of Jesus?

Distinctness of effort will be very helpful to us. In the spiritual, as in the natural life, we lose a great deal by vagueness and desultoriness. But looking at Christ Himself will be a corrective to that. It is no small part of the boon of His presence in human life that, looking at Him, we learn to live. Our effort is able to take shape and form, when it copies what He did and was. We have the inestimable privilege and advantage of having a pattern to work by. We have that which we can copy for our first effort; and that by which we can correct our failures, when our poor little effort has been made.

And it will be very helpful to have the "man Christ Jesus" before us in our efforts. Abstract principles are weak with us, living examples are strong. The man who tells us "to be good" has less power with us than the one who "is good." The more distinctly we can feel that we are trying to be like Christ in the way He did or bore this, or that, the more power shall we feel

flowing into our effort.

At best there must be a deep consciousness of shortcoming. The nearer we approach to Christ the more shall we feel this; but this is one of the lessons which our souls must learn; it is one of the great helps to our advancing. This downward growth of root must accompany the upward growth of branch. When we think we have been patient, resigned, accepting to the full all that comes from a Father's hand, we have but to set ourselves side by side with Him, and we shall see with how trembling a hold we have taken the cup which He took with a firm hand and drained to the dregs.

Only, this consciousness and the feeling of disheartening which naturally flows from it, must not be a hindrance. The weakness and depression which belong to suffering make our efforts to follow Christ's footprints in that respect peculiarly difficult. We are now out of the path of natural energy, out of the upholdings of natural strength. That we should be weak and at a disadvantage are parts of the condition of our conflict. The example is not removed from us; a lower and easier one is not set, because we have done so poorly. Christ as the suffering Christ abides with us; the story always the same, the voice bidding us to follow Him unchanged.

And from Him will come the energy. Virtue goes out from Him now, even as it did at the touch of weakness yet of faith long ago. He will come to us with the omnipotence of the great per-

sonality, the wonderful "I." "Fear not, thou worm Jacob and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff" (Isa. xli. 14, 15). This great "I," the "I" of the storm on the lake, saying "It is I, be not afraid," will meet us in all our weakness and weariness, and carry us through.

Thus, having Christ with us, humbly identifying ourselves with Him, trying to be as He was, evermore looking for His footprints, and setting our feet in them, suffering will not miscarry in its mission. It will ennoble, not debase us, Being baptised with His baptism, and drinking of His cup in our poor measure, we shall in that measure be exalted as He is. Suffering of every kind has to each of us a mission, in whatever form it may come. There is nothing purposeless in nature, nothing in providence, nothing in grace, nothing in the meaning of the Almighty. Purposeless suffering would indeed be hard to bear; it is hard to those who think they are afflicted with it. The Father's hand is not and cannot be seen in trial of this kind; it has no alleviations, no prospects, no compensations, no assistances from above. It knows nothing of the peaceable fruit, how the acid ripens, and mellows, into the sweet. For the joy that was set before Him, Jesus endured the cross, despising the shame; and he who sets his feet in the footprints of his Lord shall always have a joy set before Him too.

The terrors of the gloomy ways will be to a great degree dispelled if we see a human footmark on the unknown path. Some one will have been there before us, and there is footprint after footprint; whoever he is, he has gone on. Who had been there? Who, but the Son of God!

And the footprints do not disappear suddenly. If they did, we might, if we depended upon them, some day find ourselves deserted, and be bewildered and lost. No! we trace them easily enough to Gethsemane and Calvary; we are allowed to see them up to the very last. And not only then. After the feet were nailed to the cross, there were no more footprints of sorrow to be left by Him on the earth. We have a last footprint on the Mount of Ascension. It minds us of the end of the long way of suffering for ourselves also. Jesus ascended to His Father and to our Father; and now, giving us His blessed companionship by the way, He shows us what will be the end thereof-footprints to the mount of Crucifixion first, and to the mount of Ascension afterwards.



## PANSY'S WHITE HAIR.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," "EQUAL TO THE OCCASION," ETC.

EAUCHAMP COURT is an ancient pile with historic memories, and there resides my friend Miss Elizabeth Beauchamp, in cheerfully-devoted attendance on her invalid mother.

On the first evening of my visit I only saw Elizabeth, for it was one of her mother's suffering days. Now it hap-

pened that I had come from the staring chintzes and wry mirrors of a sea-side "furnished house," and the black furniture, the dim carpets, and the delicate china, made the quaint room like a vision of fairyland to my eyes. Tea was already set—tea for two—everything in such perfect readiness that no further domestic aid was required till the meal was over, and Miss Elizabeth's own maid answered the musical call of her old-fashioned silver bell.

The maid herself did not break the charm of the scene. As she entered the room behind me, Miss Elizabeth addressed her by the pleasant name of "Pansy." She came forward—a slight woman, wearing a plain dress of dark purple, with a white cap, tippet and apron. I thought, as I looked at her, that her attire seemed less a "servant's dress" than a dress of service. The royal motto "Ich dien" might have been embroidered in silver on the arm. As Pansy bent her dark blue eyes upon me, one could see that these had won her name for her. But what gave a strange touch of interest to the pretty picture was the fact that, though Pansy could not be more than five-and-twenty, all her abundant waving hair was white as the driven snow.

It is hard for us to remember how strangers are struck by things with which we have grown familiar. Miss Elizabeth did not seem to notice the interest I took in her serving-maiden. So when Pansy had finally departed, I ventured to say—

"How pretty your maid is! Even her singular hair seems but an added charm!"

"Now, I am glad to hear a stranger say that," answered Miss Elizabeth. "For those who know Pansy and her story, it becomes, as a matter of course, her greatest beauty-mark, the outward and visible sign of the inward loyalty and strength of her nature."

"May I hear that story?" I asked. Miss Elizabeth smiled. "I love to tell it," she said. "Well, my Pansy is the daughter of a worthy couple, named Raper, both dead now, who used to live in the pretty moss-grown cottage, whose red chimney you can see, peeping up amid yonder thick plantation. The father worked in our garden and stable, the mother, who had been a trustworthy servant herself, helped our servants

in any way desired. They had another child beside Pansy, a boy of great promise, named Arthur. He was a year or two older than Pansy, and brother and sister were inseparable companions. Not that she hindered him from joining in the sports suitable to his age and sexthe little maiden was always to be seen quietly perched on some fallen tree watching her brother at cricket. At the same time, her love for him saved her from any artificial girlishness. run, and jump, and throw, and had the sound clear mind which is generally the companion of the sound strong body. She was not a clever girl in the sense that her brother Arthur was a clever boy. She took a long while in learning, but her knowledge was thorough. Altogether, Mr. and Mrs. Raper were rarely blessed in their children, and they thanked God that such a crown had fallen on their hard-working lives.

"The children's days were full of pleasant duties. The Rapers were not the sort of people who early set their children to earn money; but the young ones were associated with their own work, in ways which spared the strength and time of the father and mother.

"At the time of my story, my married sister, Colonel Lyttleton's wife, was staying with her young family at Yetholm House, which is just beyond the range of Beauchamp Court. For all its high-sounding name, Yetholm House is in reality a very insignificant place. Therefore, naturally enough, Beauchamp parterre, and kitchen garden, and laundry, were all laid under tribute to Yetholm.

"The Rapers' cottage got established as a sort of half-way house for the baskets and stores, which passed between Beauchamp and Yetholm. On our grounds, it was the nearest house to Yetholm, which stood almost directly opposite it, only rather more than a quarter of a mile away. But between the two stretched a sheet of water, the Shining Pool, as we called it, which is nearly three-quarters of a mile long. A boat is always kept moored on its bank by the Rapers' cottage. Therefore, to save time and fatigue, our servants left their burdens there, and Arthur or his father rowed them across as soon as they were at leisure. Such a duty as this almost always fell to the boy. He loved the water, and was a steady and skilful rower.

"The little sister generally went with him, and so there was nothing at all wonderful in her going with him on her birth-day—her twelfth birthday, which befel in the midst of glorious October weather. The two children had been left alone in their house—the father was at work in our green-

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"'Keep came and stood beside me, as I lingered at the window, watching."—p. 625.

houses, and the mother had gone to the market town. She had not been long away when a Beauchamp maidservant arrived with a basket of fine starched muslins, which were to be taken over to Yetholm. The Shining Pool among its great elm trees looked enticing enough on that calm bright day. Before the laundry-maid was out of sight she saw little Pansy seated in the boat, with the pretty white fineries on her knee, while Arthur Raper was energetically pushing out from shore.

"Afterwards the girl remembered that as she ran up the green avenue towards the Court, a sudden wind arose, not very strong perhaps, but oddly sharp and unexpected. It blew off her little cap, and she had a chase after it, and tore it in picking it off a stinging nettle, and she returned into the house grumbling. Little did she dream

what else that gust of wind had done!

"How well I remember that afternoon! I was alone in the house, except for the servants, and I remember feeling strangely restless. Perhaps it was partly because, with the muslins that had been sent to Yetholm, I had also sent a note saying that I was by myself, and should be very glad if anybody there would come across. I even dressed for dinner, in the expectation that it would not be quite a lonely meal, and when nobody came, I had dinner delayed awhile in the hope they would still come. I am afraid I was a spoilt child in those days.

"My only companion was my dear old dog, Keep, and he was like me, very restless and unsettled. Though he had had a long run in the morning, he seemed very anxious to get out, and hailed with unbounded joy any movement of mine

which seemed a sign in that direction.

"Keep came and stood beside me as I lingered at the window, watching. I shall never forget that sunset; it was one of those rare sunsets of early winter, whose first bright vermilion soon changes into soft mystic hues which somehow thrill the gazer's heart as may a pathetic poem or a plaintive air. I remember that Wordsworth's lines would keep running in my mind—

"Who would stop, or fear to advance, Though home or shelter he had none, With such a sky to lead him on? The dewy ground was dark and cold, Behind, all gloomy to behold; And stepping westward seemed to be A kind of heavenly destiny.

"Suddenly somebody came running up the path I was watching. I had searcely time to be sure that it was neither my sister nor brother-in-law, but only one of the out-door serving-men, before I saw clearly enough that something was wrong. In less than a moment, the beautiful evening calm was broken up, and all was in confusion!

"I was out-of-doors in a moment—my fleecy shawl about my head—and was hurrying down among the bewildered servants, before I had

heard much more than such exclamations, as 'the Shining Pool'—' a gust of wind'—' Arthur and Pansy'—' Saved!' 'Drowned!'

"And yet those disjointed exclamations really

told the whole story!

"Outside the Rapers' cottage, the doctor checked our excited entrance. 'The living child is with the mother,' he said. 'There must be perfect quietness. The shock may be fatal yet.'

"'The living child!' I echoed. And the old doctor took my arm, and told me all that was

known then.

"When the Rapers had returned to their cottage that evening, they found their children away, and knew by sundry signs that they had not been in the house all day. With quick intuition, the mother thought of a probable message to Yetholm, and of the possible dangers of the Shining Pool. Both hurried off to the shore. And there they found the boat, with Pansy sitting in it, alone, and motionless. The father swam out to his child, the frantic mother watching from the bank. When Pansy felt her father's arms about her, she looked up in his face, and said—

"'I've done exactly as Arthur bade me.'

"'And where is Arthur, darling?' cried Raper.
"Pansy pointed to the water. 'He went down
at last,' she said, 'but oh, he kept up so long!'
"It was not for down of the thete.

"It was not for days after that anything more could be learned, for the little girl lay mute and tearless, and it was feared that the strain had proved too much for the childish brain.

"In our efforts to find out how the accident had happened, we discovered that the Yetholm muslins were still safe in the boat, but that my letter to my sister was gone. And when the Shining Pool was dragged for little Arthur's body, they found that letter, entangled among some rushes.

"'Show it to Pansy,' said the doctor. 'It may

rouse her.

"She looked up at her mother's face, and said—
"'It was blown overboard, and when Arthur tried to get it, he fell over too.'

"This was the most that she had yet spoken.

Hope revived in poor Mrs. Raper's heart.
"'Try to tell me all about it,' she entreated.
"'He caucht hold of the boot' Paney wh

"'He caught hold of the boat,' Pansy whispered, 'and hung by the edge; but he said, 'Pansy, sit still; if you come to this side the boat will turn over, and we shall both be drowned. And that will happen, too, if I try to scramble in, so I'll hold on, and you must shout, Pansy.'

"And Pansy had shouted, very loudly, as it seemed to her, but there had been no one within reach of the childish voice. And Arthur had shouted too. But, in his strained position he

had not been able to do that long.

"Pansy said she had cried a little, but he told her to cheer up. And then he told her that if he chanced to slip off, it was no use for her to try to catch him, and that she was

not to jump up, but was to sit quite still till somebody came. Somebody would be sure to took for them there before night, he told her.

"And then he told her that she must always be very good and kind to her father and mother. He had tried to be good; he was sure he had loved them; but still he thought he might have been-

"Pansy began to cry at that point with the recollection of her brother's breaking voice. And then they knew her brain was safe.

"'And what were the very last words Arthur said?' whispered the poor mother.

"'He said, "Pansy, be sure to sit still." He And I did sit slipped down soon after that.

still, didn't I, mother?' asked poor little Pansy. "She was able to stand beside the grave, on the day that Arthur's recovered body was laid to its rest. And beneath his name they graved the text-

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

"But from that day, Pansy's hair turned a silvery white. By the time she was sixteen, it is as you see it now."

"How sad that a nature of such rare promise as

Arthur's, should have ended so for earth!" I

"Ended so!" echoed Miss Elizabeth, with shining eyes. "How could it have ended better? How else could he have set us a higher example of loyalty to duty, and of lovingkindness, and of courage? And did he not get the utmost reward that such natures can get, in the unswerving obedience of the little sister? And is she not left among us, with, as it were, the silver crown from Heaven on her head, to make us ask ourselves. 'How dare we writhe and chafe beneath the decrees of God, when a little child could so render up her will and control her feelings at the behest of one whom she felt to be wiser than herself? You cannot think how often I have heard that story recalled to memory on beds of pain, or in seasons of helpless waiting for dread tidings. And nobody can help seeing that the whole beauty of the incident lies in the simple thinking of what is right to do, and then simply doing it. As our vicar said of Arthur.

> "'He left us this, that whosoever will, May enter Heaven, a conqueror thus!""

#### HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.



L-BY THE SHORES OF THE RED SEA. T must have been a striking scene. As the morning broke, and the rays of the sun glanced on the rolling billows of the sea, the Israelites were able to estimate the greatness of their deliverance. There, covered with the waves, was the path by

which they had crossed during the night. How wonderful that they had been able to pass by such a road! On the surface of the water floated standards, and shields, and other tokens of the overthrow of an army; but the iron chariots and the heavily-armed men had sunk to the bottom "as a stone." Presently, however, the restless waves began to roll the corpses in, and the Israelites saw their enemies dead upon the sea-shore. The Egyptian horsemen were there. Pharaoh's captains were there; perhaps Pharaoh himself was there, with the angry look of self-will and pride still marked on his haughty features, as if he would defy God even in death. But all of them, once so strong, are now powerless to hurt, and the Hebrews, who saw from what a fate they had escaped, raised a song of triumphant thankfulness, which rang out, far and wide, over the waters of the sea.

Moses, no doubt, had composed and taught them this song. Let us examine it. It is in the fifteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus.

With the greater part of the people, I think, the

chief feeling would have been pleasure for their escape. That was, perhaps, only natural. If a tiger was just springing upon you, and some one interposed himself suddenly, and struck the fierce brute down, you would be full of delight at being saved; and all the more so when you looked at your enemy stretched lifeless upon the ground, and saw his fiery eve clouded in death, and his dreadful claws and sharp white teeth, and reflected what a terrible fate it was from which you had been unexpectedly rescued. If you think of this you will understand the delight of these timid Hebrews. They knew perfectly well how they could have been torn and slaughtered by the merciless soldiers, who now lay dead and helpless at their feet.

But Moses lifts up their thoughts to God. He tries to fix their mind upon God. They are to be glad, of course, that they have escaped such terrible sufferings as were in store for them-that feeling is right and natural. But he calls upon them to show gratitude for their deliverance to their true benefactor, the Lord God of Hosts, Who has so wonderfully interposed on their behalf. "The Lord is my strength and my song; and He is become my salvation; He is my God, and I will prepare Him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him."

But more than this. Moses regards what has happened as a hint that the right will ultimately prevail against the wrong; in other words, that God will in

the end beat down and overthrow all His enemies. What was all this long series of events that had transpired since he first made his appeal to Pharaoh but a contest of truth with falsehood-of the true God of Israel with the pretended gods of Egypt, of righteousness with sinfulness and oppression and wrong-doing? And here is the end! God and the right and the truth have prevailed. And Moses feels that they always will prevail in the long run, Do you say, "Of course! for who can withstand God?" Yes! I reply. But it does not always seem as if the right were getting the better of the wrong in the world. Rather the reverse. Think what floods of sin and evil there are everywhere around us! Think of the comparatively few real Christian people there are in the world, now nearly twenty centuries after Jesus Christ died on the cross, Yes! It is often a comfort to feel assured, as Moses did, that, though the hour of triumph may be delayed, every enemy must fall at last before the face of the Lord our God,

#### II.-THE MANNA.

What a wonderful history that of the Jews is: They are brought by miracle out of Egypt, and now they are fed by miracle! There are so many of them—so many thousands—that it would be impossible for them to find food in the wilderness unless they are miraculously supplied; and, accordingly, God provides them with bread from heaven.

One morning when the Jews get up they see the face of the ground round them covered with millions upon millions of small round things, resembling a white seed. This, they are told, is the bread from heaven. The taste of it is sweet, like wafers made with honey. They are ordered to go out and gather it-each man as much as he thinks he shall want for his family. They are told that no manna will fall on the Sabbath Day, so they must gather twice as much as usual the day before. They find that when they bring home what they have gathered, and measured the quantity, they have exactly what is required for their family-consumption; and they find that this manna, if any of it is kept till the morning of the next day, breeds worms and is corrupt and offensive. Now all this shows that there was something supernatural about the manna. There is to be found now in the wilderness of Syria a sort of manna -a sweet juice exuding from a tamarisk tree, which forms into small round white grains; and some persons have supposed that the two things are the same. But the difference is obvious; and it cannot be doubted by us, who receive the Bible as true, that God did miraculously provide His people with food during their sojourn in the desert in this particular

Now, what do we learn from this manna? Just, I think, this—that God will provide us, His people, with our daily bread. If we except the Sabbath, or, rather, the day before the Sabbath, the Jews were never possessed of more than enough food for one day. There was no stock in hand; they were not

allowed to have a stock in hand. If they kept any over, it was useless by the next morning. So with us. God would teach us, as He taught the Jews, our entire dependence on Him. He feeds us, and teaches us to ask only for what is necessary to meet the necessities of the moment. He is always watching over us, and knows what we require; and when we need anything, He will step forward for our relief. We are to ask for daily bread, not for a supply for months or years in advance,

We learn next-a still more important lessonthat God's people, who are, as it were, wandering in the wilderness of the world, and seeking their heavenly Canaan, are sustained with supernatural food, with bread that cometh down from heaven. I daresay you can guess what that bread is. The Lord Jesus Christ, in a remarkable chapter of the Gospel according to St. John-the sixth-explains the whole matter to us. Christian people have I do not mean only the life of the body, or the life of the mind (for that all persons have), but I mean the life of the soul-spiritual life. Who gives us that life? The Lord Jesus Christ. He imparts it to us by His Spirit. But you know that when you have life it is necessary to sustain it. your bodies had no food you would soon die. But there must be a food for the soul as well as a food for the body, and that food is the Lord Jesus Christ. He gives Himself to us. You say to me, What does that mean? Well, the Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself for us, when He died for us upon the cross. You understand that, and you know that because He died for us we are forgiven for His sake. We are washed from our sins in His blood. But we want more than forgiveness-we want life, spiritual life. And this life Jesus pours into our souls. He makes us sharers in His life. Just as the sun, without losing his own light, sends forth a flood of beams upon the earth, and illuminates all things, so the Lord Jesus not only gives Himself for us, but He gives Himself to us-for the nourishment of our souls, and thus He is the Bread of Life.

## III.-AMALEK.

About two months after the Israelites had come up out of Egypt they were exposed to another danger. The tract of country which we call the "wilderness," was a very extensive one, and many tribes were living in it; some of them very fierce and warlike, Amongst them the most fierce, and warlike, and powerful was a race called the Amalekites, and they, for some reason or other, determined to attack the Hebrews. How were they to defend themselves against such a terrible foe?

Now by the shores of the Red Sea the Hebrews had to do nothing. They were told to stand still and see the deliverance of the Lord. But now they are to take part in their own defence, trusting of course to the Lord to help them.

Joshua is commanded to select the bravest and strongest men out of the Hebrew host; to provide

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them with arms, and to go out with them and fight against the Amalekites. He does what he is told, and marches out to meet the enemy. But was this all that the people of Israel had to depend upon? No ! for if it had been matters would have gone hard with them. While Joshua is fighting, Moses is praying, taking the rod of God in his hand to show the people that victory over their enemies could only be obtained by Divine assistance. Moses, with two of his friends, Aaron and Hur, goes up into a hill from whence they can see the progress of the battle. Moses lifts up his hands in prayer to God; so long as he does so his people provail in the battle, but when he allows his hands to hang down, victory inclines to the side of the Amalekites. Of course after a time he becomes weary, and then his two friends place him on a stone, and standing on each side of him hold up his hands until the going down of the sun, and by that time the battle is decided, and Amalek driven back with great loss into his own territory.

Does it not seem strange, this story? Is it not a proof of the miraculous character of the history of the Jews? The success of a battle depends upon the lifting up of the arms of an old man on the top of a hill! Why was this? Because the Lord wished to show His people that it is He who gives victory, and that without Him they cannot hope to succeed. Just consider. The Jews may have thought, "We are as good men as the Amalekites; and better, perhaps, We have sharp swords, and are fighting for our lives, We will see what we can do. At all events, all depends upon our strength and courage. If we are stronger and braver than our enemies, we shall beat them; and if they are stronger and braver than we, they will beat us." But no-O ye Jews-your success does not depend upon the sharpness of your swords, and the strength of your arms. It all depends upon that old man sitting on a stone on the top of the hill, and lifting up his hands towards heaven. By all means, grind your weapons, and make them as sharp as you can; by all means be strong, and of a good courage; by all means smite the enemy hard; but you will not be victorious, you cannot be victorious, if that old man drops his hands. But you say, " Do we depend upon Moses?" No, but on the God of Moses, Who takes this way of showing you that you are powerless without His help, and that you must learn to feel and recognise your entire dependence upon Him.

An important lesson, this, for us all to learn. That without God's blessing nothing can prosper, that without God's help nothing can really be done.

#### IV.-JETHRO.

Jethro was Moses' father-in-law. He was a good man and (as it appears), a priest of the true God, although he was not a Jew. Shortly after the Exodus he heard of what had happened; how wonderfully God had interfered on behalf of His people, and how completely the Egyptians had been overthrown; and he came out from his place to pay a visit to Moses and

to congratulate him. Zipporah, Moses' wife, with her two sons, had been staying with her father during the last year or so, whilst Moses was in Egypt, and now she accompanied him to the Jewish camp.

Moses was very pleased to see Jethro. He had much to tell him. In the old days, when Moses was a shepherd, they had talked about God, and the Kingdom of God, and the purposes of God; and Moses had poured out his heart to him, and described the bitter disappointment he had felt when he found that he could not accomplish the deliverance of his people. But now the tone of Moses would be brighter and more joyous, for he had to speak of the wonderful work of the Lord, and of all the marvels of the bringing up out of the land of Egypt.

Jethro was glad and thankful; not only for Moses' sake, not only for the sake of the people of Israel, but also for the Lord's sake. Good men delight when they see right triumphing over wrong. All wrong comes from the devil, and belongs to him; and when the devil is beaten down and the right is victorious, then God is glorified. So Jethro says, "I know that the Lord is greater than all gods; for in the things wherein they dealt proudly, He was above them."

The next day Moses goes out from his tent to do his day's work, and Jethro accompanies him. A stream of people flows towards Moses, and he has to settle all their disputes, to answer all their questions, to decide their lawsuits, and to explain to them the will of God. It is an endless business: when one goes, another comes; and there are hundreds waiting, who are obliged, when evening draws on, to go away, in the hope of having an interview with the great law-giver to-morrow.

As the two men walk back in the cool of the evening to Moses' tent, Jethro expostulates with him. "Why," he says, "if you go on in this way, you will soon kill yourself; no human frame can stand such work and worry. You will wear yourself out; and you will wear the people out too; for that weary waiting for their turn will be too much for them." And then he offers advice. He recommends Moses to divide the labour. Let him choose out suitable men—for surely there are such amongst the thousands of the Jews—to judge the smaller causes; but let all the more important ones, and all difficult cases, be reserved for the decision of Moses himself.

Now, if Moses had been a proud or a conceited man, he would have refused to take advice, especially when it was offered by one so much inferior in position and in talent to himself. Or if Moses had wished to keep all the power in his own hands, he would have turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of Jethro. But Moses cared only for the good of the people and the glory of God; he cared nothing for himself; and Moses was ready to take advice when he felt it to be good as this was; and "So Moses hearkened to the word of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said."

## THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

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THE HARVEST.

"Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold."—St. Matthew xiii. 8.

HE freshening rain, the ripening heat,
Their bounteous work have done,
And waving fields of golden wheat
Are glowing in the sun.

By God's good will, the seeds of corn,
Buried when days were cold,
Have sprung to summer life, and borne
Good fruit, an hundredfold.

And we who store the precious grains— What can we do to show Our gratitude to Him Who deigns To make the dry seeds grow?

This we may do: with thankful hearts Receive His Holy Word, And let the lessons it imparts Obediently be heard.

This too: pray that the seed let fall
May grow with strong firm hold,
And yield rich fruit in sight of all,
Even an hundredfold.

II.

A STRONG HELPER.

"Which executeth judgment for the oppressed." PSALM exlvi. 7.

Are you a sufferer for another's deed?

Be not sad-hearted, little one: be strong!

In faith trust Him Who knoweth all your need,

Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong!

Are you unjustly blamed by those you love?

Do groundless accusations round you throng?

Put all your trust in Him Who reigns above,

Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong!

What though God wills the glad day be deferred?
In patience wait: the time will not be long!
And you will surely know that He has heard,
Who helpeth them to right that suffer wrong!

III.

THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN.

"Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."—

1 TIMOTHY vi. 17.

When summer suns are shining,
And countless joys are ours—
The matchless grace of nature,
The fragrance of the flowers—

When lingering by the ocean,
Or on the heath-clad down,
What are our brothers doing—
The children of the town?

In many a narrow alley,
In many a crowded room,
They sit with pallid faces
Amid the dirt and gloom!
They 've never seen a daisy,
Or heard a rippling stream;
Speak to them of the ocean—
They count it but a dream!

When we ourselves are happy,
'T is easy to forget
The cheerless lives around us,
The work before us set!
Yet how enjoy the pleasures
That make up summer's crown,
While thousands of our brothers
Are pining in the town?

Shame on us if we do it!

Shame on us all for aye!
Oh, surely we can give them,
One summer holiday!
One glimpse of bounteous nature,
Of bird and flower and tree;
One day of healthy breezes,
One day beside the sea.

IV.

INNOCENCE.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." - Sr. John i. 47.

O LOVING Saviour, Who didst call Thine own Apostle true, And found in him no guile at all, Make me pure-hearted too!

Give me a mind that cannot know What is impurity! Grant me a heart that is aglow With fervent love for Thee!

May I in ev'ry wish and thought Seek ever for the right! May ev'ry little act be wrought As in Thy holy sight!

And oh! that, when Thou callest me,
After a little while,
I too may seem as one to Thee
In whom there is no guile!

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM NEHEMIAH.

No. 1. NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Chapter to be read-Nehemiah i.

TRODUCTION. Have now followed Jews from Judæa to captivity in Babylon and back again to Jerusalem. Did not all return at once-different parties made the long and difficult journey. still left in Babylon-news of their friends received only at long intervals - no railways, no regular post, no telegraphs or

telephones. Sometimes a few returned to Babylon to visit friends. Shall read of such a visit to-day.

I. NEHEMIAH'S GRIEF. (Read 1-4.) years since Ezra had left Babylon-probably no news of Jews all that time. Now party of Jews arrive at Shushan-one of them Nehemiah's brother. Picture the meeting; like Jacob and Esau. (Gen. xxxiii. 4.) How much they will have to talk over: Probably Hanani surprised to find his brother in the palace as attendant or cup-bearer to king-post of great honour. What does Nehemiah ask about? Just as a child would want to know all about his home, church, village, etc., after long absence. What report do they give? Sad news-people in much distress-walls of Jerusalem just as left by Assyrians when destroyed city; no attempt to repair themcity all exposed to enemies, gates burned, all in ruins. How did Nehemiah take it? Did not say, "No concern of mine;" thought at once what he could do, whom he could influence-what help he could give; was much moved-loved Jerusalem, the home of his fathers; knew this trouble had come because of sin, so "wept and mourned and fasted."

II. NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER. (Read 5-11.) In whose palace was Nehemiah living? but king of Babylon was heathen-idol-worshipper. Nehemiah not been corrupted by evil influences around-had kept his religion like prophet Daniel before him (Dan. vi. 16), and Joseph at court of Pharaoh (Gen. xli. 41); was given to prayer. See what he says: (a) Address. God keeps His covenant-had threatened Jews with destruction if forsook Him, and had carried it out. Also God of mercy, Who pardons sin-how often had He not done so? (b) Confession. This needful in all prayer. Remind how David was pardoned when confessed sin (1 Sam. xii. 13), people of Nineveh spared (Jonah iii, 10.) (c) Plea. What had God promised to Moses? (See Lev. xxvi. 33.) This promise still holds good; will God remember it? (d) Petition. Will God therefore help him and prosper him with the king? for hearts of all men are under God's control. So he commits his cause to God.

LESSONS. (1) Interest in welfare of others. Nehemiah, well off and happy, made sad by troubles of his brethren-set about to help them. Do we know of none in worse misery? Heathen-without know-

ledge of God-what can we do, what are we doing for missions? (2) Godly in the midst of sin. God kept Nehemiah-can and will keep us, whatever our surroundings-only cleave to Him with whole heart.

No. 2. NEHEMIAH'S JOURNEY.

Chapter to be read-Nehemiah ii,

INTRODUCTION. When person very eager about a thing, likes to set about it at once-that not always best way, when other people concerned in it. Remind of Moses, who wanted to deliver Israeliteswent out and killed Egyptian-obliged to fleedelayed their deliverance forty years. (Acts vii. 25.) Not so with Nehemiah, as we shall see.

I. NEHEMIAH AND THE KING. (Read 1-8.) Five months had passed-from Chisleu (November), (ch. i. 1) to Nisan (April). All that time Nehemiah been longing, hoping, praying. Might not introduce any request to the king-cannot help face getting sad. At last one day, king notices sadness and asks reason. Tell children office of cup-bearer-to mix wine and water-taste it to show not poisoned-then present it to the king. Required to be merry, so as to add to king's pleasure. Now Ezra's opportunity has come; at once avails himself of it-tells his tale. Lets it have effect on king-makes no request at first. What does the king say next? Notice what Nehemiah did-first quietly prayed-what for? Wisdom to speak-boldness to ask favour. Now makes request. Asks for leave of absence from court, letters commending him to king's governors, beyond the river Euphrates, to speed him on his way, and for timber to make beams for gates of city, etc. What the result? Requests granted in full, Why? Assigns it all to God's goodness. (Ver. 8.)

II. NEHEMIAH'S JOURNEY. (Read 9-18.) Long and tedious journey from Babylon to Judæaacross great rivers, through countries swarming with troops of Arab robbers; but all passed safely, king having given armed escort. At last reaches Jerusalem. Nehemiah wants to see things for himself. What does he do? While city is asleep he and small party ride round to survey the scene. Must choose moonlight night-horses pick their way through the rubbish-sometimes cannot pass. Teacher can show the route on a plan of Jerusalemout at west gate-past brook Kidron (or Cedron, John xviii. 1)-past Mount Moriah, on which Temple stood-turns along north of the city, and so

back to starting point.

Now assembles priests, nobles, rulers of the Jews, and tells his story. Perhaps at morning sacrificehour of prayer. (Acts iii, 1.) First describes what he has seen in Jerusalem-then tells of his desire to build the city-of the king's help, God's goodness in prospering his work, and lastly stirs them up with desire to begin the work. What was the result? All caught something of his spirit—strengthened one another for God's work.

Lessons. (1) The benefit of prayer. Nehemiah prayed in his heart at the moment he needed help, and was instantly heard. What an encouragement to all—in times of sudden temptation or danger—lift up heart—need not even speak words—God knows heart; can and will answer directly.

(2) The benefit of zeal. These rulers, etc., had done nothing till Nehemiah came. Now his zeal incites them all, and they are eager to begin. What a lesson to all to be zealous for the Lord—to do what we can!

## No. 3. NEHEMIAH'S ENEMIES.

## Chapter to be read-Nehemiah iv.

Introduction. Left rulers, etc., determined to build. Full account given in chap, iii. Priests at sheep-gate near Temple, work so pressing that even clergy (as we call them) willing to help. Work assigned to each near his own house. All helped, rich and poor, old and young alike. Perhaps even children carried mortar or put in a stone. So God's work was shared in by all, as it should always be, and went on well.

I. THE ENEMIES. (Read iv. 1—8.) Who were they? (See ii. 10.) Belonged to Samaritans—persons sent by King of Assyria to colonise Samaria, when Israelites had been taken captive. (2 Kings xvii. 24.) Their religion a mixed one; had built a temple on Mount Gerizin. Now are incited by leaders to attack Jews in their building. See how contemptuously they speak of the work (ver. 3); ridicule always hard to bear; of course work must take time to complete. But don't only ridicule—conspire to fight against Jews, and stop work altogether.

II. The Defence. (Read 9—23.) Jews now in evil case—all men wanted for work—what can they do? What had Nehemiah done before? Adopt same plan now, with additions to suit the case. (1) Watch. Walls not yet high enough to protect the builders, so set a watch night and day to give them warning. But walls enclosed large space—and men spread far from each other, so arranged to signal by a trumpet (verse 20), and call armed men to place attacked. Thus always on guard.

(2) Prayer. See how modestly Nehemiah says, "We made our prayer" (verse 9), though doubtless his suggestion. Words of the prayer not given—probably special prayers at daily sacrifices, and frequent individual prayer. All felt the danger, and therefore were earnest in prayer, without ceasing. (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

(3) Fighting. God works by means, and "helps those who help themselves." How did they manage the fight? Describe the people divided in relays—half building and half fighting (verse 21), how eagerly they worked—not even taking off their clothes—each stone making more of a defence. Rulers, nobles,

etc., all helping on their own people. Thus all worked with a will, and the designs of their enemies were for the time frustrated.

Lesson. Resisting enemies. All this a type of our work in the world. Have to build up Church of Christ. Each Christian a stone in Christ's city. What are our enemies? The Devil, the evil one, the world, the evil of others, the flesh, the evil of self. Our weapons the same. Watching, praying, fighting. Thus resisted, with God's help they will flee. (1. Pet, v. 9.)

## No. 4. Nehemiah's Troubles.

## Chapter to be read-Nehemiah v.

Introduction. Have often read in history of war with other nations—that bad enough. Sometimes read of civil war—men of same nation fighting—far sadder. So we saw in last lesson troubles of Jews from outside enemies. Shall read to-day of troubles at home; not fighting, indeed, but discord and want of brotherly love.

I. USURY. (Read 1-13.) What was the complaint? Many large families requiring large supplies of food; but there had been dearth, as was not uncommon in Canaan-had mortgaged lands and vineyards to buy corn for bread, also had had to borrow money to pay tax to king of Babylon, whose servants they were. Had borrowed of their brethren, who therefore now hold their lands, and also could sell them for slaves if they did not pay. (Remind of parable of unmerciful servant.) How did Nehemiah feel when he heard it? Was expressly forbidden by law of Moses to take usury of brethren. (Ex. xxii. 25.) But who had been foremost in the matter? Nehemiah calls a great meeting, and puts the matter before them. He tells them they give a handle to their enemies; he urges them to give up this practice, and restore the lands; he reminds them how he might have taxed them, but has refrained. What is the result? They are convinced, and act accordingly. Can imagine the joy of the people in having lands restored; would feel a load taken off them-would start afresh, and avoid debt. No wonder they praised God for moving the hearts of their creditors.

II. HOSPITALITY. (Read 14-19.) What a contrast to selfishness of those who took usury! How long was Nehemiah governor? Probably during these twelve years occasionally visited the king at Shushan. Still spent most of his time in Judæa, settling all the affairs of the Jews. At whose expense? Entirely his own, out of past savings. Would take no tax of the people, in order not to oppress them when settling down in their own land once more. Besides this, had one hundred and fifty Jews daily at his table, and visitors from the heathen. Thus entertained strangers. (Heb. xiii. 2.) In all this Nehemiah showed boldness in rebuking what was wrong even among the nobles; kindness to the people in helping them in their troubles; hospitality to all. And all arose from his daily living in the fear of God.

LESSON. Go and do likewise.

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## ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT TABITHA'S WAIFS," "LITTLE HINGES," ETC.



CHAPTER VII.—JACOB IN TROUBLE.

LAST Jacob put up the shutters and returned to the capture of young Bobby; but the child had disappeared, utterly and entirely, and Jacob, relieved in his mind, spread the supper, and awaited Mr. Lever's return.

Imagine his astonishment and disgust when, on creeping up to his own little room, he found his mattress very fully occupied by Master Bobby, who had not only

deposited his ragged garments outside the bed, but had rolled himself up in Jacob's night-shirt.

"Come out o' that!" cried Jacob, angrily, endeavouring to strip off the covering, in which, however, Bobby was rolled up like a curl in a paper. "Don't I know what you're after? But you shan't, not if I know it!"

The sound of Jacob's angry voice brought the master himself into the room, To Jacob's annoyance, he only laughed heartily.

"You may as well let him stay there, and turn in together," said Mr. Lever, good-naturedly.

"It's more'n I can do, master," said Jacob, sullenly.

"The lad isn't poison," Mr. Lever returned, sharply. "He can't be turned out this time of night. You wouldn't wish that."

"No," Jacob said, unwillingly; "only he's deeper than you think for, master."

Mr. Lever turned quickly away, leaving Jacob to do what he liked. This seemed to be to lie down on the floor in his clothes, which he did, after putting out the bit of candle.

A minute or two afterwards the small figure on the mattress unrolled itself, and came pattering along, with trailing drapery, to Jacob's side.

"Come along, Lankyshins," cried Bobby, tugging at Jacob's arm. "There's lots o' room for you, and I'll give you a fair half o' the rug, and hold you tight, so you can't fall out."

Which generous invitation Jacob could not withstand, so that, after all, Bobby did share his bed, and, as Jacob had foreseen, their breakfast too.

Jacob watched eagerly to see what his master would do.

Bobby made himself quite at home, and chatted and joked with the ease of a favoured guest. When he departed for school, he told them he'd come again soon, to look after Benny, which communication pleased the others better than it did Jacob.

"He does amuse Benny, at any rate," Mr. Lever remarked, consolingly, "and it is dull for the little chan"

And so it came about that Bobby's presence began to be looked upon as a regular sort of thing, to the mutual satisfaction of both the boys.

Jacob was in despair. His visions of the loaf flying before Bobby's large demands were only too true. It was in vain he represented the extra expense to his master. One little mouth couldn't make much difference, the good-natured jeweller declared; but Jacob knew better, and he saw that a "rainy day" was coming on very fast.

Young Bobby very often shared Jacob's bed now, which he patronisingly declared would be very "comfor'able" if Jacob's shins were not quite so lanky.

Jacob went out every night when his work was done, and whenever else he could, as Mr. Lever firmly believed, just to get out of Bobby's way.

"They've never paid for those forks yet," Mr. Lever said one day to Jacob. "I think I'll call for the money."

"Can't I go, master?" Jacob asked, quickly.

"No, I'll go myself, and call at one or two other places as well."

Jacob sat silent for a few minutes, while his master put on his coat, and muffler, and hat.

"Master," he called, in a husky strange voice, just as Mr. Lever was leaving the shop, "They paid me the money. I've got it up-stairs. I'll get it."

Mr. Lever turned sharply round. "Who paid you, Jacob?" he said, sternly.

Jacob mentioned several names.

"I'll come up-stairs with you," said his master. "Go on, I'll follow."

Jacob sheepishly led the way. "When was this money paid to you—when I was out?"

"No, master."

"When, then? It will be better to speak the truth. Did you go and ask for it? Is this the business that has taken you out so much lately?"

"Yes," Jacob replied, glancing furtively at his master's face, and not altogether reassured at the expression it wore. "Here's the money; 'tisn't so much as it ought to be. I was puttin' it by and savin' it up for the rainy day."

Mr. Lever looked very sternly at the lad as he took the box from his hands. Jacob trembled and faltered under that searching, angry glance.

"Do you mean to say, Jacob," Mr. Lever said, slowly fixing his keen eyes on the lad's troubled face, "that you have not robbed me of that money?"

"A veritable policeman."-p. 634,

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"Robbed you, master?" Jacob cried; "robbed you?" and suddenly he sank down with an ex-

pression of terror at his master's feet.

"Get up, lad," said his master, sorrowfully; "all this looks more like guilt than innocence. You, that I took in, and fed and clothed, to turn upon me like this! It's a bad return. No wonder you were so cranky with the children, if you'd got all this wickedness in your mind."

At this moment a small impish black head thrust

itself in the doorway.

"'Ulloa! what's up?" he cried, grandly. "What'a you been doin', Jakes, you naughty boy?"

Then, taking in the situation at a glance, he added—"This comes of all that calcylatin', Muster Lankyshins. Lor', uncle, but you should have seed him when you were out, a calcylatin' and a calcylatin', with his face all screwed up, like a true lover's knot."

"What does Bobby mean?" Mr. Lever asked. "What were you calculating, Jacob?"

"Accounts," Jacob answered, lamely.

"What could have made you to take to accounts? It looks bad, Jacob," Mr. Lever said, shaking his head. "Now, come, confess the truth to me, and I'll not be hard on the orphan. Say out, you've fell into temptation."

"That's it," chimed in Bobby; "we all does it sometimes, 'specially when creases are dear, and

people won't buy 'em."

Jacob glanced angrily at his precocious tormentor, turned round, and went out of the room, and, catching up his cap as he passed through the shop, went out into the street.

For a minute or two Mr. Lever sat, thoughtful, on the lad's bed; then he got up, and followed Jacob.

He was already almost out of sight, and his master's pace could not compare with the strides of his long legs. Presently a policeman came strolling by. Mr. Lever pointed Jacob out, and told the man to fetch him back. He himself returned to his bench with a heavy heart.

#### CHAPTER VIII .- BOBBY'S GUY FAWKES.

"Look here, Benny," cried Bobby, after he had witnessed Jacob's discomfiture, "Lankyshins is an out-an'-out bad 'un; and as you an' me 's good little boys, we'll make a guy like Lankyshins ready to burn on Guy Fawkes Day."

Benny's face clouded over with doubt,

"Jacob's kind; he isn't bad," he said, pon-

"Oh, isn't he, though!" remarked Bobby, decisively. "That's all you know. Did you ever see a bonfire?"

Benny had not; so Bobby described the glories of one, in glowing terms, which filled Benny with longing and delight. Master Bobby wisely said nothing more about taking-off Jacob, and, clever little urchin that he was, soon had Benny a willing captive to his schemes. The two children slipped out into a little paved place beyond the kitchen, which was skirted by a great waste of muddy ground, lying beyond the railway.

Bobby soon raked together out of this lumber-hole the necessary odds and ends, consisting of some sticks, some shavings, paper, and rags, and an old sack, in which potatoes had been stored. Into the sack he stuffed the paper, rags, and shavings, tying up a large knob for a head, which he adorned with shavings split up very fine by way of hair. Four long sticks served for arms and legs. So much was done, and the guy propped up in a dark corner for the present. "Wait till to-morrow," Bobby cried, delightedly, "and then you'll see some'at, Benny."

It was quite time for tea, but no one had called the children in. They found a dark fireplace, and no sign of a meal. In the shop, to which Bobby of course penetrated, he caught sight of a dismal group, Jacob, with hung head and frightened eyes, Uncle Nat, sorrowful and disturbed; and last, but most important of all, a veritable policeman.

A sharp word from Mr. Lever sent Bobby back into the little parlour, where he determined to turn his restlessness to some purpose by getting tea ready

himself.

At last the policeman departed, and Jacob slowly, and with a more stolid face than usual, came into the room, followed soon after by his master, who took his seat by the fire, never even noticing little Benny.

Bobby took his departure quickly enough to-night, for he had important business on hand—nothing less than the selection of a mask as nearly like Jacob's face as might be, and a raid upon his boy acquaint-ances for anything he could get to dress his guy.

As for Jacob himself, he sat at his desk working under his master's eye, for Mr. Lever could not find it in his heart to send him to prison; but, slow and stupid as the lad seemed, he knew that he had forfeited the esteem and affection of the only person in the world who had been kind to him, and what worse evil could he have brought upon himself?

On the morrow Bobby came in after school bearing a mysterious bundle, out of which he brought the most wonderful collection of rags and tatters. The mask adjusted, and the guy clothed, and crowned with a battered old hat stuck on the back of its head in Jacob's own peculiar fashion, any one might have guessed whom it was intended to be like, for Bobby had not only selected a long thin cadaverous-looking face mask, but had contrived to give the body just Jacob's long thin appearance. He had, moreover, laid hands on a very old coat of Jacob's, which completed the resemblance, very much to Bobby's satisfaction.

He was so delighted that he could scarcely refrain from fetching Jacob and Mr. Lever there and then, but this he knew would ruin his plans, so, with many a warning to Benny, they went in to tea.

At last the grand moment came. Bobby had

collected together all sorts of scraps of wood and straw and paper, which he had heaped round the guy. These he set light to, and as soon as there was a good blaze, he flew into the shop with the startling announcement that the yard was on fire.

Jacob and his master ran out to see, when, to their astonishment, they beheld nothing more alarming than a bonfire with a long attenuated guy in its midst.

"Bobby," said Mr. Lever, gravely, "you're a very bad boy. Why did you do that?"

"I'm not bad," said Bobby, grandly. "I earns my livin'. I don't take no one else's money, not me," and Master Bobby looked at Jacob with a sort of superior pity.

There are times when even a worm will turn. So far, Jacob had had nothing to say for himself, but Bobby's contempt was too much for even this poor dull lad.

"You'd better mind what you're sayin'," he cried, sharply. "I ain't no thief, neither, and so I say if it's the last word I speak."

And with these words the lad rushed away, not even heeding the danger of his own old coat—which, however, his master rescued from the ruthless hands of Bobby—up to his own little room, where his master, having first turned the key in the shop door, followed to learn the meaning of his words.

He found the lad lying on the floor, with clenched hands, and his thin dull face wet with big tears—a sight so unexpected and distressing, that the tender heart of the deformed man was sore for the lad's sorrow.

"Jacob," he said, softly, "tell me the whole truth, God forbid I should accuse you wrongly, but you have never given me any explanation. How did you get that money?"

It was a long time before the lad, with his slow mind and his awkward way of expressing himself, could give his master any idea of the truth. This he gathered—that Jacob, seeing that a rainy day was coming, and dreading what would come to them all, had set his wits to work, and come to the conclusion that his master was often paid too little for his work, and not knowing what else to do, he had himself gone to the customers and got the money owing, paying to Mr. Lever as much as the jeweller thought they owed, and putting by the rest, as a store to fall back upon when the real rainy day came.

"I never touched one penny, master, not even when Bobby eat up all the bread, and you went without your supper that night, though I'd a mind to go and pay the baker then, only I thought worse might come," Jacob added, at the end of his story.

"I can't blame you, and I can't altogether praise you, my lad," his master said, kindly. "Your thought was kind, but it wasn't the true honesty, after all, because, d'ye see, Jacob, what's mine's mine, and you've no business to keep it for me, even if I don't look after it myself."

"I didn't mean no harm, master," Jacob replied.

"I believe you, my lad, and it's my own fault that this happened. Howsomever, we'll set things going differently, and see if we can't make ends meet better, for you've shown me where the shoe pinches, anyhow. Come down and let's look after those boys."

With what gladness Jacob followed his master, it is difficult to tell. He went back to his work with a brighter face than he had ever displayed before.

The bonfire was still blazing away. Mr. Lever called the children in, and taking Bobby and Benny each by the hand, he said—

"Jacob is no thief, Bobby; you've made a great mistake about that, and you've hurt him ever so, Jacob's the best friend we've got."

For a moment Bobby looked abashed, but the next minute he looked up saucily, and exclaimed—
"I guess you made the mistake first, Uncle Nat."

"So I did," Mr. Lever admitted, "but I know better now, and I'm very sorry, Bobby, I ever made such a dreadful mistake."

"Jacob's good, isn't he, Uncle Nat?" Benny asked, with large wondering eyes.

"Yes, Benny," Mr. Lever replied.

"'Cos he's one of His little'uns. And we always says, 'pray God make him a good Jacob all days of his life,'so he can't be naughty and wicked, can he?"

"I don't s'pose he can," Mr. Lever muttered, rather at a loss what to say to this.

"I knew it all the time," Benny said, triumphantly; "and Bobby mustn't say he's bad any more."

"No, Bobby mustn't," Mr. Lever agreed.

Whether Bobby thought he was getting the worst of it, or whether he was really sorry, it isn't easy to know; but anyway he presently marched up to Jacob and cried, "Look 'ere, old fellow, shake hands; the guy was only a lark, and you 're welcome to make me and burn me next Guy Fawkes Day, if you knows the way how. I think you 're a very good sort, I do."

Having made this splendid speech, Master Bobby very wisely flew out of the shop, and took his way home.

"Poor Bobby!" said Mr. Lever, thoughtfully.
"Why do you dislike him so, Jacob? There's a
deal of good and a deal of cleverness in him."

"He don't make the bills no easier to pay," Jacob remarked, drily; "and they was bother enough afore he came."

"That's true enough," Mr. Lever replied; "but I should like to see Bobby growing up to something better than the 'crease trade,' as he calls it. Strikes me he'd be clever at our trade, Jacob."

"I've always thought it, master," Jacob replied.

"An' I was dreadin' for you to find it out. There 's two on us already, and how can you do with a third?"

"But you, Jacob, you earn all you cost," said his master, kindly. "You work all day, and, dear me! you've never had that five shillings a-week yet; but you shall, Jacob, you shall, lad, when we turn ourselves round."

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"I don't want nothin' more than you always gives me, master," Jacob said, in a husky voice. "I should ha' been off afore now, out o' the way, if it wasn't for knowin' that you must have some one to help with the little jobs, and run the errands, and such-like."

"Well, anyhow, we must set things straight before we think any more about Bobby," Mr. Lever said, thoughtfully. "And you've set me thinking about a good many things, Jacob."

Mr. Lever did think over the state of his affairs very seriously, and came to the conclusion that he must put his business on a very different footing. It was difficult to get into the way of keeping a strict account of everything, but in this matter Jacob was of the greatest use. His affection supplied the place of sharper wits, and though he was not clever enough to keep the accounts, he was watchful enough to open the book and place it before his master every time he himself forgot it, and to hold in his memory many little things that would otherwise have been let slip.

For a long time it was a desperate struggle, but in the end the tables began to turn, and the little shop in the old archway really to prosper. Bobby came and went as of yore, but he was warned that he must not try to edge himself into the house with Benny, for there was no room for him, except as a visitor. Bobby replied that that was a pity, for he was very knowin' in house-work, and he was afraid they'd feel the want of him." But the child accepted this disappointment with the same brave carelessness as he had taken all the other hardships of his young life.

Some years after, when Bobby had fulfilled his school time, and the little shop was flourishing. Mr. Lever took him as a second apprentice. time Jacob had become skilful enough to obtain a place with regular steady pay, and had willingly made room for this other waif. Little Benny never found any other home, but his sweet simple childish piety seemed, his kind guardian thought, to have brought down a blessing on the humble home that had so willingly sheltered him; and looking at it in this way, Mr. Lever was not at all sure that if a rich benefactor, ready and willing to take the child, should turn up now, he should not feel that he would be robbed of his sweetest possession if he were called upon to part with this-one of God's little ones.

THE END.

## SHORT ARROWS.

MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.



ROM an extract which has come to hand, we have lately learnt how wonderfully a party of missionaries were preserved from the fury of a murderous people. It appears that two Christian (Spanish) wor-

kers went about distributing Gospels and good books among the poor people in the district of Pamplona. In nowise daunted by some unfriendly signs, they continued their good work; but at night the house in which they lodged was attacked by a mob, stones were thrown, and the inmates but narrowly escaped with their lives. On the next occasion, however, the attack was more determined, for guns were freely used; but, notwithstanding the well-aimed bullets, many of which penetrated the windows, and two flattened beside the bed wherein the devoted couple lay, they were enabled to escape from the hands of the infuriated populace.

#### THE SEED SOWN.

But although, as the peasants said, they were in great danger, their conduct made a profound impression, and set a good example, which bore most excellent fruit. In the same house that had been attacked dwelt a widow, with her parents and three children. They had heard the prayer and praise offered up by the native missionaries, and said,

"Surely this must be the true religion. Would people dare to brave such imminent danger if it were not so?" She determined to join the holy band, and, in face of all opposition, did so. She procured a Bible, and studied it daily, finding comfort and blessing in it. But her faith was sorely tried when an attack by the intolerant people was made upon her also. Her house was wrecked, and rendered almost uninhabitable, her parents severely wounded, and in the morning the widow was obliged to flee for her life.

### SOUGHT AND SAVED.

Fortunately a minister found her, and it is from his narrative we add the subjoined particulars. He describes the ruined house and hand-fulls of bullets picked up, and after an inspection the party determined to leave the neighbourhood. They did so, but just as they were entering a railway carriage, they were fired at, two bullets grazing the missionary's head. Yet although the assailants had every advantage, and their intended victims stood in bright moonlight, not a bullet hit the brave men. So finally the poor widow and her family were rescued, and the missionaries were subsequently preserved in a manner which has been described by the local papers as "miraculous," These faithful ones may indeed have exclaimed, "The Lord is mindful of His own."

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

There have been many paragraphs lately concerning the Homes for Women, and one we read stated that these Homes are not much liked by the girls for whom they are primarily intended. But we think that personal testimony is more valuable, and we have before us some notes made which will, we believe, show the value of these benevolent institutions and associations. In one institution we know of, at least three hundred members have been enrolled in two years. Now that does not look like The cheerful surroundings, the bright rooms, the piano, books and papers, the sympathy and friendship displayed by the managers and superintendents; these are all appreciated, and we feel sure are working a great good. There is written testimony concerning the benefits obtained. "Do you recollect," says a writer, "do you remember an afternoon when you said that if there was a heart longing for rest it ought to come?" The hearer of the invitation had no Gospel teaching; she was simply indifferent to the ways of Godliness-not an open sinner, by any means-only she did not care. Well, those words sank deeply into her mind. She came to a Christian Association, and found peace and rest. But not content, she induced her sister and a servant to come in, and they became as she was, and valued members of the Association. Now these are truths past gainsaying. They have been collected, and are written down as they occurred. There can, however, be no doubt that much, very much, depends upon the manner and true sympathy with which the girls are met. Some have felt a want of this, and those in charge of such Homes would do well to remember the craving want of kindliness and tenderness existing in the trembling hearts which are waiting for a kindly light to lead them on in the new and toilsome path of their earthly pilgrimage.

THE THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

This is a mission always very interesting to us; the work done can so readily be perceived, and, as it were, comes home to us. We can see for ourselves the working ground of this excellent movement, and the Secretary, indefatigable as ever, is always ready and willing to assist or forward the welfare of the sailor. A very interesting work has been lately commenced in the Northern Seas amongst the swarms of fishingboats, and the owners of many craft have willingly accorded their permission for facilities to be given to the missionaries. Sailors' bags, books, warm clothing, are much desired, and any which kind friends will send Mr. Mather, 31, New Bridge Street, E.C., will be glad to receive and acknowledge. The benefits already accrued from the Thames Misson are lasting and important. Many sailors, large numbers of the formerly impenitent class, on board our ships, have, in the river, received impressions which have become lasting, living good lives and setting a good example. If this were the only blessing attendant upon the Mission, it would alone be a reason for assisting in its development.

#### WORSHIP ON BOARD SHIP.

From the South of England comes eloquent testimony respecting the improvement taking place, and the needs of the mission, concerning which we have seen a letter written by Mr. H. Cook. He describes the prayer meetings held on board his vessel, and the numerous attendance on all occasions at these Gospel Far down in the Western seas, during storm and tempest, running in for shelter amid the fishing craft, or hugging the shore, the Bible-ship holds her own not only against the storm, but against the tempests of infidelity and superstition. Numbers of sailors use the vessel, and we do not wonder at it. For of all men, the sailor has more opportunities for seeing the wonders wrought by the hand of God in Nature than other men. Sailors are not more evil-disposed than others. It is the lack of opportunity, the long absences, the strict discipline of nautical life that induces them to break loose when they reach land again. Some such kindly efforts as those now so universally made in England, and in so many places abroad, will tend to bring the sailors round our coast, and throughout the world, into the ranks of the band of "Christian soldiers," Not only in Europe, but in Asia, and particularly in some Chinese ports, the past year has been one of great blessing to the work amongst the sailors. Temperance and good living are being inculcated, and notwithstanding the unfortunately too common temptations which are so ready to beset our seafaring population, the good work is progressing year by year.

## THE MISSION AT SPEZIA.

We have on more than one occasion noticed the gratifying extension of the Gospel teaching in the Italian peninsula, and in a letter from the able missionary at Spezia we have confirmation of our hopes in this direction, to which our attention has been We learn from the letter in question that the Mission, which has been for some years in existence, numbers eleven stations, and there are at least twenty agents employed. A great number of children are educated and brought under the influence of Bible teaching in a most satisfactory way. We need not give details which have already appeared, but we may add that the treasurer to the Mission is Mr. T. Sands, 50, Old Broad Street, London, and that he will receive any contributions, and doubtless furnish all information respecting it.

#### THE ROYAL HOME FOR LADIES.

Close to Wandsworth Common there are three or four small houses, devoted to a most praiseworthy use. There is nothing to mark these houses as more than usually interesting, but they each and all are devoted to the reception of ladies—aged governesses

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and others, whose private means are quite insufficient to enable them to live without some such assistance. This charity-for so it is-was founded in 1875, by Miss Lee, and has proved to be the means of much happiness and comfort to many. At present there are twenty-eight inmates of the four houses, each of whom has a room to herself, and the founders and subscribers provide coals, gas, attendance, and of course pay rents, rates, taxes, and for medical attendance. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Mary of Teck, and the Princess Frederica of Hanover are the patronesses of this excellent institution, which is by no means local in its aims. Any lady with some small income which will be sufficient to keep her supplied with the bare necessaries of life, can here, aided by charitable assistance, and without any loss of dignity or fear of association, find a home. The sum required annually is £850 a year, and a moiety of that is already provided by guarantee. Some of our readers will doubtless be interested in an institution which has an aim of such a generally beneficial character. The Hon, Secretary, Mrs. Jacob, can be addressed at 8, Altenburg Gardens, Clapham Common, S.W., and many will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity to view the Homes, which are under the patronage of the Royal Family, and are an unmixed benefit to the poor ladies of England.

#### THE BOLINGBROKE PAY HOSPITAL.

Since the notice of this excellent institution on Wandsworth Common appeared in these pages we have received a communication from the secretary showing the great progress made and the extension of the movement, which, owing to his energy, is making great progress. The fees paid during the last six months amount to more than those paid for all the preceding year, and we learn that daily application is made at the institution by persons who wish to enter the hospital, which is in reality a "Home in Sickness." The excellence of the arrangements and the salubrity of the situation are strong incentives to those who wish to secure generous treatment; and by, as it were, insuring themselves, they may, we apprehend, claim the benefits of the Hospital when it may become necessary to do so, The address of the honorary secretary is Woodville, Upper Tooting, S.W., and he will, we are sure, most courteously give any information required concerning the institution.

## AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

A short time ago a small and devoted band of missionaries were preparing to leave this country, and, by the time these words are printed, the noble ministers of God's Word will be on their way to what, in more senses than one, is the "Dark Continent." A meeting was held at Kensington, and, just previously, a similar movement was set on foot in America, where missionaries to carry the glad

tidings into the heart of Africa had entered upon the first part of their self-imposed duty. At the Kensington meeting the Earl of Shaftesbury presided. and Mr. Guinness, whose efforts, with those of his noble wife, are so highly appreciated by all Christians, gave some very important information concerning the Missions which the young soldiers of the faith were about to engage in. Some were on the eve of embarkation for the Livingstone Mission, and some Americans were bound for Central Africa. It appeared from the speeches delivered that, although nine missionaries had proceeded to Africa during the last twelve months, the deaths had unfortunately been equally numerous; and a very interesting illustration of the Congo language was given, and a grammar is stated to be in preparation.

## RAILROADS AND SUNDAY LABOUR.

"Corporations," it has been said, "have no souls," but the individual members have. Efforts have been made to institute Sunday services in the waiting rooms, but it would appear that the men will not attend the services provided for them under the existing circumstances of their labour and the long hours they are on duty. "A Lady Worker" writes her experience, and says, "Twelve hours every week-day, and seventeen hours every other Sunday, does not leave you much time for anything else." This is true, but although the men are nominally on duty all these hours, it is not necessary for them to be always on the platform. But it seems that the railway servants are decidedly worked too hard on Sundays. There appear to be legitimate complaints respecting the washing of carriages and platforms, etc., on Sundays, during hours of Divine Service, when the station ought to be closed. Every man should have the opportunity to attend service on Sunday. Sunday travelling brings the attendant evil of drinking-bars and refreshment and public-houses, and the employment of numerous men and women nearly all the afternoon, in an unwholesome and not too clear a moral atmosphere. great reform can be effected suddenly. some Christian people continue to ventilate the question, and endeavour to promote a better observance of the Lord's Day?

## THE CRÈCHE AT STEPNEY.

This most excellent institution is daily besieged with applicants for admission for the poor and destitute children of our great metropolis, and it is with an aching heart that Mrs. Hilton is obliged to decline to receive the applicants. They are very varied, and the circumstances under which they are compelled to request admittance for their children sad in the extreme. Sickness and disease and deprivation of the bread-winner are all prolific causes of distress, and the hardships the widow and fatherless endure are well known to the kind people at the Crèche, but they cannot do impossibilities. There is now a necessity for the removal of the elder girls, and

change of air is wanted for the little ones. Is there no help forthcoming? Mrs. Hilton trusts that assistance will not be denied her, and that the hearts of many will be turned to her, and enable her to carry out the plans for the much-desired additional room. Many of us do not understand the misery in which these East-End children are brought up, and the difficulties the Crèche has to contend against. But we trust that some additional interest may be revived in the minds of those who love the little ones committed to our charge.

#### A GOOD WORK IN LEAMINGTON.

A striking commentary upon some previous notes has reached us in the statement of the Leamington Home for Business Women. Miss Taylor has sent out her report; and, though we cannot give it more than a passing notice, the contents will be found more than usually interesting. Of the usefulness of these Homes, now rapidly increasing in number, no one can entertain a reasonable doubt; and the Leamington institution seems to have met with a great measure of success. Hundreds of the late occupants have written during the past year, and in each instance the writer gratefully refers to the benefit she received, and the great care taken of her while at the Home. Since the establishment of the Day-Workers' Home, about five hundred girls have been, at times, resident there; and when we consider the advantages thus derived by them, the freedom from the ever-varying fascinations and temptations of the watering-place, no wonder the girls gratefully acknowledge the benefits of the shelter they have received. Nor is the social question the The spiritual work has been most en-"So great has been the during and successful. work of God," says Miss Taylor, "that at the time of writing hardly any young women in our large number of class members seem to be left outside the fold of the Good Shepherd." Here example is indeed as valuable as precept. One will go in and take others; and, though some will refuse to hear, the majority undoubtedly hear gladly. When we add that nearly one hundred and fifty of the young women are employed in Sunday-school teaching and similar good works, besides missionary duties, we have said enough to assure our friends that great good is being done at Holmesdale Villa, Leamington, where Miss Taylor resides, and will no doubt forward her interesting report to any one desirous to assist her.

## "TWO-THIRDS ARE CHILDREN!"

The annual report of this Institution has been forwarded to us, and from it we regret to find that the funds of the hospital are not in so flourishing a condition as they ought to be. The total number of patients admitted in 1881 was 915, and of these, we are informed, "about two-thirds are children." It may well be imagined that with such

a number of admissions the resources of the establishment have been severely taxed, and the funds available for their expenses are lessening. The capital has been reduced to an alarmingly low figure, it order to keep up the work and to remunerate the necessarily numerous staff, and the Directors, with reluctance and regret, announce that unless assistance be quickly forthcoming the doors of this almost national institution will have to be closed, and then the consequences will be alarming. Few can estimate the dangers to the community in this overcrowded city which the closing of the London Fever Hospital would entail. Where can the numerous children be sent for treatment? There is at present no other provision in the metropolis for the isolation of cases of fever in those not belonging to the pauper class, and we all are aware of the danger (many of us have suffered deeply) from the practice of sending fever patients to lodgings or hotels. Sufferers from scarlet fever were the most numerous class admitted during last year, and when the extremely infectious nature of that malady is considered we may be thankful that so many cases (667) were sent to such an isolated The maintenance of this hospital in our midst is a consideration for all classes, especially the middle class of our dense population. efficiency of the institution is now increased, and the accommodation extensive. Unfortunately means to continue these benefits are wanting, and we unite with the Directors in expressing our hope that when the critical position of the hospital becomes known, the public-and especially those who are more particularly interested in its maintenance -will come forward and furnish the Committee with the means of continuing a work so necessary to the health of the metropolis. Subscriptions are received by most of the private banks in London, the Union Bank in Regent Street, and the Honorary Secretary (Mr. Chalmers), 11, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, or at the Hospital itself in the Liverpool Road, Islington.

# TO THE RESCUE.

Amid thick mists of freezing blinding spray, Sad-hearted watchers on the rocky shore Hear the ship signals 'mid the tempest's roar:

"No boat can live in such a sea," they say;
"Who tries to save must cast his life away!"

And yet brave crews speed gladly to the fore,
And bring the wreck'd ones back to life once
more,

Empower'd by Him Whom winds and waves obey.

So is it ever here: Man, proudly wise,

Cries, "Hope is lost; in vain to work or pray!"
Then He, in Whom the highest mercy lies,

Looks down from heaven in loving gracious way,

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And man himself is strengthened to do well By Him to whom all things are possible.

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## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

109. In what way does Jeremiah show the terrible fear into which the people of Judah were thrown, by the wars of Baasha, king of Israel?

110. "Behold the mound, they are come unto the city to take it." What is meant by this expression?

111. On what occasion was the prophet Jeremiah tried for his life because of the prophecies which he had delivered?

112. In what words is the peace produced by the Gospel expressed by the prophet Isaiah?

113. From what passage should we gather that the apricot formerly grew wild in Palestine?

114. To what does Solomon compare the laughter of foolish people?

115. On what occasion was the prophet Jeremiah tried for his life because of the prophecies which he had delivered?

116. What promise of protection did God vouchsafe to Jeremiah at the commencement of his prophetical work?

117. What reference does Isaiah make to the habits of necromancers or spiritualists?

118. What two evils are specially mentioned as the cause of God's displeasure against Judah?

119. From what passages do we gather that there was an impression among the people at Jerusalem that the city would never be destroyed because the Temple was there?

120. What parable of Our Lord does St. Mark alone mention, illustrating the gradual growth of the Truth in the heart of man?

121. When St. Matthew was called to be an apostle, it is said he was sitting "at the receipt of custom;" what is meant by this expression?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

97. It meant to "expel from the Church," or excommunicate. (1 Cor. v. 5.)

98. The prophet Isaiah. (Is. lxiv. 4.)

99. They were the collectors of the public taxes for the Romans. (Luke iii, 12.)

100. To the custom among heathen nations of tattooing the flesh in memory of the dead. (Lev. xix. 28.)

101. It was one of the fenced cities built by Rehoboam, and was the dwelling-place of the prophet Amos. (Amos, i, 1 and 2 Chron, xi, 5, 6.)

102. More than sixty years; probably about sixty-five. (Isa. i. 1.)

103. The river Nile; the black deposit of which caused her to gain the Hebrew appellation Sihor, or "black river." (Isa. xxiii. 3.)

104. "Seek the peace of the city whither ye be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it." (Jer. xxix. 7.)

105. He worked at tent-making with a certain Jew named Aquila. (Acts xviii. 2, 3.)

106. He speaks of the sin of Israel as being "like a breach swelling out in a high wall." The walls of unburnt brick being liable in damp weather to bulge out and fall to pieces. (Isa. xxx. 13.)

107. Urijah, the son of Shemaiah of Kirjathjearim, who was fetched from Egypt and slain. (Jer. xxvi. 20, 23.)

108. They were a sect of Grecian philosophers, practically atheists, who denied God's government of the world, and also the immortality of the soul. They opposed St. Paul when he preached at Athens concerning the resurrection. (Acts xvii. 18.)

#### HARVEST HYMN.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest."-St. John iv. 35.

HITE to the harvest, white to the harvest— Lift up your eyes and look out on the fields; Seed that was sown in the springtime is waving. Like a sea of ripe grain that the autumntide yields.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— The reaper is coming with sickle to reap; And he that hath sowed it, and he that will reap it, Both will rejoice when they gather the heap.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— The seed-life of man the Almighty has sown, Through childhood and boyhood and manhood has ripened, Till hoary and white for death's sickle 't is grown.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest—
With tolling of bell, and in sorrow and gloom,
Wailing and weeping, and praying and hoping,
We garner death's harvest in graveyard and tomb,

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— Seed in our souls sown by God from above: Words of the Saviour the Spirit has nourished With dew-falls of grace and with sunshine of love.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— Lo! they are ripening, those fruits of His word; Angels, as reapers, are coming to gather To life everlasting those fruits for the Lord.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— Angels of God, on their holy behest, Come not in sorrow, but joy, to the reaping Of white souls now ripe in the Lord to find rest.

White to the harvest, white to the harvest— Hasten the coming. O Christ, of that day, When Thou and Thy angels shalt fill heaven's garners With the harvest of souls Thou hast gathered, we pray. JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

## LESSONS OF THE RAIN.

BY THE REV. W. WALTERS.

"Behold, God is great. . . For He maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof: which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly."—Job xxxvi. 26—28.



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AIN is condensed vapour. Water is readily turned into thin and invisible vapour, which always rises into the air; and this vapour is quite as easily changed back into water. Marshes and rivers, inland seas and lakes, are constantly yielding, by evaporation, watery vapours which

afterwards descend in the form of rain; the great source of rain, however, is the ocean, whence it is lifted in vast quantities by the sun's radiant heat, to be subsequently condensed, and then fall to earth, either as a fertilising shower or a devastating flood.

If the atmosphere were universally and always at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain; the water absorbed by it in evaporation would descend in an imperceptible vapour, or absorption would cease when once the air was fully The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequent capability of retaining moisture, are greater in warm air than in cold. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds; the higher we ascend, the colder the atmosphere. When, therefore, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with moisture, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature be suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by passing into cooler regions, or by contact with cold mountain peaks, its capacity for retention is diminished, clouds are formed, and

Sir John Herschel thus accounts for the formation of rain-drops:—"In whatever part of a cloud the original ascensional movement of the vapour ceases, the elementary globules of which it consists, being abandoned to the action of gravity, begin to fall. The larger globules fall fastest, and if (as must happen) they overtake the slower ones, they incorporate, and the diameter being thereby increased, the descent grows more rapid, and the encounters more frequent, till at length the globule emerges from the lower surface of the cloud at the 'vapour plane' as a drop of rain, the size of the drops depending on the thickness of the cloud stratum and its density."

Rain in this country may be said to come from the West Indies. The late Commander Maury likened the atmosphere to a steam-engine, of which the tropical oceans were the boilers, and the temperate zones and the mountain-tops generally were the condensers. "This is nearly true; the vertical sun raises large tracts of the ocean to the temperature of eighty degrees and upwards, considerable evaporation ensues, and each cubic foot of the air in the tropics may be said to contain, roughly, eight grains of vapour at the temperature of seventy-six degrees; if that air be transported to these islands, and reduced to their average temperature of fifty degrees, it must part with nearly half its vapour, and would even then remain fully saturated. When one substitutes, for grains and feet, tons and miles, and reflects on the vast extent of the tropical oceans, there is no difficulty in understanding why winds from those regions deposit rain on all colder countries over which they blow,"

Dew, like rain, is condensed vapour. It is a deposition of moisture from the air, resulting from the condensation of the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere on substances which have become cooled by the radiation of their heat. Warrington, in his "Phenomena of Radiation," says that the average fall of dew in England is about five inches; and that for the evaporation of the vapour necessary to produce this trifling depth of moisture, there is expended daily an amount of heat equal to the combustion of sixty-eight tons of coal for every square mile of surface,

The rain is one of God's best gifts to man, one of His greatest blessings to the world. It makes all creatures glad. Without it, the earth would be a scene of desolation and death. Every drop of rain that falls in a spring shower bears into the bosom of the earth life and beauty. Each glorious tree, and herb, and shrub, and flower, owes to these drops its vitality and freshness.

The rain is a striking proof and manifestation of Divine goodness. "Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can give rain? God leaves not Himself without a witness, in that He does good, and gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and glad-He covereth the heavens with clouds, and prepareth the rain for the earth, and maketh grass to grow upon the mountains." The gift of rain was among the national blessings which He promised of old to Israel :- "Then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit." He shows His own estimate of the worth of this gift, by using it as an emblem to represent His best spiritual blessings. "My doctrine," says He, "shall drop as the rain, My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."

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The gracious influences of the Spirit are likened to "showers of blessings in their season." The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. For the natural rain, all creation is thankful and glad. The spiritual rain awakens in the Church a more intelligent and devout song

of praise.

Rain is very unequally distributed. A much larger quantity falls in some parts than in others. There are portions of the earth's surface where it so seldom falls, that they are called rainlessthe coast of Peru, the Desert of Sahara, Kurrachee in the north-west of India, and other regions may be given as examples. Whilst, on the other hand, Admiral Fitzrov says that the country bordering on the Straits of Magellan is so wet that there are scarcely ten days in the year in which rain does not fall. The quantities of rain falling at one time in given localities greatly differ. A fall of one inch is considered in Great Britain a very heavy rain; while on the Khasian Hills, where the annual rainfall is six hundred inches, thirty inches have been known to fall on each of five successive days. As mountains are usually colder than the winds blowing against them, and likewise throw the air up to greater and colder altitudes, we naturally find the largest amount of rain in hilly districts exposed to currents of air coming direct from warmer oceans.

Similar inequalities to those apparent in the fall of rain we note in other departments of nature, and in the higher regions of spiritual ex-God's blessings are more largely istence. possessed and enjoyed by some men than by others; and their possession varies in extent and richness with the same man at different times. The conditions of our lives vary. Some men are blessed with wealth and social position, honour and distinction and ease; to others these are denied. The life of one man is an even, quiet, uninterrupted course-no great adventures-few, if any troubles; that of another is a journey along perilous steeps and crags; full of anxieties and disappointments; arduous duties in the burning light of public opinion, and subject to judgments

neither generous nor just.

Notwithstanding the inequalities of the rain, it may be said to be universal. Some parts have more than others; it does not fall everywhere at the same time; still, at some period and in some degree, the showers descend over every land. So is it with human souls and the gracious favour of God. We may be burnt up with the heat of sorrow, but others are having the refreshing showers; and by-and-by we shall have the blessing. No heart is so desolate that the Divine love does not enter it at some time or other. In the times of our greatest loss and grief, God comforts us. He comforts us in many ways; by the lapse of time, and the various duties of life; by the

precious savings of His Word, which are all Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus the Lord; by the conscious enjoyment of His presence; by the light of to-day, and the hopes of to-morrow's brighter The glad results of Divine comfort on sorrowful hearts are beautifully set forth in the words of the Psalmist, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." When the grass is mown, the rain causes its blades to spring, and its roots to strengthen and spread. So with yourself. Your heart may be smitten, your hopes cut low; but you shall flourish again "like the grass of the field." The best work of the rain lies in what it does under the surface; it strengthens and enlarges the roots. The mowing prepares for this. the rain is able now to reach the centre of life, What the scythe does for the grass, afflictions do for men; they prepare the way for God's blessing. As the mown grass under the influences of the rain sends its roots out and down, so the sorrowing heart is surest to find the fulness and wealth of life. Sympathy comes out of this. The roots of the mown grass strike out sideways, when the rain comes down, and touch and twine with their neighbouring roots. Thus sorrowing souls, comforted of God, stretch cut to other sorrowing souls, imparting sympathy and belp. With sympathy there comes also strength.

The gentlest rain is the most refreshing. Even rain is not always a blessing. It sometimes falls with destructive violence, causing widespread ruin; terrific showers swamp the meadows and corn-fields, destroy the crops, and produce mighty and devastating floods. Hence the Wise Man likens oppression to "a sweeping rain which leaveth no good;" and Ezekiel includes among the Divine judgments upon Gog "an overflowing rain." It is the still rain that revives, the silent

dew that promotes growth:-

Where it lights, the favoured place By richest fruits is known.

So God sometimes makes Himself known to us by terrible things in righteousness; but it is His gentle dealings with the soul that most nourish all that is best in us.

The starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Thus God saturates us with His grace; and then, just "as the tender grass springs out of the earth by "clear shining after rain," so every holy principle and sentiment is quickened into life, as He shines upon us like "the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds."

The rain runs off the mountains into the valleys and low-lying meadows. Elevated regions, therefore, do not profit by it so much as the lowlands.

The natural fact suggests a spiritual truth. "God's sweet dews and showers of grace," says Leighton, "slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile." This accounts for the fact that you occasionally see persons of high intellect and much culture destitute of the peace and contentment possessed by those of meaner attainments; lacking, too, in richness of moral nature, and usefulness of life.

There can be no rain without the absorption of vapour. Unless the cloud gather moisture to itself, it will not be a cloud of blessing. And if we are to be of any refreshing and fructifying power in the world, we must gather up into ourselves all gracious influences, as the rain-cloud gathers before it discharges its copious shower. This power of absorption—this attracting and assimilating property—is one of the congenital elements of some natures. It is a power, however, which all may perfect in themselves by use.

The rain is an encouragement to all good and Christian effort. Preachers of the Gospel and others, are sometimes dispirited and cast down, because there is no apparent and immediate fruit as the result of their labours. They cry out, in a

spirit of desponding impatience, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" All such should take heart from the assurance of Him whose servants they are—"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

One thought more. After all that has been said as to the benefits of rain, a day of rain is often a day of disagreeableness and gloom. The wild winds moan, and the drear November sky empties its moisture upon the earth from morn till night without cessation. At such a time we are apt to get mopish; it is well if we do not grow cross. It is a time for breeding dissatisfaction with our neighbours, with ourselves, and with God. But after the wettest and dreariest day, the patient heart will win for itself peace; and in the blue sky of to-morrow, and the glorious sunshine, rejoice that "the rain is over and gone."

## INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
A WOMAN'S HEART.



HILE Ralph was playing, he had been watching Adela. She appeared to be in a dreamy mood. She sat with her eyes cast down, and with an expression of deep thoughtfulness on her face, and he was sure she was perfectly unaware of the fact that he was specially occu-

pied with her; that in his music he was addressing her, and her

This abstraction of hers seemed to give him freedom. Presently the fancy seized him that the melodious language, which he loved more than he had ever loved it before, was a real language, with a distinct meaning in its every phrase. It should be mentioned in passing that Ralph's love had, some

time since, reached the stage when love seeks passionately for expression. In fact, he had already been, more than once, on the point of pouring out his feelings; but something had always come between him and his desire, which, by frequent repression, had grown tenfold in intensity. And now he indulged himself. For a few brief, happy moments he revelled in the fancy that every note was a word; that the flowing melody was the voice of his affection, which at last he was pouring out freely.

So strong a hold did this fancy take upon him, that it seemed as if the room were empty of all save himself and the woman he loved, whom he saw through a radiant mist of glory. It seemed as if she must understand the language that was flowing from his heart to hers. At that moment Ralph was happy—boundlessly happy. He scarcely seemed to belong to the earth. He was living in some aërial sphere, where the senses are acute to catch hidden meanings; where words are not needed to bring kindred souls into union.

Possessed with this fancy, he played through the lovely adagio movement.

Change of measure and melody brought him to a saner mood, and he smiled at himself. He was not so familiar with this movement as with the last, and he looked at his music for a few moments. Then,

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again, his eyes strayed to the sofa corner where Adela sat, and now it struck him all at once that she was very white, and unnaturally still.

Lady Mackenzie was just making the same observation, for she rose from her work-table and Ralph from the piano together.

Ralph was almost as white as Adela. "Is anything the matter?" he whispered.

Lady Mackenzie knelt down by the sofa.

"I think it is only a faint," she answered. "Ring for water, Ralph." She herself began to chafe Adela's hands

"Poor thing! she is working too hard; she will kill herself," murmured the compassionate lady, little imagining what a tumult and tempest she was causing in the breast of the fine young fellow who stood beside her.

"Do you think it is that?" he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"What else can it be?" was the answer, given sadly. "But hush! She is coming to. She must not know we are talking of her. Do you feel better, dear Mrs. Lacy?"

"Where am I?" said Adela; then, her senses returning, she raised herself, in some confusion, from the sofa upon which they had laid her. "I am afraid I have been foolish," she said. "Did I faint?"

Lady Mackenzie entreated her to remain where she was, and not to exert herself.

"You have given yourself over into my hands now," she said, "and I mean to do as I please with you."

Adela said it was time she should be on her way home. She had arranged to return to her own lodging that night. But this induced a general outcry.

"It is ridiculous to think of such a thing," said Lady Mackenzie. "And just think how much trouble you would give, for I cannot let you go to Jinks's Lane alone in your weak state, and I am sure my friend Mrs. de Montmoreney will not allow me to go there without her; then here is her son, and my faithful squire, who follows us about everywhere. If you are very anxious, and can put us all up—"

Adela laughed-

"You know the resources of my little establishment," she said. "Ah, well! I suppose I must yield for this one night at least. But you must not make an invalid of me. I assure you I think nothing of a fainting fit."

She rose from the sofa as she spoke, and took a seat near the window. Ralph, who was in a state of mind bordering on distraction, cast an imploring glance at his mother. She understood him, and left the room. Lady Mackenzie said she must let her maid know that Adela was staying, and Ralph, left alone at last with the woman he loved and reverenced, pitied and adored, was free to say in plain words what he had striven, but striven in vain, to say through the disguise of music.

But now this opportunity, so eagerly longed for, had arrived, he made the discovery that no words were good enough to describe his feelings, that, in fact, they utterly transcended all description. He is not the first lover who has made a kindred discovery, but few, perhaps, are so strongly affected by it, Ralph, as he stood speechless by Adela's side, turned as white as a sheet. So, after all, it was she who spoke first.

"You are not looking well, Mr. de Montmorency," she said, with her usual quietness. "I am afraid

you are working too hard."

He did not answer, and it struck her now that he was looking at her rather strangely. So far was her mind from any dream of love-making in connection with him, that no faintest suspicion of the real state of the case broke upon her. She thought he was in trouble of some kind, and wished to confide his trouble to her. Naturally, she connected this confidence with that which had so lately been given to her, and her heart exulted with sympathetic gladness. Mabel had confided to her that she loved Ralph; what more natural than that Ralph should give a similar confidence? Mabel was, in her way, as lovable as he was, in his.

Having thus solved to her own satisfaction the little problem which faced her, Adela proceeded to act upon her reading of it. The first step necessary was to draw out Ralph's confidence.

"Do you know," she said, with her peculiarly winning smile, "I do believe you have something to say to me, and are hesitating about how to put it into words. Now, you need not be the least afraid. I can be as silent as the grave, and as prudent as a diplomatist. I am full of secrets. Every one confides in me!"

Would he be wise, and take her hint? Would he understand that Mabel Lacy had confided in her? She tried to throw a special significance into her glance. But a great surprise was in store for her. Before she could tell whether he had understood her hint or not, Ralph was on his knees by her side, was holding both her hands, and with humble sorrowful eyes, was looking into her face.

"Yes," he said, in a choked voice, "I have something to say to you, and I must say it once for all. Dear Mrs. Lacy, do not turn away. Let me speak.

My secret is that I love you!"

"Love—me!" She drew herself from his grasp.
"Recall those words!" she said, with deep distress.
"Say you are dreaming, I entreat of you!"

Ralph answered, mournfully, "No, I am awake, only too wide awake, I am afraid!" Then, interrupting himself, he broke out with vehemence, "Why should you be so surprised and shocked? Think, I entreat of you; I know you could never love me as you loved poor Herbert. That kind of love comes only once in a life-time. But I can be satisfied with ever so much less; all I ask is to be allowed to devote myself to your service. Have we not the same aims? Think how your hands would be free to do good if you had a man to work for you and your children, and I know if you do not love me now, I

could make you love me. Take my word for it, and come to me!"

He paused, for her sad eyes were fixed mournfully upon his face. There was in her gaze affection and

"and my life is my children's. Dear Mr. de Montmorency, be kind to me, as you always have been, and say no more on this subject. I thank you, with my whole heart, for your kind feeling. I know you



"Sir Francis and Lady Torrington and Mabel were examining the screen."-p. 647.

warm womanly sympathy, but not such feeling as he would fain have read there, and he was not surprised when she said, with gentle decision, that she was sorry, very sorry, that it grieved her to disappoint him, but what he wished could never be.

"My woman's heart is in the grave," she said,

will soon recover, and love more happily. Yes, you may look incredulous now; but I am sure of it. And now, before your mother and Lady Mackenzie come in, will you give me your hand and promise that this shall be forgotten? I cannot afford to lose you as a friend, Ralph."

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He answered in a choked voice that he would try to obey her, and she begged him to begin by not running away, as he seemed inclined to do. So putting a strong constraint upon himself, he met Lady Mackenzie, who returned to the room at the moment, with a smile and ordinary remark. She, however, guessed immediately what had happened, and set herself to cover any embarrassment he might feel by gay talk.

But Ralph was glad when that evening was over,

In the excitement of his interview with Adela, he had almost forgotten the promise he had given to Ada. When, however, on his return to his rooms, he remembered what had occurred, he found himself no little stimulated by the thought that he might possibly be put in the way of immediately proving to Adela that, though he was not permitted to be her lover, he was anxious still to remain her friend.

Early in the forenoon of the following day, he drove to the handsome West End furniture establishment where Joseph Hartley and his family lived.

To explain how the idea which now possessed Ada's brain had found a place there, we must make a brief reference to the past.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gaveston Smith, a London solicitor, had pursued Adela Maffeo with unwelcome attentions, and, on her refusing to listen to him, had written to her twice, and to Ada once, in a mysterious manner. The impression left on Ada's mind was that he knew some secret to Adela's advantage, but that he would only divulge this secret upon her consenting to link his fate with hers,

But for Adela's strong refusal to have the subject once more mentioned, Ada would, at that time, have tried to ascertain the meaning of the enigmatical letters. As it was, she begged Adela's letters from her, and faithfully kept them, with the one that had been sent to her. She determined, at the same time, to watch Mr. Gaveston Smith's career,

Up to the last few weeks there had been nothing in his career to attract attention. Then he was left a large fortune, and Ada set herself to find out through what channel this fortune had come to him.

It happened, strangely enough, that the old gentleman by whom the fortune had been left, was, during his lifetime, attended upon by a housekeeper, who had been a servant of Joseph Hartley's mother. Having some dealings with the firm on her master's behalf, the old woman entered into friendly relations with the family, and scarcely had Ada discovered that it was her master, old Joshua Ledger, who had left his money to Gaveston Smith, before Mrs. Crewe, the housekeeper, upon whom a fair annuity had been settled by her old master, called on the Hartleys to tell them the turn affairs had taken.

She did not like the solicitor, who had been very jealous of her in her master's lifetime, and she had long cherished a fervent hope that the true heir, her young master of the days long ago, would appear in time to receive his own.

Ada, who was very curious about the whole matter,

drew out Mrs. Crewe, and was told the following story.

About forty years before, when Mrs. Crewe was a young woman, just made a widow, and in search of a situation, she saw and answered an advertisement in the paper for working housekeeper. She was told by letter to repair to a certain address in a village not far from London; found herself in a grand house, but half furnished; saw an eccentric unmarried gentleman of a certain age, and was immediately engaged by him.

The gentleman was Mr. Ledger, and she soon heard that, after living till his fortieth year the life of a poor clerk, he had suddenly acquired, throu h the death of a brother in America, a prodigious fortune. It was so unexpected that, at first, he scarcely knew how to behave. Fortunately he had, throughout his life of poverty, attached himself strongly to a nephew, the son of his only sister, who died deserted, and left her little one to him. The husband of this sister was Italian, and he was an artist by profession. The child, whom they had called Cesario, grew up, under Joshua's fostering care, into a handsome and clever young man. His uncle wished to bring him up to the law, but he had other tastes; and, shortly before he came into his inheritance, the lawyer's clerk had been forced to reconcile himself to the fact that Cesario was determined to be an artist.

But the money, Joshua felt, changed everything, It was not fitting that the young man, whom he had resolved to make his heir, should be anything less than the finest gentleman in the land. He must learn to ride, shoot, fish, sing a good song, tell a good story, and look after the property which would be his own some day.

Here, however, the wills of uncle and nephew clashed. Cesario would not consent to give up his artistic studies, and they parted, for the first time, in anger.

But Joshua, who loved his sister's son devotedly, and could not see him suffer, persisted in giving him a large yearly allowance, and they met now and then, and were on fairly friendly terms. Cesario now began to make his way as an artist. He became known, and his pictures were in request. He mixed in the society of his fellow artists, and engaged himself to a young lady of foreign extraction, who was pretty and charming, but poor and without any recognised position in the world.

This widened the breach between Joshua and his nephew; but Cesario considered he had a right to choose for himself. He married, and a year after the marriage an infant girl was born to him. After the birth of the child, who, Mrs. Crewe said, was the very image of her father, a partial reconciliation took place between the young people and Mr. Ledger, and, to her certain knowledge, for she was called in as a witness, a will was then drawn up by Mr. Gaveston Smith-not the present Mr. Smith, but his father-leaving the whole fortune to the infant daughter of Cesario and his wife,

Shortly after this occurrence Cesario, who showed signs of delicacy, was sent abroad by his doctor. He was to be away a year. His wife and child accompanied him.

"And that," Mrs. Crewe went on, "is the very last I ever heard of them. I believe there was a shipwreck. I know that shortly after they started my master took ill. That must be over thirty years ago, but he has never been the same man since. And a few weeks since he made a second will leaving his property to Mr. Gaveston Smith. I know, however, that there is a clause referring to the former will, which is to be carried out if the person mentioned in it is ever found."

#### CHAPTER XL.

## AN ABLE ADVISER.

The story Mrs. Crewe had told her, Ada retailed to Ralph. She also put in his hand the letters which had awakened her suspicions. There was one point on which Mrs. Crewe's memory failed her; she could not recall Cesario's second name. All she remembered was that it had a foreign sound. This, however, was enough to excite Ada's imagination. But before taking any further steps in the matter her husband advised her to consult a lawyer, whereupon she naturally thought of Ralph de Montmorency, whom she had met several times at Mrs. Herbert Lacy's, and who always manifested the warmest interest in her affairs.

Ada could not have chosen a better adviser. Ralph at once threw himself heart and soul into the business, and begged that it should be given over into his hands entirely. To this Ada consented, and as soon as he had left her he made his way to the city offices of Messrs. Longby and Jones, a firm of high standing and great probity, who had been the solicitors of his family for many years.

To the senior partner of the firm he showed the letters which Ada had confided to him, and the opinion of this elderly and experienced gentleman coincided with his own. The letters, taken in conjunction with the curious story, seemed to indicate that Mr. Gaveston Smith had formerly had certain suspicions as to the parentage of Adela Maffeo. Those suspicions might or might not be correct. It was sufficient that they had been entertained and not acted upon, to put Gaveston Smith in their power.

"There is a distinct acknowledgment here of the suspicion he had formed," said Mr. Longby. "My opinion is that we should confront him with these letters, and, under the threat of exposure, force him to tell all he knows. I know the man. He is a coward,"

"He is a scoundrel, if this that we suspect is anything like the truth. But what a turning of the tables it would be!"

They both determined to reflect carefully about what measures it would be best to pursue, and appointed a time for meeting some days later.

Ralph returned home to brood over his disappointment, and dream out for the woman he loved a future in which he could take no share. Such moods are dangerous, for, mental action being relaxed, we are more apt than at other times to follow the impulses of feeling.

Certain memories came to Ralph during these days—of a pale upturned face, of mournful eyes watching him, of half-uttered words with sad meanings, and a singing voice rich with emotion. It was at a moment when these memories were particularly busy that a little perfumed three-cornered note was left at his chambers. It was from Lady Torrington, and its purport was to beg for the pleasure of his company at a musical party, which she was giving two evenings later.

"My friend the Countess Zerlina has promised to give us one or two of her delightful songs," this lady wrote; "and, since we are both deeply interested in Mrs. Herbert Lacy, one of the features of my little entertainment is to be the exhibition of her work. I have bought several small pictures from her, and Lady Mackenzie has kindly lent us for the occasion the screen which Mrs. Lacy has just completed, and which is charming. We hope in this way to make our relative's talents more widely known."

Ralph wrote at once, accepting Lady Torrington's invitation, and, at the time appointed, he found himself in her handsome drawing-room. He was carly, and but few guests had yet arrived. Those present were Sir Francis and Lady Torrington, Mabel Lacy, the Countess Zerlina, and a gentleman, who, at the moment of Ralph's entrance, was in deep conversation with her, and whom he presently recognised as his uncle the judge.

Sir Francis and Lady Torrington and Mabel were examining the screen, which stood in a conspicuous position. The Countess and Sir Richard de Montmorency were standing a little apart.

Lady Torrington greeted Ralph warmly.

"You know my sister," she said, "and the Countess; but she seems almost too busy to see you."

Hearing her name, the Countess Zerlina turned, and joined the group round her hostess.

"Pardon me, Mr. de Montmorency," she said; "I did not see you come in. But you must blame your uncle; it is his fault."

"Now, what is my fault?" asked Sir Richard.
"I really thought I was behaving perfectly."

"Yes; that is it—too perfectly," she said, laughingly. "It is that when you choose to be amusing, you are irresistible."

"Then, leave my nephew to amuse the other ladies, and show me what you intend to sing to-night," said the judge.

They walked away together to the grand piano, leaving Ralph full of perplexity. The Countess had taken scarcely any notice of him—had treated him, in fact, like an ordinary acquaintance.

Meanwhile, Lady Torrington was pouring out praises of the screen.

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"Is it not lovely? And her own design—the butterflies and flowers from nature. I call it marvellous."

"No one who knows Mrs. Lacy well could think anything she does marvellous. It is she herself who is the wonder," said a soft low voice from a sofa-corner; and, while Lady Torrington said lightly that Mabel had always been enthusiastic about Adela Lacy, Ralph, remembering what he had lately heard, went to speak to her.

He was concerned to notice that she was much paler than formerly; there was also a blue tinge about her lips, and her eyes looked plaintive and troubled. But if Mabel had lost in girlish beauty, she had gained in interest. There was besides something spiritual in her fragility which strongly appealed to a nature strong and tender like Ralph's, and he felt almost remorseful for having thought of her so little lately. To Mabel's delight, he dropped into an unoccupied seat near her.

"What a long time it is since we have met!" he said, and, as her questioning eyes seemed to be asking him whose fault that was, he went on—"I have been very busy during the last few weeks; our new work at Jinks's Lane takes up much of my spare time. You have heard of it, have you not?"

"Oh, yes," Mabel answered; "I have heard of it." She added that a few days before she had been to see Mrs. Lacy in the new room. "And I am so glad," the young girl went on, "to have this opportunity of meeting you." As she spoke, her cheeks became suffused with pink colour. "I wanted to tell you that you were quite right, and I was quite wrong. I think Mrs. Lacy is the best woman in all the world. I cannot imagine how I could have behaved to her as I did."

This naïve confession touched Ralph inexpressibly. He replied gently that every one made mistakes; but that he believed they were very few who could acknowledge their errors so frankly. After that they felt as if a cloud which had been between them was taken away, and they chatted together for some minutes with the old friendliness.

In the meantime, guests came pouring in so fast that the rooms, though spacious and well arranged, were soon intolerably crowded. Though newly interested in Mabel, Ralph had not forgotten what it was which had made him so ready to accept Lady Torrington's invitation, and he often cast his eyes round the room in search of the Countess Zerlina and his uncle.

At last, after a brilliant overture on the piano had been played, Lady Torrington came up to him.

"The Contessa is going to sing now," she said; and added, with a significant little laugh, "if we can find her. But your uncle, Sir Richard, has taken possession of her to-night. I suppose she has been showing him the conservatory. We have a night-blowing cereus out. Oh, there they are!"

And she went off to the further end of the drawing-room, where the Countess Zerlina had just appeared, leaning on the arm of Sir Richard de Montmorency. Ralph looked on in astonishment, Had he been seeing double all this time? It did not occur to him that his venerable uncle and the lively Italian lady might both be playing a part, the one for his nephew's interest and advantage, the other for her own. The Countess sang, and the judge listened, with an admiration he did not attempt to veil.

Ralph had also sought the neighbourhood of the piano, and was in waiting to offer his arm to the lady at the conclusion of her song. He was humiliated by seeing himself entirely passed over.

"Oh, thank you; excuse," said the Countess, with her most charming manner. "Is not that Lady Chichester? I will join her."

The airy little lady swept him by; and he saw her in the centre of a highly aristocratic circle, which his uncle presently joined.

Catching from afar the echo of the compliments that were addressed to her, Ralph experienced a sentiment nearly akin to one which he had always condemned as unworthy, seeing that, although it was supposed to be the accompaniment of intense love for another, it had actually its root in intense love for oneself. Happily, he had a mind strong enough to struggle successfully against the subtle inroads of what he knew to be a discased state of feeling; and searcely had the first wave of annoyance passed over him before he recovered his self-mastery.

He returned to the sofa he had just left, found Mabel had gone, and spent about half-an-hour in conversation with his friend Jane Elliott, of which Mabel was the theme. For Jane, though she had not been admitted into Mabel's confidence, believed there was something wrong, and thought she was performing the act of a friend in trying to revive Ralph's interest in the girl of whom, Jane believed, he had a short time ago begun to think with special affection.

Ralph left early, and his mind was full of Mabel.

The position of this young girl was, in fact, a very sad one at that moment.

Her father had not relinquished his plan. In fact, his affairs were now in so entangled a state that nothing but the intervention of a man of capital, like Mr. Ling, could save him from ruin. And just before Mabel's visit to Mrs. Lacy he had been beguiled by her quiet manner with his friend into the belief that she was yielding.

On the afternoon of that visit Mr. Ling called upon his friend, and was closeted with him for some time. It was then arranged between them that, for the realisation of certain large properties in land, mining shares, and manufacturing industries which he possessed in America, Mr. Ling should run over there for a month. On his return he would free his friend from his monetary embarrassments, and Mabel should, in the meantime, be gently prepared for the fact that he meant to be her lover.

As soon as Mr. Ling had gone, Mr. Lacy sent for

his daughter. He received word that she had gone out. As evening approached he sent again. Mabel had not returned. He now ordered that a message should be sent to Lady Torrington's, where alone she could be at this late hour. Mabel's maid made answer, with a burst of tears, that she had already sent to Lady Torrington's. She proceeded to inform Mr. Lacy, gratuitously, that her young lady had been very low in her mind of late, and that she had gone out that afternoon alone and on foot, without giving any one the slightest intimation of her errand.

Mr. Lacy became seriously alarmed. He was conscious that he had allowed Mabel's religious feelings to be tampered with. Was this to be his punishment? She was depressed in mind; the faith in which she had been reared had, it seemed only too likely, lost its hold upon her; the marriage, into which he sought to force her, was abhorrent to her mind; what, then, if she had found refuge by some terrible, unspeakable means from the tyranny of circumstances? If so—he dared not face the awful suspicion, but it thrust itself upon him with the feverish energy which makes diseased states of feeling mighty—if so, it would be he—her own father—who had driven her to ruin and despair. Would not the horror of this haunt him to all eternity?

To be superstitions is not the same thing as to be religious. When the awful possible results of his iniquity faced him, Mr. Lacy believed intensely in a Deity; but that his belief had very little influence upon his conduct was proved by the sudden revulsion of feeling he experienced, when, about half an hour later, he was told that his daughter had come in. He was ashamed of his suspicion, angry with himself for entertaining it, and more than ever displeased with Mabel, and determined to force her submission.

The door of his study opened. In her embroidered holland dress, all travel-stained and weary, for, dreading public conveyances, she had walked all the way from Jinks's Lane, Mabel stood before him.

"You wanted me, papa?" she said, timidly.

He looked at her critically.

"You have been walking?" he said. "Why is that? Are the horses laid up?"

"No, papa."

"May I ask you why you set my wishes at defiance? You know I object to your walking out alone in London."

"I beg your pardon, papa."

"That is no answer to my question. Why did you go out alone?"

"I thought Mrs. Scott might not care to go with me."

"That is a curious answer, Mabel. Pray does Mrs. Scott ever object to accompany you anywhere?"

"I preferred to be alone," said poor Mabel, driven into a corner.

"Ah! we are coming to the truth, Why did you wish to be alone?"

"Indeed!" cried Mabel, clasping her hands piteously, "I was doing nothing wrong."

"Allow me to be the judge of that. What were you doing?"

"You look so angry, papa; you make me afraid to speak."

"I am sorry you are such a coward, Mabel. Fear is not generally the accompaniment of perfect innocence."

Mabel burst into tears,

"Oh! why do you say such crue things?" she faltered. "If you only knew how hard it is! Everything is confused. You wish me to go one way, and my conscience tells me to go another way."

Mr. Lacy was moved, but he set himself determinedly to wear a mask. With a smile which cut Mabel to the quick, he answered her appeal.

"I have always heard young ladies' consciences were elastic, but this is is carrying it rather too far. I am to suppose, am I, that your conscience told you to disobey my wishes, to steal out of my house secretly, to return at a late hour, and to persist in concealing your afternoon's occupation?"

Then, as once before, this timid girl surprised him; for the weak, stung past endurance, are capable sometimes of more audacity than those whose powers are always on a level with the requirements of their circumstances.

"Yes!" she cried, starting to her feet, "yes-my conscience told me!"

She paused for a few moments ; then added, more quietly—

"I was lying awake last night, father. I was trying to think what I ought to do. I had no one to ask—no one who would advise me except in one way. Then, all at once, I seemed to hear a voice speaking to me, and I remembered that I knew one good woman. I thought I would go to her."

While Mabel spoke, her father's face had turned perfectly white. If anything could have added to his anger, it was this; for he believed he knew to whom his daughter had gone for counsel—it was to his enemy, to the woman who had set her will against his will, and fatally interfered with the plans and purposes of his life.

"The name of your one good woman?" he asked, in a voice low and deep with intense anger.

Mabel was frightened; but, having gone so far, it was impossible for her to go back.

She murmured Mrs. Lacy's name; then, pleading that she was so tired she scarcely knew what to do, she turned to leave the room.

Somewhat to her surprise, her father made no attempt to stop her. But, for fear of recall, she ran along the passage and up the stairs which led to her own room.

The fact was that Mr. Lacy had not intended his daughter should leave him when she did; but that which was stronger than even his imperious will had stayed his tongue. Pain seized and held him,

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quivering and helpless, in its grasp. When Mabel left the room, he was forced to set his teeth together

to prevent himself from groaning aloud.

He was then scarcely able to move, but he ordered his brougham, and drove to the house of his friend and family doctor, Sir Joshua Jennings. Though, by the time he reached the door, the paroxysm of pain had spent itself, the great doctor at once detected the signs of unusual suffering.

"I am afraid," he said, when he had made the usual inquiries, "that you have been worrying yourself again. You know what I told you about living

quietly ?"

With a ghastly attempt at a jest, Mr. Lacy asked the doctor how he, being a man of experience, could conceive it as possible that quietness and a grown-up family could co-exist,

"I should like to see your young people," said Sir Joshua. "How would it do for me to call at

your house to-morrow morning?"

It struck Mr. Lacy that it would not be a bad plan for Mabel to see the doctor. Should she know that his health depended upon the absence of vexations worries, she might relent. He was not without a conscience, though much deafness to its warnings had made it faint, and it certainly flashed upon his mind that the course he proposed to follow would be ungenerous in the extreme; but, during the few moments he gave himself for consideration, so many of the advantages of the scheme thrust themselves upon his view, that the warning of conscience was swamped. Besides, Mr. Lacy was already a desperate man, and desperate men eatch at anything in their way, caring little for the thing, so that they may only save themselves.

"Perhaps the plan will be a good one," he said quietly to the doctor. "Call to-morrow morning, and my daughter Mabel shall see you."

Then the two men of the world, to whom boys and girls, with their whims and fancies, were children, who, if it proved impossible to control them, should be humoured and cajoled, shook hands and parted.

#### CHAPTER XLL

A PRUDENT AND FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

THE interview between the great doctor and Mabel took place on the following morning.

"I thought it would be as well for me to see you,"
Sir Joshua said, with the bland manner so well
known to his patients. "I am anxious about your
father."

There was a startled expression in Mabel's face as she entreated earnestly to be told what she ought to do.

The doctor begged her to be calm.

"If you and I are to do anything in this case," he said, "we must exercise self-control. Quietness is an essential part of my treatment. It must be your care, Miss Lacy, to keep your father from every kind

of worry and annoyance. Pray do not look so frightened. I speak to you as a woman, and as head of your father's house. A woman has much in her power."

"But not everything, doctor; oh! indeed, not everything," replied the young girl, clasping her hands, and looking up into Sir Joshua's face with eyes of passionate pleading.

He smiled.

"My dear young lady, even doctors are not so unreasonable as to expect impossibilities from their patients' friends. All I say is that, as far as in you lies, you must keep your father's mind at ease."

Mabel sank into the chair helplessly. This was

worse than all.

Presently she said, in a faint voice-

"Will you tell me distinctly what you fear for my father?"

"I can trust your discretion?"

"Yes, yes."

"What I fear is paralysis."

Mabel's face blanched, and her eyes were wide with terror.

"But let us understand each other," pursued the great man, blandly. "I say I fear this. It may never be. Mr. Lacy may live for years, and die of some other complaint. But I am bound to tell you that I see the tendency. Keep him quiet, Miss Lacy, that is all I have to say."

And Sir Joshua bowed himself out, leaving Mabel a prey to such nervous terror as she had never before experienced. When the first paroxysm of almost intolerable anguish had spent itself, however, she set her woman's wit to work resolutely. It might be possible to devise some middle course.

Meanwhile, she could devote herself to her father, who, having been seriously weakened by the pain of the previous day, was willing to accept her attentions, and refrain from any allusion to exciting topics. Mabel spent the day reading to him, writing his letters, and playing chess with him. In the afternoon they went for a drive in the Park, and in the evening, at his urgent entreaty, she left him to attend Lady Torrington's party.

The next few days passed after the same fashion. Mr. Lacy appeared to regain his strength; there was no return of pain, and, but for the doctor's awful warning, Mabel would soon have forgotten that anything special was wrong with her father. But all the time the poor girl was miserably conscious that a

struggle was impending.

So went by the first week of the month of grace accorded by Mr. Ling. Mabel accounted it a fortunate circumstance that the marriage of her brother, which was to take place early in the autumn, now began to occupy the thoughts of the household, and affect its plans. It gave her a definite period to which to look forward. When her father seemed inclined to urge her to a decision, she could say, "Wait till the marriage is over, I can think of nothing else just now."

When Douglas, whose persistence made him intensely disagreeable to her, tried to bring her to book, she could put him off after the same fashion.

"How can any one think of anything when a wedding is so near?" she would say, and, heap what scorn upon her he pleased for her childishness and folly, she firmly refused to say anything more.

They were to go to Bracklesby before the marriage, and there entertain the guests who were to be present at the ceremony. Mabel loved the fair and stately house, which had been her home from her childhood; but now she went to it with a heavy heart. The journeying thither seemed to bring terribly near the fatal moment when she was bound to make the decision which would affect her whole life.

It was a lovely August; never had the atmosphere been clearer, the grand trees more majestic, the blue darkness between their masses of foliage softer and more mysterious, or the opening glades, with their carpet of moss and closely-cropped turf, more sunny and bright.

There was something healing in this soft loveliness of nature. As on one of these August days Mabel wandered about alone in her favourite launts, as she sat resting between the roots of ancient oaks that had made the poetry of her childhood, as she listened to the breeze rustling in the fir plantation that fringed her father's grounds, and tried to believe that all that had passed between her last visit and this was a hideous dream, the tears filled her eyes. They were not bitter tears like those she had shed in London, when gilded show and fashionable unrealities hemmed her in on every side, but soft and healing as midsummer showers.

"I will go straight on," she said to herself. "I will try to do right, and all may end well yet."

Evening had come, and she was hurrying homewards. She passed the village school, where some of the elder girls were singing in chorus their evening hymn—

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on.

There rose a great sob in Mabel's throat as she went on swiftly, with the sweet words ringing in her ears.

Was there indeed a light so kindly that it would shine on the pathway of an ignorant wayward girl, who did not so much as know which turning was right and which wrong? And if so—ah! if so—she might be happy still. She did not wish to do wrong; she did not wish either to hurt her father or to sin herself. Then surely, sooner or later, she would see shining, clear as light before her, the course she ought to take.

That evening Mr. Lacy was pleased to observe that his daughter's cheek had regained its colour, and her eyes their brightness.

That was their last day of comparative quiet. On

the following day Douglas and the guests for the wedding were expected to arrive.

Mr. Perry, father of the bride, had lately taken a place in Dorsetshire, the nearest station to which was about an hour's distance by rail from Lyndhurst, and it had been decided that the bridegroom and his party should go thither by train; for, large as was the Perrys' house, it would be quite full for the occasion.

"Weddings don't happen more than once or so in a blue moon," said, facetiously, the father of the trembling heroine of the day.

This was small consolation to poor Madeleine, who wished fervently, but in secret, that such affairs as weddings had never been thought of.

When Douglas arrived, he congratulated himself, as Mr. Lacy had done, on Mabel's improved appearance, which seemed to him the indication of a conciliatory spirit. In the evening he entered upon the subject with his father.

"I suppose you have spoken to her?" he said.

"I have promised not to force her to decide until after your wedding," replied Mr. Lacy.

Douglas set his teeth together; but, making an effort after self-command, he begged to know his father's reasons for allowing the matter to hang about in this unsatisfactory way.

"I suppose you know," he went on, with seeming indifference, "that if something is not done soon it will be exceedingly awkward for you as a director. There are small men in the company who are as vicious as hurt wasps. They threaten to make examples of the directors. They will demand that the accounts of the company be exposed, if money is not shortly forthcoming."

The form of speech used by Douglas might be cruel, but every word he spoke was true. Though innocent of any intention to defraud anybody, Mr. Lacy's situation was compromising in the extreme. He had allowed his name to be used as director of a company whose promoters were men of straw. They, of course, had the manipulation of the shareholders' money. Mr. Lacy, who was no business man, when he had cut down the expenses of the company's offices, sent away superfluous clerks, and put a check upon the expenditure for stationery and advertisements, believed he had done great things.

But, after some considerable time, non-payment of dividends, shiftiness of manner in two of the directors, and a direct refusal on their part to give him any clear account of how affairs stood, alarmed Mr. Lacy. He went to his lawyer, Mr. Longby, of the firm of Longby and Jones. Mr. Longby looked serious, and asked why his client had not come to him sooner. He made the necessary inquiries, however, and was forced presently to inform Mr. Lacy, in so many words, that he had connected himself with a swindle.

We may imagine the horror of the rich and highly respectable gentleman. But still greater woes were in store for him. When he declared his intention of

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sacrificing the sums of money he had placed with the company, and breaking his connection with it, he was informed that he had taken this prudent resolution too late. He was not a mere shareholder: it was impossible that he could free himself from the responsibility he had incurred in allowing his name to appear amongst the directors without making an enormous pecuniary sacrifice. If he could come to a private arrangement with the shareholders and creditors, if he could take upon himself some considerable portion of their loss, he might save his honour. In no other way could this be done. It was while he was debating within himself whether it would be possible for him to give up so much, that Mr. Ling appeared upon the scene, and offered him the means of extrication from his difficulties at the price we know. Considering everything-Mr. Lacy's despotic temper, his manner of life from his youth, and his natural terror of poverty-it may be held rather as a proof of the remnant of good in his nature that he was so averse to forcing his young daughter's inclinations, than matter for surprise that he was so ready to sacrifice her.

But Douglas had none of these scruples, and great was his wrath when he heard that nothing had been That night there was a frown upon his brow, which augured ill for the peace of the poor girl, whom the will of parents and the exigencies of wealth would, before many days, throw into his arms. Could Madeleine's mother, who had intrigued to bring about this marriage, have seen him then; could she have heard him mutter from between his clenched teeth-"Women are idiots-idiots;" could she have read into his heart, and seen how self-feeling had corroded all its gentler impulses, leaving it open to the entertaining of any plan, however cruel to others, which would further its selfish ends-she might have repented of her own narrow worldliness. But this she could not do; and the wedding morning, when it dawned, found everything unchanged.

It was not a pleasant wedding. Though nothing was wanting to its magnificence; though the bride's lace had cost a small fortune; though the settlements were all that could be desired; though the presents were numerous and well chosen—nothing could veil the fact that there were storms in the air.

And, indeed, of those immediately concerned, Mr. Perry was the only one who seemed at ease. Douglas, the bridegroom, looked as cross as if the whole thing were a stupid pageant, in which circumstances had forced him to take a part; the eyes of the bride and of the bride's mother were red with weeping; Mabel, the chief bridesmaid, bore about with her an expression of pathetic weariness, as if she longed to lay her head down in some quiet place, and sleep away her fatigue; while Mr. Lacy's manner indicated a restless and irritable mood.

But nothing happened that could account for this generally disturbed state of feeling; observers concluded that these unhappy-looking people were simply bored by the exigencies of the occasion, and everything went off in the usual manner.

The bride was led to the altar, and the solemn words of the marriage-service were read; and though her voice was perfectly inaudible in response, it was seen that her lips moved, and that was held to be sufficient. Madeleine Perry, the heiress, became the wife of Douglas Lacy, the dashing young Guardsman with a wealthy father; and the world said smilingly that nothing could be more appropriate—for the world loves to see young people act sensibly.

It is not our task at this time to follow the fortunes of the poor girl who, that day, was offered up a sacrifice to the demon of worldliness. She was one out of a multitude, more dumb perhaps than most, for she had not even ventured to protest; but none the less sorrowful, none the less to be pitied.

Our business is with the young girl, not yet offered up, but shuddering on the brink of the gulf which to her sense-much clearer in this than Madeleine'swas a hideous gulf of ruin and destruction. For now the wedding was over, and Mabel knew the moment had come when she must decide about her future, her mind was no whit clearer than before. Nay, this day of hollow pageant had still further bewildered her. Douglas's expression, the bride's tearswollen face, the pompous manners of the bride's father, the solemn words of the marriage-service, and Mrs. Perry's tearful, almost remorseful, clinging to her pale-faced daughter, when the moment came to part—all these things gave Mabel a clearer feeling than before that Mrs. Lacy's words were instinct with truest wisdom-that there are modes of self-sacrifice which may even be wicked.

She and her father returned to Bracklesby Manor alone that evening, leaving their guests to take part in the ball and garden-party with which the day was to conclude. Mabel, who felt far too depressed to join in the festivities of the night, had entreated to be excused, on the plea of her father's health.

Yet when, in the afternoon, she found herself alone with her father in a large saloon-carriage, Mabel regretted her decision. If he should now ask her to declare her intentions finally, what could she say? The wedding was over, and she could urge no excuse for delay.

They sat opposite one to the other. The smiling attentive guard, who had locked them in to prevent the intrusion of strangers, looked at them in a kindly encouraging way, indicative of respectful interest. Instead of using these last moments in trying to determine how she should answer her father's question, so momentous to her future, Mabel caught herself wondering whether this amiable-looking guard had a daughter, and, if he had, what were his views with regard to her.

Then suddenly she became aware of the idle nature of her speculations, and tried to force her thoughts into a more useful course. How curious it was! On her coming decision her whole future, her father's peace of mind, and the honour of the family

might depend, while here was she speculating about the possible family history of an obsequious guard.

Whereupon Mabel's mind took another discursive flight, which ended in an observation no more profitable than her wonder about the guard's daughter.

"Mabel!" said Mr. Lacy.

She turned and looked into his face. It was careworn and haggard.

"Yes, papa," she answered, her heart sinking.

But all he seemed to wish for the moment was to



"'What I fear is paralysis.' "-p. 650.

"Human beings are very strange—very," she said to herself, and there followed an impatient little sigh, which attracted her father's attention.

They were moving out of the station now, and the green fields and trees were beginning to fly past them.

know whether the carriage had been ordered to meet this train. She satisfied him on this point, and then he settled himself back amongst the cushions and closed his eyes. Mabel begged him to put up his feet, and moved a little to give him room.

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"Do, papa," she pleaded; "you will rest so much better.'

"I never rest now," he answered, raising his heavy lids for a moment. How weary his eyes were! There was a choking in Mabel's throat. She would have given all the world to cry; but she dared not.
"If I can do nothing else," she said to herself,

bravely, "I can at least control myself."

Aloud she murmured that her father would be better now this wedding was over; and he did not contradict her. He remained perfectly silent, his eyes closed and his limbs motionless.

Mabel looked away from him out of the window. She was trying to fight down a great terror that held her: he was so still, so terribly still. And then a dreamy mood came over her. Hills and valleys, running streams, hamlets, and woods went flying past them. The scents of the country-of wild flowers, of hay ready to be carried, of roses and lilies in cottage-gardens, of pine-woods, and freshly-cut timber, were wafted, in sweet succession, into the carriage-window, near which the young girl sat, and each had its memory, each its sting. Sighing, she looked out to the west. It was a stormy-looking sky. The masses of clouds heaped up on the horizon were gorgeous with flame-colour and crimson; but, even as she gazed, the bright colours waned; twilight sad was spreading her transparent veil over earth and sky.

"That is how life fades," said Mabel to herself, sadly, and her heart felt faint and chill.

But what was this breaking in upon her reverie? Was she asleep-dreaming? "God help me! God forgive me!" cried out the poor child, reproaching herself, in her innocence, for a wrong she had not done.

"Father," she sobbed, "I did not say no. Listen to me. I will do anything-anything. Speak to your little Mabel. Say one word, only one,"

It was his suddenly bending forwards, the touch of his hand upon her arm, and the speechless agony in his white face, which had caused this bitter cry.

"I feel ill-ill," was all the answer he could make.

It was followed by a convulsive shudder, which Mabel felt thrilling through her every nerve, as if the pain which had caused it were her own, and after that his head fell back against the cushions, his limbs seemed to grow rigid, and his breath came and went in gasping sighs. He was conscious still; for his wide-open horror-struck eyes were fixed on his daughter's face, and his lips moved continuously. but no sound proceeded from them.

Fortunately they were near their own station. Scarcely had Mabel realised the full extent of the calamity which had fallen upon them, scarcely had she mustered force to raise her voice and cry out to the guard for assistance, before she saw in the near distance the station lights.

They steamed in slowly, far too slowly for the poor girl's excited nerves. All her woman's tenderness, all her filial affection and gratitude, had sprung up in face of this terrible crisis. And a certain strength seemed to have come to her also, for which those who thought of her the most highly would scarcely have given her credit. When, in answer to her cry, the porters and guard, with their own servants who had been waiting for them, came crowding, all full of excitement and mystery, to the carriage door, she at once took the lead, and gave her directions calmly.

The footman she ordered to telegraph at once to Sir Joshua Jennings; she sent one of the porters, in hot haste, for the dispensary doctor, who lived about a mile from the station; while the coachman and guard, both strong and muscular men, helped her to lift her father out of the railway carriage into his own. It was almost a relief to her that he seemed now to have lost all consciousness of what went on around him. When they were together and alone, with the crowd of curious eager faces shut out, with the easy carriage rolling swiftly towards their quiet home, and outside the darkness of a stormy night, the poor girl was entirely overcome,

"I would have died to prevent this," she said, her tears falling fast. "Oh, yes, I would have died!"

(To be concluded.)

#### "WHAT IS THAT TO US?"

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"And they said, What is that to us? see thou to it."-St. Matt. xxvii. 4.



DUR essay is concerned simply with this answer of the priests to Judas. We have no time to examine the various theories which seek to explain his dreadful fall; and if we linger for a moment with him, it is only so far as

his position throws light on theirs. In all the Gospel story it is this lurid scene alone which makes us half pity the traitor, and feel that there is a guilt even worse than his. Elsewhere the only thing which relieves our horror of him is astonishment at his strength of will. Jesus again and again denounces covetousness-we scarcely understand the stress He lays upon it, until we reflect that Judas was by His side-but the thief gives no sign. The predictions of his treachery do not shake him. When, unmasked, he rushes out from the lighted chamber, and we see the fall of which
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ely we nief ery hes the curtain upon a doomed spirit in the words "it was night"—darkness alike for the eyesight and for the soul—even then, though doubtless the spiritual and physical gloom smote heavily on his heart, yet he wavered not; he came forward in the garden when his armed followers fell back; he linished his dreadful enterprise.

Think how they flattered him: how small a part were his thirty pieces of what the friend of orthodoxy, the keeper of the Temple sanctities, and of the chiefs of his religion, might expect; how smooth were their words, and how diplomatic their smile if he required that things should not be pressed too far against his Master.

And now, when the scales are fallen from his eyes, when he sees what he has done, when he understands the awful warnings of Jesus, which formerly maddened with disappointment his ambition and his pride; when the same headlong vehemence, which broke down every fence of honour and fidelity, lends terror to his despair, how naturally does he turn to those smooth-spoken friends of his.

Ah, if he had confessed to our Master! If he had mourned like Peter, who knows what place in the eternal mansions might yet have been found even for him? But he would not have been the traitor if he could have understood the infinite compassions of the heart he broke. Therefore, he turns to these holy men. They will pity his agony, and respect his trembling testimony that the blood he has betrayed is innocent. Something, indeed much, may still be done, and so he presses into the very shrine where only the priests may go. Their bribe is in his hand—think how he hates it now—and his bloodshot eyes, appealing for more than life, roll from one to another of those venerable faces.

Who will not pity him, although from our childhood the name Iscariot is one word with infamy, and we know all the deadly blackness of his crime?

But their stony hearts have no pity for their own agent, their accomplice. Sin and penitence, and the sharp anguish of a soul, are nothing to these men with broad phylacteries, who prayed at the corners of the streets. Their one question is how does it affect themselves, and in their fancied security they bid him to see to his own affair. The whole range of Scripture records no words of more perfect, more appalling spiritual insensibility. And yet they are no more than the natural expression of thorough unmitigated selfishness.

Now observe that this is the most vivid and the final appeal of God to their own seared consciences, almost forcing them to behold their own act as their alarmed and desperate accomplice now beholds it. But they take no such view of the position. To them it seems to concern no one but the broken tool of their policy, which they

can safely fling aside. What care they for the anguish of Judas? what is it to them?

But if they had any mercy, if any pulse of compassion beat in their hearts, it would have been something to them, and in wishing to save him they would have been roused to save themselves. Because they are selfish men, because they have learned to weigh only their own interests, and to murder the Innocent if it is expedient for them that He should die, therefore they are as dead to this last warning as to all the rest.

And these wretches without a heart are the chiefs of a divine religion. Surely this is the fearful lesson taught us by this verse, that no acquaintance with religious truth, and no rank in the Church of God, and no mere avoidance of gross and palpable immorality, can avail for the unchristlike soul.

Who is the worst man alive to-day? We, if we sought him, would go to the haunts of desperate crime, to the frantic followers of riotous indulgence, to the men who use gross pleasure as a drug to stupefy their craving for better things, or to deafen their ears against the clamour of an upbraiding voice.

But it may well be that an angel with heartsearching eyes would seek and find the most desperate wickedness of all in a very different place. Not in the modern Tyre and Sidon, but in our Chorazin or Bethsaida: not in Sodom, but in Capernaum. As the man who smites hard in his rage is a less dangerous foe than one who justifies and approves the smouldering hate within him, so the worst and most profound guilt is that which never feels that it is very guilty at all. Perhaps the most withered and dry and sapless heart on earth is soothed by Christian formularies which it accepts as binding but does not love as true, repeats our creeds and our confessions, but feels no contrition and no loyalty, and approaches our communion-table without hungering or thirsting after righteousness.

And so, when Jesus was on earth, He looked into the violent and unscrupulous face of the Roman judge, and declared the orthodox chief of his own nation and Church, the high-priest who shrank with his fellows from the defilement of entering the judgment hall, to be a worse man than he whose name we have for 1,800 years recited with a shudder, saying, "crucified under Pontius Pilate." Christ said, "He that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin."

Worse than the inflamed appetite, the stained and blighted reputation, are the cold pitiless sneering Pharisaic uprightness, the eyes which weep only for their own sorrows, the thin lips which nurmur, "What is that to us? see thou to that."

And yet this evil spirit is everywhere. Pilate will presently retort upon these men almost exactly their own words—"I am innocent of the blood of this just man; see ye to it." The first

murderer was the first to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Nor is "every man for himself" an

obsolete proverb yet.

Nay, the Church herself is crippled at every turn by the paralysis of selfishness. Observe that spiritual selfishness does not mean care for one's own soul. If you risk your own eternity, you are unlikely to be concerned about your brother's. If you refuse your own heart to Christ, you will not strive hard to gain your brother for Him. If the Pharisees had cared for their own deadly peril, they would have shuddered at the cry of Judas.

But spiritual selfishness means the shrinking up of all religion into one question, however important in its place—Am I saved? Am I made happy? It has expressed itself with perfect accuracy in the words—

Nothing is worth a thought beneath, But how I may escape the death Which never, never dies, How make my own election sure, And, when I fail on earth, secure A mansion in the skies.

It is a vital question; but St. Paul would not have called it the only one. Such devotion formerly retreated into monasteries, and left the world to Satan. But religion is like water. kept in a cistern it stagnates and spoils, while the fountain is for ever clear and cold, because for ever overflowing.

What is that to us? asks some unscrupulous tradesman, whose business entraps and ruins the

weak and impulsive, while he preserves his own respectability.

What is that to us? ask the strong will and the cool head, when conforming to social usages by which the weak brother is destroyed.

What business, what social usage is meant? That matters nothing; the question is, what trade, what custom, smites the conscience of each who reads?

What is that to us? cry the lives which do nothing, which exert no influence, and are content to plead that they do no harm, as if Christ had not said, "He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth abroad."

But there is One Who never heard the appeal of mental sorrow or of physical pain and said,

What is that to Me?

For the worthless and thankless, He shrank not from the eclipse of heaven, from pain or shame or mockery or the grave. He was aware—

Despite the scourging and the cross, Of woe that had been worse to bear Than all the wrong that was.

Of inward agony more intense Than when the Father veiled the sky, And the lone lips of innocence Cried that most bitter cry.

Yes, He deemed it worse to dwell alone in heaven, and to say, "Behold, I am without the children whom Thou hast given Me."

And it is from Him that we learn to be unselfish, to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

## FORGIVEN!

THE STORY OF A SCHOOL TREAT IN THE FEN COUNTRY.



EACEFUL scenes of rural life, I see you Yesterday I had been once again! scorching under the July sun in our modern Babylon; to-day, I am breathing the pure country air, assisting at a school treat, in a village nine miles removed from the nearest town, far from a railway, in an unfrequented district of the Lincolnshire Fens. Although it is a flat country, consisting of dykes and hedgerows, daisied fields studded with sheep, and clumps of trees only here and there-yet everything is beauty around one. Here are green banks with a wonderful variety of grasses, for this is the church croft where these annual festivities are held. Adjoining it are the vicarage kitchen garden, and still churchyard,

with its ancient yew tree cased up in iron belts. The scene suggests perfect repose and tranquillity. A canvas awning has, for the occasion, been stretched from some trees to the tops of the hay-

stacks, beside the low stone wall of "God's Acre;" and here long tables, covered with snow-white cloths and tea equipages are spread, admirably protected from the sunshine, and any possible draught Benches are placed within the shadow of the trees, from which swings are suspended. At one corner of the field there are games for the boys, and a sackful of apples for a scramble. As the clock strikes three, the gate is taken off its hinges, and the visitors enter, the schoolmaster and mistress respectively bringing up their boys and girls, all in full feather, and good as gold. Then the mothers, with the toddling wee things, whom they place on a form about six inches in height, and there they sit in a row, with their dear little innocent faces lighted up with pleasure.

The guests arrive faster and faster, some in carts, some in wagons, for it is a large scattered parish; there are several respectable farmers' wives, who have tables to superintend; many have brought cream with them—such cream! I have been asked to undertake the duties of tea-maker

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A SCHOOL TREAT IN THE FEN COUNTRY.

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VIII

for my friend, the vicar's wife, who has been ill, and thinks it more prudent not to sit out-of-

At five o'clock, the children have their tea, piles of cake and buns arriving in a wheelbarrow. this special occasion, a friend has presented a crate of mugs, in order that every child may keep one to take home. What joy and admiration this crockery excites it is needless to say, with its crimson sparrows and impossible butterflies. When these joyous youngsters have finished, and returned to their games, the adults' turn comes to partake of the refreshing beverage; the boiling water being supplied in an amusing manner, for, the vicarage copper and kettles being inadequate. the whole village is put under contribution, and there is a procession from thence of steaming kettles of every description, a collection worthy of the South Kensington Museum-antique brass, copper, and large iron ones, requiring two persons to carry, down to the little modern tin of to-day.

"You must make up your mind to an hour and a half of hard work," says the vicar to me, in a whisper, as he placed me before my tea-tray, which, being for the crême de la crême of the guests, has the best china service, damask cloth, and silver utensils, milk and cream in plenty, and piles of buttered plum cake.

"I am glad to see poor Mrs. Enderby is coming," the vicar says, directing my attention to the gateway, where an invalid chair, drawn by a little donkey, is just entering; beside the chair walks a fine erect old man, clad in a suit of grey; within it sits a pale fragile old lady, wrapped up in delicate fleecy wool shawls, even on this hot

afternoon.

"Who is Mrs. Enderby?" I ask.

"She is the miller's wife, and that is the miller who walks beside her. Be very kind to her, and seat her close to you, poor thing! She is dying of a broken heart; unfortunately she had a bitter quarrel with her only child, a son. The young fellow ran away three years ago, never communicating with his parents; he enlisted, and was killed before Candahar last year. She is fading away; still, I am glad she has come."

Between her husband and the vicar, the old lady is assisted from her chair, and placed on my right at the tea-table, and I shake hands with her; what a poor thin hand it is! She is about sixty-two years of age, and has been fair and pretty. She is now pale and faded, her eyes dulled with tears, her voice low, her words tremulous and un-

certain.

"I little thought," she says, "that I should see another school feast. Excuse my weakness, mem, but this gay scene is almost too much for me," and she wipes the ready tears from her eyes.—"I fear you have been very ill," I remark to her .- "Ah, it is an illness that will never be cured, mem; I am dying with remorse," she whispers, confidentially. years ago, I spoke wicked, wicked words to my dear boy-my only living child, that drove him from home. It was my doing; and my husband is that good, he has never blamed me from that day to this." And the tears again overflow her eyes. Poor old lady, I am at a loss what to say to console her, and press her to eat in vain. Not so with the rest of my visitors-such piles of cake disappear, such gallons of tea I pour out for them, that I really believe they had made but scant dinners, in order to enjoy this repast. At length the demand for tea perceptibly decreases, and there is less clatter of spoons and teacups, and more conversation. At this juncture Dixon, the vicar's servant, makes his appearance, in manner most important. He comes and takes his position at my right elbow. just between me and Mrs. Enderby, and with a preliminary "hem" to clear his throat, thus addresses the company :-

"Friends and neighbours, in my responsible position this afternoon, as superintendent of amusements for the elderly parties, having got through bowls, Aunt Sally, cake, and tea, I am forced to confess I am thrown on my beam ends, as the sailors say, what to do next-unless you'd

like to hear me tell you a story?"
"Brayvo, Dixon!" with a hammering on the

table, is the encouraging reply.

"A story," continues Dixon, "as treats of our country's brave defenders, them that leaves wives, sisters, fathers, ay, and mothers, too, to fight battles—I mean sogers!" Here old Mrs. Enderby, who had been gazing abstractedly and dreamily into her teacup, appears to be listening.

"Yes, sogers. Once upon a time, there lived a father and mother, who had only reared one chick. from a large brood, the youngest of them, a son, the handsomest lad as ever you see, and they doated on him like the apple of their eyes. Not only was he tall and straight as a poplar tree, but he was a scholar, and wrote such a beautiful hand!" Here he glances down at the pale old lady, who begins to evince signs of interest.

"Did he, indeed, Dixon?" she asks, in a weak

trembling voice.

"Ah! that he did, mum. I should have liked you to have seen his copy-books-such fine upstrokes!"

"Go on, please, Mr. Dixon," say the women;

"it 's very pretty."

"Well, friends and neighbours," continues Dixon, "this here handsome young feller grows up, and then what does he do, but go and fall in love-with a very nice girl, but a poor one, and it wasn't agreeable to his father and mother, who were well-to-do, and they wouldn't hear of it, on no account." Here Mrs. Enderby gives a deep sigh, and shakes her head.

"This young feller, mum" (to Mrs. Enderby), "had always turned his fond parents round his finger, and as he couldn't do it now, the foolish lad runs away, and 'lists!"

"And what did his poor mother do?" asks Mrs. Enderby, clasping her thin hands together.

"She did all she could, mum, to break her heart,

fretting night and day!"

"And his father, Dixon?" says the miller, speaking for the first time, and eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh! his father was a tough old bird," replies the imperturbable Dixon. "I daresay he felt it, only it didn't come to the surface."

"Did the young man ever write home to his father and mother?" inquires the old lady,

putting her hand on his coat-sleeve.

"He did, mum; but somehow his letters got lost. He thought of them, and of the girl he left behind him, often enough, you may be sure! Well, as ill-luck would have it, his regiment was ordered off to India, and there was a great battle, where he was in the thick of the fight! Now it was that his fine handwriting came in—for his commanding officer says, 'I want a letter written home to the Duke of Cambridge; who writes a good hand?' 'I do,' cries the young feller, who steps forward, and writes a letter a-top of a loaded cannon, the bullets whizzing round his head like hail-stones.

"Well, mum" (still he addresses Mrs. Enderby), "this brave feller carried his wounded officer on his back, out of the battle, through a hundred bullets. He himself was badly wounded at last-and left for dead—his name was in the list of killed, in the newspaper, and after that, his poor mother never lifted her head. But all this time he wasn't dead at all, for a kind old native woman found him, took him into her hut, hid him, and nursed him till he could escape out of the country, which he did, walking miles and miles, under a burning sun, over mountains, swimming rivers, till he came up with the British army; then he had a sunstroke for nobody knows how long! Anyhow, they made him a sergeant, and shipped him home to have the Victoria Cross given him. Before going to Windsor Castle to Her Majesty, he thought he'd run home to let his parents know that he was not dead, and to have a look at his mother."

"Not killed! not killed!" cries the poor old lady, rising, all of a tremble. "Bless you, bless you, Dixon! you are a good man; I know that you are telling me this so kindly, in case the joy will kill me. My boy lives!" "You've hit it, mum," says Dixon. "He's alive, at home, here!" Immediately there steps from between the haystacks a tall young soldier, clasping the frail shadow-like mother in his arms. Thanks to Dixon's idea of breaking the news to her in a so-called story—for which, it is needless to say, he drew largely on his invention, and dim remem-

brance of the newspapers — she does not even faint. His father embraces him, and all his old acquaintances cluster round him. "You shall marry any girl you please, let her be who she may!" cries the happy old miller. "Bless you, lad, there's lots of money for you in the bank at Lincoln, only we must never part again!"

"And Rose Fielding?" says Willie, "where is she?" "Not far off," replies Dixon, disappearing behind the throng of listeners, and bringing forward a tall fine girl, with soft eyes, and cheeks like a delicate peach, who advances with a modest dignity which charms me. The lovers' meeting is most undemonstrative; they only shake hands silently; but I observe each turns pale, and looks straight in the other's eyes. That glance is sufficient; Willie draws her hand within his arm, and leads her up to his mother. "Here is Rose, mother," he says.

Mrs. Enderby rises to embrace her, and lays her tearful but now happy face on the girl's bosom. For a minute there is silence; then the poor feeble voice says, "Rose, will you forgive me my hardness? My silence to you these three

years-will you forgive me?"

"Dear Mrs. Enderby," replies Rose, in a cheery voice, "I have nothing to forgive. It was very natural you should not wish William to choose a poor girl like me—your station so far above mine, whose father is only a poor basketmaker; but I could not help it." And the girl stoops her fresh young lips to the poor pallid wrinkled forehead, and kisses it, the old lady quite clings to her—the daughter-in-law will be a comfort to her, it is easy to see.

In the meantime the husbands return from their labour in the fields. "God save the Queen" is played in masterly style on the violin by the old fiddler, with a spirited drum accompaniment, to signal that the festivities are ended. Then three cheers. The church bells ring out such a joyful peal as is seldom heard—they even "fire," as I believe it is called, crash—crash—crash—then off they go again—the merriest peal in the

The calm moon rises in silver radiance above the distant horizon. In this flat country, the effect is as if it rose over the sea. The men take their little children in their arms, who fall asleep at once, but grasping their pretty mugs all the same.

The guests disappear in groups, and in vehicles of all descriptions, the hum of voices becomes fainter; between the pauses of the peals of bells I hear the croaking of the frogs, and the cry of the cornerakes in the meadows.

Ring on, old bells! in all your four hundred years you have never rung out a happier day than that of this school-treat in the Fen Country

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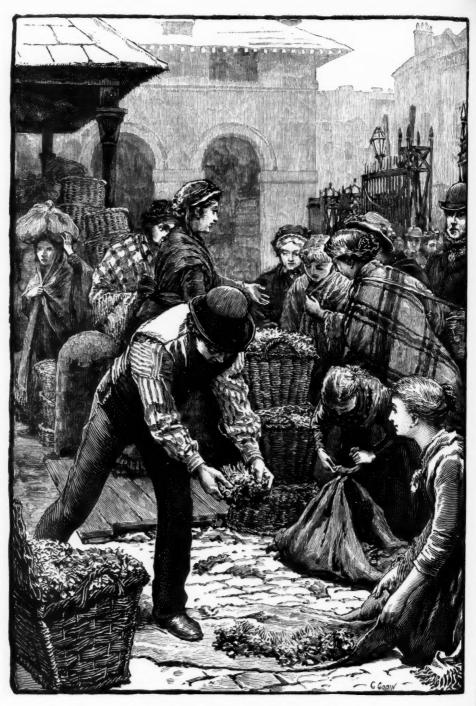
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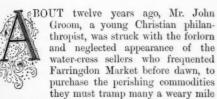
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WATERCRESS GIRLS AT FARRINGDON MARKET.-p. 661.

# "BUY MY WATER-CRESSES!"

BY ANNE BEALE.



to sell. It seemed to him that nobody cared either for their souls or bodies, and their condition so impressed him that he resolved to devote the short intervals of leisure of his own laborious day to their service. Steady work and unflinching purpose accomplish miracles, and to us, who have followed his efforts step by step, their result appears almost miraculous. Let any one who would like to learn what twelve years' voluntary and unobtrusive work can effect, visit No. 12, Clerkenwell Close, with us, and see for themselves.

What a quiet corner it is, and how protectingly the old parish church of St. James looks down upon it and the unpretending dwelling we are invited to enter. This is a Mission House, whence good flows to thousands of laborious itinerants of this tremendous city of London, and which is the outcome of those pitying glances cast at the weary vendors of perishable wares hanging for hours about our great markets. We must confess that the stone passages are cold; but needy people burn no unnecessary coal, and our Mission, though successful, is needy. Here is warmth, however, together with a savoury odour ; for in a curious strip of a kitchen, a woman is cooking stew in a big furnace, and two young girls are waiting upon her. These neatly capped and aproned attendants belong to the "Girls' Flower Brigade." We have just time to get into a long room filled with benches and crowned by a platform, when we see Mr. Groom at the door, receiving a considerable number of juvenile guests. Each little visitor places a halfpenny in his hand, and pushes his way to a seat. There is no order of precedence, and we wonder that the three-year-olds are not crushed; but their elders pull them through.

We have the pleasure of seeing the room twice filled, and of watching 300 children dine on a large tin of soup and a huge slice of bread, 12,000 having so dined during the winter months. Of course there are more waiting outside in the sleet, but these can only be admitted if there should be a surplus of food after the 300 have been fed. These dinners are supplied every Wednesday and Thursday during the winter months, and are generally the only bonû fide

dinner the young folk get, except, perhaps, on Sundays. This we learn, not only from Mr. Groom, but from some of themselves. "We have bread-and-butter on other days," says one; "A hot meal on Sunday," another; and "Dry bread," a third. The payment of the halfpenny fosters a spirit of independence, and many a respectable artisan out of work will manage to procure the required pence, and thankfully send his children, who would not let them accept actual charity; for these are not of the beggar and pauper class, nor specially of the costermongers, but of the poor of Clerkenwell.

"We know the dinner days," said a master of a neighbouring Board school to Mr. Groom. "The children are brisk and able to learn after a good meal, but it is impossible to teach them on empty stomachs. They loll about hopelessly, and have no spirit in them."

Alas! this is the last meal of the season, for, despite a snowstorm without, "winter is over and gone." Mr. Groom winds them up by a special crumb of comfort. He tells the children that as this is the final dinner, he means to return their halfpence, and he hopes, by next winter, many of them may be beginning to earn money to help their

younger brothers and sisters.

After they have sung their grace, Mr. Groom again plants himself at the door, and places the halfpence in each outstretched hand. After this the expectant group of outsiders, huddled up in the passage, is admitted, and happily provided with a dinner. Meanwhile, a temporary fog prevails, and gas is lighted; but we all forget the cold. Still a modest gas stove in Mr. Groom's tiny office is not unacceptable after those two hours of watching.

Here a portrait of Lord Shaftesbury looks down upon Mr. Groom as he sits at his desk, and reminds us of an important feature of the mission. Of course his lordship is president; cela va sans dire: but beyond his presidency he has founded "The Emily Loan Fund," so named in memory of Emily, late Countess of Shaftesbury. This has been an inestimable boon to numberless poor women, who, as a class, are found ever ready and willing to work when they have the chance. But even they need a stock-in-trade, and when forced by necessity to spend their last farthing, they solicit a loan from this inexhaustible fund, and are set up in life again. We say "inexhaustible" because the said loans are repaid with few exceptions. To the honour of these women be it spoken, that they are, as a rule, honest, and thankfully pay their way when they can. Two thousand five hundred loans have been issued since the foundation of the fund in 1873, and have been, for the most part, refunded. The Committee sit once a week, and having considered the case, advance money sufficient for the purchase of a basket, barrow, coffee-urn, baked potato oven, or even a stall, if needed, to give the applicant a chance of earning an honest livelihood, independent of enervating charity. Weekly payments of one shilling gradually liquidate the debt, and the stock becomes the property of the

borrower. It is satisfactory to learn that the individuals thus aided occasionally rise in the world, and, beginning with a modest basket, value ten shillings, proceed to a barrow and stall, which either perambulates certain streets, or secures a regular plant. This would be worth But Mr. Groom knows of at least half-adozen who have not stopped here, but are, at this present moment, in possession of small shops. "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away," is the text of the Loan Fund, albeit the borrowers must

find good security in some friend or neighbour for repayment. How many, in all classes of life, has a timely loan rescued from poverty, or worse!

But timely loans and children's dinners are not the only good works done in this corner of Clerkenwell Close. In the long room we have just vacated, all sorts of religious services are held, for adults and children, as well as a Sunday school of 400 scholars, a Band of Hope with 160 members, a penny bank, and lectures and entertainments innumerable. And passing into a neighbouring empty apartment, we hear that it will be filled at eventide by members of a Boys' Institute and Bible-class, with which are connected cricket, rowing, and swimming clubs, to say

nothing of a drum-and-fife band. This latter has been instituted to keep the bigger lads in the Sunday-school, and is so popular that thirty or forty juvenile musicians have already become members. Our quiet corner must be noisy enough when they begin their practice.

But a Sunday on Clerkenwell Green is noisier. In order to draw into Christ's fold a portion of His flock that neither church nor chapel will attract, Mr. Groom and other Evangelists have

opened a door of entrance on Clerkenwell Green. Herethe glad tidings are both preached and sung every Sunday, not only to the old but to the young. Services for adults and short children's services are held on the green, which tend to lead, eventually, to Mission-room and Sundayschool; and we will hope to win "itching ears" from much irreligion and profanity that would be filling them on all sides. Sunday is used not only by the Christian but the secularist to promulgate his

Day Clerkenwell Green is a Babel of conflicting opinions. Many gods are set up for worship, and the hero of the hour, be he prophet or demagogue, politician or cynic, ranter or sceptic, will find listeners among this strife of tongues. Of course the vendors of penny ices, oranges, and ginger-beer, are also there by the score, and the hubbub is wonderful. But open-air preaching attracts, and many have been "turned from darkness to light" by some word in season, while we are thankful to know that much Sunday traffic has been relinquished in consequence.

Pondering over the amount of good effected by an agency such as this, we cannot fail to remember the first great Missionary Tea we attended in



"They must retrace their steps to sell."-p. 663.

It took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, over ten years ago, and was one of Mr. Groom's earliest gigantic efforts. We can never forget the 600 poor water-cress and flowersellers who partook of this entertainment, or their ragged and sad appearance. Assuredly they have bettered, as a class, since then, and the good work has not been in vain. They now know where to apply for Christian sympathy and aid, and seek them from all quarters of the metropolis at this, our Mission House. Still many come who cannot be efficiently helped. Unfortunately, destitute women and children, and even men, fancy they have only to buy a handful of cresses or flowers and use them as a means of extracting pence from These sometimes apply to the the unwary. Mission for assistance, and have to be told that street selling is a profession, and must be learned like any other occupation. It is not acquired by pestering hapless passengers, but by systematic effort. The vendors of water-cresses must undergo an education. They must be at Farringdon Market before dawn, in order to secure the early "creases" for the breakfasts of their cus-Having expended their small stock of tomers. money in the purchase, they must bide their turn at the pump to wash them, and then sit down upon the cold stones to tie them up in tempting bundles, and place them systematically in their Both keen observation and practice are needed to purchase the best at the cheapest rate, and it is sometimes wonderful to see the young child eagerly extending her small, cold hand, for the portion she fancies, and standing shivering in her rags while she washes and arranges it. This is a daily picture; for are not parents often sick at home? But crowds of all ages surround the water-cress stalls, where may be found, literally, the halt and the blind, the half-clad and the starving; numbers of them come from great distances to purchase, and they must retrace their steps to sell, after which they have to pace their weary beat until they dispose of their perishable goods, upon which, probably, will depend their daily bread.

Thanks to our Mission, the market is regularly visited; and cases inquired into, and relief given to the most necessitous. It is satisfactory to learn that the regular vendor is no

beggar, but as independent and honest as other people. We met one such as we came to the Mission House in Mr. Groom's company, who was well known to him. She had a basket of water-cresses on her arm, was young, and neatly dressed, and looked cheerful and prosperous. She had been aided by the Mission, and was hard-working and industrious; honestly maintaining her young family, by rising early and labouring late. She smiled gratefully as her good friend bade her leave some bunches of her "creases" at his house. A word of encouragement, how sweet it is! She went on her way all the happier for the recognition. And so have thousands similarly helped to comparative independence.

As Farringdon Market, the great mart for water-cresses, is not far from the Close, it is comparatively easy to assist the vendors. sionaries and voluntary helpers are there as early as they are, and by timely aid, counsel, and kind words, are able to alleviate much distress. it is impossible to overpaint the privations of the London poor. People who, either from distance or disinclination, have never tested their condition, often declare that the printed accounts are "written to order," or "seasoned for a public that demands sensation." It is, on the contrary, impossible to colour them highly enough to convey an accurate idea of the state of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens. If any one would follow these poor water-cress sellers from market to street, and from street to their miserable rooms-Home is too sacred a word for them -scepticism would give place to a pity so profound that the heart must open at once "to melting charity." It is this which the helpers in our Mission do, and God will bless them for their unselfish labours. Very little helps to cheer these downcast souls. A ticket for tea or bread, a sixpence for fuel, a cast-off garment, and other small boons within the compass of all of us, will encourage them to "hope on—hope ever." Those among us who are hindered by Those among us who are hindered by circumstances from personally visiting them, can assist them through their devoted friends, Mr. Groom and his staff, and so they will eat with greater relish the "cresses" provided for their own breakfast-tables.

# JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."-St. Luke viii. 52.

HERE is no death, so seems the Lord to say:
Such death as ye imagine, such as calls
For this wild weeping. What doth you affray
To make such clamour? Darkness, when it falls,
Brings sleep, and not extinction, nor appals

The faithful ones who know the Father's power.
The bond of sleep, that now her soul enthrals,
Shall be dissolved, and this sweet closed flower,
Dank with the dews of death, shall bloom its
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### THE MISTAKE THEY MADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER ONLY FAULT," "A SHARP LESSON," ETC. ETC.



OU don't mean to tell me you are going to marry that man, Roberta," and Miss Mayson threw an amount of scorn and contempt into her voice which no one would have thought so gentle sweet-faced a lady possessed. "Marry Edward Wright!"

"Yes, Aunt Anne, Edward, and none other. I know you don't like

him; you never did. But now he's lost his faith in mankind; what faith will he have left in womankind if I desert him? He's been unfortunate."

"Wicked, Roberta, positively wicked," Miss Mayson interrupted, angrily. "He has behaved shame-

fully."

"And been sorry for it, Aunt Anne; and granted a man has been wicked, is he never to be forgiven, especially when he's as truly sorry as Ted is? He loves me, Aunt, and I love him, and I'll never give him up!"

"Then have your way, Roberta; but understand, I cannot and will not receive Edward Wright as a

relative."

"I'm sorry for that, for the more good friends Ted has, the more likely he is to keep straight, and he thinks better of you than you do of him."

"Well, as I said before, Roberta, have your way, and see where it will lead to. Your mother before you acted just as you're acting now, and you know the result; she married Robert Ingram, and lived and died in poverty."

"And happiness, Aunt; don't forget that. Father and mother were the two happiest people in the world, I think. However, it is not because my mother had her way that I want to have mine, but simply because I think it my duty to stand by the man I promised to marry. If every one else deserts him, I won't."

"Then I suppose there's no more to be said," Aunt Mayson said, stiffly,

"Nothing more, only that Ted and I shall both be

sorry if you 'cut' us completely."

"That's one of the immediate consequences, Roberta; I will not associate with Edward Wright;" and Miss Mayson took up her work in a way that indicated she had no more to say on the subject.

Roberta Ingram, otherwise "Bob," married Ted Wright, a great strong fellow, six feet high, with blue eyes and fair beard, and a pleasant goodnatured smile. That same good nature of his had frequently got him into scrapes, and had very nearly lost him Bob. At college he got into debt, and when his father questioned him he said he made "a clean breast of it," but he didn't; he kept something back, and later on it got him into difficulties. Then he entered lawyer Fielding's

office, and had some gambling transactions with a fellow clerk, and both had to leave in disgrace. It was then Bob's friends wanted her to give him up. but she wouldn't, for Ted had told her the whole story, and she thought him only very unfortunate. Then he capped the climax of all his offences by starting as a wine merchant. He opened a sort of shop in the High Street, and with a thousand pounds left him by an aunt he began business on his own account. The Wrights, Ingrams, Maysons, all were indignant and affronted. They were all gentlefolk, the Maysons quite "county people;" and the idea of Bob marrying a wine merchant was heinous in their eyes. Bob herself would much rather Ted had chosen any other business, for the simple reason that it possessed temptations for him not easy to escape or resist. He knew every one in and about Steepleton, and the little shop in the High Street became a favourite resort for idlers, to discuss the daily papers and smoke a cigar. His wines were liked, and he soon had a flourishing business: but it seemed that the ordering and paying for port and claret entailed a good deal of tasting. Every day there were a couple of bottles of port drunk in the little sanctum behind the shop. Every day brought fresh customers, and after a time some one persuaded Ted to add spirits to his stock. The result was satisfactory from a business point of view; but Ted, who was growing very stout and florid, began to think a little weak brandy and water might be better for his health than port.

All this time no one could say he was not a perfectly steady industrious man, and no more happy contented pretty matron drove into Steepleton than Mrs. Edward Wright. Sometimes she met her aunt, Miss Mayson, and then Bob would look just a little triumphant, as much as to say, "Now, aunt, who was right?" and so four years passed away, almost

like a dream of happiness for Bob.

Then somehow she began to notice a change in He was as kind as ever, but he seemed less energetic. He sat longer over his dinner, remained longer in the dining-room after she left. They seldom saw any company, for their mutual friends and relatives persisted in keeping aloof, and Bob did not make acquaintances amongst the wealthy tradespeople who lived near her. Ted's society and her baby's were quite enough for her. But sometimes it struck her that it must be dull for her husband, and that it was for want of society that he fell asleep so heavily after dinner. Then in the mornings he felt dull, cross, and listless, usually complained of headache, and went to business without any breakfast. Bob began to be alarmed, but he assured her he was in perfectly good health, and he certainly looked stout, and strong, and rosy.

"It was Ted."-p. 667.

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Another year passed, and Bob began to see what all Steepleton knew, that her husband was drinking too much. She couldn't say Ted was ever drunk, yet certainly he was not quite himself. He grew more careless in his dress, gave his wife less money for the housekeeping, and never seemed to care for the garden or the little conservatory, took no interest in anything at home, and others knew, if she didn't, that his business was going to the dogs; for, in truth, Ted Wright was seldom in a state to receive or promptly execute an order. Every one knew more than Bob; but she knew quite enough to make her wretched. But one evening-it was a Saturday and market day in Steepleton-Ted came home, accompanied by Burns, the auctioneer, stupidly, hopelessly, helplessly drunk, covered with mud, and bleeding from a bad cut over the eye, for he had fallen in the street. With the utmost difficulty she got him to bed, soothed him as well as she could, sat by him all night, and when he awoke in the morning, he found her bending tenderly over him.

"Are you feeling better, darling?

"Better," he groaned; "no, my head is splitting." Then putting up his hand and feeling the bandages, he looked bewildered for a few minutes. "What's the matter with me, Bob? What's this on my head for?"

"You met with an accident, dear; lie still and try to go to sleep again, it 's only six o'clock."

"What are you up for, then? Oh, I see! you've been nursing me. Bob-tell me the whole truthhow did I get home last night?"

"Burns brought you, dear."

Ted groaned.

"I must have been stupidly drunk, I suppose. I fell on my head somewhere, and, of course, all Steepleton knows it by this time. Oh, Bob!"

Bob bent over him and stroked his face tenderly.

"I'm so sorry, darling," she whispered; "but it won't happen again, will it, Ted? You'll give up drinking now, won't you?"

"I'll never touch another drop of brandy as long

Bob nursed and petted him, never uttering a word of blame or reproach, but seeming as proud as a queen just because he had promised never to drink brandy again; but before the day was half over he had stolen slily to the sideboard and helped himself to a

The next day he went to business, and came home sober, though Bob knew he had been drinking something. At the end of a month he had to be helped home drunk again. After that fit he consented to give up the business, for the business had already given up him; and, realising all the capital he possessed—only a few hundred pounds—they sold the greater part of the furniture, and left Steepleton, moving to Duffield, and setting up business there in a much smaller way. This time it was stationery and fancy goods, and Bob attended to it herself, and in the meantime Ted took to frequenting the

"Silver Lily," and night after night he came home drunk. Poor Bob was almost broken-hearted, for Ted could not get drunk without money, and the money went from the till of the shop, years she bore up bravely, and then it was impossible to bear up any longer. When they were forced to leave the shop, and take a tiny cottage in a back street, he seemed sobered; he had no till to go to for money, and for a few days it seemed as if he really were going to reform. He then secured a situation as timekeeper at a factory; but the first Saturday night he came home drunk.

The months that followed for Bob were like a nightmare. Ted kept his situation, but he spent his earnings at the "Silver Lily," and never came home sober. To find bread for herself and her child, she was forced to take in washing, and she did it bravely and well.

One Saturday evening Ted came home somewhat earlier than usual, and seemed in a very bad temper, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and Bob would not fight,

"I want some supper," he said, lurching heavily into a chair; "and be quick about it."

Bob put some bread and a morsel of cheese on the table-all she had in the house-but Ted flung it aside, scornfully.

"That's a pretty supper to set before me," he cried, "and I haven't had a morsel of dinner today!"

"I'm very sorry, Ted dear; but I haven't got anything else."

"Then, go get something."

"I have no money, Ted," Bob said, very gently.
"No more have I." Then, suddenly, "Why can't you write to your aunt? she has plenty.'

Bob was silent. To write to her aunt was the very last thing she could think of doing.

"Do you hear?" he continued. "Get some paper, and write to your aunt for ten pounds. I've lost my situation, and we can't starve!"

"But, Ted, dear Ted! I'm sure aunt will not answer my letter, and I'd rather not apply to

"Will you do as I tell you?" he cried, standing up with drunken gravity.

" I-I can't, Ted."

For answer he struck her deliberately with his clenched fist in the face, and she fell heavily, striking her head against the iron fender, and lay senseless at his feet. For a moment, he seemed senseless, too, stunned and sobered by what he had done.

"O what have I done!" and he turned to fly, but standing in the doorway was Miss Mayson, and he shrank back abashed and affrighted by her stern glance.

"Edward Wright, where 's your wife?

"There," and he pointed to Bob lying senseless near the fire.

Miss Mayson raised her niece to a sitting posture, and endeavoured to staunch the blood with her handkerchief; after a few minutes, Bob opened her eyes and looked round vacantly.

"Bob, darling, don't you know me, your Aunt Anne?" Miss Mayson cried. "What happened, dear? how did this occur?" as she tenderly bathed the "Tell me, Bob, how did you do great gash. this?'

"I-I think I fainted, Aunt. I fell against the fender."

Ted listened in amazement. No word of reproach or blame. Bob was loyal still to the worthless cowering creature who called her wife. Slowly her great generosity, her loyal self-sacrifice, penetrated even his dull sodden brain, and, for the first time in his whole life, he realised how low he had fallen. He had struck Bob, knocked her down-Bob, who had never spoken a harsh word to him, never uttered a reproach in all those years of neglect, misery, privation, degradation! he had struck her, and still she was loyal and hid the worst.

"Will you go and fetch a doctor?" Miss Mayson said, after a few minutes. She was alarmed at the ugly discoloration round Bob's eyes, and couldn't tell what it meant. It was the mark of her husband's clenched fist.

Ted stood up and advanced a step nearer his wife. "Miss Mayson, it was I did that"-and he pointed to Bob-" I struck her, brute that Iwas! and she fell. I was mad with drink-I'm sober now, for the first time for many a year. I promised her to reform often, often, but I was only cheating her; I never promised myself. Now-I'll never look on her face again till I'm a sober man, and have redeemed my character in the eyes of the world. I will leave off drink, or die in the attempt."

"God bless you, Ted!" Bob said feebly, with outstretched hands. He went down on his knees beside her, begged her to try to forgive him, kissed her hands several times, and then left the house, pro-

mising to send the doctor without delay.

For a week Bob lay in a sort of low fever, and her aunt was assisted by a neighbour and Annie, her daughter, to nurse her. Then Miss Mayson took her home to Redlands, and Annie, whose education had been sadly neglected, was sent to school, and then, after explaining how she heard from a Steepleton friend, who had been visiting Duffield, of Bob's troubles, Miss Mayson agreed never to speak about that awful time again. Ted Wright had never appeared since that Saturday evening. Whether he was alive or dead no one knew, no one cared, except Bob-and, strange to say, she had faith in him still, she believed he would reform.

Six years passed by. Bob was still at Redlands, for her kind aunt was old and feeble, and could not spare her, though she often wished to go out in the world, and do something for herself. were sitting one evening in the drawing-room, when a visitor was announced, who asked to see Mrs.

Wright.

It was Ted-the Ted of long ago-bright, frank, cheery, well dressed.

"Bob," he said, "since that memorable Saturday night, not a drop of liquor, in any shape or form, has passed my lips. I have been in a situation four years, and every year received an increase of salary. I have taken and furnished a little house. I think I can truly say that, by God's help and blessing, I shall never fall into temptation. Will you try me, Bob? Will you trust me? Will you come back to me 9 "

For answer, Bob laid her hand in his, with the old loyal loving smile, and went to London with him that night, leaving Annie at Redlands to take care of Miss Mayson.

They began again, Edward Wright and his wife, this time, with God's help, at the right end, and there has been no falling off.

Only once Ted mentioned the past-that was the night he brought his wife to her new home. Pushing the hair from her temple, he kissed a great purple scar that runs across it.

"It was that saved me, Bob," he whispered. "But for that blow I could never have realised how good you were, and how utterly unworthy I was of you. Bob, dear, if there were a few more women in the world like you, it would be a better sort of place altogether."

#### THE POET CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER.



EW of the numerous hymn writers who have enriched and blessed the Church and the world by their valuable productions, have been regarded as poets. Their hymns have been not so much the

production of efforts of genius as the outcome of Christian thought, and faith, and devotion. They have been the offspring of the Christian life under its different forms, and phases, and experiences. Faith, and hope, and love, the yearning of the soul after peace, and purity, and God, the conflicts between the powers of sin and the powers of grace, and the delight and joy which their authors have felt in the realisation of God's power; and the blessings of redeeming love

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have had more to do with their production than mere scholarship, or taste, or art, or natural endowments.

All this is true of the hymns of Montgomery; and yet he was a poet, a poet of no mean degree, though not of the highest order—a poet, we may add, following in the wake of Cowper, though sometimes at a distance, and yet in no sense a copyist or servile imitator. He was like Cowper in his deep and earnest faith, the Christian tone of his poems, and in the fervour, beauty, and spirituality of his hymns, and, perhaps, also in the tinge of melancholy which sometimes shaded his mind, rather than in anything besides.

The three kingdoms united under the British throne may each claim him as their son, for his parents were Irish, his nativity Scotch, and his education and lifelong sphere English. His hymns, however, belong to no one people nor denomination of Christians, but to the whole Church and the entire world, even as his large-hearted charity embraced all who "call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord."

The father of Montgomery was awakened and led to Christ under the ministry of the Rev. John Cennick, and, devoting himself to the Christian ministry among the United Brethren, or Moravians, was first settled at Irvine, Ayrshire. Here James was born, 4th November, 1771, in the little house which adjoined the chapel, and which was recently the residence and workshop of a hand-loom weaver.

Before the future poet could realise much of the beauties of the neighbourhood, cultivate acquaintance with the Frith of Clyde near by, or learn aught of the noble memories of David Dickson and other Covenanters, where the former ministered in the parish church, and where others suffered for conscience' sake, young Montgomery went with his parents to Grace Hill, a Moravian settlement in Ulster. This was shortly followed by another remove, his parents to the West Indies, where they had accepted a post as missionaries among the enslaved negroes, and James to the Moravian Institution at Fulneck, near Leeds. He was then in his seventh year. He never saw his parents again; they died in the midst of their devoted labours. He cherished their memory with filial regard, and thus marks the spot of their sepulture-

Beneath the Lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.

The institution at Fulneck, founded in 1748, on ground enclosed from the wild moorland, was not in all respects a happy home for the orphan boy. The brethren, sisters, and pupils resided in separate buildings, and their time was divided between study, devotion, and other Christian service, and the necessary toil connected with an institution which was supported by the produce of land tilled solely by their own hands. The spirit of the community was thoroughly and highly Christian, but sufficient

allowance was not made for the variety of tastes, abilities, and natural endowments of the pupils, Life was rather prosy, and the imagination was rather repressed as a thing of evil than cultivated as a power of high capabilities, and a possible means of abundant good. Things were too dry, too dull, and too stereotyped for the nature of young Montgomery. No works of poetry, besides the Moravian hymnbook, were allowed, and the same rules proscribed all works of imagination; and as young Montgomery had determined to be a poet, he was restless under the restraint, and determined to see what the world was like outside Fulneck. The hymns, howevermany of which are of great excellence-made their impression on his mind, and he resolved that he would write some as good, if not better. The religious teaching he received, too, had its effect upon his mind and heart, and bore fruit in after days, though there was a long interval, in which we see in him more of the moralist, the politician, and the patriot, than the Christian.

His parents and friends had designed him for the Christian ministry, and his education had been directed to fit him for that calling, but he would not bend to rules sought to be enforced on him. The Brethren found a place for him in a baker's shop at Mirfield, where he would still remain under their influence; but he had too much time on his hands, little congenial employment, and few opportunities of promoting intellectual pursuits; so he left the baker's shop, with only three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, besides copies of juvenile productions. The second night he slept at Wentworth, where he met a youth who sympathised with him in his dependent position, and interceded with his father-a shopkeeper in the village of Wath-to find employment for the friendless lad. This he did, when he had communicated with his guardians and former master. Meanwhile, determined not to be idle, and not insensible to the urgings of ambition, he wrote out a copy of his verses, and presented them to Earl Fitzwilliam, whom he met walking in his grounds at Wentworth. The earl gave him a guinea, which was the first reward of his literary labour, but by no means the last he received from the house of Fitzwilliam.

After a year at Wath, he made his way to London, having sent a copy of his poems to a house in Paternoster Row. The principal received him courteously, offered him employment, but declined to publish his poems. He afterwards attempted prose, competed unsuccessfully for a prize, and afterwards prepared a story or two, which he failed to find a market for. A misadventure in passing out of the house of a publisher who had declined his manuscript, filled him with chagrin and disappointment, and resulted in his taking the coach for Wath, and entering again the service of his old employer.

He was now twenty-one, and had not taken the first step in the road to fame. A future, however, was before him.

The shape and direction of that future, under the determining hand of an all-wise Providence, depended on a successful reply to an advertisement for an assistant in a newspaper office at Sheffield. Mr. Gales, the editor, proprietor, and printer of The Sheffield Register, a man of kindly disposition and advanced political principles, found in young Montgomery just the person he wanted, and Montgomery found in him a friend, and in his office the niche for which he was well suited. It was in the last decade of the last century, and the throes of the French Revolution had awoke strong sympathies in many an ardent breast in England, in men who, while they deprecated the

libertinism, the tyranny, and the godlessness of some of the chief actors in French affairs, were longing for greater freedom of thought and action in both political and religious matters. Mr. Gales was one of these; and, although his opinions, which were ventilated on certain occasions in The Register, would now be thought quite moderate, the Government of that day was alarmed, and sought to stamp out the rising spirit of patriotism and liberty. Fearing the consequences of the publication of some articles in his paper, Mr. Gales made over his newspaper and printing establishment to Montgomery, and the bookselling and stationery department to his two

maiden sisters, and found a home in the United States.

All this time, and for several years afterwards, while Montgomery was serving his generation in his particular department, he was not happy in his religious condition. The traces of early Christian training still remained, and exerted some degree of salutary influence upon him, so that his character was blameless in the eyes of the world, and his life and writings morally pure and good; but he was not a thorough Christian, and he felt it, and the fact sometimes cast a melancholy shadow over his mind and his outlook on the everlasting future.

As years passed this anxiety deepened into distress, and he had to wade through deep waters of soul trouble. But He who regards the prayer of the destitute and hears the troubled when they call upon Him, brought him "out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake his bands in sunder." To reach

this "even place," and to walk in the "large room" of Christian light and liberty, he was indebted under God the Holy Spirit to his brother Ignatius, a devoted minister of the Moravian Church, the sermons of John Cennick, and to some of his old friends at Fulneck, who came to his help in his trouble.

This thorough decision for Christ was not confined to his religious connections; it showed itself in his paper; it leavened his whole life, and shone through all his surroundings. He pleaded in his journal for every religious and benevolent enterprise which commended itself to his judgment and affections, and with his purse and his tongue, as well as with his

pen, he advocated the cause of education, both in day and Sunday schools, the claims of the Bible, and missionary societies. He took up the cause of the "climbing boys" who swept the chimneys of the town, and urged their claims until the shameful practice was abolished. cause of the West Indian slaves, too, engrossed his attention, and drew largely on his time and talents, until that monstrous system, which was a foul blot on the name of Christian England, and a disgrace to humanity, was brought to an end. Of his sympathy with this cause, his poem on the West Indies is a sufficient proof. But that which drew more



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

largely on his sympathies and resources than any other good cause, was the cause of missions. His father had been a missionary, and, with his mother, had died in the cause of the Gospel and the heathen; besides which, the religious body to which he belonged, and which had nurtured his childhood, had been conspicuous for missionary enterprise; and when almost all Christendom was deaf to the call of the heathen, had sent forth heroic men and women to win souls to Christ, amid the snows of Greenland, in the wilds of America, and on the burning plains of India. No hymn-writer of this century, perhaps, has composed more valuable hymns on every phase of missionary work than Montgomery. These may all be found in his "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion," published in 1853, the Some of them had already year before his death. appeared in his "Christian Psalmist; or, Hymns Selected and Original," published in 1825; and, in

the interval, in various compilations, sometimes with, but oftener without, his leave, some of the editors taking unwonted liberties with the hymns, mending, or rather botching, them after their creed or taste or whims. Strong things might be said respecting the hymn-book of the Primitive Methodists, the compilers of which have sinned beyond all precedent in this direction; but their earnestness in seeking to extend the Kingdom of Christ, and their success in some important instances at home and abroad, stay the words which even a moderate criticism would require.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed! Great David's greater Son, Hail in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free; To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

The closing verse of this psalm reaches a high point of sublimity, and glows with an ardour and shines with a hope all-inspiring, while it rings out the joy of a universal triumph—

O'er every foe victorious, He on His throne shall rest; From age to age more glorious, All-blessing and all-blest. The tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His Name shall stand for ever, That Name to us is—Love.

Montgomery repeated it at the close of a speech at a missionary meeting held in the Wesleyan chapel, Liverpool, April 14th, 1822. Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, presided, and, caught with its noble strains, he begged the manuscript, and inserted it in his Commentary.

Some of his hymns contain poetry of an exalted character. His hymn on "The Spirit accompanying the Word of God," commencing—

O Spirit of the Living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

is a specimen. The fourth verse is full of inspiration and lofty sentiment, and is almost worthy of Milton himself—

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare All the round earth her God to meet; Breathe Thou abroad like morning air, Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

No one can read his hymns without feeling that the warm and loving heart of Montgomery was open to all who love the Saviour, and labour to extend His cause, whatever their denomination. Though himself a Moravian, he worshipped with other Christians, and took an active part in promoting their various enterprises. Hence we find hymns on the jubilee of several societis—the Baptist Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and other bodies.

The devotional spirit of Montgomery glows and shines very conspicuously in his hymns, and in none more so than in his sacramental hymns. Few hymns, after the unapproachable one of Watts, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," seem equally adapted to inspire the heart of the true disciple with right thoughts and feelings in the Communion of the Lord's Supper, as that one of Montgomery, commencing—

According to Thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will I do, my dying Lord! I will remember Thee.

Many, oh, how many! on these sacred occasions, and at other times, especially on beds of affliction, and in prospect of death, have breathed with devout fervour the prayer of the closing verse, which the poet himself has so blessedly realised—

And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come, Jesus, remember me!

In 1835 Sir Robert Peel announced to him that Her Majesty had determined to grant him a pension of £150 per annum, which seems to have been raised to £200, as Mr. Miller mentions the larger sum, This, with his savings and the profits of his works, amply sufficed to sustain him in comfort during his declining years. He removed from the old house in the centre of the town to the well-known "Mount," where the sisters of his early friend, Mr. Gales, found a home in their old age. Here the poet died in 1854, in his eighty-third year, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Twelve years before he had paid his first visit to Scotland, the land of his birth. He went in behalf of the Moravian Missions, and he was honoured with a public breakfast in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Ayr. A description of his person was given by the graphic pen of the celebrated Hugh Miller, too lengthy for quotation here, excepting the last sentence or two. "Scotland," says he, "has no reason to be ashamed of James Montgomery. Of all her poets, there is not one of equal power whose strains have been so uninterruptedly pure, or whose objects have been so invariably excellent. The child of the Christian missionary has been the poet of Christian missions." Our sketch has too imperfectly delineated his character and described his excellences, and has been far too scant in commendation of his hymns; but higher praise cannot well be given than to say that while no writer has so well described what a hymn ought to be as Montgomery, very few have so generally come up to his high standard of excellence. May we all learn to sing his songs in the house of our pilgrimage, as

Here in the body pent.

Absent from Him we roam,
And nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home.



## ON RECRUITING FOR A SELF-HELP SOCIETY.

"To him that hath shall be given."

HY do we find it such uphill work to get people to help themselves? and why is it hardest of all to enlist in the ranks of self-help the very people who need it the most—the lowest of our population, whose inclination to thrift would seem to be in precisely inverse proportion to their need of its bracing power?

Not that with any class thrift

can be said to be a popular quality. Even those who do "consider the poor," instead of thoughtlessly relieving them, often let their voices give a very uncertain sound on this matter of thrift-as if it had some necessary connection with selfishness and greed, and may sometimes even be heard gravely debating whether the promoters of it may not, on the whole, act injuriously on our national character. Still more do they mistrust its effect on the individual character, fearing lest it should narrow the sympathies, robbing the rich man of his generous impulses, and the poor man of his trust in the providential care which feeds the sparrow! As if any high virtue were possible without self-restraint, or any happy industry without a sense of progress.

However, these benevolent people might very safely be left to the free use of their kindly instincts, were it not that their misgivings are shared by many of the most manly and generous among the working classes themselves, men who, in more than one sense, are making "Onward

and Upward" the motto of their lives.

For instance, I was present, not long ago, at a goodly gathering of working folks. When, according to the programme, the subject of Thrift was about to be dealt with, during its allotted ten minutes, by a very popular and highly respected clergyman, well known, moreover, as a racy and effective speaker, I could not but observe the air of resignation and constrained civility that came over the faces of our guests, in spite of their general good-humour, as if they were schooling themselves to listen to some heartless scheme for limiting the already too limited scale of their daily enjoyments.

But if so manifestly an unwelcome topic with this representative gathering of honest working folks, who shall describe the difficulty of recruiting from the weltering mass below, for the great national Self-help Society—the all but impossibility of raising into the ranks of thrift, those waifs and strays of humanity, who seem literally

doomed, alike by inherited traditions and acquired tendencies, to spend their miserable and mischievous lives in a terrible downward march from the gutter to the grave? In our ordinary recruiting we ask those who can swim not to sink; but how can we address ourselves to the multitude who cannot swim, even with the stream, who indeed can hardly float? How get them up to high-water mark, in a position to become even candidates for admission into the ranks of the great army of thrift? how transform the loafers of our streets into bread-winners and providers? and, more desperate task still! how save the doomed children of these hapless parents from utterly irrecoverable degradation? The enterprise seems less work for a recruiting-sergeant than for the leader of a forlorn hope. It can only be undertaken in the spirit in which Selwyn planted the Gospel flag in New Zealand. "If, as soldiers of the Cross," he said, "we stick at anything, we are disgraced for ever." It is possible for Christian chivalry to carry even this forlorn

A beginning has been made already by earnestminded practical motherly women in some of our large towns, who can see no other means of justifying the ways of Providence, but that of using their sheltered vantage-ground of honourable leisure for applying the lever that may raise some of these waifs and strays out of the Slough of Despond into the open air and sunshine of honest industry. Pondering within themselves the Bible utterance of that inexorable law inscribed above, "To him that hath shall be given," they refuse to look upon these helpless ones as doomed creatures, because to the eye of man they would seem indeed to "have not." They have said, in the eloquent language of loving deeds, "These also are of those that have. They have at least our pity, and shall have our best efforts! We will begin with the most helpless, and those in the direst danger, who have moreover a claim upon us, that we cannot, dare not, disregard-that of having fallen among thieves-the thieves of intemperance and recklessness, who have left them by the wayside, wounded and naked. And so they have set to work, first of all to raise the girls out of the depths, their need being the sorest, and bringing to the effort a supply of helpful energy that might else run to seed in the pseudo-philanthropy that leaves things worse than they were before; have already helped a goodly number of those in the most dangerous circumstances to help themselves; and indeed to help others also, since they aim at

supplying, by the way, the continuous demand for capable domestic servants. They help their young sisters to mount the first round of the ladder, that they may help themselves to reach the top of it; and their plan of procedure is so wise and practical, as well as economical, that it surely needs only to be known to be generally adopted.

First of all, by house-to-house visitation, and by putting themselves in communication with the mistresses of the day-schools—both denominational and Board schools—they ascertain the names and addresses of the girls who are on the point of leaving school, and endeavour to secure the reversion of the weekly pence, hitherto absorbed by the school-fees, for investment in the tidy outfits which must be part of their stock-intrade for domestic service.

In many cases they find it will not do to wait while the clothes are being bought and made, even if the pence are still forthcoming—in most cases, indeed, since the child, if left for ever so short a time to her own devices of street-lounging, will get such a restless distaste for industry and control as will prevent her from keeping a place when one is found for her.

The plan adopted is that of the Free Registry and Clothing Club, known among these workers as the Bristol plan, having been first successfully carried out there. Instead of obeying the first very natural impulse to give an outfit outright, as their stock-in-trade, to these guiltless children of improvident parents, and waiting till they shall have become actual bread-winners before impressing them with the value of thrift, the outfit itself is provided on the principle of self-help. ladies soon found by experience the truth of the wise man's saying that there is not only "a time to give," but "a time to withhold from giving," that the irresponsible possession of a box of clothes is enough to intoxicate with too sudden wealth the poor little maiden whose antecedents would lead her to regard her garments as so many possible pawn-tickets. The axiom of "lightly come, lightly go," applies as forcibly to these little damsels, with their faltering footsteps just planted on the first round of the social ladder, as to their butterfly sisters who have lighted on a higher stair.

Their best friends find that the responsibility of a debt to be discharged at the outset of her career has a very sobering effect on the young, untamed creature, who finds all so strange about her in her first place, such plenty to revel in, and, at the same time, so much control to chafe against! Instead of taking herself off at the first reproof, she thinks within herself, "I shall not have these nice clothes for my own, till they are paid for. My mistress has signed for them, and will pay the ladies for them, before she hands me any wages. That will take my first month's pay, and part of my second!" And before that

time has elapsed, industry in most cases has passed into a habit, or at this plastic period of life, is in a fair way to do so. Thus her motherly guides, who appear to be great students of the Clothes Philosophy, keep firm hold of her by means of her clothes, to save her from drowning -clothes, be it observed, that are not only sound and strong, but as pretty as can be, consistently with the requirements of the wearer's position. She generally likes them well enough to spend her first independent earnings under the same friendly guidance; a practical solution of various problems of this same Clothes Philosophy being one of her after attractions to the Free Registry Office and Clothing Club from which she took her first start in life. Here she generally spends the coveted "evening out," an indulgence which is so often fraught with deadliest danger.

When our young recruits have been thus fairly enrolled in the great wage-earning class, and under the temperance banner have learned to spend their money wisely, they are then in a position to put by for the day when their daily toil shall bear fruit in a home of their own, adorned with the household treasures that good housewives Many of them will have learned in service, if theirs has been what all domestic service ought to be, an education by example, that the difference between the home of taste and the home of discomfort, between the thriftless and slovenly home of the skilled artisan, and the well-ordered abode of, let us say, a poor clergyman or a halfpay officer, is not so much a difference of income as of the presiding female genius, educated in the gracious charms of household management.

Having guided these friendless girls up to saving point, there remains room for considerable difference of opinion as to the best method to be adopted for the care of their savings. simplicity and directness of the Post Office system, and the ease with which savings can be withdrawn, which make it better and more attractive for the working man to "open an account with Her Majesty, and have an interest in the stability of the Government," make it less desirable for our working girls. They are so likely to be the prey of the idlest specimens of the class from which they have emerged, as soon as it is known that they have a nest-egg that is to be had for the asking, that it seems wiser to protect the softer sex from themselves, by advising them to be members of a well-managed Friendly Society.

However, this is a matter of detail that can be adjusted to the needs of each individual case; the main object of this paper having been obtained, if we have shown that even the most helpless, and apparently hopeless, of our population can be brought within reach of the benefits proposed by the National Thrift Society.

Lest any should still think our case not proven, it will be as well, before taking leave of the

subject, to strengthen our position by a few The present writer takes an active part in the working of one of these associations, which was started less than a year ago in one of our large towns. In this first year of its existence, the associates have been enabled, by means of their Free Registry Office and Clothing Club, to give a start in life to no fewer than 116 poor children, who would have been utterly powerless to earn an honest living without a helping hand. Indeed, many of these poor helpless, and sometimes worse than homeless girls, have startled them by the pleading eagerness with which they have urged their entreaty for clothes and work, by saying, "We do want to be good girls, indeed we do!

Yet from these untrained children, many of them hardly possessing a rag of decent underlinen, have already been received in small instalments, from their first earnings, towards the cost of their modest outfits, no less a sum than £25 15s.! Most of these children were ignorant of the most ordinary duties of domestic life; yet they quickly picked up the rudiments of household work under the nice motherly matron, who, with the co-operation of the associated ladies, took thought for them "in mind, body, and estate," and are learning the rest in service.

Surely these are facts that speak for themselves, and give an answer which there is no gainsaying, to any who are disposed to pass by on the other side with a careless, "I know not—am I my brother's keeper?" Evidently it is in just this capacity that our Lord hath need of us!

It is, of course, a somewhat easier matter to raise the boys of the so-called dangerous classes (few of us know how dangerous!) into a position of self-help, than their weaker sisters, and by awaking in them that respect for the rights of property natural to those who have a stake in the community, to supply them with an additional motive for being the loyal subjects of a settled government. Nevertheless, even that is a task heavy enough to call for the co-operation of the many hearts and hands which this generation has in store, of those that have—that have, not only wealth, but unused energies and educated leisure, to use for the common weal-and to whom infinitely "more shall be given," if they will have it, in the joy of being fellow-workers with Him who first evoked Order from Chaos, and of helping to bind class with class in the bonds of Christian fellowship.

It was one of the wise sayings of the late Prince Consort, "That no nation could achieve or maintain true greatness, unless its upper classes were deeply impressed with the sense that they held all their privileges and advantages, social and intellectual, moral and religious, in trust for the service of the less favoured." How great, then, is the responsibility of him that hath! Willing or loth, we shall all bear witness to the great verity, "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

#### WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—NOT HERE, NOT THERE.
EIGH? No, I have not seen anything of
him," said his sister, provokingly in
different to the dread that had seized
upon her more sensitive cousin. "Nonsense, Hillian! what wild fancies have

you conjured up because he left the house without telling you where he was going? There cannot be anything amiss, or the boys would have guessed it from his manner. I suppose they came home with him as usual?"

She led the way back to the house, followed by Hillian, still unconvinced, though ashamed to say so: and presently they were joined by Fanny, and had to listen with as much patience as they could muster to her complaints at the oppressive acts of the authorities, and the injustice of making her stay so late to correct some errors, for which they were unfeeling enough to consider her responsible.

But Fanny's monotonous tirades had worn themselves out, and she had gone to her room "tired to

death," and still there were no signs of Leigh returning.

"He will come in by-and-by, glowing with pleasure as he did once before," said Eunice, holding aside the blind to peep out into the quiet street; "and with gifts for every one, the ungracious as well as the grateful."

"No!" cried Hillian, confidently; "he will never do that again; at least, not with money won as that was. There is some other cause for his absence, depend upon it; and if you had seen how he looked, you would cease to ridicule my alarm."

Eunice regarded her with a doubtful air, and snatched up her hat.

"I declare you are making me quite uneasy; although I feel positive that there can be no reason for it. If Leigh had not come safely from the city I should share your fears, but he did; Fred says he was in the best of spirits, and only left them at the corner of the street because he caught sight of Melissa. I'll go round to her mother's, and ask her if he had

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any engagement for this evening; she will be sure to know."

"Let me go with you," said Hillian, who did not care to be left in tedious uncertainty a minute longer than could be avoided; and, rather nervously, for it was growing late, they hurried to the house of Mrs. Wylder,

They found her and a pale sleepy apprentice busy with a mourning order that must be sent home on the morrow. Mrs. Wylder had once been a pink-and-white beauty, like her daughter, but neither false teeth and hair, nor a cap glittering with bugles, or dress more noticeable for its smartness than its tidiness, could hide the ravages of time and anxiety. She was a faded commonplace little personage, except when her affection for her thoughtless daughter lighted up her sunken eyes, and imparted animation to her manner. She received her visitors with an air of injured dignity, and answered Eunice's inquiries querulously.

"No; she had not seen Mr. Leigh Stapleton that day, and never wanted to see him again if he made her dear child unhappy, which he certainly did. Melissa was not like the same girl lately, for he was the most exacting young man that ever could be, and nothing the poor child could do seemed to

please him."

"Lovers will quarrel," answered Eunice, lightly, "and Lissa is so well able to take her own part, Mrs. Wylder, that you need not be unhappy about her."

"But that's no reason why she should be put upon, and refused her own way, which every girl at her time of life expects to have. Sarah Jane, you are putting those folds all crooked. Oh, dear, dear! you're more hindrance than help to me!"

"Cannot we see 'Lissa?" broke in the impatient Eunice, "Has she gone to bed? She'll not mind my running up to her to say half-a-dozen words, will

she?"

"To bed! Why, my dear Miss Stapleton, she has gone to an evening party, though she was that upset she was not at all fit for it; her poor eyes were swelled with crying, and her head ached so badly that I was obliged to put all my work on one side, and help her to dress. I really was. I should have told Mr. Leigh my mind pretty plainly if I could have seen him. My work is worry enough just now, without anything else!"

"Was 'Lissa obliged to go?" asked Eunice. "Did she not know that you could not spare her?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Stapleton, I'd never stand in the way of her enjoying herself! She had been invited, and it was to be quite a grand affair; and why should she be denied a little pleasure just because Mr. Leigh objects to George Carroll as a sweetheart for Miss Fanny, and doesn't like 'Lissa to visit at his father's? 'Lissa can't help what her cousin does."

"Then the truth is this," Eunice exclaimed:
"Leigh and 'Lissa have fallen out, and we were foolish to come here asking questions; so we'll go

home again, Hillian. Good-night to you, Mrs. Wylder. I need not leave any message for 'Lissa; she'll know what I think of her conduct."

"I don't wonder at Leigh being angry," Eunice told her cousin, as, hand in hand, they ran back to the Terrace. "Those Carrolls are a disgraceful set. I have heard Mrs. Wylder acknowledge it, and beg her daughter to keep away from them; but they have plenty of money, and give large and expensive entertainments, and 'Lissa is so fond of pleasure that she cannot resist going to their house. Once before she went to one of their noisy vulgar parties, and was so ashamed of the affair that she kept it a secret from Leigh; but this time she appears to have been less cautious, and I dare say they have quarrelled desperately. Poor Leigh! I am very fond of 'Lissa; she is so pretty and good-natured; but I'm afraid she'll not make him much of a wife. I hope we shall find him at home before us: for he feels things more deeply than any one would imagine."

But when they admitted themselves, the vacant parlour, with the lamp carefully lowered just as they had left it, struck a chill to both their hearts. Eunice kept up a cheerful aspect, protesting that Leigh had too much common sense to act like a lovelorn boy, and could only have gone a few miles into the country to walk off his annoyance; and as he would not be at all pleased to find any one sitting up for him,

they had better go to bed.

It is doubtful, however, whether either of the anxious girls obtained any sleep; or if they dozed for a few minutes, it was only to start up, listening in vain for the well-known footfall along the passage that would tell them the truant had safely returned. Leigh was still absent when the diminished party gathered round the breakfast-table, and neither letter nor telegram arrived to relieve their uneasiness, and assure them of his safety.

Mr. Stapleton, enjoying the good fare set before him at Cherbury, and Lil, almost angry with herself for being so happy with Aunt Hughson, were in comfortable ignorance of the event that had east such a gloom over their home circle. Eunice and Fanny went to their duties that morning, the one cross, the other heavy-hearted, and even the boys had lost all their noisy activity, though they took comfort in the hope Hillian expressed that they would find Leigh at the City before them.

As for Hillian herself, when the door closed on the workers of the family, and Tom had trotted off to school, and the little ones were busy with their playthings, she left the kitchen to Mrs. Mobbins, that she might run up-stairs to wrestle in solitude with the almost morbid despondency that had seized upon her.

She had been at Highbury long enough to become sincerely attached to her cousins, and make their joys and sorrows her own. So great was her concern for Leigh that she could have wept as she pictured him rushing on and on through the darkness of night, stung to madness by the self-will of Melissa and the

cruel things she could say when he opposed her. How keenly he must have been conscious that her love of him was secondary to the passionate craving for gaiety and admiration that was leading her into scenes and society against which he vainly protested. But ere long Hillian's pity was chased by astonishment that her thoughtful intelligent cousin, in whom she had fancied she could discern the dawnings of a higher life, should be the slave of a pretty face and bewitching manner. Could Leigh Stapleton seriously believe that Melissa would keep pace with his strivings to become an earnest consistent Christian? Would he be satisfied to wed a girl so wanting in principle, and intensely selfish?

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Yet on the other hand, it was quite possible that he endeavoured to blind himself to her failings; that, in the tenderness of his greater strength, he loved her all the more because she would need so much forbearance, so much consideration. And was this how she requited him!

But grieving over Leigh's mistaken choice was but a silly waste of time, and Hillian rose from her knees and braced herself for the work of the day. Her uncle had hinted that his absence would give Mrs. Mobbins an excellent opportunity for taking up the carpet in his room and polishing the furniture, and would be seriously displeased if the suggestion were not acted upon; in superintending the scrubbings and rubbings instituted by that very irascible female, and amusing Rosie and Posie, who were disposed to fret for Lil, the day passed away more quickly than she had expected.

Towards evening Mr. Stapleton appeared, feeling all the brighter, he said, for his short trip to Cherbury, and though he did not pretend to remember the loving messages entrusted to him for Hillian, it was very pleasant to hear him speak admiringly of her mother, and praise the excellent business abilities of John and Oswald.

"I could not help telling your brothers, Hillian," her uncle proceeded to say, "that I wished they could find room in their firm for one of my boys, and make him like themselves. They referred me to my sister, and she is not a woman of many words, as you know, but if she should mention the subject to you, my dear, you'll further my wishes, of course."

Hillian did not quite see the "of course" of the matter, and so was silent, and Mr. Stapleton, who had condescended to take tea down-stairs "for once," he said, in a meaning tone, intended as a hint that Lil's absence must not interfere with his habits or comforts, turned from her to nod a greeting to his daughters.

Mrs. Hughson's heart always yearned towards motherless girls, and she had not let her brother leave Cherbury without carrying with him some tokens of her interest in the nieces and nephews she was beginning to know through Hillian's letters. With her own hands she had packed the toys that were to console the little ones for losing Lil; the well-chosen

books for Leigh and the boys, and the very handsome, as well as useful, Russian leather ladies' companions for her namesake and Fanny. While the sisters were unpacking the parcel to which their father directed their attention as one of "Aunt Eunice's little follies," Fred and Leonard arrived, and met Eunice's sharp inquiring "Well!" with blank looks.

"Isn't Leigh at home? We've seen nothing of him!"

It was Fred who spoke. Len had stopped short, and was clutching the doorpost while he listened for a reply; and when he heard it—when he knew that there had been no tidings of his brother—his face wore the horror-stricken look Hillian had seen on it a few days since.

Before any one else could observe it, the boy had shrunk out of sight, and his departure passed unnoticed; for Mr. Stapleton, beginning to comprehend that there was something wrong, was questioning his daughters, with rising displeasure.

"He did not believe that a son of his could behave so idiotically," he asserted, with a frown. "It was very odd that he could not leave home for a day or two without one or other of them doing something ridiculous."

He stalked up-stairs, leaving orders for Leigh and the evening paper to be sent up to him as soon as they appeared; and Hillian, when his door had closed, went in search of Len.

The boy had gone to bed, saying, in answer to her questions, that his head ached; but he would not drink the tea she brought him, nor let her try any other remedy.

"Are you unhappy about Leigh?" she asked; and a smothered "Yes" reached her ears; but Len would not speak again; and, perplexed and anxious, unable to decide whether his illness was mental or bodily, Hillian lingered beside him till forced to see that it was useless, and then went down to take counsel with Eunice respecting his condition.

But she was discussing with Miss Letts the inexplicable behaviour of Leigh, and, carelessly saying that Len was always subject to headaches, thought of him no more.

The last delivery of letters was over; the postman, whose rat-tat was listened for with beating hearts, brought a linendraper's circular, but no tidings of the missing one; and Eunice began to wear as pale and troubled a face as Hillian's had been on the preceding night.

But suddenly a ray of hope shone on it.

"He has gone to Sydney Heriot. Yes, that is what he must have done. How stupid of me not to think of it sooner! I'll write to Sydney in the morning, and beg him to persuade Leigh to come home. It's too bad that we should all be worried and frightened, through that heartless little 'Lissa, who is evidently ashamed to come near us."

Every one was glad to take this view of Leigh's absence. Aunt Bessie went away satisfied that Eunice's note would bring her nephew to his senses, and Hillian laid her head on her pillow looking forward hopefully to the morrow.

She was awakened from her first sleep by a stealthy step on the stairs, and sprang up to listen. Was it Leigh? Was it indeed he come back to them?

But no; the step was descending from the upper storey, not ascending. It passed her door, and, as it did so, she slid out of bed and into her dressinggown. Would she be too late, too late? The step had reached the hall, and a trembling hand was undrawing the bolts of the outer door, when Hillian, with extended arms, flew thither, gasping—

"Oh, Len, Len, would you leave us, too? Is it some wrong-doing of

yours that has driven Leigh away?"

CHAPTER XIV.—LEN'S CONFESSION.

FOR a little while the boy struggled hard to shake off the tremulous grasp of his cousin; but he had no strength to do so; sleepless nights and days of indescribable terror and anxiety had robbed him of it, and when Hillian constrained him to accompany her into the parlour, he dropped on the floor on his face, groaning a wish that he could die.

She knelt beside him, drawing her hand caressingly over his hair till his sobs became less violent, and then entreated him to speak, and tell her all that troubled him.

"If Leigh had been here! Oh, why did he go

away!" was all Len could or would say for some time; but, at last, with his head—how hot it was!—pillowed on her shoulder, and his feverish hands tightly clasping hers, he consented to answer her questions.

It was as she had begun to fear. The sight of Leigh's winnings had dazzled those young eyes, and sundry small ventures proving successful, he had risked a larger stake, and then, half-sanguine, halffrightened, awaited the result.

The horse on which he was to have won a considerable sum failed to obtain a place in the race; and having said this, Len groaned again in his distress, and became silent.

Hillian wondered, as she listened, that so young a lad should have found any one base or careless enough to accept his money, and encourage him to enter into such transactions; she did not know how deeply the spirit of gambling has entered into the present generation, whether it displays itself in a love of "the turf," or the speculating mania, or the ruinous competition against which honest traders can barely hold their own.

"Then you have not won money like Leigh," she said, with a sigh. "You have lost. Oh, be thankful for it, Len; be thankful! The pain you suffer now may save you from many a heartache by-and-by; and you could not have had much to lose, could you, Len?"

He only shuddered and moaned more miserably than before; and thinking she had guessed the cause

of his trouble, she pressed her lips to his forchead, and spoke to him, softly—

"I think I know why you want Leigh. You would not be afraid to tell him how foolish you have been, and he would have helped you to pay the money you have lost. Perhaps I can do that, if it is not too much."

"It is paid, it is paid! It had to be paid directly —directly," muttered Len, writhing in his distress.

"I don't understand how, unless some one kindly lent it to you."

"Oh, Hillian! who was there I could ask?" he wailed; "who would have trusted me? Only Leigh, only Leigh, and he would have been very angry. I was awfully frightened at the thought of what he would say; but he would have helped me out of

the mess; I know he would. Why did he go away just as I wanted him so badly?"

"Go on," said his cousin, her teeth chattering, and her voice scarcely audible. "You depended on him, and——"

"And used the money entrusted to me to pay a little bill. Oh, but don't push me from you, Hillian! don't hate me, Hillian!" he pleaded, in an agony of shame and remorse. "It wasn't a theft—not a real right-down theft; for I made sure of finding Leigh at home, and getting him to make it good. Why did you prevent me from running away? It will all be known to-morrow. I shall be handed over to the police, dragged to prison, and my father will never let me come home again—never forgive me—never!"

Hillian continued to kneel there, sometimes weeping with the unhappy Len, sometimes praying both for and with him, till he had grown calmer, and



(p. 677.)

consented to be guided by her advice. In her opinion, there was but one course open to him, always supposing that he was as truly penitent as he professed to be—i.e., to go to the head of the firm on which he was employed, confess what he had done, and patiently endure the consequences.

Len trembled at the very thought of such an ordeal as he would have to undergo: but ere long her entreaties prevailed, and he had promised to make this, the only reparation in his power. Nay more, he resolved to keep his word, feeling, perhaps, that the sternest reproofs his employers could utter, the sharpest punishment they might inflict, would be easier to endure than the haunting terror of detection that had been upon him ever since he sinned.

He intended to be as brave as he was repentant, but the morning found him quite unable to lift his head from the pillow, and muttering deliriously as he tossed to and fro.

"It never rains but it pours," Mr. Stapleton observed in peevish tones when Hillian, as she set his breakfast before him, reported Len's illness. "First, Leigh makes a fool of himself, and rushes off no one knows where—then this tiresome boy knocks up, and you—yes, you look as if you were going to be ill, too."

"I am so unhappy about Len," she faltered.

"Pooh! he'll be all right in an hour or two," said Mr. Stapleton, opening a fresh tin of sardines. "He has eaten something, I dare say, that has disagreed with him. Boys are always doing that. Dip a towel in cold water, lay it on his head, and let him sleep."

"But, uncle, if it is something worse than bodily illness that ails him?"

"Eh, what?" and the angry stare that keenly searched Hillian's white face made her pause, afraid to say more. Yet Mr. Stapleton must be made aware of Len's position. The boy persisted that his detection was inevitable, and, even if it were not, who that had his soul's interest at heart would connive at the concealment of his misdoings?

Mr. Stapleton must have read something of the truth in Hillian's hesitation and the troubled eyes that drooped beneath his harsh scrutiny, for, raising his clenched hand, and shaking it menacingly, he said—

"I have always kept up my respectability—no one can bring anything against my good name—and if either of my children disgraces me, out of this house he shall go, and I will never see or speak to him again."

"Uncle, you cannot mean this!" and the excited Hillian sprang forward to clasp her hands round the arm that looked as if it were upraised to curse his offspring. "You cannot be so cruel! Your children are a part of yourself; you are answerable to God for them. When He bids you give account of the young souls entrusted to your charge, could you make answer that you—a sinner yourself—thrust them from you, and had no mercy on them?"

"How dare you speak to me in this way!" ex-

claimed Mr. Stap!eton, shaking her off. "Leave the room, and send Leonard here!"

"He is too ill to come to you, sir, and for the last hour or two he has been light-headed."

"Really?" was the incredulous query, which brought the colour back into the cheeks of Hillian faster than her uncle's wrath had done, and provoked her into walking away without replying.

Eunice and Fanny were standing at the foot of Len's bed when she went back to him, and their exclamations of surprise and sorrow had to be heard with an attempt at composure, and a promise made to let them know in the course of the day how he progressed.

The sisters and Fred stole softly away, and when Hillian next heard a step, her uncle was beside

"What has he been doing?" he demanded, his voice subdued in spite of himself at the sight of Len's sufferings. "Tell me all!"

It was a favourable moment, and Hillian seized it, telling the tale as nearly as possible in the boy's own words, and longing, yet afraid, to add an entreaty that his father would not only forgive him, but help him to make atonement.

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Stapleton, gloomily. "I shall be disgraced for ever if the young scoundrel's prediction is verified, and the police are sent here to arrest him. Some one ought to go to the firm immediately, and see if they can't be persuaded to overlook it. The boy has been honest enough till now."

"Then you will go to Messrs. Cranby?" cried Hillian, in a burst of joy and gratitude. "Dear uncle, how good of you! And you will make them understand how thoroughly Len repents, and—"

But Mr. Stapleton's gesture of dissent was not to be mistaken.

"Impossible, Hillian! I could not do it; I have always prided myself on my good name. I can't be the first to acknowledge to a stain upon it. Where's Leigh? He is using me disgracefully. He foresaw this, and is keeping out of the way till it is over. I shall be driven out of Highbury by the shameless conduct of my children! It's—it's more than I can bear!"

"But if it must be borne?" asked Hillian, gently. "Don't exaggerate our troubles, uncle; it's bad enough to know that Len has done wrong, but with God's help and yours he will not sin again."

"Ah! I have not your philosophy," was the fretful reply. "While you preach, I am asking myself how long it will be before the police knock at my door, and all the neighbours turn out to see one of my boys haled off to prison. Why should not you spare me this scandal, Hillian? If you were to go to town directly and obtain an interview with Mr. John Cranby—he is the manager of the business—you, being young, and"—Mr. Stapleton changed the word he was going to use—"and gifted with persuasive powers, might obtain his forgiveness,"

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Hillian's repugnance to the plea made her breathe a hasty, "Oh, no, no, I could not!" But scarcely was it uttered, when she remembered how she had just been scorning her uncle for his selfishness in shrinking from the task. Len's cause would certainly be pleaded more ardently by her lips than his father's, and, following her frowning uncle to the door, she rescinded her refusal.

"If you think I can do any good for Len, I will go, but it must not be alone; with you, I should not mind so much."

" Aunt Bessie; you shall have Aunt Bessie. You are a good girl, my dear; as helpful in an emergency as your mother."

Miss Letts, however, was not to be found; she had left home at an unusually early hour to pay a long round of calls, and Mr. Stapleton was perforce his niece's escort to the city. But when he had led her to the doors of the tall handsome building which bore the name of Cranby and Cranby, he whispered an excuse in her ear, and left her so suddenly that he had disappeared in the throng of pedestrians before the bewildered Hillian comprehended his in-

And thus he shifted all his burdens on to other shoulders! It had been his custom all through his life; it would be so till that end came that there was no evading.

For Len, it was for Len, she kept telling herself, as, too quietly to betray how wildly her pulses were throbbing, she ascended the steps, pushed open one of the swing doors, and asked the first person she encountered to take her to Mr. Cranby.

There was a little delay, for Mr. John was engaged, and Hillian, in the midst of her absorbing anxieties, found time to marvel at her surroundings. She had stepped from the street into a lofty hall lighted from the roof, and on all sides were stacked rolls of flannel and cloth, awaiting the inspection of buyers either for retailing or shipment abroad. Goods of the same description were ranged in a gallery, and up and down a wide staircase porters came toiling with boxes and packages of all sorts, sizes, and shapes. A civil clerk, mistaking Hillian's business, led her up these stairs, flight after flight, giving her every time she paused for breath a glimpse of long lofty rooms crammed from floor to ceiling with every kind of material the loom sends forth, and every article of dress, whether homely or luxurious, that has been devised to meet the wants or the caprices of civilisation.

From amongst the innumerable cases of flowers, so exquisite in their glowing colours, so close in their imitation of nature, that Hillian forgot all else for a minute in gazing and admiring, a pleasantfaced middle-aged woman emerged, who on being made to understand that she did not come to buy, but on a less agreeable errand, kindly took care of her till Mr. Cranby was disengaged, and then led her to his private room.

The first words Hillian essayed to speak were

inaudible, and the manner of the stately elderly gentleman who stood looking down upon her was not reassuring; but she gathered courage as she proceeded, and if her tremulous voice died away when she essayed to plead for Len's forgiveness, her clasped hands, her tears, spoke for her.

"The old story; the old story!" muttered Mr. Cranby, irritably. "From betting to dishonesty. and from the first theft to the gaol and ruin. I wonder how many of our sharpest lads we have lost through the same vice. Are you Stapleton's sister? What sort of home teachings did the boy get? Not enough to keep him out of mischief, it appears."

"I am not his sister, and-he has no mother," said Hillian, fearfully watching the frowning brows of the speaker, who opened an account-book and ran his finger down several items.

"In half an hour, perhaps in less time, I should have learned for myself what you have been telling me. What was your object in coming?"

"Len would have come himself, had he been able; he had promised me that he would, and submit to any punishment-"

"The money must be refunded," Mr. Cranby broke in.

This Hillian promised readily. She had nearly exhausted her own funds in buying necessaries for Lil, but she knew that her mother would advance her next quarter's allowance.

"Then, on this understanding, and as it is the first act of dishonesty we have detected in the boy, I will not prosecute him."

Mr. Cranby's nod was evidently of dismissal, but Hillian lingered.

"Is this a free and entire forgiveness, sir? May I tell him from you that you have consented to overlook his offence, and that he must prove the sincerity of his remorse by serving you faithfully?"

The answer was startling in its decision.

"Certainly not. I have done with him. I never keep persons in the house whom I cannot trust."

"You will not give him an opportunity of redeeming his character! Oh, think, sir, how young he is, and be merciful!"

But Hillian pleaded in vain. Mr. Cranby was not to be moved, and she went sorrowfully away, conscious that her uncle would consider that she had failed in her embassy, for who would employ Len when they knew that he had been dismissed, and without a character from the great firm of Cranby and Cranby?

#### CHAPTER XV .-- A DISCOVERY.

MR. STAPLETON was waiting for Hillian at no great distance, and he led her into a quiet bye-street, where he could interrogate her at his leisure.

He was even more angry and unjust than she had anticipated.

"You seem to have made a regular mess of it! With a little management, the affair might have worn quite a different aspect. Mr. Cranby need not have known but that Len's not paying the bill he was sent to discharge was an oversight caused by his illness. It's a thousand pities you interfered to prevent his running away. What can he do now but go to sea? I cannot keep him at home in idleness."

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But Hillian averted her face, and resolutely refused to hear more.

"Will you let me go home, uncle? There is no one with Len but Mrs. Mobbins, and I am tired and miserable."

When Mr. Stapleton saw the great drops coursing down her cheeks, he had the grace to mutter an apology, and promise to stop the first omnibus that came up; but he still looked and talked like an injured man, untroubled by any misgivings that his own neglect of his duty to his children might be at the root of the crime Len had been tempted into committing.

The boy's mind was still wandering when Hillian returned to him. She told him that he had nothing to fear from Mr. Cranby's displeasure, but his dulled ears did not take in the sense of her words, and in watching over him and keeping the little ones from disturbing him, the hours passed drearily enough till the evening.

Fanny was the first to come in. Eunice had gone to Mrs. Wylder's, drawn there by a strange rumour that had reached her in the course of the day. It was reported that the festivities at Mr. Carroll's had been interrupted by the dress of one of his guests catching fire; her frantic attempts to wrap herself in the muslin draperies of a window had communicated to them the flames, in which she eventually perished. No one who witnessed this dreadful spectacle evincing any presence of mind, there was a terrible conflagration; and Melissa, who happened to be in one of the upper rooms, would have lost her life also, but for the exertions of a fireman who, wrapping his coat about her, bore her down the blazing staircase, receiving such terrible burns in the attempt that he now lay at the nearest hospital in an almost hopeless condition.

While Fanny was in the midst of her narrative, Sydney Heriot appeared. He had seen nothing of Leigh, he replied, to the questions eagerly put to him, and though he talked cheerfully, and expressed a conviction that his friend would send them news of his whereabouts in a day or two, he could not hide from the eyes watching him so closely, that he was much more surprised and perplexed than he would admit.

But if he had not seen Leigh, he had come across Mr. Stapleton in the city, and that gentleman's exasperation at the failure of Hillian's mission had found vent in telling the whole story to so patient and sympathising an auditor. Len had always been a favourite with Mr. Heriot, and when Fanny, moved by the weary looks of her cousin into proposing to sit with her brother till Eunice come in, had gone up-stairs, he drew nearer to Hillian, and with much more concern

than Len's father had evinced, expressed his regret at what had happened. No one could have evinced more kindness, and when he offered to take the boy to his own lodgings till something turned up for him, Hillian thanked him gratefully.

"I will tell Len of your generous offer as soon as he is able to listen to it. I am sure he will be glad to get away from home; but will it be right to let you take upon yourself the charge of a restless and now very unhappy lad?"

"It would relieve you of one of your cares, Miss Hughson; I am always pleased when I can do anything for you."

"Thanks; but—I may speak frankly, may I not?—are you likely to hear of employment for Len? To be idle and to be petted will not do him any good. I think, if you will not be offended, Mr. Heriot, I had rather he stayed here; and if uncle does not exert himself on Len's behalf I will write to my mother. Ah!" and Hillian bethought herself of the wish Mr. Stapleton had expressed on his return from Cherbury, "if my mother would consent to have him under her eye, I should have no fears for him then."

"Mrs. Hughson would accept the charge, no doubt," responded Sydney, thoughtfully; "and if her influence were brought to bear upon him, Len would yet turn out a good fellow; but her son John would oppose it; he has all his mother's firmness of character, but none of her Christian charity!"

"Mr. Heriot!" exclaimed the startled Hillian, "what can you know?"—she stopped herself to look at him incredulously, to retreat a step or two, and then—a flash of recognition darting into her mind—to spring forward again with extended hands, calling him by another name—"Thurstan! Thurstan Macey! Can it be possible! Yes, it is, it is! Why did I not recognise you before? or rather, how is it I do so now? for I had been foolish enough to forget how years must have changed you from the mere boy I used to know."

"There is no change in you, Miss Hughson," he responded, warmly. "I knew your face when I first saw you on August Bank Holiday."

"And now it is November, and I have discovered you by the merest accident! Why have you never told me who you were?"

"To what purpose?" he demanded, with a sigh, and a look of pain. When I gave up the old name I gave up with it all old associations; there is no pleasure in recalling the place, or the people from whom I was driven by——"

"But your mother," interposed Hillian; "you could not forget her."

"And never shall," he answered, his lip quivering.
"I did not hear how very ill she was till it was too late to go to her; but I know that she was not left to die alone. God bless you for it, Miss Hughson! If my lips have been mute, I have thanked you in my heart again and again!"

"But you should have come to her," Hillian gently insisted; "you should have written! I can-



"'The money must be refunded,' Mr. Cranby broke in."-p. 678,

not tell you how she pined for her boy, and how grieved we all were that you hid yourself from us. But she never doubted you, Thurstan, never! Neither did I; and my mother—have you not just been saying how just she is?—has longed to be able to help you to clear yourself from the charge brought too hastily against you."

"You!" said Sydney, his voice low and uncertain.

"You have never doubted me?"

"Never!" Hillian repeated, decidedly. "And it was partly to find you, to tell you that you still had friends in 'Cherbury, that I came to London. I promised Mrs. Macey that I would do so; that I would repeat to you all her last loving messages; and my own dear mother encouraged me in my task; for how could she be happy while she fears that John did you an injustice? I must write to her directly; she will be as pleased as—as I am."

And again Hillian held out her hands to him with all the friendly warmth of her generous nature. But he shrank back, pale and agitated. Did he still feel John's treatment too keenly to overcome it?

"Ah, Thurstan, will you not forgive us?"

"Hush, hush!" he faltered; "I cannot bear your kindness! It crushes me to the earth; it makes me despise myself more than I did before. Don't touch me; don't come near me, Miss Hughson, for I am not what you think me. Your brother did me no injustice, for—for I was guilty."

Hillian, stunned by an avowal for which she was quite unprepared, neither moved nor spoke; and Thurstan Macey, who had bowed his head on his breast, as if prepared to submit to her scorn or her reproaches, snatched up his hat to relieve her of his

presence.

Before she could rouse herself to prevent it, he had pulled open the door, left ajar by Fanny: and there, the unseen, unsuspected auditor of his confession, stood Eunice.

(To be concluded.)

# THE FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS IN TEMPTATION.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

CANNOT help feeling that a large class of religious thinkers confine their thoughts too much to the one great doctrine of the Atonement; and to the Man Christ Jesus as the sacrifice for our sins. His life is comparatively little to them; His death is all in all. They forget that,

before He could have died that particular death with any beneficial result to us, He must have lived a particular life. He must have endured temptation, and died as the holy tempted Man—the One proved and tried, but in Whom there was no sin. In truth, they may almost be said to have only a half Christ; and they miss in their own lives the comfort, the teaching, the help which they might have had, had they studied the life of Christ. Calvary is the place of ended life. The last of life's footprints leaves us there.

Take, for example, the mission of Jesus which He had to fulfil without the cross at all—the fulfilling of which made the cross of effect for us. I refer to the tempted condition of Christ up to the moment of His death, including that which befel Him on the cross.

It was part of Christ's office to carry humanity successfully and unscathed through temptation. A holy man was God's ideal. When God made man, He so made him. But not only a holy man, but also a holy tempted man, not a man over whose holiness sin could have no power. But the

question what sin could not do could never be set to rest but by actual trial; and when the trial came upon the first Adam, sin triumphed. The righteousness of the apparently ideal man did not stand the test. And so it is with every one of his descendants up to the time of Christ. The only aspect which humanity presented to God up to that time was failure in some point or other. Some were great in one thing, and some in another; but in some one point, if not in many, there was failure; and were it not for Christ's life there must have been failure altogether.

That life, with all its obedience and perfection, is ours. It is only so far as we are looked at in Christ, that we can be said to fulfil God's ideal. But now let us look at Christ's tempted life with some reference to our own. We need follow no particular order, as we are not professing to write a treatise; any footprint noted here and there

will be a guide and help to us.

The temptations of Christ were spread all over His life; they did not leave Him even on the cross; but the great onslaught in the wilderness occupies, of course, a pre-eminent position. And in that let us note how the Captain of our Salvation triumphed in the midst of physical weakness. It was after forty days of fasting and solitude that the tempter appeared. We do not propose going into the nature of His temptations with any minuteness; suffice it for our present purpose that they met Him when weak, and one of them addressed itself to His weakness, and that with peculiar suitability, and apparently with reason

on its side—the hungry Man is bidden to turn a stone into bread, that He may gratify not a sinful, but a perfectly innocent feeling—that of hunger. The bare necessity of supporting life was all that was apparently proposed to Him. Though essentially weak at the moment in His physical condition, He resisted the temptation,

and conquered it.

Now here is a footprint, which seeing, we may take great courage. Weakness is naturally a great discouragement. When felt, it makes us less likely to try—the courage which comes from thinking we may succeed goes-we present ourselves to the foe as already half-defeated. He gets fresh strength, we get weaker still. Weakness, pure and simple, when pondered on, simply to make an estimate of ourselves, without the idea of its being strengthening, is very likely to beget still greater weakness. It is well to note our weakness in order to be kept humble, and suppliants for Divine strength; but a very bad thing to dwell upon it as a bar to action, to endurance, and to victory. The Apostle said, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" he knew the proper position which realised weakness should occupy-that it should bring us to the Source of strength, and so the realisation became to him not a hindrance, but a help.

Many of the greatest triumphs of the Lord's people have been won by those who were very weak. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have been ordained strength and praise." People whom you thought could be crushed with a feather, have stood up against the storm. Even the torture has failed to bring from many such

in olden time any denial of their faith.

And times of realised weakness will come upon us all—come upon us in perhaps the very points in which we think ourselves strongest. With them will come sore temptations to yield. The very weakness will plead that we should get ourselves peace in a wrong way. A voice speaks

and says, "Spare thyself the strife."

Moreover, occasions meet us in life when positive duties present themselves before us—the call to which is undeniable, but which we feel as though we must decline, because we are so weak. The footprint of our Lord will be that in which we must try to set ours. He had already been forty days in trial. He might have urged His sinless exhaustion why the trial should now end, and there should be no more. But He considered not His own body now worn, and it may be His own soul now faint; He accepted His trial even to the

We may do the same; and whatever lies before us in the way of duty—whatever, as regards the Valley of the Shadow of Death itself, which in all probability we must approach in great consciousness of weakness—there is a footprint on before in which we may set ours. There Jesus trode for us;

this Jesus did for us, and He did it as "the Man Christ Jesus," and as men He will help us in our measure to do the like. The endurance of temptation by our Lord was essential to the wholeness of His work for us, The cross was a consummation—that to which all the rest headed up; but the cross was not as some people make it-a whole in itself-it needed to be preceded by a tempted life. With us, too, there has to be a sum-total. We think only of how we shall die-how will it be with us at the last. But our "last" may be but a sum-total of all that went before. Who can tell how the resistances to all the preceding temptations during the forty days were helps to the resistance of the final three? And who can tell how much out of a previous life may be present at our departing hours? Weak indeed we may be then—the whole head may be sick, and the whole heart faint, and the enemy may be up and stirring, but we may fall back upon a past, and say that which is, is but the finishing up of a whole. In the previous temptations and trials I was helped; so also shall I be in these.

And now let us look at the distastefulness of temptation to Christ. The endurance of the distasteful is a great lesson, and one we often sorely need. He has here left us a footprint in which

we can set our step.

But this condition—this liability to have temptation dwelling for longer or shorter times with Him, must have been one eminently distasteful to such a holy soul as His. Temptation was always naked to Him. He saw its outer mask in all its beauty, no doubt; but beneath He always discerned the hideous features of the one by whom it was being urged. And He shrank from the unlovely contact, He winced at evil being pressed close up against His soul—at its attempt to amalgamate itself with His will. But He bore this all His

life long-ending only on the cross.

Now this subject of the endurance of the distasteful is one in which we need a guiding footprint. For to shrink from and decline it is a very common, a very successful, and a very dangerous temptation. Moreover, it is one that meets us continually in the ordinary paths of daily life. Sometimes the people whom we are in God's providence appointed to live with, are very distasteful to us in themselves; their habit of mind is different from ours; they have perhaps what is essentially unrefined in their whole manner; we are greatly tempted to show how much we feel this. This is a cross not accepted willingly, but with an ill grace, because it cannot be rejected. Circumstances will not permit of its being escaped from. Or what is plainly marked out for us as our locality or sphere, or mode of life, is distasteful, and the habit of our mind as regards it becomes rebellious, or sullen. We need some help to enable us to go through all this with a more gracious and becoming

spirit; and we shall find it in the ways of Christ, He left us a footprint here in which we can put ours. He willingly endured that trial, in the fulfilment of His mission; we must do so also in fulfilling ours.

And in truth this endurance of the distasteful is a trial, a discipline, and an attainment. Many, like the Psalmist, have said-" Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell in Mesech, and to sojourn in the tents of Kedar." It is a mortification of a powerful form of "self." It is one which enters into the very secret of our spirits; it frets us, as it were, in our very breathing. And the distasteful is often embodied in a number of small things, so that it is hopeless to try and get rid of it. It may be that it is not intended to be removable—that it is meant that we should dwell with it. Perhaps our soul's discipline-its weaning-its refiningits powers of endurance, are to be perfected thus. For aught that we know, our Blessed Lord may have been often tempted to give up-to retire from the companionship which galled His spirit. Even His own chosen apostles must have often vexed His soul. "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou art an offence unto Me; for thou savourest not the things which be of God, but those which be of men," lets us into the secret of no doubt many a divergence of spirit between Jesus and even His most trusted friends. We shall find in our Lord's enduring the company of publican and sinner-in His ministry among Pharisee and Sadducee, and doctor of the law, footprints of the endurance of the distasteful sufficiently plain to teach, and help, and encourage us when we have to do the like.

Immense will be our gain. Calmness of spirit will take the place of fret. Strength will be husbanded for endurance or for duty, instead of being spent in contention with it, effort to escape from it. And all that comes of the acceptance of the Divine will, shall be ours too—our mind will be in harmony with the mind of God. All the fret which comes naturally from the presence of an irritant will be subdued. Christ's life in the presence of the distasteful will, if we think upon it, help us in our dwelling in the presence of the same.

It may be that we have been looking for temptation taking its flight as we ourselves grew in holiness and grace. We thought, perhaps, "If only I were more holy, I should be less tempted;" and we gauged our measure of attainment by the amount of temptation with which we were tried. We have said, "When I shall have attained to such and such a standing, I will be above the enemy." And we have looked with envy upon such and such a child of God, who, in our opinion, must be free from those temptations by which we are harassed. This is a great mistake. Holiness is no guarantee against temptation, whatever hope it may afford of our not succumbing to it. The

holiest are often the most tempted. Holiness will often cause an abandonment of a certain line of temptation, but it will only change the form—not the thing itself. And often it is the old temptation in essence, which tries an advanced saint, only it is sublimated and refined in form. Its power in its naked deformity is gone, for our eyes are opened to see it; it must now come in other guise.

Archer Butler has observed how poor is the stock of temptations with which Satan has worked upon man from the beginning—how few weapons, after all, he has in his armoury. It is so. The changes are rung on a few bells, the variety tracked back to its source, springs from the old original three, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Circumstances are ever changing, and the temptations will vary in form with them; the same temptation will dress in fustian for one, and in silk for another. The more holy we become, the more subtle will our temptations become, but that is the only change.

Jesus—the all-holy—thus trode the path of temptation up to the very end; even on the cross He was tempted to give up His suffering and come down and be received as the King of the Jews. He has left footprints up to the very end of His earthly time. They are surely for us. And as we grieve at the presentation of evil before us, continually writing bitter things against ourselves because of it, let us learn that which Jesus' footsteps, down almost even into the very Valley of the Shadow of Death itself, can teach us, and believe that no strange thing has happened to us, when we find ourselves where Jesus stepped before.

To pretend to enter into any regular examination of the various temptations of our Lord—even so far as our poor gross faculties would allow, is beside the purpose of this paper. Of many of our Lord's temptations we can never know anything. They no doubt assumed a subtlety and keenness as regards Him, over and above anything which we experience. But His footprints lie thick upon His life's path as He passed over this and that portion of tempted ground. He must needs travel over the enemy's country, and He did so—being tempted in all points like as we are, only without sin.

Self-aggrandisement often met Him. He could have become a King at any moment He chose. His was the temptation simply to take. No barrier of work lay between Him, and what with most men could have been work's result. The sceptre was at every moment within His grasp. What we may have, and have with ease, we often have to forego. The very ease makes it appear as if it was legitimately ours. We must look to Him Who was able to forego, that we may be able to do the like.

Self-ease was no doubt a temptation often presented to His mind—to spare Himself, as Peter

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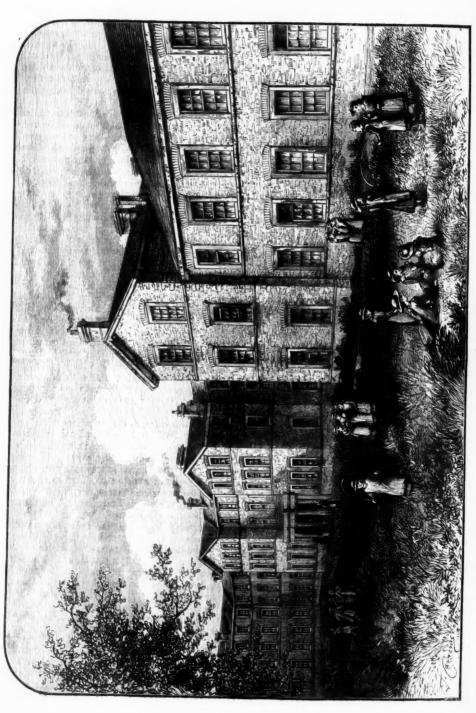
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said; but we know what His life was—a long-continued toil.

Many a time, in all probability, did the tempter propose a desertion of the cause; and indeed it seemed so hopeless to be able to do anything with such materials as He had to work upon, that we wonder how He continued to the end. But Jesus is faithful to the last. And he who would be faithful, has His footprint in which to step.

Self-pleasing met Him, in her specious dress, but He met this temptation with the ever-abiding feeling that He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. The existence of the higher will—in the abiding power of that in His soul, He has left us a footprint in which we, when we set our foot, will be safe.

Take the stupidity and selfishness of His own

disciples, and how He would not allow Himself to be tempted to give them up.

Take the fickleness and versatility of the mob but Himself ever the same.

Take the continual misunderstandings, and the calm patience with which they were met.

Take the thanklessness of His work, and yet how He kept on His way, evermore as energised not by what came from man, but God—and for-asmuch as the counterparts of all these meet us in our daily life, let us try to see what He was, and after our measure to be even as He was too, and then every footprint of His will be to us a step towards heaven; for the way He trod was through earth to that land whence the tempter is banished, where trial is ended, and the voice of the serpent is heard no more.

# GEORGE MÜLLER AND HIS ORPHANAGES.

(ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.)

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER.



HE name of George Müller has been familiar with a large class of devout readers for nearly half a century. This has been in connection with the Christian Knowledge Institution, which he established in Bristol in 1834, and the orphanages

which were commenced as a branch of its work, nearly a year and a half later. The other work of the Christian Knowledge Institution embraces the establishment and assisting of day-schools for the poor, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and religious books and tracts, and the support or assistance of missionaries at home and abroad. Mr. Müller is widely known as the founder of the orphanages at Ashley Down, where two thousand and fifty orphans are cared for in the most complete and admirable The great marvel of these establishments is, that as they have been built, so they are sustained, by faith and prayer, and never, during more than forty-six years, has any one wanted a meal, or any real need been left unprovided for. The institutions are without a parallel in this country. Though the large income flows in from all parts of the world, and from people in various stations of life, there is no "society," strictly speaking, no life governors, no committee, no collectors, none of the ordinary machinery of philanthropic institutions. There have been no begging letters, no one has ever in any way been asked for a penny, no annual meetings have been held, no public collections made, and yet the

work has grown up to a magnitude which may well excite surprise. Many fail to realise Mr. Müller's mode of working, though the facts are all too plain to admit of the least shadow of doubt as to the truth of his reports. To understand the work, you must know something of the man.

Mr. Müller was born at Kroppenstadt, Prussia, 27th September, 1805. His early years were anything but hopeful, and his youth was marked by many acts of gross wickedness. No human eye could have seen in the spendthrift student the makings of the man he has become. A carnal, godless life, such as he led, giving many proofs of a heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," gave not the slightest promise that he would become in such an eminent degree a "man of God," distinguished for so many noble qualities. Well he may be such a steadfast advocate of salvation by grace through faith, since by grace he was saved.

Just after his twentieth birthday, the great change was begun. He was a student of divinity at Halle. But, though allowed to preach, he was utterly godless. "I had no Bible, and had not read in it for years. I went to church but seldom; but, from custom, I took the Lord's Supper twice a year. I had never heard the Gospel preached. I had never met with a person who told me that he meant, by the help of God, to live according to the Holy Scriptures."

One Saturday he was asked to attend a private religious meeting in the house of a tradesman. He was kindly received. The few friends sat down and sang a hymn, and then

one of the number, Kayser, who afterwards became a missionary in Africa, fell on his knees and asked a blessing. Everything was new. He had never seen any one on his knees, and had never bent his own in prayer. After the reading of a chapter and a printed sermon,\* and singing another hymn, the tradesman offered a concluding prayer, which produced a deep impression on the mind of the student. The good seed had been sown. The great work of conversion was begun. His life was changed because his heart was renewed. Gradually he was led into the truth concerning Christ, and was enabled to rely on Him, and devote himself to His service. He wished to become a missionary, and through the intervention of the celebrated Dr. Tholuck, he was accepted by the London Missionary Society, to prepare for work among the Jews. The strong individuality of the man now began to assert itself, and he preferred to labour as God might direct him, free from human guidance. After labouring a short time at Exmouth (where he was led more fully into the nature of the Holy Spirit's work, in conversion and sanctification), and a longer period at Teignmouth, we find him at Bristol, associated with Mr. Craig in the pastorate of two churches unconnected with any denomination. His ministry was very fruitful in conversion, and many Christians greatly esteemed his teach-

He declined any stipulated salary, preferring to trust in God for the supply of all his wants. In proportion as he received, so he gave, and to an

extent which may well excite wonder.

From January 1st, 1831, to May 26th, 1874, forty-three years and five months, Mr. Müller received for his personal use no less a sum than £37,523 3s.  $6\frac{2}{4}$ d., of which more than £26,000 came in the last sixteen years. During the whole time he gave away £27,179 0s. 8d., and during the sixteen years, £21,700. With occasional fluctuations, there was a steady increase from the beginning.

The idea of establishing an orphanage was working in his mind for some time before the way was open for him to go forward. Perhaps the suggestion was given by his remembrance of the magnificent institution founded by A. H. Francke

at Halle. †

The desire to benefit such poor children as had been deprived of both their parents, was one of his reasons for wishing to found an orphanage; another was that it might be a further illustration of God's providential goodness, of His faithfulness to His promises, and an encouragement and example to believers to take God at His word, and encourage the habit of having personal deal-

The first remittance towards this sum was one shilling. The same day (December 7th, 1835) he received another shilling. Two days later the first piece of furniture was sent, a wardrobe. He still gave himself unto prayer, and in a few days £50 were sent. But patience was exercised, and He Who takes His own time to do His work, whether it be an act of creation or an agency of His providence, deeply exercised the mind of His servant. "My frequent prayer of late has been," he remarks in his "Proposal" (published 10th December, 1835), "that if it be of God, He would let it come to pass; if not, that He would take from me all thoughts about it. The latter has not been the case, but I have been led to think more and more that the matter may be of Him. Now, if so, He can influence His people in any part of the world, for I do not look to Bristol, nor even to England, but to the living God, Whose is the gold and the silver."

In due time money came in, in various sums, from one penny to £100, and as he had prayed for articles of furniture also, these came in, in almost endless variety, things great and small, and all kinds of children's wearing apparel, materials for the same, and all sorts of articles and utensils required for such an establishment. Moreover, the rent of a house was given, and suitable persons offered themselves to take care of the children, and children almost without end became

candidates.

The house being furnished for thirty children, and a matron and a governess accepted, they began to admit the little ones 11th April, 1836, and on the 21st of the same month, the institution was opened by a day being set apart for prayer and thanksgiving.

One rule of the orphanages was, and is, that only such children as have been deprived of both parents should be admitted. At first none were received under seven years of age, but when the work had been in progress some short time, an infant orphanage was started, into which children of any age under seven were received afterwards to be moved into the other. The first orphanage was for girls only, the infant orphanage for boys also.

The donor of the first £100 was a Christian

ings with God in all the matters of their daily life and spiritual interests. "I remembered," he says, "what a great blessing my own soul had received in the Lord's dealings with His servant A. H. Francke, who, in dependence on the living God alone, established an immense orphanage." Prayer was made without ceasing to God in this matter. The Scripture promise, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," gave him a powerful stimulus, and he acted upon it by asking God to give him premises, suitable persons to take care of the children, and £1,000 for their maintenance.

<sup>\*</sup>In Prussia, all meetings for worship apart from the State Church were then illegal and punishable.

t See ante, p. 436.

girl, who earned a very scanty living as a sempstress—hardly enough, indeed, to provide food. She came into possession of £480, but she made no alteration in her dress or way of living, and plied her needle as vigorously as before. After paying her father's debts and giving £100 to her mother, she made the above offering to the Lord. Mr. Müller remonstrated with her, reminding her of her weak health, and her dependent position, apart from what remained of her legacy. Her reply ought to be read in the ears of many wealthy hoarders, who yet profess to follow Christ:—

"The Lord Jesus has given His last drop for me, and should I not give Him this £100? Rather than the orphan house should not be established, I will give all the money I have." And this may be the proper place to remark, that not only have the orphanages been the means of immense good to the children, and in a very remarkable way God has been honoured by the faith and progress of His servant, but His name has been magnified in the grace given to not a few, who, by great self-denial, or even out of their property, have given sums of money or articles of value for this noble cause. widows, charwomen, young persons of both sexes, and dear little children have imposed on themselves privations, extending over years in some cases, that they might have the privilege and honour of helping in the work at the orphanages.

The first legacy Mr. Müller received for the orphanages was from a little boy. Among a parcel of things which was received from a Christian woman was the amount of this legacy from her deceased little nephew. During his last illness the dear child had had given to him several new coins, mostly silver, amounting in all to six shillings and sixpence halfpenny. The little boy loved the Saviour, and just before he departed to be with Jesus, he requested that his little treasure might be sent to the orphans.

This came just at a time when Mr. Müller was anxiously praying for means to establish an orphanage for boys. This work was begun by the renting of a large house for the purpose; but as the people resident close by threatened the landlord with an action for letting his house for a charitable institution, the claim was surrendered for peace sake, through the reading of the passage, "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." A few days after a house was given in the same street with the other orphanages.

Many and pressing needs were sometimes felt in this good work, and patience and faith were sorely exercised. Some of the entries mention this, and also how the needs were met.

"August 18th, 1838.—I have not one penny in hand for the orphans. In a day or two again many pounds will be needed. My eyes are up to

the Lord." The same evening he received £5 from a sister, who stated that while at prayer in the morning the thought came to her, "I have this £5, and owe no man anything, therefore it would be better to give this money at once." She took the money to Mr. Müller, quite unacquainted with his special need.

For ten years the work was carried on in houses rented for the purpose. Many inconveniences attached to this method. The sanitary arrangements were not always good; there was no playground, no land for the boys to cultivate, no proper accommodation in case of sickness, and the neighbours complained of the children's noise. The building of an institution became more and more a pressing necessity. He waited on God in prayer, calmly and deliberately weighing the matter with all its surroundings. In about five weeks £1,000 were sent for the building, and other sums and various articles for sale followed, so that in a little more than two years £15,784 18s. 10d. came to hand for this work, besides what was given for current expenses, and for the other branches of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. This new house accommodated 300 orphans, and was opened

in 1849. Eight years later the second house, for 400 orphans, was opened. Five years later still, another house was opened, for 450 orphans. The applications for admission were still on the increase, and in November, 1868, a fourth house

was opened for 450 orphans. All destitute orphans born in wedlock, who had lost both parents, and without any regard to reli-Their need gious denomination, were eligible. was their qualification. Thus the number of applications was still increasing. This led to the erection of the fifth house, also for 450 orphans, which was opened on January 6th, 1870. Thus accommodation has been provided for 2,050 children of both sexes. The total cost of the five houses, including building sites and land for gardens, was more than £119,000. This large sum was obtained in addition to the current expenses for the support of orphans, and the other branches of Mr. Müller's work. The money came from all parts of the world, and in sums varying from one farthing to eight thousand pounds, besides articles in endless variety for use in the orphanages, or to be sold for their benefit. The work represents an amount of spiritual energy, Christian faith, and patience, zeal, devotedness, and self-denial, on the part of the recipient, and on the part of the givers, truly surprising, and affords instructive lessons for all. The earlier years of the enterprise were marked by many severe trials, which have not been so often repeated since it has assumed such large proportions. In some way or other the Lord does provide, and Mr. Müller is seldom if ever left to inquire "How can these things continue?" The simple but forcible lines of the hymn may well

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express the conviction of his mind, his simple trust and expectation :—

Say not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve my care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.
God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.
His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

Mr. Müller's own narrative extends to over sixteen hundred pages. In September, he will be seventy-seven years of age; and for forty-seven years he has been engaged as the director of this great work, and a laborious minister and occasional writer. A man of considerable culture, he is in a high degree a man of work, and along with first-class business abilities he has indomitable courage, patience, and perseverance. But the secret of his work and success is faith in God, and personal dealing with Him in prayer, in relation to all things, even the minutest circumstance of his life and his work. No one can read his "narrative" without profit: you feel that

you are communing with a man who walks with God in very great nearness, with a man who effectually sinks himself, that his Master and Lord may be honoured and glorified.

Thus "the little one" has become more than a thousand, and the sapling, planted nearly half a century ago, has become a great tree, in the branches of which more than two thousand birds are lodged and fed day by day. Up to 1878, about three-quarters of a million of money had been spontaneously contributed; and now every day that comes brings obligations of about £124, and yet there is no want; and if, looking into the face of His honoured servant, the Master were to ask him, "Lacked ye anything?" the immediate response would be, "Nothing. Not one thing has failed." Such a case as this refutes all the sceptical objections that can be urged against the efficacy of prayer, and affords a striking illustration of the success and peace of those who, walking humbly with God, "in all things, by prayer and supplication, make their requests known unto Him." Mr. Müller may have special gifts of grace in reference to this matter, but we may all have the same spirit of trustfulness and childlike confidence, as the gift of Christ.

#### A HARVEST SONG.



OWN the narrow leafy lane Comes the lumb'ring harvest wain. As it slowly rolls along, Men and maidens troll this song; Little children once again Find a voice for our refrain.

"All praise to that Almighty Power
That kept the slumb'ring grain
In safety through its darksome hour,
Then poured refreshing rain
And joyous sunshine on the earth,
And bade the ears arise,
In all their beauty and their worth,
Towards the glowing skies.

Chorus—"Ay! let's rejoice with heart and voice, And grateful homage pay Unto the Lord, who spreads our board With bread from day to day,

"The spring is like a maiden fair,
All innocence and love;

She twines sweet blossoms in her hair, And sings through vale and grove. The summer, like a blushing bride, Comes at the cuckoo's call, And fruits and flowers on every side She drops for one and all.

Chorus—"But let's rejoice with heart and voice,
And grateful homage pay
Unto the Lord, who spreads our board
With bread from day to day.

"Now, autumn with a mother's hand,
Bring's corn for us to store,
That when rude tempests rend the land,
And winter stalks our shore,
And fret-frost dims the lattice pane,
And earth's best blooms are dead,
Our children may not say in vain,
'Give us our daily bread,'

Chorus—"Yes, all rejoice with heart and voice,
And grateful homage pay
Unto the Lord, who spreads our board
With bread from day to day."

JOHN GEO. WATTS.



"'I've got something better; and it's alive."-p. 690.

#### CARRIE'S LITTLE FISH.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.



HE sun shone brightly, the birds sang, and the wild flowers bloomed in the far-off fields and woods; but what was all that to poor Carrie as she lay on her bed near the open window trying to catch a breath of air, and feeling even more weak and dispirited than usual? How lonely and cheer-

less the room seemed, and how wearisome the constant sound of carts rumbling along and the indistinct hum of voices in the street!

"Mother's late this evening," she thought; "I do wish she had not to be out so much. Oh, why did we leave our pleasant cottage in the country, where I could hear the birds singing in the trees, and kind people used to bring me in pretty flowers? If I had some now, I think they would do me good;

but I know it's very wrong to complain; mother couldn't help coming here after father died, and she has to work hard for us both."

An hour passed like many another, sadly and drearily enough to the poor crippled girl, when a light step sounded on the stairs, followed by a quick knock at the room-door, and before Carrie had time to speak the handle was turned, and a boy's head peeped through the opening.

"Mayn't I come in? I have ever so much to tell you."

"Yes, Tossie; you can sit a while if you like. Mother's been out since early morning, and I'm so lonely I'm glad to see any one."

"Just come back from the excursion; you know I told you yesterday I was going."

"Well, what did you see ?"

"Oh! it was grand. I saw birds and flowers, and lots of things you're always talking about."

"Did you bring me any?" cried Carrie, eagerly.
"I couldn't catch the birds, you know; they wer

"I couldn't catch the birds, you know; they were too high up. I chased a butterfly, but it got away. I have a few flowers, though I don't think they're much good now. They were fresh and bright when I pulled them," and little Thomas drew from his pocket a tangled mass of wild roses and woodbine.

"Oh! Tossie, what a pity! why did you crumple

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ith ho ord an alf he rds 78. ad ery 24, he to ate ng he he ralkver wn of all ldthem up so?" And Carrie strove with her thin fingers to raise the limp heads of the crushed flowers.

"How could I know they'd die in my pocket?" replied the boy. "But never mind; I've got something better; and it's alive. Guess what it is."

"Alive? not a bird or a butterfly, you say. I

can't think ; do show me."

"It's a grand little creature, now isn't it?" asked Tossie, as he produced from another pocket a bottle and handed it to Carrie.

"Oh! a fish-a pretty little fish!" she exclaimed,

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of the river, of course, where we were all fishing. I only caught this one. A boy gave me the wide-mouthed bottle to keep it in. He said it was such a beauty, with a red breast, and I should make a pet of it; but on the way home I thought I'd rather give it to Carrie, because she had nothing else to anuse her. And now do you care to have it?"

"Oh! indeed I do; but will it stay alive?"

"Yes, if you change the water every day."

"But you know I can't."

"Well, I'll come up in the evenings and do it for you. And now here's a piece of cord to tie the bottle to the post of your bed, so that you can see the little fellow swimming about."

As soon as this arrangement was accomplished, Tossie had to run off to his father, and shortly after

Mrs. Hunter came in.

"Oh! mother," exclaimed Carrie, "look at my new pet. Tossie brought it from the excursion.

Isn't it a real beauty?"

"A nice little pinkeen indeed," said the woman.
"I'm glad you have got anything to anuse you, my child. It was good of Tossie to bring it; and I hope he had a nice day in the country, for I'm afraid his home's not a very pleasant one since his mother died."

"He often talks to me about her, and tells me the beautiful verses she used to teach him; and sometimes of an evening when his father's out, he comes up and sings pretty hymns. I try to think of them when I am lying here alone all day."

"Poor dear! I'd be with you more if I could; but you have the fish for company now; and maybe Tossie would come oftener, for he's lonesome enough

too."

Summer passed away. Flowers bloomed and faded, making but little difference in the dull street where Mrs. Hunter and her daughter lived; and yet Carrie's life had grown brighter. The fish proved a great source of pleasure. It was such a merry sprightly little thing, and she fancied it knew her voice, and would rise to the surface and dart about gaily when she said, "Dance, little fish." Tossie never forgot to come up and change the water, then he would sit down and tell where he had been all day, and how he had earned a few pence by holding horses or carrying parcels, sometimes by selling little toys which he was ingenious enough to make, out of shells, or pieces of wood or card, for his

father seldom left him anything to live upon during his long absences, and too often returned late at night, having spent all his earnings in drink; so that poor Tossie was thrown much on his own resources.

By this time Carrie had learned most of the hymns, and used to sing them over softly to herself when she was alone, and think of all Tossie had told her about his mother, and how happy she was now in "that

beautiful land on high,"

At length a change came. The days had grown shorter and colder, when one evening, as Carrie lay in the twilight, wondering Tossie had not appeared at his usual hour, she heard a heavy step on the stairs, then loud voices in the room underneath.

"Tossie's father must be home early to-night," she

thought. "I hope he is not drunk."

Sitting up in bed, she listened anxiously for further sounds, but all was very still in the house, Then, to pass away the time, she turned to the little fish.

"How quiet he is too! Perhaps he's asleep.

Wake up, little pet."

But everything remained silent. A vague feeling of uneasiness came over Carrie. She seized the bottle hastily, and looked at it more closely by the waning light. At the bottom lay the fish, in such an attitude as she had never seen before. Gently swaying the water backwards and forwards, she tried to rouse him up, but it was of no avail; there he remained motionless as ever. Growing more frightened, Carrie shook the bottle violently. Yes, certainly he did stir this time, but it was only the effect of the current she had raised: when the force of that subsided he sank again helplessly to the bottom.

Carrie burst into tears. "He is dead. Oh, he must be dead! What shall I do?"

At this moment the door was pushed open slowly.

"Oh, Tossie!" she exclaimed, "there's no use in your coming now; he's dead!"

"Yes, he is dead;" replied the boy in a strange solemn tone.

"How do you know?" she said. "You've not seen him yet."

"A man that knew him has just been here and told me. Oh! Carrie, it was very sudden and very dreadful. But how have you heard it already? I came to tell you."

"I don't understand what you're talking of," cried Carrie, laying down the bottle, and fixing her eyes questioningly on the boy's face. "I was only

speaking about my poor little fish."

"Is the fish dead? Well, I daresay you're sorry, but oh! it's so shocking to think of father!" And Tossie threw himself down beside the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

"Don't cry, Tossie, but tell me, do you really mean that your father is dead?"

"Indeed I do. The man told me that he was knocked down in the street by a cart, and the wheel went over him."

Carrie shuddered.

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"They brought him to a hospital," continued Tossie, "and did everything they could, but he died very soon, without speaking one word. I must go down, for somebody is calling. Carrie, will you ask God to help me? for I'm alone in the world now, and don't know where to go, or what to do next."

After he had gone, Carrie lay in the dark, thinking sadly enough—the dead fish on the bed beside her. Some people might have considered her loss a small one, but it appeared very great to the lonely cripple girl, and the tears welled freshly to her eyes as she recalled to mind the merry gambols of the little creature that had so often enlivened her solitude.

"But how selfish I am!" she exclaimed, "caring only for my own sorrow, when poor Tossie has so much worse to bear. He begged me to ask God to help him. Yes, God does everything—He sent my little pet, now He has let it die. He is good, so whatever He does must be right. I cared too much for my fish, not enough for others. Poor Tossie! I will ask God to take care of him, now he has no father."

It was even later than usual that evening when Mrs. Hunter returned, tired after a long day's work, and heard from Carrie all that had happened during her absence.

"I'm sorry, dear, for your little fish; and as to poor Thomas, I don't know what's to become of him. Certainly his father didn't take much care of him latterly—still he had a place to live in. He's handy enough to earn his own bit, but he can't keep up the room, and he's young to be thrown on the world without home or friends."

"Mother, he told me to ask God to help him, and so I did; and something has come into my mind since—couldn't you let him stay with us?"

"My dear Carrie, I wonder at your thinking of such a thing. Don't you know how hard I have to work to keep ourselves? Let those who are able take him in, and support him, but it's out of my power to help any one."

"I know you find it hard enough to get on, mother, and I'm a great burden to you, but I believe God means that Tossie should live with us. If you would just let him sleep here, and call this home, he'd come in and out, and not be any expense to you. Do, mother dear. He could sleep in that little dark closet where you used to keep your work. He wouldn't be in the way at all, and, as you say, he can earn his own food."

"But suppose he had a bad day, as he often has. What then? You know right well I have nothing to spare."

"But, mother, if God wishes him to stay with us, you may be quite sure He will provide for him in some way or other. Oh! please do say, 'Yes;' I want to have him so much—he would be like a brother to me."

"Well, child, as you're so anxious about it, I might perhaps take him just for the present, till something else turns up; but mind, I won't promise to go on."

"Oh! thank you, mother. I won't ask you to promise anything, only to let him in now. I'll tell him to-morrow."

And Carrie went to sleep that night feeling happier than usual, notwithstanding the loss of her little fish.

# HIDDEN HARVESTS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

"Light is sown for the rightcous, and gladness for the upright in heart."-PSALM xevii. 11.



ET me say a word on Hidden Harvests. For there is a time when colour slumbers in the root of the flower, and the golden corn lies buried in the dark earth. Most of our harvests, for good or evil, are of slow growth. Life has not the quick maturity of the gourd which "came up in a night and perished in a night."

We are told on the highest authority that our life is hid

with Christ in God. All that there is of Christ in us is not revealed now; there is a time "for the manifestation of the Sons of God."

No argument is intended against some mani-

festation now. It may not be with us as in winter, when all is hidden, but it is spring-time with its green blade; here and there a snow-drop may lift its delicate beauty into the light, but all the fair wealth of the garden is hidden yet, and its crimson and purple glory wait till the summer days.

The words of the Psalmist are intended as an inspiration to fidelity, as a ministration of comfort. The righteous, it is suggested, seem to suffer much, and find it hard to endure, but their hour of harvest is coming. They often walk in darkness, "but light is sown for the righteous."

I. Good men often walk in darkness.

They see not the meaning of things. "Where is the good will?" they say. "All seems so inscrutable and dark. Smiles of approval do not greet them. The green bay tree grows so luxuriantly

in the garden of the wicked. Why does all this happen to us? the righteous say. They try to be good. They are valiant for truth. They endeavour to succeed only in upright and noble ways, and yet it seems as though events were leagued against them; and the smoother and pleasanter path they could tread as easily as others if it were not for their compact with conscience and Christ.

Their faith in the Great Father is not lost; it is weakened. The universe seems to be at times in strange hands, and such sad personal experiences come to them. Like Job, they are misunderstood even at home. Like Abraham, no clear revelation is given them of life's purpose, or even life's plan! They go out not knowing

whither they are going.

Such men are to remember that light is hidden—is waiting—not lost. Suppose a stranger from another world visited our land in winter time, how barren and desolate it would all appear: no tint of colour, no shadow of leafage, no harmonies of gold, and green, and grey! Would he, could he believe that summer was concealed—sown beneath his feet?

And this is what good men who walk on in darkness have to believe—that it is all there—that after-days will bring the harvest—that God

lets no good seed perish.

For this is not an *a priori* supposition, based upon a conception of what the character of God as Sovereign Ruler must be, It is His own revealed word, "Light is sown for the righteous,"

II. Light is a most beautiful harvest. While we utter the word, it is a lexicon in itself, so many beautiful things are expressed by that one word light. It is purity, springing up into golden harvest. The good man's pure unmixed motives—pure unsullied imaginations, pure heaven-born principles shall blossom into conduct, character, influence! Light shall spring up.

It is victory springing up. For night has no chance when morning gilds the sky. It may linger a little, but it is a lost battle, and inch by inch the dark hosts retreat adown the hills. Truth shall conquer error. Right shall overcome might. Principle shall triumph over expediency. Real power shall be victor over clever popularity.

Let the true-hearted wait!

It is heaven spreading its empire over earth. It is the Kingdom of God coming—for heaven is light! Its inhabitants are saints in light. There shall be a new earth, in which dwelleth

righteousness.

It is knowledge of God, deeper, fuller, clearer than we have ever had. Insight into His very nature in Jesus Christ, Such a knowledge of His inward dispositions to us, that we shall not be disturbed by outward appearances.

Can there be a more beautiful harvest than

light? In nature it makes all things beautiful. The watcher by the sick-bed waits for that. The belated pilgrim looks to the dim horizon for that. The voyager in the all be-clouding mist looks for that—and when it comes it glows in the heavens—the birds sing, the flowers lift up their heads and smile, the very cattle rejoice in the liquid dawn.

Such mornings have come and are coming to us. Joy cometh in the morning, because light comes then. The harvest is sure. Blessed are the true. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are the heroes of persecution. The wicked have no light that ends in night. The righteous have often gloom and thick darkness, but it ends in day, beautiful day, God's own day.

III. Seed-time is a most solemn hour.

"Sown." It wants a hand to sow, and that hand is our own. We may sow "the dragon's teeth." We may sow seeds of disgrace and death. There are many slumbering harvests of evil for nations and men.

Some harvests are speedy. They spring up at once! They are sown in a superficial soil that has no deepness of earth. Men do not plant acorns there which are to be years before they give shelter, or form the firm ribs of ships. They are sown in thin earth; little harvests of pleasure and applause, and prosperity soon spring up, and, such as they are, they soon die! There is no immortal root in them.

Darkness is sown for the unrighteous, and misery for those who are not upright—the very opposites of our text, but equally true. The poison-berry and the corn, the thistle and the flower, grow side by side. "A sower went forth to sow:" that is you! The present hour contains in it the hidden harvest. Neither fate nor chance has sown the seeds that fill human hearts and lives with shame and sadness to-day. Men would not be sad or ashamed, if it were so. Half our language is false, if the doctrine of accountability be untrue. English must be re-written. How can I degrade life, if it is an outworking of necessity? What is shame if there be no sin?

And why remind me that a harvest of light is coming to the righteous and upright, if they are not conscious of loyalty to truth and goodness? What is the use of such words as hero and confessor if there be no conscience in man that

responds to truth?

God is here appealing to that which is best and highest in men—their conscious power to sow, to aid and enlarge the Kingdom of God. Even so: when the beautiful harvest comes God will say—Well or ill done. Some sowed wheat, some sowed tares! It is a solemn thing to sow.

IV. Gladness is the associate idea of light— "and gladness for the upright in heart." The weeping has endured, and now joy cometh with the light—that is, with the morning.

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Most of the world's sadness has to do with its moral consciousness—that cannot be shaken off. It would be a wonderful comfort to wicked men to find that infidelity to God and to His laws brought no pain! It is impossible to conceive that which has never happened in human experience, viz., true gladness with real badness. The worst men look sadly through the gate at the paradise of the perfect life that they have lost.

Weary of the past, they are more desolate as they look forward to the future. To those that are not upright in heart there is a conscious transitoriness of things; either they themselves or the great system of things must go to the wall at last, and they are clear-sighted enough to judge which, according to the law of probabilities, it will

But "the upright," says Scripture, shall have "good things in possession." Time is on their side. The health of the universe is on their side. The law and the character of God are on their side, and the Saviour Himself has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Gladness will, must, come in the future days. For when a man is true and right within, full, like Stephen, of the Holy Ghost, it does not take much to make him happy: he sleeps well, his smile is honest, his life is honoured, his influence is great, his countenance is open, his inward life is peace and gladness. Why should not a good man be glad? Why should settled melancholy be the ideal picture of saintly faces? Why should innocent mirth be accounted a foreign sound in a good man's house? Why should he apologise for the cheerful mien, and the merry heart that doeth good like a medicine?

Let him be glad that he lives in a world ordered to such noble issues, founded on such eternal bases of righteousness and truth.

Yes! So that the Man of Sorrows, the Sacrifice for sin, the Son of God, Son of Man, Who, though He was rich, for our sake became poor, goes on His

way, without any doubt that victory and not defeat will attend His cross. No fears and imaginations that Fraud, or Force, or Wrong could get the mastery, affect His heart. His joy no man taketh from Him. No horror of uncertainty, no gloom of despair, but exuberance of life and joy is heard in His words.

So I plead that there is a gladness native to Christian life and hope. Christian faith feeds the immortal power within us. Christian obedience harmonises with the ever true and righteous laws of God. It gives a realisation that the eternal life of God Himself is within us all.

Gladness is the flower of duty. There is a gladness that is unreal, and a gladness that is immoral, and a superficial gladness that men seek sometimes outside of themselves.

But a "rejoicing from within" is the only true rejoicing, and there shall and must be gladness for all the upright in heart. True religion, therefore, seeks more than loss of fear. We are to be trees of immortal life, rooted and grounded in the Christ Himself.

Light there was little around Jesus in His earthly history; a few stray beams from the simple home at Bethany, from the guileless love of His poor but true disciples, came; but all around Him were dark shadows of cruel injustice, and keen suspicion and unfathomable hate, all ended as He knew full well it would end.

But the harvest has been light, light indeed! light everywhere, beautiful, blessed light. Light on the face of God, and on the ways and hopes of men through all the centuries.

And light is sown still; it has not sprung up yet. Even in our harvest fields there is much to hope for. The golden swaying grain will yet be garnered in. If you are true and loyal in your love, and earnest in your duty, then in years to come, little deeds and words will bring a harvest of their own. And not only will there be a harvest sown through you, but there will be a harvest in you; for "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

#### JEWELS FROM THE SCRIPTURE MINE.

"Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called 'exceedingly great and precious promises,' laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature."—GOULBURN.

# JEWELS FOR THOSE WHO WAIT ON GOD IN PRAYER.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him (Luke xi. 13)?

Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it (John xiv. 13, 14),

### JEWELS FOR THE WEAK AND FEEBLE.

The Lord will give strength unto His people (Ps. xxix, 11).

The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people (Ps. lxviii. 35).

My strength is made perfect in weakness (2 Cor. xii. 9). For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin (Heb. iv. 15).

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

#### I.-MOUNT SINAL

NDER the guidance of the Pillar of Cloud, the people journeyed on and on, until at last they encamped on the plain under the frowning heights of Sinai. They arrived on the forty-fifth day after leaving Egypt; five days were spent in preparation; and so the whole time from the first Passover, that celebrated in Egypt, to the promulgation of

the Law, was fifty days. Soon after they had come to Sinai, Moses is called up into the Mount to meet God. He is charged with a message to the people of Israel. God reminds them of what had been done for them. Swiftly and surely they have been borne away on the wings of His almighty power into these inaccessible mountain fastnesses, far beyond the reach of their enemies. Pharaoh and his warriors have been destroyed. No league that has been formed against them has prospered, And there they are, in peace and security, beyond the reach of their enemies, none making them afraid. And why has God done this? He has done it because He wished to bring them unto Himself; to make them His own people above all the other nations of the earth; to bestow upon them a peculiar nearness to His own person. Are they willing to accept this great privilege? If so, they must hear the word of the Lord, and obey His commandments. He is prepared to make a covenant or agreement with them, and bestow upon them great blessings; but they, on their part, must engage to do what the Lord commands them. Let them think the matter over, for it is a serious one. If they keep the covenant, God will make them a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation; but if they break the covenant, they will be visited with the most tremendous penalties. Let them consider before they give their answer.

Well, they do consider, and then tell Moses that they are prepared to do all that the Lord hath spoken; and Moses repeats their answer to the Lord.

Then there is a solemn pause of three days; during that time the people are being prepared for meeting the Lord. And on the third day God descends in glory, with thunders and lightnings, and the sound of a trumpet, and with the tremblings of a mighty earthquake, so that all the multitude are tilled with alarm. And then a voice is heard, and the law of the ten commandments is given to the people.

Now, why was all this done? To show us what an awful being God is, that He is a consuming fire to those who oppose Him, and to show us what a perilous thing it is to break His laws, even the least of them. Sin is no trifle, though many make a mock of it. It was one "little" sin (as people might

call it), the taking of an apple from the bough of a tree, which brought all the misery into the world. and flooded it with sorrow; and God will never leave sin unpunished. All this we learn at Sinai; and so we learn there our need of such a Saviour as we have in the Lord Jesus Christ. My dear children, try to understand how we are saved. Is it by keeping the commandments? No, for we can never keep them perfectly, and God requires a perfect obedience from us. The young man said to Christ, " All these things have I kept from my youth up," but he spoke ignorantly, because he had not kept the commandments in the inner spiritual sense-even if he had kept them outwardly. "Then," you say, "have we to answer for our breaking of the Divine commandments?" No! we have not, for Christ has obeyed in our stead, and if we belong to Him-if we are united to Him by faith-what He has done is reckoned as if we had done it. God counts us as righteous, as He is righteous. "What, then," you say again, "is the law good for nothing-is it of no use to a Christian man?" God forbid! We see in the law, as in a looking-glass, the character of God-that is something; and again we have in the law (of course I mean the law of the ten commandments) a rule for ourselves. to regulate our conduct and to show us how to live.

#### II.—THE GOLDEN CALF.

How weak we are! How soon our good resolutions melt away, and come to nothing! It is only a few days ago that the Hebrews had promised that they would keep the covenant; were rejoicing in the favour of God; were trembling before the awful sounds which issued from the summit of Mount Sinai, which told that God had come down to earth; were determined, in their own hearts, to do everything that God commanded; and here they are dancing in a ring, singing wild songs round an idol made of gold! Who would have thought it?

This was how it came about. Moses was sent for by God, and went up into the mount. He remained there so long that the people thought he was lost; then they determined to do what they chose; and they chose to set up an idol for themselves to worship. Now God had expressly forbidden them to make an idol for such a purpose; the terrible sound of His voice must almost have been ringing in their ears—but what of that? They had forgotten all about it; the impression had passed away; Moses was not there to check them, and they were determined to have their own way.

They went to Aaron, and asked him to make them an idol-commanded him, I should rather say-and Aaron was frightened into compliance with their wishes. This was very wrong of him. He was next in authority to Moses, and he ought to have died rather than be induced to do a thing so displeasing in God's sight. But he was gentle and timid, and the noisy, angry crowd, with their loud clamour, compelled him against his will to take a step which was most flagrantly wrong, and which involved, as he well knew, the most tremendous consequences.

What, then, did he do? He asked them for their golden earrings, and these earrings were melted down, and formed into the likeness of a bull, and set upon a pedestal; and then Aaron built an altar before it, and proclaimed a feast unto the Lord.

Only a few days have passed, as I just reminded you, and here are the chosen people of God—forgetful of their deliverance out of Egypt, forgetful of all the blessings and privileges which God had bestowed upon them, forgetful of the promises they have just made, and of the covenant they have just entered into—celebrating idolatrous rites, exactly like the heathen from whom God intended to separate them!

What wretchedly ungrateful unworthy people they were! No doubt that is true—but, yet, is it not well to learn a lesson for ourselves from their behaviour? These Jews were, after all, very much like us, and this story of the Jews was written (St. Paul tells us) for "our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." "What," you say, "am I in danger of worshipping idols?" Not, of course, of worshipping figures of wood and stone—we are all too well instructed for that—but yet it is possible to set up idols in our hearts. Just think of that!

If there is anything that we love better than we love God, that thing is an idol. God claims the first place in our hearts, and will take no other, and to love anything before Him, so that He comes second, is to do pretty much what these Jews did in the plain below Mount Sinai.

Then I am afraid we are not unlikely to forget the goodness of God, and all the benefits we have received at His hands. Are we not? Do not you feel it yourself? And even when we have been very much frightened—as these Jews had been—we are in danger of forgetting it all after awhile.

A man is very ill, dangerously ill, likely to die. He beseeches God to have mercy upon him, and to spare him, and promises that he will lead a better life for the future—and then when God does spare him, and he gets up from his sick-bed, and gets about again, he very soon goes back again to his old careless, wicked ways. Ah! we are all in danger of forgetting God's dove and mercy. My dear children, let us think more and more constantly of God's goodness to us. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

III.—WHAT FOLLOWED THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

Is it ever right to be angry? Certainly it is. On

one occasion our Lord Himself looked round about on a group of people "with anger," on account of the hardness of their hearts, and their selfish, wilful, perverse opposition to all that was good and kind. But His anger was never called out by any wrong offered to Himself. And Moses was often angrynot, I think, on his own account. You might insult him, and he would bear it patiently, and say and do nothing. But if you were cruel to another personif you ill-used one weaker than yourself-he would fire up in a moment, and make you feel the weight of his arm. He did so with the Egyptian who was maltreating a Hebrew. And when he found the coarse rude shepherds driving away the girls from the watertroughs, where they were watering their sheep, he caught up a stick, and flew at the men, and drove them all off as fast as their legs would carry them. And I think, in this case at least, he did right. You are not worth much if you can see oppression and cruelty go on under your very eyes, and take no notice; it is your business to interfere.

In the present instance Moses was angry for God's sake. And let me tell you how it was. The Jews, you know, down in the plains, had misbehaved themselves sadly while Moses was up on the mount, by making an idol, and worshipping it. God told Moses what had happened, and commanded him to go down and look after the people. Moses obeyed, of course, and went down, carrying in his hands the two tables of stone on which the commandments had been written by the finger of God.

On the way, he found Joshua waiting for him lower down, and the two began to descend together—Moses still carrying the tables of stone. As they came nearer the plain, they heard a noise—a great noise. Joshua, who was a soldier, thought it was the sound of war in the camp; but Moses, whose ears were quicker, though he was by far the older man of the two, knew better. "No," said he; "it is not the sound of war—it is the noise of singing." And so they went on both together.

Presently, at a turn in the road, they came within sight of the whole scene, and they saw the golden calf, and the sacrifices, and the people, and the dancing, and the tunult, and the merriment; and Moses was so indignant at what he saw, that he dashed the two stone tablets out of his hand on to the ground, and broke them to pieces. The act—though, I suppose, he did not mean it so—was one with a meaning. The broken tables represented the broken covenant.

But Moses did not stop there. The people had defied Aaron, and made him do their bidding; but they quailed before Moses. He took the golden calf, and ground it to powder, and strewed the powder on the stream out of which the children of Israel drank, and made them drink of the dirty water. I dare say they did not like this, but he obliged them to do it.

But Moses did not stop even there. Some of the people, I think, were perverse, and refused to obey

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his orders; so he told the sons of Levi to arm themselves with their swords, and to fall upon the rebels, and put them to death. This was done, and three thousand men were put to the sword.

So the rebellion was crushed by the strong hand of the stern lawgiver,

Did he act rightly? Assuredly he did. There is a time for severity, as well as a time for gentleness, and it is clear enough that if Moses had been as yielding as Aaron, the whole nation would have been infected with idolatry, and God would have swept them off the face of the earth. And Moses was right in being jealous for God's honour. It was not for himself that he was angry. He was indignant because God's authority was despised, and His commandments set at nought. It was the same feeling which showed itself in our Lord Jesus Christ when He drove the traffickers out of the Temple, and the disciples remembered that it had been written, "The zeal of thine house hath even consumed me."

#### IV .- THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

Angels are created beings. They are very powerful, as well as very good. They are interested about man; they rejoice when a sinner repents, and turns from the error of his ways; and God sends them forth, as the Scripture says, to "minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." But there is one angel spoken of in the Scripture who is not created, who is really God. He is called sometimes the "Angel of the Presence;" sometimes the "Angel of the Covenant;" sometimes by other names; and He is really the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, coming to earth and mixing Himself up with the affairs of men, before the time when He took our nature upon Himself, and was born in Bethlehem.

It was this Angel who accompanied the people of Israel on their journeys in the wilderness, and the Pillar of Fire and of Cloud was a symbol and token of His presence; and the people felt that it was their greatest privilege and their highest honour to have God Himself present amongst them.

But when they sinned, and broke the covenant, as they did on the plains of Sinai, by making the golden calf and worshipping it, God said that He must withdraw and leave them to themselves. Yet not altogether so. He would send an angel, a created angel, to guide them and protect them against their enemies; this help and succour they should have; but the Angel who was also Jehovah, should go no more with them; they were unworthy of the favour; and, besides, it would be dangerous for them if He remained amongst them, for if they continued sinning, He

would break out in His wrath, and consume them off the face of the earth.

When they heard this news the Israelites were thrown into great consternation, and this consternation was increased when Moses took the Tabernacle and pitched it outside the camp; far off from the camp, to show them that God had gone away, and would dwell no longer with them, though He would still watch over their welfare from a distance. The whole multitude mourned over their great loss. Because the greatest privilege they had was the Divine presence amongst them and in the midst of them, It was this which distinguished them from all the nations of the earth. And now their greatest privilege had been forfeited by their transgression. So they were ashamed and sorry; and they showed their sorrow by stripping off their ornaments, and clothing themselves in robes of mourning, because the Angel of the Covenant had departed, and only a created angel was sent to rule and to guide them.

It is at this point that Moses begins to plead with God for the people. He entreats that the Divine presence may be restored, that is, that the Angel of the Covenant may come back again amongst them. And this petition is granted, for the Lord says to him, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Here Moses reminds us of the Lord Jesus Christ, The Lord Jesus is sometimes called "the Mediator." Do you know what that word means? A mediator is one who goes between two parties who have, or wish to have, dealings with each other; and a mediator in Divine things is one who appears before God on man's behalf, and before man on God's behalf. This was what Moses did. He brought messages, commands, injunctions, warnings, threatenings, from God to the people. And then he pleaded with God on behalf of the people, when they had transgressed His will and broken His commandments. In this respect, as well as in others, he is a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus came down to us from God as a Prophet and a Lawgiver. From Him we learn all about God, what God is, and what God purposes and intends towards us. And from Him we learn what are the Divine Laws. It is a very serious thing to disobey Him. "It shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear this Prophet shall be destroyed from among the people." And then, on the other side, He pleads with God on our behalf. When we need blessings, it is He Who procures them for us. When we have committed sin, it is He Who intercedes for us, and obtains for us forgiveness of our sin. He is, in fact, our great High Priest, through Whom we may come boldly to the throne of grace, to obtain mercy and grace to help in time of need.



## THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

I.

THE VANITY OF BEAUTY.

"Beauty is vain." - PROVERBS XXXI. 30.

MID the meadow-grasses,
So fragrant and so sweet,
And where the sunlight passes
Across the golden wheat,
The poppies bright are swaying
Their proud heads to and fro:
You almost hear them saying,
"We're beautiful, we know!"

They glow with regal splendour,
In scarlet robes arrayed,
And yet they 're frail and tender,
And delicately made!
In vain the pride they cherish,
In vain their colours bright;
With the first storm they perish,
And vanish out of sight.

And just as vain the graces
Which we so often prize!
The beauty of fair faces
So quickly fades and dies!
Far rather we should cherish
The gifts that all may findGraces that will not perish:
Fair heart and soul and mind.

II.

FORGIVE.
"I say not unto thee, Until seven

"I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."—St. MATTHEW xviii. 22.

Has some one wronged you? Never mind;
Forgive! Forgive!
Would you the true contentment find—
The joy that leaves no grief behind?
Forgive! Forgive!

No matter what his faults or crimes, Forgive! Forgive! Not until seven or seventy times, Lut ever, while you hear the chimes Ring out, "Forgive!"

Remember all your own base sin!
Forgive! Forgive!
If pardon you yourself would win,
At once the upward course begin:
Forgive! Forgive!

III.

FOLLOW ME.

"He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him, Follow Me. And he arose, and followed Him."—St. Matthew ix. 9.

Where the busy crowds were thronging, By the Galilean sea, Came a loving voice to Matthew: "Follow Me!"

"Give up this your golden harvest;
Yield it bravely and be free!
Give up all your toil for riches:
Follow Me!"

And the publican rose gladly, Christ's apostle true to be-Went obedient to the bidding : "Follow Me!"

Oh, that 'mid our toil for riches, Jesus' face we too may see, And obey His loving bidding: "Follow Me!"

IV.

TRUTH.

"He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

—PSALM ci. 7.

Be true in everything you do,
Be true in all you say;
Seck simple truth: add naught thereto
And, too, take naught away.

Seek not to hide the truth from sight:
"T is easy to deceive;
Yet one untruth, however slight,
A giant web may weave.

Prevarication is a sin
That thrives in every heart,
Unless we strive the day to win,
And make the foe depart.

May we be true as in God's sight, Honest in everything, True ever to our sense of right, True to our God and King!

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## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

STORIES FROM NEHEMIAH-PART II.

No. 1. A SOLEMN ASSEMBLY.

Chapter to be read—Nehemiah viii. (part of).



NTRODUCTION. Remind children of previous lessons from Book of Ezra—how he introduced reforms into Jerusalem. Now again comes into notice, Nehemiah, the civil governor, superintending repairs of Temple, etc.; but Ezra, as scribe and priest, would be right person to read and teach the Scriptures, conduct worship, etc.; so he

now comes forward.

I. A SOLEMN SERVICE. (Read 1-8.) Various points to be noticed :- (1) The time, (Ver. 2.) The Feast of Trumpets (called a Sabbath), on which was to be a holy convocation or meeting (Lev. xxiii, 24), and also the day on which altars had been set up, and burnt offerings made, when returned from captivity. (2) The place. The broad street, before the watergate, able to hold a large multitude. Thus a kind of open-air preaching, as we should call it. Can easily picture the scene-large open space-wooden pulpit-old man in white priest's robes-a book (or roll) of the law in his hand-the chapter read-the roll of Amen (so be it) through the vast crowd. (3) The people. Came voluntarily to hear the Word of God, just as crowds followed Jesus (Luke v. 1), and always will to listen to God's Word. (4) The preacher. Ezra quite an old man now-grey locksperhaps feeble voice-so has thirteen others to help him. What do they do? (a) Read distinctly—important in all books-much more so with God's (b) Explain carefully. Useless hearing without understanding; so priests teach and catechise, as well as read.

II. A SOLEMN FEAST. (Read 9-12.) Now the service is over, who comes forward? What does Nehemiah tell them? Is to be a public holiday. Explain holiday as derived from "holy-day." What effect had the reading upon the people? Feelings moved; tears shed; showed hearts were tender, open to receive impressions. Some would mourn for their sins, because had broken God's law. But this not the time for weeping; was to be a glad day. How kept? (1) To feast. God's Word should bring joy after weeping-forgiveness after confession. Of this, feasting an outward sign; so feasts appointede.g., Passover, Tabernacles, etc. With us, Christmas, Easter, etc.; days of holy joy, not of rioting and excess. (2) To give to others, Religious feast should always call forth charity to others. (Isa, lviii, 7-10.) So Christ bids us call the poor to a feast, (Luke xiv, 13.) Result of all this was tears dried, people departed; happy day, because understood and acted on what had heard.

Lessons. (1) Attention. now important to read plainly; study God's Word; understand it; makes wise unto salvation. (2) Charity. Not to think only of ourselves. At Christmas and such-like times, always remember the poor; let them share your feast. Thus copy Christ's example, Who gave up Heaven for us.

No. 2. A REVIVED FEAST.

Chapter to be read—Nehemiah viii. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. Left the people making feasts after exciting day of reading and praying. Feelings been strongly excited. But ended day with rejoicing—not rioting—for on next day came again to hear word of God. Tell children story of people in sixteenth century, when English Bibles first set up in Churches coming in crowds to listen. Bibles obliged to be fastened with chains. Still to be seen in some old churches. God's word so new and so delightful,

I. THE FEAST ORDERED. (Read 13-15.) On the first day of the assembly had heard what made them weep for their sins. Was their feeling sincere? Yes! because wanted to do better-practise what had heard. Amongst other sins had neglected worship of God. Solemn yearly feasts. For account of three feasts see Deut, xvi. Remind how Christ always kept the feasts. Went to passover at twelve years of age. (Luke ii. 42.) The third feast was Tabernacles. Why was it to be kept? (Lev. xxiii. 39-43.) To remind them how their fathers lived in huts or booths for forty years in the wilderness, and how God had preserved them; but also to be a type of Jesus Christ, leaving heaven and living in lowliness amongst men. (John i. 14.) So now a proclamation was made. What were they to fetch? Olive branches, tokens of peace, palms of victory, myrtle, and other trees, of which to make booths.

II. THE FEAST KEPT, (Read 16-18.) What a pretty sight must have been! Feast came in September, fine bright weather. How cool must boughs and leaves have seemed in dusty streets of Jerusalem! How long was feast kept up? Labour of year ended, corn, and wine and oil all gathered in-this feast a sort of harvest festival. No wonder was great gladness. Why? (a) Revival of old custom. Feast not been kept with such solemnities since Joshua's days. These Jews had heard of this feast, but none then alive ever seen it. (b) Connected with bright services. How much all enjoy singing hymns in open air! These "solemn assemblies," i.e. services, all carried on so. Reading and expounding, singing and praying, carried on through all these seven days. People had come to the feast in right state of mind, and so were happy.

LESSONS. (1) Religion meant to make us happy. If does not do so, fault in us, not in religion. "Her

ways are ways of pleasantness." (2) Happiness in reading God's word. Do we really know what God has commanded us? Then practise it. Remind of Timothy, who read God's word from a child. All who want to love God must love His holy word.

#### No. 3. A SOLEMN COVENANT.

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Chapter to be read-Nehemiah x, (part of).

Introduction. Remind children that religion does not merely consist of singing hymns, saying prayers, and reading the Bible, but in doing what is right, serving God in daily life, etc. Very word "religion" means binding. So those who fear God are bound to do duty to God and their neighbours. Shall read in this chapter what the Jews bound themselves to do.

THE COVENANT. (Read 28-39.) Must go back to ch. ix. 38, to see who made it-princes, Levites, and priests. Good thing to have good leaders, Good sign when princes set themselves to do right, because have so much influence. Besides them, all the persons in any way connected with the Temple. But not only they-their whole families also. See what the To serve God and covenant was-(1) General. keep His laws. (2) Not to marry heathen. Remind how Solomon and Ahab had been led into idolatry (3) To observe Sabbath, by so doing. ordained in Paradise (Gen. ii. 2) as day of holy rest. Israelites reminded in fourth commandment to do the same, (4) Keep up Temple services. Remind how decay of these services had caused decline of religion in time of the Kings. So now-carelessness in religion sure to be coupled with neglect of God's House, But sacrifices would cost money. How was it to be raised? By fixed sum, which all were to pay. Remind how Christ paid it when asked (Matt. xvii. 27), though, having no money, had to work a miracle to get it. Also wood to be provided for the altar fire, which was never to go out. (5) To bring firstfruits. Remind of Israelites coming out of Egypt, and slaying of firstborn of Egyptians. All firstborn to be holy to the Lord (Ex. xiii. 2), but afterwards firstborn redeemed with money, and Levites appointed instead for God's service. So the money for redemption of the firstborn given to them, also of cattle, and corn, and fruits, etc. All these to be given to God, and kept in storehouse of the Temple. Thus the priests and Levites maintained.

Thus the people bound themselves to do their duty to God in keeping up the Temple and providing for His ministers. Remind of what God says of those who refused to pay tithes (Mal. iii. 8), that they are robbing Him.

LESSONS. (1) Duty of maintaining God's ministers. No fixed sum ordered in New Testament. St. Paul says that Christ's ministers are to live by the Gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14). All must give cheerfully, because God loves such. (2 Cor. ix. 7.)

2. Blessing of so doing. (See Mal. iii. 10.) All

gifts bring a blessing—how much more such when given especially to God!

## No. 4. A Searching Reformation. Chapter to be read—Nehemiah xiii,

INTRODUCTION. Remind whose servant Nehemiah was—now time came for him to return to Artaxerxes—was away from Jerusalem about two years. How often would think of Jews—wonder how they were getting on—whether had kept their solemn covenant. At last he returns. Has all gone on well? Alas! hears of all kinds of wrong-doing. Does he give up trying any more? No! at once begins to set things straight.

1. CLEANSING THE TEMPLE, (Read 7 - 14.) Whom did he find living in the Temple? But this was directly contrary to God's law. (Ver. 1.) How then had it come about? Because allied to the high priest by marriage. Thus the priest as bad as the people. What did Nehemiah do? Turned Tobiah out at once, cleansed the Temple, brought in the holy vessels once more. Remind how Jesus four hundred years afterwards twice cleansed the Temple from those who polluted it. (See John ii, 15, Luke xix. 45.) All shows us how solemn is God's house of prayer. What else did he find? God's enemy in the Temple. Where were the Levites? Fled each one to his farm (ver. 10), because their proper tithes not been paid. So once more tithes of corn, and wine, and oil collected, and treasurers appointed to receive them.

2. OBSERVING THE SABBATH. (Read 15—22.) What a sad sight! The people at work on the Sabbath Day! Markets for provisions and fish openly held in Jerusalem on the Sabbath. Just as shops open on Sunday may be seen in some streets of London and other places. So what did Nehemiah do? But these merchants waited outside ready to come in at six p.m., the moment the Sabbath Day was over. This not allowed either, for they must have left home during the Sabbath.

What is our Sabbath Day? Changed to first day of week because of Christ's resurrection. Principle of keeping it the same. Cease from work. Observe as day of rest and worship, as the Apostles did.

III. STRANGE MARRIAGES. (Read 23—31.) God's law very strict against marrying heathen. Yet many Jews had done so. No wonder Nehemiah very angry (ver. 25). What sad warning had Israelites had! Solomon's doing so, the beginning of all the troubles of the nation. Here, also, the priests had set a bad example. (Ver. 28.) So all these evils were set right, and the reforms completed.

What is Nehemiah's prayer at the end of each? Began, continued, and ended all his work with prayer, and so was blessed.

Lessons. (1) Reform. Easy to blame Jews. Let us look at ourselves in three similar ways. How do we honour God's house? How do we observe the Lord's Day? What sort of friends do we keep? (2) Prayer. Are we like Nehemiah, found "praying without ceasing"? Then like him shall prosper.

## SHORT ARROWS.



THE QUIVER LIFE-BOAT FUND.

E take the earliest opportunity open to us to express our thankfulness at the satisfactory evidences which have already reached us of the hearty response our readers have made, and are still making, to our recent appeal for the perpetuation of The Quiver Life-boats. Although at the time at which these

words are sent to press the fund has been open a few days only, the first hundred pounds have been received, the greater portion being in small amounts. Our first list of acknowledgments will be found on page 704.

#### PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

The brief statement we have just made as to the "good start" accorded to THE QUIVER Life-boat Fund, may well be supplemented by a quotation from one or two out of several most interesting letters sent us by donors and collectors. One kind-hearted friend writes: "I have great pleasure in forwarding these subscriptions (£1 5s.), and I hope you will receive many more like them. They are not large, but we are not a 'large' people-only a hard-working population;" though the writer adds further on that "what has been given has been given willingly." Another touchingly writes: "A small trifle (10s.) from an old woman of 83. . . . Were not my means very small I would readily give more, but my Lord did not disdain two mites." When so beautiful a spirit as this has been evoked by the appeal, we need have no doubt that the Fund will continue to be most amply supported, and that many thousands of our readers will be encouraged to make, amongst themselves and their friends, a strong and decided effort that will once and for all permanently secure to the perishing ones about our coasts the timely succour of THE QUIVER Life-boats.

## THE DIOCESE OF "OPEN AIR."

"Go ye into the highways, and tell them to come in," might be the motto of the Open-air Mission, whose report we have before us. It must be evident, even to the superficial observer, that many thousands of people never go to church at all, and other thousands very irregularly. To these lukewarm Christians and practical unbelievers the preachers of the Mission address themselves. There appears to be an increasing feeling of indifference to attending the church services, and it is to meet the wants, the real wants of many who know not their own needs, that the Openiar Mission is carried on. From some statistics before us we are enabled to perceive a decided increase in the results attained by the preachers. There is an addition in numbers of eighty-six members.

ber of fêtes, races, and other open-air entertainments visited during the year amounted to 1,120, showing an addition of 714. The tracts and other publications distributed amounted to 1,014,355, an addition of 145,108 upon the numbers of previous years. The extent of the work may be imagined when we state there are 396 towns and villages in the United Kingdom wherein the preachers proclaim the Gospeltidings. Let nobody pass by saying this does not concern him.

#### A RESCUE.

An open-air preacher was once addressing a congregation in the Hackney Road, and speaking of the evils of drinking, and his own sad and yet blessed experiences. A woman left the crowd, and, going into a public house, brought out her husband to listen. The preacher spoke to him, and encouraged him to amend. but after a time lost sight of him. About two months afterwards, when preaching, he observed a poor drunkard fall down in the street in a fit. The preacher exclaimed, "The way of transgressors is hard!" "Yes," replied a bystander, who had been listening attentively; "he should do as I have done, give up the drink!" In this reformed character the preacher joyfully recognised the man who had been fetched out of the public-house some weeks before to listen to the address. Both he and his wife were there, well dressed and prosperous. The foregoing are only two out of many instances. We need only add that the offices of the mission are at 14, Duke Street Adelphi, where inquirers may learn in what manner they can be of most use to the Open-air Mission,

### THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

The Lady Mary Egerton lent her rooms a short time ago for the purposes of a meeting in aid of this Society, the objects of which were explained to those present. These are, principally, to bind together, in one society, ladies as associates, and working girls and young women as members, for mutual help, sympathy, and prayer; to encourage purity of life, dutifulness, thrift, and other virtues, and to provide certain privileges. There are a few central rules as to the religious persuasion of the members and associates, and the latter must be of the Church of England, though no restriction is placed upon the members. Sixpence a year is the least contribution required from members, the associates paying more. It is scarcely necessary to say that the conduct of members must be irreproachable. Of this Society Her Majesty the Queen is patron, while many noble and illustrious names of archbishops, bishops, and numerous persons well known in the Church and in society have given in their adherence to it. There is a great field for this Society, and the work it has done and is doing is warmly to

be commended to all Christian people. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, 3, Victoria Mansions, Westminster, S.W., and those interested in the well-being of the Girls' Friendly Society can there obtain the pamphlets and leaflets for distribution.

## A NATIONAL "BARRACKS."

The accompanying engraving gives a view of the building recently purchased by the Salvation Army, as the head-quarters of a movement which of late has attracted considerable attention throughout the country. There is little doubt that this novel evan-

this sort, amounting to a partial loss of independent action, and perhaps of individuality, would be acceptable to the Salvation Army as a whole, or to the leaders of the movement, or to the promiscuous and benighted masses to whom they principally appeal. The solution of these questions is simply a matter of time: we have only to wait, in faith and patience, upon the directing hand of God. Meanwhile, all true Christians will unite in the prayer of faith that the great Head of the Church will order all these things according to His own good pleasure, unto His own eternal glory, and to the spread of the "Kingdom of Our Lord and of His Christ."



A NATIONAL "BARRACKS."

gelistic enterprise has been instrumental in bringing religious conviction to the hearts of many of the most depraved and abandoned to be found in the slums of our great cities and provincial towns, which have been otherwise almost untouched except by the City missionaries, who indeed are greatly over-taxed. Like many another movement of the kind, however, there have been certain extravagances of expression and behaviour calculated to create apprehension in the minds of those who have the best wishes for the continued success of the Army. Provided such extravagances as those recently pointed out by Mr. Stevenson Blackwood are carefully guarded against, this striking movement may become a permanent power for good. More than one bishop has already referred to the Army as being likely to form a valuable auxiliary to the "regular forces" of our organised churches if taken in hand by them. Nevertheless, it may be considered doubtful whether a definite alliance of

### THE LONDON SAMARITAN SOCIETY.

Any one who walks the streets of London late at night, or who takes a "cut" through a court, will find many children sitting or lying on door-steps, fast asleep-homeless and destitute. We have ourselves gone through many of these courts and alleys; and, were this a fitting place, we might record many sad and repulsive, yet heart-moving scenes behind the great thoroughfares, wherein wealth and luxury are, mayhap, passing from opera and theatre. The waifs and strays of this great overgrown London are very numerous, and all who have the welfare of these neglected but precious little souls at heart must appreciate the activity of the Samaritan Society. Although the harvest to be gathered is not limitless, and though the hard-working labourers are many, a great deal remains to be done. Fresh efforts are always needed for these little ones-these starving and homeless children. Food and shelter must be

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found. Let us remember that these children do not suffer because of their own faults. Drunkenness and immorality in the home, cruelty and oppression, have driven them forth. Let us look at them a little closer.

#### TRANSPLANTATION.

Food is the first thing to be provided for these neglected little ones, and the numbers of children who are sent to school of a morning absolutely starving would, if told, astonish those who live at home at ease. In many cases these poor little scholars have no food till evening, when the hardly-earned wage is paid, and food can be purchased. What wonder if the Gospel message passes idly by those who are starving? Let us first give them food to feed the brain and to sustain the body, and then, the ground prepared, we shall be in a position to sow the seed. We can then go and tell them of the Giver of all good, and of Him who bade little children come unto Him. As practical helpers of the poor, we must also assist them to begin life as free as possible from the debasing influences by which they have been sur-We may transplant these wild flowers into a better soil, and experience shows that such transplantation will prove successful. The welcome accorded to two little waifs will be read with pleasure.

## IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A number of young emigrants were sent over not long ago, and a good young Friend came to welcome them. He observed two children crying bitterly, and soon found the cause. A well-meaning lady had agreed to take one child, but not both, to her home, and the children were nigh broken-hearted at the impending separation. But the farmer quickly solved the difficulty by kindly taking both, though he needed none, and put them in his daughter's charge. But his good heart could not bear the separation when the time came to separate. He missed the little faces at his board, and the holy influences of childhood surrounding him. He sought and obtained permission to keep both children, and adopted them. Such is the manner in which the little waifs and strays of our streets are received. They only want opportunity to blossom forth. Fresh air, food, and honest surroundings can be provided if people will attend to the matter, remembering the sacred words, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me."

### THE SANTHUL MISSION.

About seven years ago this mission was founded, and at that time there was no knowledge of God in the district. There were plenty to hear, but none to teach. But the results have been very encouraging and satisfactory. Numbers of the people have been

converted, and two Brahmin priests have also embraced Christianity already. There is promise of more abundant labour, and there can be no doubt whatever that the people are in urgent need of Gospel teaching. We have received some correspondence which tells us of the benighted condition of the people, who are literally "steeped in sin," but there is a gleam of heavenly light shining through the thick darkness, and we have reason to believe it is making its presence felt. The fact that the Brahmin priests have been converted is a very encouraging one, for they have boldly confessed Christ, saying, "We shall be cast out and called all sorts of names for the Gospel's sake; and if we remain as we are, enjoying all the pleasures of this life, and walking in the ways of the world, we are sure to suffer in the world to come." They chose the better part.

#### THE EFFECTS OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.

There is an Indian proverb to the following effect:-"If a pumpkin falls on a saw, the pumpkin is injured, but if the saw falls upon the pumpkin the latter is crushed, though the saw remains uninjured." So the Brahmin priests argued with themselves, and with their brethren, that it would make a great difference to them, but very little to the Almighty, which course they took. They agreed to endure persecution if it must be so, rather than deny their newly accepted religion. The result is that now five Brahmin priests are working for the Gospel, a fact unprecedented in India. Every year we are glad to say new converts are gained by this mission; village after village sends requests for teachers, and to send them the necessary assistance funds, are urgently required, There are at present three missionaries, eight native teachers, a teacher's training school, ten village schools, a hospital and dispensary attached to the district. There is a great deal to be done, it is true, but the almost unprecedented success of the Bethel Santhul Mission should encourage the willing helpers, The Hon. Treasurer is Mr. Pattison, 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, and he will be glad to hear from the well-wishers of the mission.

#### SIR ROBERT PEEL'S PRAYER.

In reference to a note on the above subject, which appeared in The QUIVER for June, 1881, we are requested to say that the prayer in question was not composed by Sir Robert Peel himself, but was written for him by the Rev. Samuel McAll, who, under feelings of deep respect for the great statesman, composed and privately transmitted to him the prayer in question.

### THE BIBLE IN ITALY.

While so much attention has lately been directed towards Rome, and a deceased hero in the battlefields of the world, it is satisfactory to perceive that the soldier in Italy is girding up his loins to fight the good fight and carry with him the shield of his faith in God. The Society for the free distribution of the Scriptures has reached with its extending arms the Roman soldiery, and in their leisure hours many are seen reading the Bible aloud, or listening to it when read. The effect upon some is already marked, and one soldier, when he returned to his village, proceeded to convert his relations and friends. The priest endeavoured to dissuade him from reading the Scriptures, but without success. The soldiers had opened a church, and many of their friends and relations immediately availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the Gospel. This is one result of the distribution of Bibles amongst the soldiery.

#### THE MILITARY CHURCH AT ROME.

Thus a military Church has been established as an effective weapon of the Church militant, and to this Church persons of every rank and of every military position and grade belong. Not only the private soldiers are eager to learn the word of God and keep it, but visitors to the officers' quarters find They also come to the Bible upon their tables. the assemblies, and do not hesitate to express their anxious desire to be enrolled amongst the soldiers of Christ. It is remarkable in this connection that not only Italian Christians but Jews have been induced to attend and listen to the ministrations of the military church. When the circumstances are considered, when we remember the depths of superstition into which the Italian soldier, perhaps more than many others, is plunged, we shall feel grateful that the free distribution of the Scriptures has worked

so well and successfully. Freely we have received the Gospel message, let us as freely distribute it, and assist Mrs. Robertson (whose address is 1, Oakhill Park, Hampstead, N.W.) in her most praiseworthy, and, we are glad to add, appreciated efforts,

#### A PRISON MISSION.

We have before us extracts from the report of the Nine Elms Prison Mission, which was instituted for the benefit and assistance of discharged female prisoners. The need to put these women into some respectable way of earning their livelihood will be acknowledged by all as a most desirable work, and this mission undertakes to find the destitute prisoners occupation. There is a large laundry fitted up for them at Nine Elms, and during the past twelve months nearly two hundred women have been therein employed. The laundry is quite self-supporting, and in connection with it are successful sewing classes and mothers' meetings, as well as Gospel teaching, which is, of course, one prominent feature of the mission. The absolute necessity for such teaching will be readily recognised, even among the better portion of the discharged prisoners; but the condition, both moral and physical, of a large number of the women when they are sent forth from the prisons is something to shudder One instance is related of a woman at not to see. who had been committed to prison two hundred times, but who now, in consequence of these loving efforts, has given up drinking, and become a truly reformed character. Many very influential ladies and gentlemen are engaged in this good work. Help will be gladly acknowledged, and there is great need of assistance.

# THE CRY OF THE OVER-WORKED SHOP-GIRLS.

A PLEA.

WE.

EARY, oh weary, pass we in yearning,
All at the close of the long summer hours,
Where the deep hearts of the roses are burning,
And meadows are laughing with flowers,

Breathe we the hay, honeysuckle, and clover, Hear the birds singing, and look to the sky; Touch the light grasses—and start to discover Some one is waiting to buy!

Girls are among us, delicate-featured, Footsore and faint from the standing all day; O ye, their sisters, so tenderly-natured! Turn not aside as we pray.

Slowly but surely, strength changeth to ailing, Young hearts die deep in the atmosphere dim; Bread must be earned—but these girlish lives failing—

God hears them call unto Him.

Some, with their tired eyes hungrily paining, Hold to their lips what has once been a flower; Some, grown too used to the pitiless straining, Crave not one holiday hour.

Will ye not buy ere the last ling'ring shadows?
Will ye not trade whilst the world labours on?
Then at the eventide, point to the meadows,
Tell us that toiling is done,

Brighten in side-streets of yon weary city
Eyes that could weep, had they leisure for tears;
Bring to God's air, in your thrice-blessed pity,
Souls that have served you for years.

O let the overwork-burden be lifted!
O let the hand of your mercy be given,
Setting us free, ere the night-dews have drifted—
Free for the sweet winds of Heaven!

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## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

122. Many references are made by Jeremiah to the Psalms; mention some passage which is doubtless a quotation by him from the first Psalm.

123. Where was Tophet situated, and for what was it noted?

124. What region or country is mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, of the position of which nothing is known?

125. What mention was made by Moses of the antiquity of the city of Hebron?

126. St. Paul speaks of the necessity which was laid upon him to preach the Gospel—quote some words of Jeremiah, expressing the same feelings concerning his prophecy.

127. What one instance is there of an Epistle being written by a prophet?

128. What ceremony was performed by the Jews, in order to render a Treaty more solemn and more binding?

129. Where is the last mention made of the house of the Rechabites?

130. Who is the first of the African race mentioned as believing in the true God?

131. From what passage do we gather that the Israelites, like the heathen, had a protecting deity for each town?

132. From whom were the Rechabites descended?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

109. He tells us of the pit which Asa the king of Judah digged because of his fear of Baasha. (Jer. xli, 9.) 110. It refers to the method of attacking towns in ancient times, by throwing up a mound against the wall, whence the soldiers could rush upon the wall and thus into the city. (Jer. xxxii. 24 and vi. 6.)

111. In the beginning of the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah (probably about the fourth year of the reign), when he had spoken of the seventy years' captivity in Babylon. (Jer. xxvi. 8—24; xxv. 1.)

112. Isa. xi. 6-9.

113. Song of Solomon ii. 3.

114. "To the crackling of thorns under a pot." (Eccles vii. 6.)

115. Jer. xxvi, 8-24.

116. "Behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar and brazen walls against the whole land, and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail." (Jer. i. 18, 19.)

117. He refers to their manner of speaking in a low voice, to make it appear as though the sound came forth from the ground, (Isa, xxix. 4.)

118. The forsaking the true God, and the worshipping of idols. (Jer. ii. 13.)

119. "Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord are these." "They say, Is not the Lord among us? None evil can come upon us." (Jer. vii. 4: Micah iii. 11.)

120. The parable of the seed growing in secret, (Mark iv. 26—29.)

121. It meant that St. Matthew had collected the tax or duty laid upon goods brought in boats across the Sea of Galilee. (Matt, ix. 9.)



## "QUIVER" LIFE-BOAT FUND.

FIRST LIST.

ALTHOUGH up to the date of our going to press this fund has only been open a very short time, the Editor thankfully acknowledges the following amounts, which have reached him up to June 27th, 1882.

£ 5.1	f s d.	€ s. d.,	£ s d.
F. G. Hibbir Old Kent Rd o tt 2	A Subscriber, Southsea o 5 o	C. Steer Buckingham St. N. o 5 o	Miss Bindloss, Holloway 1 5 6
Capt. T. Dawson, "Shampock" x x x	W. Cordukes, Sheriff Hutton o 5 o	A Well Wisher, Rotherhithe o to o	1. Reed, Woolwich 8 6
I. G. Fleming, Regent's Pk Sq. o 10 o	J. Webb, York 5 0 0	A. Robinson, Northampton o a 6	Mrs. Lee, Bromley 1 10 0
S. L. St. Ives, Hunts 1 8 o	Lucy Scott, Belfast 0 6 3	S. Stone, Rotherhithe \$t 6 5 6	Mrs.& MissMoore, Hildenboro 0 40 0
lumbo's Mite 0 0 1	T.C 0 1 0	Mary Allett, Leicester o 5 o	M. E 0 3 9
Rose Wood, Chertsey 0 15 0	A. Knight, Headley 0 2 6	S. Andrew, Boston o a 9	E. E. Maunder, Wallingford 0 8 9
E. N. Reid, Morningside o 15 o	G. Marshall, Barnoldswick o 5 o	G. T. Skinner, Deptford 0 13 0	A. W. Withers, Churchfield 0 3 2
F. Mercer, Lower Clapton o 5 o	Miss Hayley, High Broughton 5 o o	W. Boddington, Kentish Town o 2 6	I. Fowler, Edinburgh 0 12 0
I. Seager, Haverstock Hill 1 9 6	Miss Roper, Ulverston 0 3 0	S. Blake, Streatham Hill o t o	A. Litchfield, Tunbdge, Wells o 10 0
Mrs. Sargood, Croydon 5 0 0	H. H. Bridemorth o 2 0	Mrs. Peake, Newcastle 5 0 0	D. J. Mitcheson 0 10 0
"Little lack," Newcastle o 2 6	E. H. Lockver, Clifton o 8 o	Kate Home, St. Neots o 4 3	E. Capel, Camberwell 1 0 0
"Madchen," Nottingham o 2 6	H. Watson, Riding Mill 0 2 6	W. B. C., Lymington o 10 0	E. M. L. Tamworth 0 5 0
I. R., Halifax 0 1 0	W. A. Friends, Woburn o 4 o	Amelia Iones, Birmingham o to o	Harold Elliott, Newbury 0 15 0
A. and I. Alexander, Glasgow 1 7 5	E. Richards, Tavistock Square I o o	Iulia Hastings, Bickley 0 6 11	E. Wade, Henbury 0 5 0
R. Brushfield, Spitalnelds o 11 6	Eliza Phelps, Ringwood o 4 8	Mary Denham, Hartlepool 0 10 0	Dora Gray, Weldon 0 3 0
Miss Clark, Notting Hill 1 13 3	A. J. Mobberley, Stourbridge o 4 o	Lissie, Enniskean o 1 3	Jane Perry, Plymouth 1 17 0
Miss Bishopp, Bicknor o 4 5	M. Bettesworth, Amersham o I o	J. C., Redleaf 0 10 0	Jane Hall, Midlothian 0 3 9
The Misses Rous, Cardiff 2 0 0	L. E. E., Clifton 10 0 0	B. W., Weymouth 0 2 6	Ernest L. R 0 2 0
L. E. Gilburt 0 2 6	Mrs. Meredith, Salop I o e	E. L. L., Castle Cary o 5 o	E Polhill, Brighton 0 3 0
L. S. Castledine, Old Sleaford o 13 3	W. S., Sheffield o 5 o	A Friend, South Yeo 5 0 0	F. A. J. H
A. F. Edmonstone, Edinburgh 1 0 0	S. Fmerson, Rochester 0 12 10	J. B. Larkhall 1 0 0	Laura Russell, Malton 0 10 0
Mrs. Chalk, Blackheath 2 2 0	A. Hassall, Beeston 1 0 0	Miss Field, Great Grimsby I o o	E. Fullham, Hunstanton 0 6 0
Annie Kempshall, Petersfield 0 2 6	K. M. Knott, Burton Lazars o 1 3	H. F. Coventry, Newcastle o 15 o	Mrs. Winter's pupils, Newport 0 0
Barron Smith, Bocking o 5 o	H. Powell, Elkington o 9 6	A Friend, Edinburgh 5 0 0	Ella Tarrani, Camberwell 0 3
E. Le Gros, Jersey 0 12 6	Mr. Bright, Bocking o to o	Henry Munn, Leeds 1 5 0	E. Peters, Teignmouth 019
B. and J. Simpson, Dollar 1 5 6	E. Tucker, S.W 0 10 0	R. M. D. and L. J 0 6 0	C. J. Woodrow, Sansbury 0 10 5
Alice Kettle, Kingston-on-Th. o to o	Leicester o 1 o	W. Pidduck, Canterbury 2 2 0	F. J. Possey, Dunstable 0 10 6
H. Martin, North Woolwich 0 7 0	L. L., Stafford 0 5 0	M. J. Collins, Birmingham 0 5 0	Margaret Master, Wigtown 1 15
5. K 0 3 0	Ann Whaley, Hawes o 5 o	Mrs. Oubreby, Chepstow 0 10 0	Flore Combiner Capulan Sci. 0 5 0
Southampton o 0 4 0	John Galloway, Edinburgh . 1 1 o	E. Kodinson, Newby Frioge 1 3 0	Piora Cardener, Califfen Sq 0 3
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## DEATH AND THE LIFE TO COME.

(SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE OF THE WAY.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



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HE world knows no deeper note than thunder, nor any shadow so dark as death. His dwellingplace is the valley of shade; his symbol is a skeleton; his music is human agonies, and his drink the tears of women and of men. He has been called for many an age the King of Terrors, and he has been the genius of sorrow and desolation by the cradle of the infant and the bed of the hoary. It is he who has ridden across affrighted Europe in the black plague and the cholera, striking men down by alarm as much as disease, and arousing

curses against the God of Life, who made them but to suffer and to die.

He is the great Communist of the earth. There is no grade of mortals to him, no rich, no poor, no wicked, and no good. The battlements that have rolled back the surging tide of war, have been silently surrendered under his baleful breath. Distances that bade defiance to the progress of disease, have been leaped by him at one fatal bound. The saint, mute in adoration, has fallen as he prayed; and the criminal, red from blood, has been as suddenly summoned before his Judge. The lad who slept all summer beneath the shadow of the hayrick, the city outcast who lay alternately under railway arch and on broken doorstep, has each his time and his signal. The ice of the poles and the torrid fields of the tropics know his face, mark his approach, and bewail his presence.

Nor is it any wonder. Death is pain. The pain is not indeed of body; but even of physical suffering there is enough. Sometimes we hear of the candle flickering out, of the sea's flood of life ebbing calmly, of the heart like a wearied bird dropping down to rest. And such cases are full of memoried consolation to those who stay behind. But Death's real struggle took place long before. The battle had been won by him; he was sure of his prey, and gloated over it. The rending of life's power is not easily done. The functions so proudly fulfilled by lung and heart, by muscle and nerve and vein, are not willingly surrendered. They tell us that generally speaking a body sufficiently nourished and preserved from shock and accident has no need to die. The machine will work its work honestly, unless some thief comes to stop its resources or to break its power. God, indeed, is merciful to the doomed,

and the pain is borne sometimes under unconsciousness, and sometimes wrapped in the attending sorrow of parting love.

For many have often sung-

"I leave the world without a tear, Save for friends I hold so dear."

Yes, but that is the chiefest cause of tears. The soldier does not blanch at the thought of bayonet-thrust or cannon's mouth; but he cannot bear the leave-taking of wife and child. Conscience makes cowards of many; love, if it were not the godliest of virtues, would make cowards of us all. As Lovelace sang when he was called to the wars:—

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou, too, shalt adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

Here, then, is the shadow doubly deep, or rather it grows into parallel shadows black as Cerberean night. The dying see it and are dismayed; and the deserted who stay awhile behind feel it and are desolate.

A young husband is called from work—with a call louder than the world's clamour-to the bedside of the fresh and blooming wife, who yesterday walked the earth in the pride of imperial There was no herald of the monloveliness. Quick as the flash that breaks the strous foe. summer's cloud, the shaft of destruction fell. Hope never hung so precious and yet so distant. Vain efforts are made to clasp it. Symptoms are palliated, dangers depreciated; and yet the dread and fear assume their sway. A child of five years plays about the bed, a younger one of three endeavours to clasp its mother's hand-her own sweet babes; it is hard, it is cruel to bid them separate. And he, the strength and protector of the house, the hero of many a dream, the comfort of the present and the future's hope, for him where is there comfort? There upon that bed lies all that makes earth valuable, the prize of youth, the jewel of manhood, the fellow traveller to the gate of heaven; and yet she must hasten so far before, and leave him alone, in the bitter loneliness of widowhood, broken-hearted and shattered, dead to life, and living only in the love of death.

And Death, too, looks askance upon all we value on earth, dragging us from work and ambition, breaking down our bridge that we were fondly building over the river of difficulty, and snatching the staff from the pilgrim's hand. A good man's work is very dear to him. It is his

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third love of earth. It occupies more of his time than aught else. It carries in its lap the security of home, the sustenance of life, and the consolation of weakness and age. God, too, works so constantly Himself, and loathes idleness so deeply, that rest seems denied to all His operations, and the good must work to be Godlike. It is a great commandment written also by His own hand, and repeated by His lips to His bravest champion. It is the world's hope, too: for it undoes the world's decay, fertilises its deserts, awakens its sweetness and its beauty, and enables men to love and be lovely in their lives. Indeed, the highest among us have conceived that nothing else can entitle a man to live than to leave the earth better than he found it. Whosoever may staunch its wounds, and salve its sores, or who, under brighter star, makes wound and sore impossible, lives with purpose that must prevail. And he who listens to the deeper groans of the heart, to suffering of soul and mind, who would minister to such with something of the softness of an angel's hand, who bids the causes of sin and its long tales of suffering to cease from God's great world, who determines that the Satan's banquet of pauperism and misery, drunkenness and crime, shall stop—is surely an aureoled saint of heaven. It is not marvellous that men should lose themselves in their work, and declare, with William Wilberforce, that they never thought of their own souls. To them, living is effectingnot striving merely with sentiment and moral, but succeeding in the attempt to assist the good, and trample down the ill. There is a hand beckoning to them that the vulgar see not, and a voice speaking words, even in sin's prison-house, that others hear not. They live only to work.

But death respects them not, nor their purpose, nor their late success. He passes many another door, and enters theirs. He cuts the web they are weaving, and stops the shuttle. He silences the harmonies that are just beginning to sound amid a thousand discords. He opens afresh streams of evil that they had stopped, and awakens to new pangs men and women who were all but saved. That is hard. The useful taken and the worth-

less left to cumber the ground.

Ah, sir, the good die first:
And we whose lives are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.

Go on, O Death; pursue thy career. Thou heapest up hate and curses against thee, and help-less, heart-bleeding man awaits a Stronger than thou.

"Death, beautiful, wise Death, when will you come and tell me what I want to know?" Nay, tell us first somewhat of thyself. That is a mystery deeper than any well of this big universe, except

God Himself. Yet, thou art part of even Him. It is His will that we die now; whether it would have been so had all gone well with us, we cannot tell. But, Death, now—well, thou art somehow my Father's angel; and however keen the sorrow and dark the misery, thou shalt have kindly hostelage. Somewhere we shall find and sometime shall understand why thou hast acted so.

And even now, taking the facts that we see, may we not explain much, and ascertain how it happens that the good fear not, and often welcome death, and that one who had anticipated much of its suffering, could exclaim, "O Death,

where is thy sting?'

It is, indeed, our religion, and that only, which has chequered the shadow with crossing gleams of light; helping us at once to bend before the supreme decree with perfect resignation, and to feel confident that the pain, the parting, and the disappointment, are a portion of the unread roll of beatified human life. Indeed, if we take death away, we remove to the common mind the closest argument for piety. Nothing pictures to it so vividly the necessity for reformation and holiness as the possibility of dying at any time, and the assurance of judgment afterwards. What would happen if I died now? is a question which has a thousand times determined a soul for heaven. The careless indolence which lets opportunity pass, and awaits same inevitable chance, is left no standing ground. After death-better a thousandfold to make sure of that before.

Death helps us to realise the unseen. There is nothing more difficult than to imagine life extinct. Wordsworth wrote once of a cottage girl who could not conceive, with her eight years of thought, that the brothers who had played with her were gone, and Coleridge expressed the difficulty well in the stanza which he prefixed to

the poem :-

A simple child, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?

And the mighty Greek, who, first among the heathen, threw into form the belief in immortality, was compelled to ally it with the belief in existence before we were born. cannot think of life beginning, or of life ending. And so we fancy the dead as only gone to the distance upon a track which we must follow: and only changed in circumstance, not in essence or reality. We reach forward, too, in our own minds, to grasp these new modes of existence. The scene is pictured rightly or wrongly by each of us. The great vast spirit-land rises like a misty city of the hills-dim, but true. We open our eyes to catch minarets and towers: our ears are alert to hear some strain of its celestial Nor are our own dead alone there. Other souls, and the bright companies of angels,

and the Lamb that was slain, and the glorious light that surrounds the Throne, have become theirs, and are becoming ours. The mother sees her boy of four fair summers there; the husband knows that this is the new assembly in which the loving heart of his lost one has mingled; the boy at sea looks upward through the whistling shrouds beyond the watching stars, and because his mother is there, he knows that heaven and immortality are true.

And, again, before this fixed and firm adamant of the universe, all meaner hopes are shattered. The world, with its tumults and its glories—what are they to this? Death must come; and beyond death is the Eternal City. Which is the cynosure of my ambition? I stake against that the highest, widest, fairest prospects of earth; and even the crowns of earth are dross, and the thrones of earth but dust, com-

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Thus, too, I am drawn closer to God. If I must be a citizen there, I must here be qualified for my freedom. Without holiness, I cannot look upon God. Down in the valley is the Shadow with the keys, beckoning me forward; above, in the skies, is the voice which exclaims, "Come up hither." There are times when such thoughts press upon us with a keen poignancy. But at no time, nor under any circumstance, do

they come with such reality as in the presence of death. It is then that the door is literally opened in heaven,

Yes: for death does open it. In Sir Noel Paton's picture of the Angel of Death, the knight to whom the message has come stands upon the ruined catastrophe of earth's battle-field. front hangs a black curtain; by his side stands a dark repulsive figure. It is the figure of Death. He has hideous emblems. Around him and within the shape of a grisly skeleton is seen. suddenly the curtain is drawn away. with enrapturing strains is heard, and gleams of sweetest light come forth to dispel the gloom. The figure changes, too, and takes a lovely angel's shape—with an angel's countenance and an angel's smile. The door of death is the door of life; and Death's messenger is the last best embassage that our Father sends to earth.

To grasp this with a firm and unshrinking hand is hard at first. It needs time, meditation, and communion with the Highest. But the mount of Transfiguration is not far from the valley of work, and Jesus Christ will take thither the valiant of the saints, and make them to enjoy even now the presence and intercourse of the blessed dead.

## INTO A LARGER ROOM.

BY C. DESPARD, AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," "OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

AT SEAFORD CASTLE ONCE MORE.



ADY MACKEN-ZIE gained her point, and shortly after the evening they spent together at her house in town, she carried off Adela and her children to Seaford Castle.

In her weak state, the memories of the place were almost too much for Adela at first. When they drove up the well-remem-

bered avenue, bordered with pine woods, and overlooking the fruit and flower garden, which lay far below in a sheltered hollow, her face turned very pale, and Queen Mab and Herbert were frightened to see her eyes fill with tears. But Lady Mackenzie diverted the children's attention, and presently their mother was herself again.

"It seems like coming home," said Adela, looking round her. "I could almost imagine my dear Lady Mountmorris coming to meet me down the avenue. When I went out without her, she generally walked as far as this to meet me."

Lady Mackenzie asked Adela if she was prepared to see another very old friend.

"I expect poor Sally is watching for you," she said. "She is nearly sightless now, and very feeble; but she never ceases to speak of her Miss Adela."

"It was Sally and Jan who saved me," said Adela.

"Yes. Sally tells me the story of that wonderful night whenever I pay her a visit. She continues, you know, to be firmly persuaded that your parents were people of consequence. Last winter, when she was suffering agonies from rheumatism, she used to complain of living so long, and said once that, if it were not for her Miss Adela, she would pray God that it might please Him now to take her to Himself."

"Poor Sally!" said Adela, with a smile, "she

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thinks her evidence will be useful to me some day."

"And so it may," replied Lady Mackenzie. "I am inclined, do you know, to share Sally's opinion. You must have relatives, and it is perfectly certain that your parents were not common people."

Here, Mab and Herbert, who had been growing restless, begged to be allowed to run the rest of the way. They were put down, and the carriage rolled on swiftly, and there was complete silence between Adela and her companion, till at last the fine façade of the beautiful old house came in sight.

Adela looked out eagerly. There, beneath the porch, clinging to one of its pillars for support, and looking forward with dim eyes, was the old woman, who, thirty years before, had nursed into life the spark of vital flame still left in the little waif brought to her by her husband from the sea.

"Is my Miss Adela there?" they heard her cry; and presently her arms were about her nursling, and her tears were raining fast over the thin hands of the toil-worn woman, who, to her, was a young girl still,

They led Sally into her own little housekeeper's room, and sat with her till she was calmer. The meeting with her child had unloosed her tongue, and she prattled, as the aged will, about the days that had gone by. Again she told the oft-repeated story, vividly clear to her imagination, as if it had taken place but yesterday, of the white child brought to her door on that dark night of storm.

"A fine babe," she said, over and over again; "ay, a fine babe,"

When at last they left Sally, and persuaded her to rest, Lady Mackenzie asked her guest if she had never made any effort to discover her parentage, or find out whether she had no relatives in the world; to which Adela answered that when she was a girl she had often had romantic notions.

"When I gained sense," she said, "I made up my mind that, if my life had been of any value to any one, I should have been inquired after. You know my kind friend and first teacher—dear old Andrew Sargent, the late minister here—had full accounts of the shipwreck published in the papers; he also drew up a statement about me, which he made the survivors from the wreck sign. That is kept in the vestry of the chapel. Then, Sally has the clothes in which I was picked up, all marked with my name in full. I really don't think it would be difficult to identify me, if I were wanted; but, at this time of day, that would be most unlikely. Oh, I have quite given up all hope of turning out a lost princess."

"Stranger things have happened," said Lady Mackenzic.

She was curious about the relics of Adela's childhood; and on the next day, in the presence of Mrs. de Montmorency—who had driven over to make inquiries about Adela—and of the eager excited children, Sally Geen opened her treasure-box, and drew out the tiny clothes, yellow with age, on which Adela Mafieo's name could still be faintly traced. Then they went to the vestry of the chapel, and were allowed to examine the document which Andrew Sargent had drawn up, and the papers containing an account of the wreck, that, by his directions, had been stored up with it.

Mrs. de Montmorency, who was deeply interested, drew attention to the fact that the papers were local, not metropolitan. A London paper, she said, would have given wider circulation to the story.

They talked it all over in the little turret-room that had been Adela Maffeo's favourite haunt, and that Lady Mackenzie, with the delicacy of feeling which was inherent in her, had fitted up charmingly, to serve the purpose of a studio for her guest.

Mrs. de Montmorency was so full of interest that Lady Mackenzie accused her laughingly of sharing her own romantic views,

The fact was that Ralph had just written to his mother, giving her an account of his interview with Ada Hartley, telling what were their suspicions, relating the steps he had taken, and promising a visit in company with their solicitor, Mr. Longby, who had been successful in obtaining the particulars of Joshua Ledger's first will, and who wished, before communicating with Gaveston Smith on the subject of his, in all probability, wrongfully acquired property, to make sure of Adela Lacy's identity with the child saved from the wreek.

The news was naturally most exciting to Mrs. de Montmorency, but she had been closely charged by her son to say nothing to any one until matters were more advanced.

"We believe we hold Gaveston Smith in our hands," he wrote, "by certain letters which he wrote years ago, and which he thinks probably are forgotten. But Mrs. Hartley, who has the clearest head for business, and the shrewdest judgment that I have ever found in any woman, kept those letters sacredly, and, if the necessity arises, they can be produced as evidence that, long ago, he had discovered the secret which, through Mrs. Hartley's shrewdness, and that alone, will now, we hope, be made public. Our belief is that he will surrender everything rather than have the letters brought into court. Meanwhile, however, it is necessary that neither he, nor any one else, should have any inkling of what is going on."

When Mrs. de Montmorency, therefore, was taxed with entertaining romantic views, she made haste to change the subject of conversation. One of her last visits before she left London had been to Mabel Lacy, and, knowing how deeply Adela was interested in her young sister-in-law, she gave an account of the visit.

"I never saw so sad a change," she said, "And the rumour goes that her father wishes to marry her, against her will, to an American, enormously wealthy, but of very peculiar views."

Lady Mackenzie said Mr. Lacy did not deserve to have children.

Adela asked Mrs. de Montmoreney if she knew where the Lacys were, and when told that they had gone to Bracklesby for Douglas Lacy's marriage, she appealed to both her friends to do something to save poor Mabel.

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"My hands are tied," she said, very sadly. "I must not even write. But either of you might. It

kenzie. "Most likely he will bring us more information. A girl like Mabel Lacy cannot be married, you know, at a moment's notice."

With this Adela was compelled to be satisfied.



"What was her surprise when she found that the letter was addressed to Mrs. Herbert Lacy."-p. 712.

is terrible that so sweet a girl should be ruined, for to Mabel, I am convinced, a loveless marriage means ruin."

"But no one can force her will," said Mrs. de Montmorency.

"Ah! but you do not know all the circumstances."

"Let us wait till Ralph comes," said Lady Mac-

In the meantime, Ralph, Mr. Longby, and Ada Hartley were on their way to The Glen, which was the name of Mrs. de Montmorency's place. Everything was arranged. They had seen Gaveston Smith, confronted him with his letters, and forced from him, under stress of sudden fear, the confession that, when he wrote them, he had discovered the identity of

Mrs. Lacy's governess with the Adela Maffeo saved from the wreck. They drew from him the explanation that Joshua Ledger, slowly recovering then from the terrible shock inflicted upon him by his nephew's loss, had promised Gaveston's father, who was his man of business, that, in the event of nothing transpiring about Cesario and his child, Gaveston should be his heir.

At that time this second will had not been drawn up, and the lawyer hoped, by uniting Adela's fate with his own, and claiming the merit of having discovered her, to make his hope for the future a certainty in the present. In his ardour he overreached himself, and gave important proofs of his false-dealing into the hands of others. Little, however, had he imagined that those proofs would be forthcoming at the right moment. Confronted with them, his cowardly spirit revealed itself. He gave up every-He became abject-grovelling. He threw himself on the mercy of Mr. Longby and Mr. de Montmorency. He entreated them to remember for how many years he had looked forward to obtaining this inheritance, and abjectly begged them not to rob him of everything.

To take the case into court would have been both tedious and expensive, and the two gentlemen determined to come to a settlement with this man. For the term of his life he was to be allowed the enjoyment of a certain income from the estate; he, in return, pledging himself, if the proofs of Adela Lacy's identity with the child saved from the wreck should prove conclusive to the sense of six arbitrators, three of whom should be appointed by any friend he might choose, of good reputation in the legal world, and three by Mr. Longby, he would oppose no obstacle to Adela Lacy at once taking possession of the enormous fortune bequeathed to her by her great-uncle. It was further agreed that, under such circumstances, the compromising letters should be kept secret entirely.

Adela's three friends and champions now determined to hurry into Devonshire, investigate the evidence there, and, should it prove satisfactory to themselves, call together the little court of arbitrators,

They travelled by the express from London to Exeter, starting early in the afternoon. But at Salisbury, which was the first stoppage, Ada left them, and made her way back to London, en route for Hampshire.

It seemed like a coincidence—she believed it a providential occurrence—that amongst the letters and papers which Ralph thrust in his pocket, before he left his chambers, there should be one bearing the well-remembered post-mark of her old home.

"Ah!" she said, as he unfolded it, "I know the look of that paper. It is the *Hampshire Chronicle*, is it not?"

"Yes; but why in the world has it been sent to me?"

He cast his eye along the columns, and presently saw that a passage was marked. He read it, and passed the paper silently to Ada, who burst into tears, The paragraph was headed, "Sad Termination to a Fashionable Wedding." It contained an elaborate description of Douglas Lacy's marriage. Then followed a brief account of the sudden seizure of the bridegroom's father, and his sad return to his own home.

When Ada read this, it seemed as if all the past her father's neglect for long years, his opposition to her marriage, his apparent forgetfulness of her very existence—was forgotten.

"I must go to them at once," she said. "I hoped to be the first to give Adela the good news. You will tell her," and she smiled at Ralph through her tears, "that I was the first discoverer of the secret, and let her know why I cannot go on. She will hear from me from Bracklesby."

### CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE LESSONS OF PAIN.

BUT Ada did not reach Bracklesby until the first danger was over. Mr. Lacy's stroke had been a partial one. On the day following his seizure, the white rigidity left his face; he was able to move his limbs, and he recovered the use of his speech, though he spoke haltingly, and seemed to have a difficulty, now and then, in finding the words he wanted.

When he was asleep and did not want her, Mabel brought her desk into his room and wrote the following letter.

My dear Adela,—You will be surprised and grieved to learn that, after many struggles with myself. I have made up my mind to act against your advice. Please do not hate me, if you can help it. Indeed, it is no desire for wealth or ease that has tempted me to come to this decision. I had rather work for my bread, much rather; but perhaps it is wrong to say so, for he is to be my husband, and I must try not to dislike him. Dear Adela, hink kindly of me if you can, and believe that my motive is not a bad one. I confess, at the same time, that I am acting freely. The decision I have taken is my own. If you will say to any one who may happen to be interested in me, that I am acting in this way because I must, because no other course is open to me, I shall be even more thankful to you than I am now.

This was the gist of the letter. When she had written it, Mabel sat for a few moments with her hands clasped, looking out drearily, the image of despair. It was like a committal of herself to "unpath'd waters, untried shores." She was seized with a shuddering fit. Could she make this great and terrible sacrifice? Could she? and if she could, would it be right? It required a glimpse of her father's white drawn face, and a remembrance of the doctor's parting words—"His mind must be freed from anxiety; that is the chief point"—before she could put up and send away this letter, which seemed to seal her to her purpose.

Shortly after she had written it, while she was sitting idly in the half light, she heard her father's voice, weak and faltering, but clearer than it had been.

"Is that you, Mabel?" he said,

She went close to him. "Yes, papa, it is I. Do you want anything?"

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"Only to speak to you, dear. Sit down beside me."

The nurse came with his medicine, and then, at a sign from Mabel, left the room. Father and daughter were alone together. Now was the young girl's opportunity to give her father that peace of mind without which he might never recover.

"You are better, dear," said Mabel, tremulously, stroking the hand which lay helpless on the coverlet; "we shall soon have you up and about again."

"That would make you glad, Mabel?"

"Papa, how can you ask such a question? But I know you don't mean it. You could not possibly doubt my love for you."

He looked at her in a searching way, as if he wished to be certain of her sincerity; and, making a strong effort to preserve her composure, she went on—

"I see what it is; you are thinking of me as disobedient still. But I am not disobedient. Look up, papa. Listen to me, dear. I am your little Mabel, and you shall do what you like with me, and I am sure"—the words nearly choked her, but she went through with them bravely—"I am sure it will be as you say—best for all of us."

Mabel was determined not to tremble—not to weep—not to look like a martyr. She believed she was doing a thing that was foolish and weak, and by no means heroic, painful though it might be. But her great pity and her great love had altogether been too much for her. She acted as she did because it was impossible for her to act otherwise.

When she had spoken the words, however, her heart failed her. She had been able to restrain her tears and govern her voice; but this trembling of her limbs, this coldness and death-like pallor, this gathering darkness, which wrapped her round in its impenetrable folds—what was the meaning of them?

"God support me! God help me!" murmured the poor girl, while for one terrible instant her every feeling was swallowed up in one engrossing fear, one awful physical shrinking from what, having never fainted in her life, she thought must surely be death.

It seemed a long time to her. She was conscious of trying, but in vain, to call out for the nurse; of creeping outside the bed-curtains, lest her father should observe her condition; and of seeing, as in a vision, how, if anything happened to her, he might be thrown back immeasurably—thrown back for ever. Her breath came gaspingly; the cold drops stood upon her brow; there seemed to be a wheel in her brain turning round and round unceasingly. It would have been an unspeakable relief to give in—to let herself drop on the ground—to rest from this tormenting struggle.

But she would not. For those few moments that was the whole of her feeling. Then, her youthful energy coming to the help of her powerful desire to be wise and strong, she threw off her languor suddenly.

Making a strong effort, she rose to her feet; the blood came leaping to her face, and so glad was she of her victory that she was able to put aside the curtain and to smile quite happily, as if she had only been playing at hide-and-seek, in remembrance of long-departed childish days.

But her beautiful unselfishness was not to miss its

Mr. Lacy had caught a glimpse of her blanched face; he had guessed what made her hide herself; and a pang of self-reproach, such as he had never felt before, smote upon his heart.

Yet it was not altogether a new feeling. During those hours of pain and helplessness, when the outside world had been shut out from him, the mind of the rich and self-willed man was busily working.

"This is a wicked thing that you are doing," his conscience said to him again and again, with monotonous persistence. "To your own greed and worldliness you are offering up your child. Take time—think. This illness may be God's messenger in disguise."

He tried to lull the warning voice. He could not yet make up his mind to put back the hand which had been outstretched to save him from a fate which, to a man of his feelings and ideas, would be worse than death; and when Mabel announced her intention of submitting herself unreservedly to his will, his first feeling was altogether selfish.

But the poor girl's sudden weakness and heroic conquest of herself opened his eyes, and his conscientious scruples gained ground. When Mabel set aside the curtains, and looked down upon him with that brave sweet smile upon her face, he dared not meet her glance.

Thinking that she had chosen a wrong time to speak, and that her father was not strong enough yet to think of anything beyond the sick-room, Mabel said, gently—

"But we have plenty of time to talk about the future. I should not have mentioned it now, only I thought you looked anxious, and the doctor says you must have an easy mind, if you are to get weil quickly. You will get well quickly now, won't you, papa?"

She felt she must have one word of acknowledgment from him. But he kept silence, and, feeling painfully restless, she rose and began to busy herself with arranging in a basket the beautiful flowers that had been sent to them that day. And Mr. Laey was glad she should leave him. He could not bear that she should see the tears which forced their way under his eyelids. He was thinking not of Mabel alone, but of his other children—of Herbert, who had died cast off; of Ada, who was unforgiven still.

"I have been a wicked father!" he said to himself, sadly; "and now I am meeting my punishment."

He closed his eyes, and Mabel thought he was asleep, but presently, stopping near his pillow, she saw his eyes wide open, and full of some expression which was new to her. The change alarmed her, and she made a movement towards the hand-bell,

Her father stopped her.

"Sit down, Mabel," he said, with a return to his old dictatorial manner. "No, my dear child, I am not worse, I am better, I hope-better than I have ever been before."

"Papa, what can you mean!"

"I mean this, dear: I thank you for the love you have shown me to-day, but I do not accept your sacrifice. There, that is all I have to say. You are free. Marry whom you please. I know your choice will be a good one."

This time Mabel could not restrain herself. She burst into tears.

"It is that I am so happy, papa-so very, very happy," she managed to say, through her sobs.

No one ever knew, except Mabel herself, what was the true cause of her deep joy that day. It was not altogether that she was free, with no life-choice to make, no balancing between right and wrong to torment her heart and conscience; the full relief of this she would not probably realise till later. It was the thought of her father being given back to her that caused Mabel's deep and fervent thanksgiving. Now that he had proved himself what she had always believed him to be, she was ready for anything.

On the day following this conversation there was a decided change for the better in Mr. Lacy's con-

Even Sir Joshua Jennings was surprised. "I believe more is due to you than any of us know," he said to Mabel. You see, it is best sometimes to yield our own wishes,"

"Yes, when we have good and generous people to

deal with," the young girl replied, gravely.

Late that evening, to Mabel's surprise and delight, her sister Ada arrived. There was a vigorous element of sense and judgment about Ada which always made her presence valuable in times of trouble. But the fact that their father had been speaking wistfully of the daughter he had not seen for so many years, and planning the first steps to a reconciliation, made Mabel specially glad to see her sister.

Ada at once took her place as head nurse, and her comely face and sensible kindly ways proved very beneficial to their patient. But she purposely avoided meeting his direct glance, and some days passed before he was aware that this new nurse, who waited upon him so deftly, was his long-lost daughter. The discovery was very gratifying to him.

There was a complete reconciliation between them, Mr. Lacy even going so far as to beg that, so soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to stand the excitement, she would bring her husband and children to Bracklesby.

Ada did not leave until Mr. Lacy was well enough to be moved to the sofa in his study.

Meanwhile, Mabel received a letter from Adela.

Do not, I entreat of you [her sister-in-law wrote] make haste to do anything. I think I understand you,

dear Mabel, motives and all. You know me-well enough at least to be sure that I would not incur the guilt of giving you false hopes-and I tell you that there is hope, great, very great hope, that circumstances will arise to make your sacrifice unnecessary. Trust me, and be patient, I will write again when I can say something less vague.

But when Mabel received this letter, her trouble had gone. She wrote and told Adela so, speaking enthusiastically of her father's goodness and the great change which his illness had wrought in him,

The day upon which she wrote was Mr. Lacy's first day on the sofa, and they kept it as a little festival. The invalid was already so much himself as to be able to think of and plan for the future. He told Mabel about his difficulties.

"It will be necessary for me," he said, "to get rid of both my houses. I shall write at once to Mr. Longby, and ask him to have Bracklesby put up for sale, As soon as I can travel, you and I must go abroad, Mab. We can live quietly and cheaply in one of the continental towns, and my illness will be a sufficient excuse to the world, You will not mind leaving England, will you?"

In the old days Mr. Lacy would not have asked such a question of his daughter. But his illness, and the free course he had allowed to the better thoughts which had for long been struggling for foothold in his mind, had changed him. He said of himself that his heart had come into him again, as the heart of a little child. Mabel's answer was to raise her father's hand and press it to her lips,

Her love and reverence for him in these days were more than she could possibly put into words.

After that, they talked together for some time

about their future plans.

"Do you know," said Mr. Lacy, suddenly, "there is one thing I should like do before we give up this place? Things cannot all be settled in a moment, and we may as well stay on until it passes into other hands,"

"Oh, yes! let us stay till the last moment possible," Mabel answered. "But what do you wish to do? Can I help you in it?"

"Yes, you can help me very much. Take out a sheet of paper and write what I dictate to you. I will manage to sign the letter with my left hand,"

Mabel obeyed readily. She expected to be called upon to write a business letter. What was her surprise when she found that the letter was addressed to Mrs. Herbert Lacy! Long before her task was over the tears were raining from her eyes, and her fingers were trembling so that she could not hold her pen, for a gentler or more humble letter could not have been penned, and yet was there a certain nobility about it. Mr. Lacy acknowledged the wrongs of which he had been guilty towards his son and his son's widow; he told how riches, prosperity, and constant adulation had hardened his heart, so that to cross his will was to offend him past forgiveness; but, he said, there had always been in him feelings antagonistic to the course which, to

his shame, he had pursued. And now God's hand had been laid upon him heavily; his prosperity had gone, he was poor and a cripple. But the narrowing of his worldly condition, with the lessons his little daughter had for some time past been unconsciously teaching him, had given those better feelings better ground to work upon. Would Mrs. Lacy be generous, and, before he left the country with his daughter, come to Bracklesby, and bring her children to see him?

This was, in short, what the letter contained. Mabel added a few words herself. "Put my last letter behind the fire," she wrote. "How wicked I was when I wrote it! How wanting in faith! My beloved father would not accept my sacrifice. I ought to have known from the first that he would not. Dearest Adela, we are so happy together. You will make us happier by coming. He wishes, with all his heart to meet you. Are those selfish reasons to give? Then, I am afraid, I can give no other. All I entreat is, that, for the sake of the past, you will not refuse to come to us."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

#### A MEMORABLE SUNDAY.

It was a brilliant Sunday morning. The sun shining down upon the sea changed it into a still burnished sheet of silver, intolerably bright; the precipitous cliffs which rose sheer from its margin were bathed in colour; the close-cropped grass on the high downs where the sheep were grazing was dry and warm. But for the sea breeze which tempered the sunshine, the heat would have been so intense as to be intolerable, and down in the valley the little party from Seaford had found it difficult to breathe.

After church they climbed to the valley's head, crossed the stretch of heath which lay between it and the lip of the downs, and sat down to rest under a wind-swept thorn tree, which afforded some shelter from the burning sun, but left them fully exposed to the fresh breeze from the sea.

"You and Herbert may play, darling," said Mrs. Lacy, to her little Queen Mab, who lingered by her

If the little girl had followed her own inclination she would have sat down beside her mother. The fact was, she was full of curiosity. Mysterious occurrences had been taking place during the past days. Their friend, Ralph de Montmorency, had been driving backwards and forwards between the Glen and Seaford Castle, and there had been long conferences in Sally's room, from which they were shut out, and in which a serious-looking gentleman, whom they had never seen before, took a large part. Then, on a certain day in the middle of the week, when they were playing hideand-seek on the lawn, two carriages full of gentlemen drove up the avenue, and there was another and longer conference in Sally's room, followed by a lunch in the large dining-hall. They were brought in to the lunch,

and all the gentlemen looked at them benevolently, and one of them patted Herbert on the head, and said, "Lucky little chap!" a remark which puzzled Mab extremely, and the more so that she could not get either her mother or Lady Mackenzie to explain to her why the funny old gentleman thought Herbert lucky.

But this Sunday had put the crowning point to Mab's sense of something unusual floating in the air.

At breakfast two letters were put in her mother's hand, and Queen Mab, who was a close observer, noticed that her mother's hand trembled when she opened the first. But no sooner had she glanced over it than she gave a cry of delight, and passed it over to Lady Mackenzie, who said nothing, but seemed very much pleased. Then the children went to be dressed for church by Lady Mackenzie's maid, and Queen Mab was obliged to get over her curiosity as best she might.

In church she noticed something unusual about her mother. Mrs. Lacy seemed to lose herself once or twice, and, after the sermon, her head was bowed so long in prayer, that Lady Mackenzie, growing uneasy, touched her on the arm. As they left the church, Queen Mab, who was a little in front, distinctly heard her mother say—

"I am afraid I forgot the time in church; that letter was so unexpected."

Of course, the child felt her elders intended to discuss these extraordinary matters, when they sat down to rest on the downs, and she very much wished to hear what they would say. As she lingered, Herbert called out to her—

"Come, Mab! what a time you are!"

"Go, dear," said Adela. "I should like you to take care of Herbert for me. You shall know everything presently," she added, smiling into her child's crestfallen face.

Adela always treated her children as reasonable beings, with natural human impulses; and this was one cause of the good understanding which existed between them. Those few words set Mab's mind at rest. It was recognised that there were secrets; that her desire to know them was natural, and would in due time be gratified.

She ran after Herbert, and the two were soon fully occupied watching the grasshoppers as they leapt from the grass, chasing butterflies which they never caught, and thrusting their fingers through silvery spiders' webs, for the pleasure of seeing how the adroit little spinners filled up swiftly the rents they had made. For a few moments Mrs. Lacy looked after them.

"They will never forget these happy days," she said. "Whatever may be my fate in the future, I shall always remember that at your house I have had the first glimpse of happiness after my great sorrow. How shall I ever thank you?"

"Ah! that will not be difficult," replied Lady Mackenzie, cheerfully. "You must come again, and come often. In a few days, if everything turns out

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well, you know, you will be a far richer woman than I am; you will be able to go where you please."

"I am trying not to think too much of it," said Adela; "and I do think, honestly, that this letter from Mabel and her father has done me more good than Ada's and Ralph's wonderful discovery. It makes everything so easy, too. I shall be reconciled with them first, and then they will not be able to refuse my assistance. You see, after all, I am counting my chickens."

"I don't think there can be any doubt about the fortune," said Lady Mackenzie; "and I am glad, too, that Mr. Lacy has come round before anything is known of it. There is only one thing vexes me. You will have to leave Seaford much earlier than I

had intended you should."

"We shall meet again very soon," said Adela.

"Herbert, you may be sure, will not let me rest. If
I were a jealous mother, I should take fright. The
dear little fellow adores you."

At this moment Queen Mab and Herbert came running up, their faces brimful of news. They had seen Mrs. de Montmorency's pony-phaeton in the road.

"And Ralph was driving," said the child, "and that other gentleman, you know, mother, was beside him; and Gilbert was behind."

Gilbert was groom at the Glen, and already a great friend of the children's.

"They saw us," went on Mab, "and stopped, and sent Gilbert to know if you were at home, and I said you were here, and they're coming."

"Courage," whispered Lady Mackenzie to Adela, who had turned very pale. They got up, and went forward to meet the gentlemen, one of whom, as they had surmised, was Mr. Longby, the lawyer. He walked a little in advance of Ralph, and he had a legal-looking document in his hand. Before the ladies had time to ask a question, he said—

"Mrs. Lacy, will you permit me to be the first to congratulate you on your good fortune? I hold in my hand the award of the arbitrators, whom we called together to adjudicate between you and Mr. Gaveston Smith. Their award is in your favour, and Mr. Smith acknowledges you, without reserve, as the lawful inheritor of Joshua Ledger's fortune."

It was probable that Mr. Longby had spoken purposely in this measured way, for Adela was given time to recover her composure. She thanked him for the trouble he had taken, expressed her pleasure in this unlooked-for good fortune, and turned to speak to Ralph.

He said, with deep feeling, "I think no one could be more heartily glad about all this than I am." Then he gave Ada's message, and both he and Mr. Longby testified warmly to her clearness of judgment, good sense, and admirable shrewdness.

After an early dinner at Seaford Castle, which they took together very happily, Adela begged to have a few words alone with Mr. Longby in a matter of business. This interview did not last long, and almost immediately after it was over, Ralph said they must return to the Glen, as his mother would be waiting for them impatiently.

"Do you know what Mrs. Lacy wished to say to me?" Mr. Longby asked of Ralph, when they were on their way back,

He replied, "I don't know; but I can make a shrewd guess."

"Impossible; no one could guess."

"No one who does not know Mrs. Lacy pretty well. I will prove to you that I do. Does she not wish you to employ her fortune in helping Mr. Lacy out of his embarrassments?"

"Exactly."

"And there will be money enough?"

"Much more than enough. The property, you know, consists principally of land in America. It was valuable to begin with. During the last few years it has increased enormously in value."

"Then you will do what Mrs. Lacy wishes?"

"I must."

"Why, must?"

"Mr. de Montmorency, please don't speak to me, From this time forth I shall believe in miracles. By the way, Mrs. Lacy wishes her intentions kept secret for the present. Mr. Lacy's illness will make this easier."

"Do you know," said Ralph, to whom Lady Mackenzie had spoken about the letters of the morning, "that Mr. Lacy has written asking to be reconciled with his daughter-in-law?"

"Some good angel must have moved him," said Mr. Longby; "if he had not done so it would have

been exceedingly awkward for him now."

That evening Lady Mackenzie and Adela sat together in the little turret-room, haunted for Adela with the sweetest memories. Not only were her childish hours spent here, but also some of the loveliest moments of her womanhood. For when her Herbert was recovering from the illness which had so nearly been fatal to him, when he was yearning for a glimpse of the outside world, but was still too weak to go out, she and Sally used to have him carried to the turret, and they there spent many a happy hour together, watching the sea and sky and beetling cliffs.

It was natural that, on this night, Adela's thoughts should be much with the past. Herbert had always said there was more good in his father than he himself knew. Heused to prophesy that the day would come when Adela would conquer him. That day had come, and her thoughts flew to the husband who had so intensely and so constantly believed in her. "Oh!" she said, with a sob in her throat. "All this makes me think so of Herbert. If only he could have lived to see it!"

"Does he not see it?" Lady Mackenzie answered, gently.

There fell a great silence upon them. That turretroom above the sea was as solemn as a "great world's altar-stair," their beloved dead were near, and the invisible land, the home of the departed, seemed to their hearts more real than it had ever been before.

"You are right," said Adela, presently, drawing a deep breath. "You are right, and I am wrong. But oh!" with a stifled sob, "we do so long for the sign sometimes—the touch of a hand—the sound of a voice. It is the silence—the silence—that kills us."

Lady Mackenzie said, in a low voice, and tenderly—

"But it seems to me sometimes that even the silence is broken—at night, in dreams, or at a time when everything about us is beautiful and still."

"Where the sunbeam broodeth warm," murmured Adela, and this led them into quiet talk, which soothed the hearts of both, on the poem that has summed up, in exquisite form, for our restless generation, the hopes and dreams of the human race—surely, surely, meaning something—when forced to dwell upon love's mortality in this world, by seeing their dearest snatched from their grasp.

And when their talk was over, Adela felt happier. She was able to enjoy Sally's triumphant delight, to tell her children the wonderful news, and to write a letter of warmest thanks to Ada, of congratulations and sympathy to Mabel, and to Mr. Lacy a grateful acceptance of his invitation.

### CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

SINCE the events related in the last chapter, more than a year has come and gone.

For those concerned in this story the year had been an eventful one. By the skill and promptitude of Mr. Longby, the affairs both of Mr. Lacy and Mrs. Herbert Lacy were satisfactorily settled, and Joshua Ledger's fortune was large enough to bear the enormous strain put upon it. When the company, for the righteous management of which Mr. Lacy had unwisely allowed himself to be responsible, was wound up, and when all claims were satisfied, there yet remained sufficient to make Mrs. Lacy and her children more than rich.

Adela carried out her intention of going first to Bracklesby as the poor widow and humble artist, and her delicacy of feeling was rewarded. Mabel soon came to love her even more dearly than before, and Mr. Lacy, who had at first been a little stiff and cold in his manner, gave in unreservedly before she had been a fortnight in the house. When he began to talk about his plans for the future, Adela and her children were always included.

He wanted her to promise to go abroad with them, but she would only smile, as if she was a little incredulous about the great change in their fortunes. All she would undertake to bind herself to was that the children should never again be entirely separated from their aunt and grandfather. Queen Mab and Herbert were in great request at Bracklesby. They delighted Mr. Lacy, who said he had never met such

well brought up children in his life; they were adored by the servants, and it was Mabel's greatest pleasure to be with them,

The young girl smiled to herself now and then, as she looked back to her little dream of only last spring—how many years ago it seemed! Here it was realised, but realised in a different fashion from any she had dreamed of then. The little Herbert was under her special care. This she had begged from Adela as a boon; and, since she was the most complacent person of that young gentleman's acquaintance, since, moreover, early as it was in his career, he had a very masculine love for pretty and well-dressed people, he already clung to his aunt in a way that made Queen Mab quite jealous.

Mr. Longby, in the meanwhile, was looking into his client's affairs, and the day came—Adela had then been about a month at Bracklesby, except for two intervals of two or three days at a time, which she gave to her friends at Jinks's Lane—when she could put into the hands of her father-in-law the lawyer's letter by which it was intimated to her that some portion of her large landed property in America had been realised, and that Mr. Lacy's affairs were in a fair way to be satisfactorily arranged without the sale of Bracklesby.

His surprise and Mabel's we must not attempt to paint. But, when the first feeling had, in a measure, spent itself, they thanked earnestly, in their hearts, the sister and daughter for the delicacy of feeling which had prompted her to make herself known to them and win their love before letting escape any hint of her designs for their relief.

And now, as we have said, a year has gone by. It is late autumn again—a dull, leaden, cheerless day, towards evening, and Adela Lacy, Ada Hartley, and Mrs. de Montmorency, who have all been spending a few days at Bracklesby, are sitting together in the pretty, cosy sitting-room—once the late Mrs. Lacy's boudoir—which is kept for Adela, whose home is in London, whenever she likes to visit her father-in-

They have been talking about the past, and now Mrs. de Montmorency, as is her wont, has begun to pour out to Adela the story of her maternal anxieties, for it is no secret to any one that Mrs. Herbert Lacy takes a very special interest in Ralph.

But while Ralph's mother is speaking, a smile plays about the lips of Ralph's friend,

"Where is your son?" she asks.

"In London," she answers, "working hard. He takes little or no rest, and his landlady tells me he lives much too meagrely. How I wish he had some good woman to look after him!"

"It is better he should never marry," says Ada, "than marry for any other reason but love."

And Mrs. de Montmorency sighs. Ralph has loved once, and she fears greatly he will never love truly again.

She is on the point of disputing this verdict of Ada's, when Adela speaks again,

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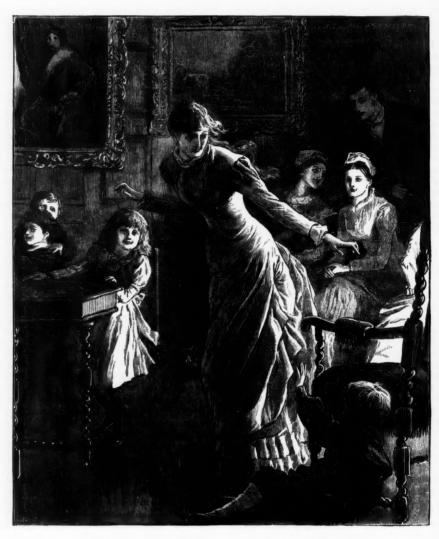
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retild's "Are you quite sure Ralph is in London now?" she says, with a smile as of an arch-conspirator on her face.

"I certainly left him there a few days ago."

"There is no one out there. Oh! yes—why—Adela!"
"It is scarcely fair to watch them," says Adela,
"Let us come back to the fire, and talk about them
there"



"This romp with the children in the grand old firelit hall."-p. 717.

"But people do not always remain where they are left," says Adela.

"I do believe you know something about Ralph which you are hiding from me!"

"Come here," Adela replies, drawing her friend to the window. "Keep a little back—so—now watch," There is little time, however, for private conversation. After a few moments the door is opened softly, and they hear, in a low tremulous voice—

"May I come in, Adela?" which is promptly followed by the appearance of Mabel.

"Come in, darling," says Adela, holding out her

hand, and drawing the young girl to the fire. "Why, how cold you are! Your hands are almost frozen. You should not have stayed out so late."

"I am afraid I am the culprit," says some one clse, coming forward out of the darkness. "It is so pleasant out. I persuaded Mabel to linger."

The three elder ladies smile at this description of the weather, and Ada says that it is good to meet one person at least who is not grumbling about the weather.

"I thought you were in London, Ralph," says Mrs. de Montmorency.

"But now you have come," Adela adds, "we must try to keep you for a few days—must we not, Mabel?"

"I am afraid it will be quite necessary for him to go back early to-morrow," the young girl answers; and a deep blush dyes her cheek.

It is so delightful to be the one person in the world who knows best what are the necessities of one other person's position!

"But I have promised to come again before Christmas," says Ralph to his mother. "And Mabel has made me a promise. May I tell it, Mabel?"

"No, no?" she answers, jumping to her feet—she had been kneeling by Adela's side—for her heart is so soft at this moment that she is afraid of being betrayed into tears, or some other folly of the kind. And on such a night as this is, how stupid that would be!

Happily, a diversion is created. Outside there is a sound of trampling feet, and children's voices are crying out for Aunt Mabel.

Queen Mab and Herbert are in the hall, with Ada Hartley's two comely boys, and this is the hour which, at Bracklesby, is generally devoted to them.

"I forgot the children," says Mabel. "This is the time for our romp in the hall. They will be so much disappointed if I do not go to them."

"Let us all go," says Mrs. de Montmorency.

Mabel has no thought of being interesting tonight. This romp with the children in the grand old firelit hall is an event of daily occurrence, and she always enters into it with spirit. But as she moves about swiftly, her gentle face gay with animation, her golden hair flying loose, her slender figure falling into every kind of graceful attitude, her friends think her interesting exceedingly.

Mrs. de Montmoreney, who is standing near Ralph, whispers to him, under cover of the noise, "I am more than glad, my son. She is a charming girl. This is what I have been wishing for long."

And Ralph, watching Mabel with shining eyes, has to be appealed to many times before he will consent to take his legitimate share in the children's games.

There was no reason why these two should undergo the penalty of a long engagement. Mr. Lacy was pleased—more than pleased; for in this marriage, which he planned long ago for his favourite child, the saddest result of that interval of folly, her untimely womanliness, passed away.

Mabel was once more a happy light-hearted girl.

Mrs. de Montmorency was pleased. Her anxieties on Ralph's behalf were set at rest, and she had already learned to love dearly the girl who was in the future to be so near to her. That Adela was glad it is scarcely necessary to say. Ever since Mabel trusted her secret to her, this had been Adela's dream.

But none of them really regret their years of trial, for through the means of these they can enter more lovingly into the troubles of others: they can read fresh meanings in the sights and sounds of nature, and gain some faint and far-away conception of the mysteries of life.

Others besides these chief personages in our story, are, through Adela Laey's agency, struggling into a larger air; for still her principal home is situated in Jinks's Lane, Seven Dials, and still she works there on the lines she traced out for herself when, as a poor artist living amongst the poor, she gained an insight into their real wants and sorrows.

She had bought up the ground on which a disorderly public-house once stood, and on its site she has built a beautiful and commodious dwelling-house. In a large reception-room, decorated according to her own design, she receives her poor friends, reads to them, talks with them, tells them stories, teaches them to make, mend, economise, and endeavours to instil into them some of those grand, heart-in-vigorating truths, which, in the days of her own deepest distress, kept her from despair.

It is up-hill work: that is to be expected. But she effects much. In fact, there came to my ears a few days ago the rumour that Jinks's Lane having become so much improved, Mrs. Lacy has occasional thoughts of moving her establishment into another and more benighted region.

In case any one takes an interest in the other personages of the story, it may be as well to mention that Mr. Ling, to whom it was notified that Mabel continued obdurate, and that her father would not force her inclinations, remained in America, where, a few months later, he married a young lady of great wealth.

The Countess Zerlina, having discovered that she was being fooled, quarrelled with her friend, Lady Torrington, and returned to Italy.

Douglas Lacy and his wife live the life of the world.

Mr. Ling was generous enough not to claim his debt,
and Douglas has been cured of gambling on the Stock
Exchange.

Lady Torrington takes life more seriously than formerly, looks after the education of her child, and occasionally takes flowers or toys to those whom she calls "Adela Lacy's poor people;" and in so doing she, too, is happier. For the air of "The Larger Room" is good for all, infinitely good, could they but be persuaded to enter it; nor is there anything mysterious about the way thither. We have but to open our eyes and allow our hearts to speak, and we shall find that, without seeking, we are there.

THE END.

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## A HOUSE OF REST FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.



HEN you would really like to

"Yes, I should."

A letter had appeared in one of the weekly newspapers from Miss Skinner, giving details of a "House of Rest" established at Babbacombe, Devonshire.

"The House" (I quote from the letter) "is in tended for the upper class of business women, milliners, dressmakers, shop-assistants, female post-office clerks, book-keepers, etc. The object of it is to afford rest and change at all seasons of the year, especially during the annual holiday."

A relative who had read this letter proposed to me that I should visit the House for a couple of

weeks.

Accordingly, I wrote to Miss Skinner, and after the exchange of a letter or two, left Paddington one morning at 9 a.m. en route for Devonshire.

In the station yard at Torre, where I was instructed to alight, were three or four one-horse omnibuses, each intended for the conveyance of six passengers. The one I sought was already fairly loaded. There remained, happily, one vacant seat, and that I immediately appropriated.

Then ensued a twenty-minutes' ride, during which it transpired that the entire six of us were

bound for the "House of Rest."

The omnibus had stopped before a moderate-sized semi-detached villa of the ordinary suburban type, approached by a short carriage-drive. The driver told us that he would see to our luggage, so we pushed open the gate, and advanced in a body to the front door. There our further progress was arrested, for on the doorstep stood a lady—whom I afterwards found to be the matron.

"Wait a moment, if you please," said she. "I want to know which is which among you. Some of you will have to sleep out of the house, and the driver may as well take on your luggage at once."

I happened to be first of the group.

"You are — ?" she said interrogatively.

I mentioned my name.

"Ah, yes. You stop here.—Mary Ann," turning to a servant in the background, "you know where this lady is to sleep."—"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary Ann; and forthwith I was conducted through the hall and up the stairs. At the end of a spacious landing Mary Ann threw open the door, and, oh, joy, joy! I saw that a separate sleeping apartment was allotted to me. It was small, certainly, but its limited dimensions were as nothing in comparison to the pleasure of

enjoying it in private. It was a cheerful little cabin, too. The walls were a pale grey-blue, and in bright contrast to them was the scarlet blanket coverlet of the bed. A strip of carpet, a chair, a combined wash-stand and towel-rail, a looking-glass, and a chintz-covered box to be used as a receptacle for clothes, completed the list of furniture

There was no fireplace, but there was a ventilator, simple in construction, but entirely successful in effect, and suspended on the wall was a card, and on the card were the rules, neatly written, I immediately read them over, and found them to be by no means stringent, and having perused them, I sat down and waited. My patience was not very severely tested, for soon was heard the

tinkle of a bell, followed directly by the sound of mingled talking and laughter. So down-stairs I went, and joined myself to the rear of a bevy of damsels who were making for the dining-room.

They all, it was evident, belonged to those classes for whom the House is principally intended. In number they were about twenty, and in age they ranged (at least the majority of them)

from twenty to thirty.

After tea we adjourned to the sitting-room. Such a charmingly pretty apartment it was, too, that it deserves a somewhat detailed description. Its walls were painted in two shades of delicate lavender, and hung with Arundel pictures. The ceiling was coloured a pale cream, and the floor was polished, and in the centre covered with

crimson floorcloth.

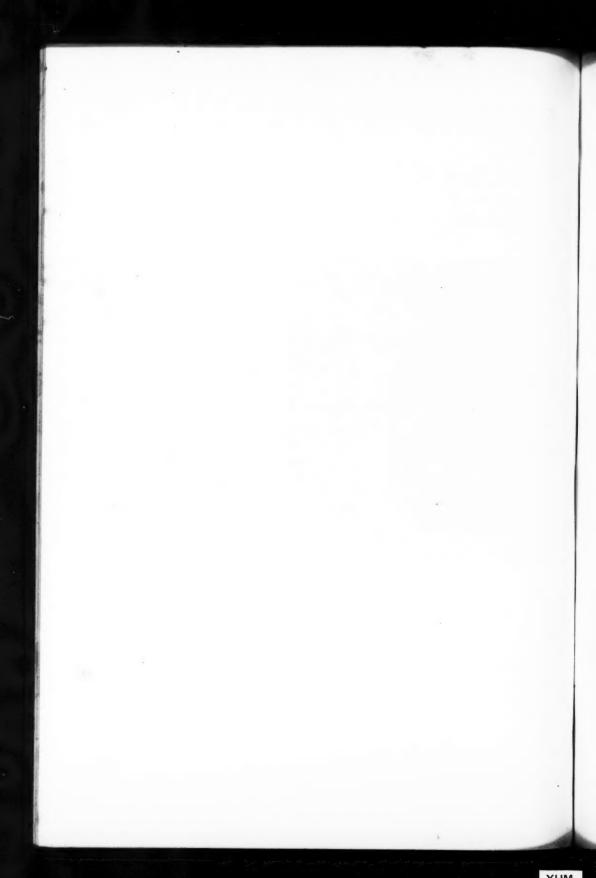
The furniture was both comfortable and taste-There were easy-chairs of every variety, and there were two sofas, easy likewise. Small tables abounded, and one large solid-looking one was provided with writing materials. One of the windows boasted a low old-fashioned window-seat, which was much patronised. Flowers, tastefully arranged, filled vases and bowls, and even vessels of humbler order; while of books there was a When a little time had been spent plenitude. in mental observation, I was summoned to an interview with the matron. To her I delivered up my reference, and made my first week's payment, and she entered in a book my name and address, profession, and religion. This preliminary of business over, I returned to the sitting-room, and being worried with a headache, sat apart in a dark corner. the company, with two or three exceptions, who had epistolary transactions on hand, joined in various amusements. The game of "Proverbs" was played, and "Yes and No," and then there was a call for singing.



A HAPPY PARTY AT THE HOUSE OF REST.

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At half-past eight we had supper, and then came a short interval, and then prayers, and at ten we took our lamps, and wished the matron good-night.

Babbacombe is a sort of suburb of Torquay, from which town it is distant some twenty minutes' walk. During the first week of my stay, the sea was beautifully calm, and every day boating parties were made up from among the visitors. Two boatmen only were allowed to take out the girls—elderly men of unblemished respectability.

pleasure with others, whose lot in life was less easy than their own.

After much deliberation and reflection, they worked out the scheme of the House of Rest. Of course they were greatly discouraged at first. "A beautiful idea," was the verdict pronounced, "but quite impracticable."

However, they persevered. They took a small house, and a lady who is a present member of the committee, guaranteed the first year's rent. Then from among their friends they collected the



A PLEASANT AFTERNOON AT THE HOUSE OF REST.

whose characters were known to the Misses Skinner. Driving parties were also formed, and the same wholesome restriction was in force with regard to the fly-men.

There was a continual change of faces, every two or three days some going and others arriving to fill the vacant places. Two hundred and forty was the total of visitors who had been received from the commencement of the year to the time of which I write—the middle of last October.

The Misses Skinner, who were the originators of this Holiday Resort, and upon whom its success still mainly depends, live close by. Through delicacy of health, they came to reside at Babbacombe, and having derived much benefit from its mild climate, and much pleasure from its lovely scenery, were desirous of sharing this benefit and

amount of money necessary for furnishing, and so started by receiving six or seven inmates. But the scheme has grown and prospered, and the applications for admission during the summer and autumn months exceed the accommodation, and bed-rooms have to be hired in the neighbourhood.

They are therefore desirous of taking the house adjoining the one at present occupied, and are anxious to obtain more donations for the extra furniture. Further they do not wish to extend the establishment, as it would get beyond their immediate influence. Now they are at the House several times a day, and personally acquaint themselves with each immate, often joining in the evening's amusements, and bringing friends, also to swell the numbers.

The work and responsibility of these ladies must be considerable. The correspondence, which is very heavy, they undertake entirely themselves, to the end, first, that they may save the expense of a secretary; and, secondly, that they may gain some slight knowledge of the style of each intending visitor. Upon the diet they bestow great attention, justly deeming that the quality and variety of the food has a great deal to do with the restoration to health of overwrought brains and over-worked bodies. The food is plain, certainly, but neither in quality nor in cooking can be bettered; while, with respect to quantity, there is simply unstinted abundance. No wine, no beer is allowed, but at supper each visitor has a tumbler of pure Devonshire milk.

That the visitors thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the advantages of such a "Holiday House," no one would doubt, had they heard, as I have heard, the regrets and lamentations which precede the day of departure. At present the House is not entirely self-supporting, and perhaps it never will be completely so, though its promoters are wishful of placing it as far as possible on an independent

dent footing.

Of course, too, there have been many expenses incidental to a new project. But these have been made up by occasional donations, the Misses Skinner having made it their inflexible rule not to incur debt.

The matron who is the resident head of the establishment is an example of the right person in the right place. She takes a lively interest in her work, and possesses both tact and good temper, truly indispensable attributes in one who has to deal with so many variations of age and

disposition.

Any one may become a subscriber, and any one can give donations, donations not only of money, but in kind—books, games, furniture, anything, in short. By application to the Rev. John Hewett, Vicar of Babbacombe, the railway fare can be lessened by one-half. Also, if a girl cannot afford to pay the full charge of twelve shillings a week, she can, by obtaining a subscriber's ticket, lower the payment to five shillings a week. A doctor in the neighbourhood attends the "visitors," and medicines are provided gratuitously, while all visitors are received irrespective of denominational distinctions.

## THE FLOWER-GIRLS' BRIGADE.

A SEQUEL TO "BUY MY WATER-CRESSES."

BY ANNE BEALE.

"Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

EADER and writer took leave of one another last month, on the door-step of No. 12, Clerkenwell Close. Actually, there are two door-steps, for two small houses have been thrown into one, to keep pace with the increasing claims of watercress and flower sellers, and to benefit them and the surrounding poor generally. It may be well just to recapitulate the good works done in "both their houses," and,

after the manner of preachers, give the heads of our last discourse. We will simply quote from the authorities who manage these Institutions; for, between ourselves, the most earnest preachers sometimes borrow from their betters. "The object of this Mission is, by constant visiting at the markets, streets, theatres, music halls, etc., to reach with the Gospel those women who are exposed to all the ills and evils of street life, and by the formation of clubs, classes, and meetings, to assist them in the winter to earn a living when flowers, etc., fail—to endeavour to take the young from the streets and

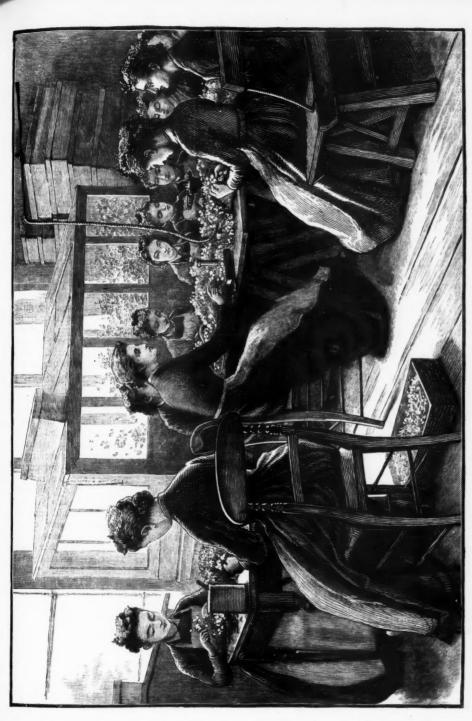
place them in Homes or at service; to abolish Sunday trading amongst them, and by various means to benefit them temporally and spiritually. The work of the Mission embraces, besides the early morning visiting at the market, and the evening at the theatre, home, sick, and poor visitation, open-air services, and tract distribution, Sabbath and week-evening services, Sunday-school, free evening school, hot meat dinners for poor children, clothing club, penny bank, 'Emily Loan Fund,' sewing classes, Bands of Hope, etc. This work is carried on by two paid agents, and over fifty voluntary helpers, under the hon. superintendence of John A. Groom."

We have already seen how Mr. Groom's work began at Farringdon Market with the water-cress sellers; but it has not ended with them; indeed, it has not ended at all, but is simply progressing. We have now to learn how it includes the flowersellers, as well as those costermongers who benefit

by the "Emily Loan Fund."

The flower markets are more attractive than the water-cress, but their frequenters are equally anxious. Flower-sellers must be at the market at four o'clock, and sometimes, in the height of the season, we find them before that hour,





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waiting to be admitted. If their stock of money is very small, they are often compelled to remain till nine o'clock, when the market closes, before they can lay out their little store to the best advantage. What must be these five weary hours of waiting and watching, while the market prices fluctuate! On a fine day, these prices keep up, but on a dull morning, they are low; so the poor street sellers can buy cheap and early when their chance of sale is small; dear and late when great. The purchases made, they have yet to arrange them in bunches and button-holes, which requires skill and practice; after which, they "walk their weary round," or stand, hour after hour, at station, theatre, or public thoroughfare. It is scarcely necessary to point out the dangers that await young girls trained to this trade. If they are bold, and without principle, they sell their flowers readily. If they are modest and religious, they walk, stand, or sit about, in the hope of emptying their basket, ere a too hot sun, or a sudden shower, wither or damp its fragrant contents. And are not these young girls like the violets, lilies, and roses they pass their days in selling? Does not the pinching frost of adversity, or the burning sun of temptation, chill or wither them, until they fade away in their bloom, or are cast aside as soiled refuse? Oh, my sisters! shed upon them the dew of loving-kindness, nourish them with the sunshine of Christian charity, until the eternal perfume of virtue and gratitude exhale from the crushed blossoms of their tried and tempted lives.

The opportunity is at hand. We have only to pass through the passage into a small room, to learn how you may aid in so sweet and glorious a change. Here is a scene novel to all of us. A humble apartment, small, but well filled. In its centre is a screen on which is stretched a yard of white cloth. On a long, rough table are various pots, full of dyes; on shelves are a number of what look like flat irons, but are veining machines. A boy is hard at work, stamping out white cloth into roses by the hundred, a man is manipulating the screen, a young girl is assisting. They are preparing for the manufacture of arti-

ficial flowers.

Mr. Groom kindly explains. The raw material is on the screen. The petals of the flowers are stamped out of it, and then they are dyed at the long table. This is the first process. For the rest we must go up-stairs; and while we mount, it may be well to understand what it all means.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has been interested in the work among the water-cress and flower-sellers from its commencement. It was a problem, to her as to many other people, how to benefit permanently the young girls engaged in this trade. The mission was doing its work bravely through Mr. Groom's instrumentality; but it seemed impossible to rescue the girls from

their life of temptation. She imagined and instituted what she called a "Girls' Flower Brigade," and about three years ago opened it, and dedicated it to the memory of her beloved friend Mrs. Hannah Brown. Thus, as we shall see, her ladyship designed to remove young flowersellers from the streets, and to teach them a business.

Accordingly, in a large raftered attic, we find two long tables surrounded by girls, and headed by a matron and governess. The brigade consists of fifty, about forty of whom are present.

They wear white aprons and white caps, ornamented with bows of blue; and their badge is a large medal inscribed with the number of the wearer, and suspended to the neck by a piece of broad blue ribbon. They present a neat comely appearance, as they rise from their work to welcome us. And what pretty work it is! One table is covered with the petals of "the red, red rose;" for an order for roses has arrived from a great firm, and has to be speedily executed. Indeed, the rapidity of the work is wonderful. While we stand talking to the matron, two girls have each made a lovely rose, from stamen to stalk. At the other table various spring flowers are in process of formation, and one firm has sent an order for 1,000 daisy-wreaths, every wreath containing 100 daisies, so that our young workers will have to frame 100,000 flowers! These girls, who have been used to real flowers all their life, display a singular aptitude for the manufacture of artificial ones. They have all been taken from the streets, and are the children of flowersellers. Already 250 have been instructed in this pretty art, of whom scarcely a dozen have returned to their old life. They are all paid according to their conduct and industry. The least remuneration, however, is 3s. per week; and the raw beginner, who sits at the matron's elbow, spoiling more rose-leaves than she utilises, has yet her wage. But for this, the brigade would soon be more than self-supporting; but parents, or socalled guardians, will not consent to save both body and soul, at the loss of the girl's poor earnings in the streets. Therefore, in this novel school, the pupil is paid for being taught. "How much did you earn last week?" we inquire, glancing from scholar to scholar. "Three and ninepence, four shillings, five, six, seven shillings, seven and threepence," reply the girls.

Yes; some of them deservedly gain seven shillings a week or more, during their six days' labour. But they are at work from 9.15 to 6.30, an interval being allowed for dinner, if dinner they can procure. Should any portion of the children's dinners described in our last paper remain after they are fed, it is distributed amongst the most needy of these girls' families, and it is with a blush of honest pride on their pale faces that they tell us that their earnings help

to support their kith and kin. Each of these young creatures has a pitiful history, but we will only tell one story as exemplifying the whole. This is of a pleasing looking girl of between fifteen and sixteen years of age, who is one of the industrious class, and earns seven shillings weekly.

About three years ago, she was seen by a friend of the mission, selling camellias in Oxford She was then a child of twelve, and looked wistfully from side to side for purchasers. As she held her basket aloft, a passer-by brushed roughly against her, and threw it down. treasures were thus scattered round her on the dusty pavement, and when she gathered them up, she found them too soiled to be saleable. The heedless passenger hurried on, either careless or unconscious of the mischief he had done. She burst into tears. The friend aforesaid went to her and made inquiries, which resulted in his accompanying her to a poor dwelling in St. Here he found her mother in bed with Giles's. a lately-born baby. She was tying up a few more bunches of flowers for sale. Five little girls crowded their one small room, of whom our Nellie was the eldest, and on her depended the The mother was a sustenance of the family. flower-seller by profession; the father was out of But it was a good day for Nellie; since Providence had better things in store for her than a life in the streets. She became one of the members of the Flower Brigade, and will soon be able to undertake a situation in a house of business: for several firms are ready to receive the girls when drafted off from the parent institution; and we are glad to say many now send orders for artificial flowers which are not only well made, and natural, but cheap. The matron, having been forewoman in an establishment, understands her work, and we have only to watch the forty busy pairs of hands to see how rapidly and efficiently the scattered parts become a perfect whole.

Since each working day begins and closes with a short service, we may humbly believe that our Heavenly Father will bless and prosper this work. It is preventive as well as ornamental: and seems to be suitable and agreeable to a class that either cannot or will not bend to domestic service. As philanthropists are now pretty unanimous in saying that the surest means of helping the poor is to teach them to help themselves, the Girls' Flower Brigade should be a success. And it will be, if a sufficient sale is found for its handiwork to enable its patroness and promoters to receive and instruct hundreds of children who stand on the shore of the street vortex, waiting to be either rescued or engulphed.

On the 1st of last December a happy effort was made to give publicity to this work. A pretty scene was enacted at Kensington Town

There we saw a bazaar comprised of Hall. natural and artificial flowers, the stalls held by young ladies. Beneath the platform was a long table at which our Brigade and their instructors sat at work, much as we see them to-day. manufactured their artificial flowers then to show to the aristocratic public what they could do. And that public was largely represented; for did not the Princess Frederica of Hanover open the bazaar, and was not that good friend of the flower-girls, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, there to tell of all she hoped the Brigade would accomplish? It was difficult to keep the girls seated, so eager were they to see "a live princess;" but they were gratified; for that gracious lady walked right round their table to inspect their work. Baskets, bouquets, and button-holes of artificial flowers superseded natural ones, for that day, at least; and before the bazaar closed, the stock-intrade was well-nigh exhausted.

Not that natural flowers are ignored. The Brigade has also work to do with them, and undertakes to make to order bouquets for weddings or wreaths for funerals (thus, even here, do life and death meet!). Indeed, orders of not less than half a crown are "respectfully solicited" for all sorts of flowers by Mr. Groom, 12, Clerkenwell Close, E.C. sion can also supply flowers and ferns for church decorations, trimmings for ladies, and button-holes for gentlemen, weekly gifts for hospitals, palms and the like for conservatories, and bedding-out plants for gardens; it will even send a gardener if required. In short, what will it not do?

The query reminds us of another pretty scene connected with this department. On the 28th of last April the ragged schools of the metropolis presented their hero, Lord Shaftesbury, with his portrait, it being his eightieth birthday. the entrance to the Guildhall young girls in white caps and aprons, and blue ribbons, awaited the advent of his lordship with flowers in their hands, and subsequently, on the platform, presented him with a bouquet, and fastened button-holes, not only into his coat, but into those of his surrounding friends. This little ceremony was as appropriate as it was picturesque; for were not the girls of the Brigade of the same class as those of the schools, and had not all been rescued, and shown the way that leadeth to eternal life?

Recalling these past scenes, we look with increased interest at the busy artificialists. Have we not coined a name for them? They have great delicacy of touch, and affix petal after petal with a rapidity and ease that seem amazing. Carmine and paste must be applied with equal care, and scissors and pressing irons employed discreetly. In short, it is not easy to bind together the prepared parts of the simplest flower, so as to make it look natural—how stupendous,

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then, the skill of the Divine Artificer of the perfect exemplars the girls strive to imitate! It has been suggested that their minds may be led to Him by simple explanations of the various parts of the flowers they either purchase or frame; and that thus their souls might expand in the light of truth, as their flowers in the sunshine. Be that as it may, it behoves us all to assist in snatching the young from the paths of temptation, and placing them where they may find the sure and happy road to eternal life.

Thus, we leave the Girls' Flower Brigade with

joyful hearts, feeling that a way has been opened for them, if only, by God's grace, they walk in it. An appropriate floral card and text presented to each, appears to give them pleasure, as does the expressed hope that we may all soon meet again. We trust it may be this summer, on their "day in the country," where Nature herself will teach them, as did the poet, that—

Bright and glorious is that revelation Written all over this great world of ours; Making evident our own creation In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

## JEAN LAPELLE'S FRANC

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



N the Haute Savoie there is a little village scattered up the slope of a high mountain.

In one of the little cottages there lived an old widow woman with her grandson Jean, who had been left an orphan many years ago.

Hewastwelve years old, a regular little

Savoyard, handsome, and with that sad expression in his eyes which most dwellers among the mountains have, in a greater or less degree.

Near an old rock, which is called the Tour Saint Jacques, as bearing some fancied likeness to the tower of St. Jacques, in Paris, Jean was one day lying. The soft grass made a comfortable place for lounging on, and the day was so fine at the end of September, that Madame Lapelle had brought out her knitting, and was seated near him.

"Well, Jean," said Madame Lapelle, "how is it that you are not gone for the cheese?"

"I will get it as I come up later," said Jean. "I shall be going down soon."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to try and sell my cyclamens," said Jean, looking pleased. "I have four lovely bunches, picked this morning—see," and Jean drew a little basket towards him which he had placed in the shade.

In it were bunches of the beautiful sweet-smell-

ing cyclamen, which grows up in the mountains in Savoy so plentifully. Each little bunch was framed in very artistically by the wide round leaves of the flower, which are dark green outside and of a dull red on the reverse.

"Are they not fine?"

"Yes, indeed they are. When did you gather them?" asked Madame Lapelle. She was a little woman, with dark eyes, and wore a little closely-fitting white cap round her head, rather like a night-cap, and she had long gold carrings, and a chain with a gold cross round her neck.

"I got up at three this morning to pick them," said

Jean, exultingly.

"I thought I heard you stirring," said Madame Lapelle; "but I was not sure, and then I thought it must be the cat, so I went asleep again till four."

"I heard little Désirée say that there was a spot not far from the grottes where they grew plentifully," said Jean, "and so I rose early to be beforehand with them."

"Little Désirée who has the lame brother?" said Madame Lapelle.

"Yes," said Jean, nodding.

"The poor little girl tries to sell her flowers to help her mother, who feels the lame child such a burden on her," said Madame Lapelle. "Not that love is wanting, or that she grudges the labour; but everything little Désirée can gain is a great boon to them."

Jean was silent.

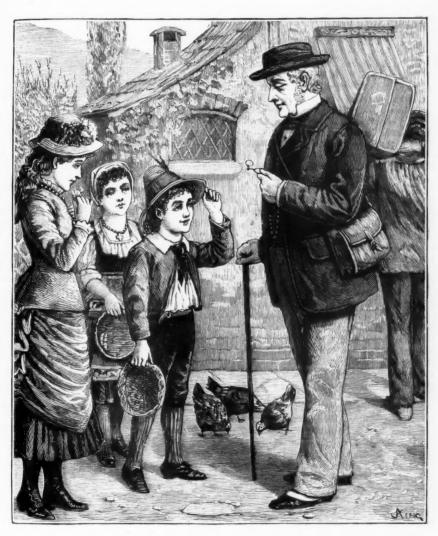
"Jean, I cannot but grieve to see you so anxious about money."

"Anxious about money!" exclaimed Jean, rising, and looking at his grandmother, his handsome face flushed under his pointed straw hat, and his dark eyes flashing.

"Don't be angry, my Jean," said madame, sadly, her sweet face saddened a little; "but I do not like the spirit that would lead you to take what Désirée had intended to pick herself." "Grandmère! you speak as if it was stealing," said Jean. "The flowers belong to no one; and if by chance I heard Désirée speak of a good spot, why should I not take advantage of it?"

clever and educated, and she—only a stupid old woman.

Stupid as she considered herself, she was rich in the wisdom that comes from above, and learned in



"He asked an English gentleman if he could guide him."-p. 726.

"It was unkind, my child, and selfish."

"But I want money, grandmère. You know I must have some, or I shall not have enough to learn a métier" (trade).

"You are right; but-but-"

Poor Madame Lapelle did not know how to make her meaning clear to Jean, who was, she knew well, God's ways and laws. She had trained Jean up in the right way, and he was a good religious boy—not, however, faultless.

"I can't explain it to you, Jean," said Madame Lapelle, looking puzzled; "only I know that there are right ways of earning money, and it seems wrong to those who have to labour hard to take advantage

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of what they have found. You are too fond of money—too fond, Jean; and you should try and not be."

"I am fond of it," said Jean.

"Yes; and loving it is evil, as the good minister tells us. No harm in itself, but the love of it brings evil."

Jean was silent, and he listened to all his grandmother said, and thought she was speaking too

strongly.

Then he heard the sound of wheels, and catching up his basket of cyclamens, he ran down the soft slopes just in time, as the carriage drew up to the hotel, and the landlady brought out steps for the people to descend on. There were several people, and Jean's eyes sparkled as he thought he had a very good chance of selling his cyclamens.

#### CHAPTER II.

JEAN had soon sold all his cyclamens, and had some brown coppers jingling in his pocket. He looked pleased, and then he asked an English gentleman if he could guide him up to the grottoes at the foot of the mountain.

The gentleman shook his head.

"I don't understand—what do you want? Grottoes?—oh, of course, all these people are going."

"You will need a guide, monsieur," said Jean.
"A guide? oh, very well, then—come along."

Jean nodded, and the gentleman, who had never been out of London before in his life, and knew hardly any French, prepared to start.

"How long does it take?" said the gentleman.
"Only a little quarter of an hour," said Jacques.
The gentleman could not make out the answer.

"He says, only a quarter of an hour," said a young American girl, who was fastening some cyclamens in her dress. Jean was not the only vendor, half-a-dozen children having met the carriage, amongst them the little Désirée, whose bunch was very small; and she had but one. The old gentleman was stout, and found the climbing up to the grottoes very stiff. He went on aided by Jean, and then, when they reached the top, he said he would not go in, he had had enough.

However, he gave Jean a franc, and said he should stay and rest,

Jean did not gather much, except that he was not going to the grottoes, but the sight of the franc was very delightful, and he made his best bow in return for it.

The guides were all there, women with flat hats and gold earrings, and several children all armed with candles and torches made of resin.

There was an opening in the rock leading down in the dark, through winding passages sometimes so low that you could not pass without stooping.

It was a weird sight, and then at the end of another descent you came upon a subterranean lake, its black waters seen indistinctly framed in and roofed in by the dark rock. There were Bengal lights lighted, and then they returned, and Jean, who was holding a torch, went along blithely, thinking of the franc he had in his pocket.

The way was very slippery all along, and every one held on tightly to the arm of his or her guide. As the gentleman Jean had come up with to the entrance of the cave had not gone further, he had no one to attend to, and just carried a torch, and hoped he might come in for some more sous byand-by.

Jean was very much excited at the idea of his franc, and then suddenly he thought to himself, Could the gentleman have made a mistake and given me a Swiss four-sous piece after all?

Jean's horror was betrayed in his face at the very idea, and stopping a minute he put his hand in his pocket and drew out its contents.

There, among the brown coppers, was the silver franc, and, slipping the former back again, Jean looked at it, unconsciously at the same time making another step.

He slipped, and the franc shot from his hand, whither he could not tell, but he bent down and began looking again, but no trace of it was to be seen.

It was almost hopeless looking for it in that soft mud, and, as he bent over it with flushed face, he soon heard one of his friends calling to him to come on.

With a heavy sigh, Jean ran on as fast as he could, and reached the top in time to see the people all going down the green hill-side and talking over what they had seen.

He could think of nothing but his franc. He forgot to get the cheese for his grandmother, and at supper she remarked that "he had no appetite."

"Why do you not eat, my Jean?" said Madame Lapelle, kindly, as Jean sat staring at his supper, and not touching any of it.

"I am not hungry," said Jean.

The truth was, he was thinking so much of his lost franc.

It was lost—a whole franc, twenty sous. It was a pity; and as he thought of it he seemed again to see the silver piece, and to feel it in his hand.

That night he could not sleep.

His grandmother's warnings about his love of money came to his mind, but he would not heed them, and he began thinking what he should do.

Was there anything he could do?

As he thought and thought, an idea suggested itself, and that was that he would get up and go off to the grottoes and look again.

He might go and come back before his grandmother awoke. He had not told her anything about the loss of the franc, feeling sure that she would say it was an accident, and that he should not grieve over it.

#### CHAPTER III.

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It did seem a most absurd errand, and the chances of finding the franc very unlikely. However, the desire was so strong upon Jean, that he got up, dressed, and, putting a box of matches in his pocket and a torch he had by him, he ran off.

The door was never locked, night or day; so he just lifted the latch, and closed it carefully after him. The moon had risen late, and was not yet set, and the whole valley was clear in the bright light.

It was a still night, and not a leaf was stirring. As he made his way up the hill, the heavy perfume of the cyclamens struck him, and reminded him, somewhat uncomfortably, of his grandmother's words. However, he went on, and soon reached the entrance to the cave.

The great black hole looked dismal enough just then. Jean was innocent of nervousness, and rather enjoyed the fun of going down at that unusual hour, certain of the unlikelihood of any one ever having gone at midnight to the Grottes de Banges. He opened the match-box, and found that there was but one match. He had taken the wrong box, by mistake. However, that did not signify, as the match lighted the torch well, and, flinging away the empty box, he prepared to go down.

The tunnel-like entrance seemed wider, and very dreary and dismal.

It struck Jean so, and he tried calling, to hear some sound, and his voice echoed back to him. He made his way on till he nearly reached the spot where he thought he had dropped the franc.

Yes, there it was, just there; he remembered it perfectly, and he began looking and hunting. It was very dull there.

All was dark indeed, excepting where the torch gave a feeble uncertain flare, and the only sound was that of water trickling down to the lake.

Jean looked about, and then holding the torch above his head he looked around again.

There in the corner was something—something bright, Jean jumped forward to look.

It was the franc.

His joy was unbounded, and he hastily stooped to pick it up. Just as he did so he raised the left hand in which he held the torch, and the latter was sent suddenly against a projecting piece of rock and was put out.

The franc in his hand—and the torch out.

At first Jean could hardly take in the realities of the position, and then, as they became more real, he felt extremely terrified.

It was midnight, and he knew he was at the end of the cave nearest the lake. He dared not grope about far, for he might fall in, and be drowned, and he did not know the way well.

In his perplexity he turned round, and by doing this he lost his only guide, namely, remembering which way the exit was. At last he thought to himself that if he went upon all fours, he might make out something.

Creeping down, he felt his way, and then came to some descent, which he knew led down to the lake. So he turned back, and went in the opposite direction.

There seemed a plain way, and he felt his spirits rise, when suddenly he knocked his foot violently against a piece of rock, and could not move.

The blow was so great that he was stunned, and lay for some minutes unconscious. When he awoke, he could not remember where he was, and then, little by little, it dawned upon him. There he was—in the grotto.

What hope had he of escape?

The only hope was that every-day tourists came and visited the grottoes, and when they found him, they would then help him.

That was all, but his fears rose as he suddenly remembered that, if it rained, none would come, and rain, spite of the bright moonlight, was expected.

Hours and hours passed, and Jean was sure the early morning had deepened into noon, and that evening was coming on.

Then the long weary night.

How long it seemed! As Jean lay there suffering in his foot, many thoughts came to his mind, many reproaches, many regrets.

As the time went on, his hope lessened, and he thought that rain had come on, and possibly no one would enter the caves for days. Death, the slow lingering death of starvation, lay before him.

He could not walk, his foot was too painful; and when he tried to crawl, he could not go on, the suffering was so great.

Poor little Jean! The love of money was, indeed, having a sad ending, and often did he in those dreary hours regret it.

All in the dark, it seemed as if days passed, and weak and fainting Jean could hardly realise the joy when suddenly a light flashed across his face, and Désirée's voice rang in his ears.

"Here he is, he is found!" cried the child, who was with some tourists,

"Who's there?"

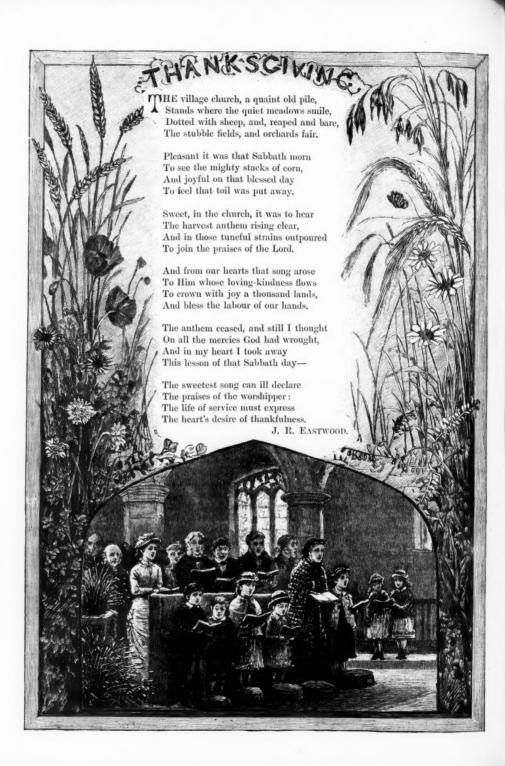
"Jean Lapelle!"

So it proved, and the villagers, who had never dreamt of looking in the grottoes, but had failed to account for his disappearance in any other way than in suggesting that he had been drowned, were very much delighted. Madame Lapelle's joy knew no bounds when Jean was brought back, weak and suffering, for he had been there two days.

Jean Lapelle lived to be a man, and a good man too. He works at his trade, and he helps his grandmother, and puts by a little for a rainy day.

He always keeps in his pocket a franc-piece. It reminds him of that sin which once had such hold of him—which it needed such a severe lesson to show him the evil of—the love of money.

L. E. Dobrée,



# CAIN: A STUDY.

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HULL.

(GEN. iv. 1-18.)



HERE is no name more familiar to us than that which heads this paper. From our earliest days, when first we heard the Bible stories at our mother's knee, have we been acquainted with the name of Cain. It has almost grown up with us as the type

of cruel violence and ungovernable passion, as the first fratricide, as one of the darkest and most hopeless characters of history. And yet, familiar and unpleasant as the whole subject may be, we may yet find profit in studying it. When we have fixed the character of a crime, and given to it its appropriate name, we may yet have much to learn. Beneath and behind the crime lies its history, its commencement, its development, its climax. For no man becomes a murderer, or a thief, or a drunkard, all at once. There is a silent history of each sin: an inner tragedy as truly awful as any more public one, and it is in studying this as far as we are able, more than in condemning the act, that we may derive the greatest profit. And it is this history, and also God's dealings with the man in whom the passions of sin had grown and wrought such havoc, that make this early story so well worth our careful consideration; and that have given it a place in that Book which is designed to warn as well as to encourage us in our spiritual conflicts and perils. Cain's nature was not always what it afterwards became. He once lay a little helpless innocent child in his mother's arms, and grew up and gladdened her heart by his boyish ways; and it was only little by little that the shade of evil darkened his life. The very opening of his life was as with a golden dawn. His very name breathed The mother's heart seems to have filled with hope when, as we are told, "She bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord," or rather, "a man, the Lord"-i.e., she regarded the child born as the Lord, the promised Messiah, the one who was to undo the result of her own disobedience. Such, then, was the beginning of Cain's life, in the innocence of childhood and the hopefalness of a mother's love.

It is at the point of Cain's sacrifice that his sin first begins to show itself in the narrative. From that sacrifice dates, as far as the narrative is concerned, the history of Cain's sin. That sacrifice was, we are told, rejected. "And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect." The question, therefore, at once arises, why had the Lord no respect unto Cain's offering? There must have been something wrong already about Cain and his offering, that God should thus have refused what he brought, Some have supposed that the fault lay in that which Cain offered: and that instead of fruit he ought to have offered a lamb. But to this it may be replied-firstly, that there is no mention in the narrative of any such sacrifice being required at the hands of Cain, and that surely if the fault lay in the thing offered the narrative should make this unmistakably clear. And secondly, what more natural, what more truly religious than that a man should make an offering of that which constituted the special work of his life? Surely each ought to offer to God not that which he has not, but that which he has, his special gifts, special opportunities, and special possessions. We are therefore justified in looking for some other explanation. Nor need we look far. The Hebrew suggests the explanation. We are told that while Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof," Cain "brought of the fruits of the ground." The expression here used of Cain's offering indicates an inferior sort of produce, fruits of the ground as distinguished from fruits of the trees: what we might term vegetables as distinguished from fruits. It is in this contrast between the offering of Abel and of Cain that we get a clue to the rejection of the latter. The one, animated by love, gratitude, unselfishness, gives the very best he can find; the other grudgingly and of necessity-keeps back the best and offers the inferior. Here, then, we get to the inner view of Cain's sin in its commencement. No love, no self-sacrifice, no zeal of devotion or willingness of worship, but a cold and selfish heart that, feeling itself bound to give something, offers that which costs the least. Thus, therefore, in selfishness lies the root of Cain's sin. And from this point the narrative takes up the tragic story of the growth and consequences of his sin. For when his sacrifice was rejected, instead of looking within, and by examination seeking to discover and amend his faults, he gave way to sullen anger. "He was very wroth, and his countenance fell." His selfishness deepened into wrath and envy and malice, until at last, gaining the mastery over him, it swept away all other considerations, and breaking out into act, landed him a murderer.

But no man thus travels along the road to ruin without some warning, and in Cain we find no exception. In verse 7, we have a beautiful and impressive expostulation which is addressed to him-an expostulation which is brought out all the more clearly by adopting a translation differing from that in our present version: "If thou hast done well, bear it," i.e., don't be vexed if your conscience acquits you. "If thou hast not done well, then thou hast admitted sin, and sin has made a comfortable abode at thy door." Where the idea used is that of a camel lying down, and which requires much effort to stir it up again. Sin is thus represented as having sunk down at Cain's door, from which it will not be easily moved, but will require some exertion on his part (compare Ex. xxiii. 5). "And sin will love thee, and cling to thee, and something in it will cause thee to cling to it. But thou canst master it." A most beautiful expostulation, full of meaning, warning, truth, encouragement. First, the sin is Cain's. He cannot lay the blame anywhere else. Secondly, that, having admitted it, it has become powerful and attractive. That if he would gain a victory over it, and prevent it from carrying him further, he must be up and doing. That a great effort is needed, and that no half measures will avail to rid him of his foe. That there is something that will attract him, and that he will have to exercise self-correction, self-denial, it may be self-crucifixion. That it is a case of the right eye and right hand being removed if he would enter into life. And thirdly, that, great as this sin may be, it is not irresistible, but that he may yet, by an effort, prevail against it. It is in this threefold character of sin that we may find both a warning and an encouragement, as applicable to ourselves as it was to Cain.

We have reached the critical point in Cain's life. Sin has been admitted, and remonstrance has been addressed to him. The appeal to his conscience has been clear and forcible. It now rests with him how he will act in such circumstances. It is the critical hour for repentance, for breaking away from the evil fetters of the past, and with new thoughts, new aims, resolutely commencing life anew. To break with the passion which sits sullenly and wrathfully on his heart, is a matter of life. To harbour the passion is fearfully perilous. One of the dangers of a thus unchecked passion is that it gradually undermines the whole character, and prepares it for the commission of acts which at one time would have been regarded as impossible. Slowly it matures the degenerate character which it is developing within, and little by little renders its victim accustomed to the thought of that towards which it is tending. It seems to have been so with Cain. A lowering and sullen countenance, a restless dissatisfied manner, may have been the only signs of the working of the passion within, but nevertheless was progress being made towards the terrible climax. Daily the sight of his brother is becoming less endurable. The acceptance of his sacrifice galls him; his presence is as a reproach, until it becomes the disturbing factor of What more natural, then, than that he should desire to get rid of this troubler of his life? What more natural than that he should wish to be rid of this standing reproach, this perpetual witness to his inferiority? And what more natural than that desire, perpetually present. should grow into determination, and determination end in act? And so passion has hardened into hate, and hate concentrated into a desire to remove the object of its hatred; and desire forms itself into a settled resolution. This seems to have been the case with Cain. For if we bring in the reading of the Samaritan text to help our own version, we have this climax suggested. For verse 8 will then read, "And Cain said [not talked] unto Abel, Let us go out into the field." Thus seeking occasion to slay him, Cain invites his brother to his doom. Unsuspecting, Abel consents; how can he, in his spotless heart, anticipate the evil designs of his brother? The opportunity presents itself, the madness of that settled hate and desire nerves his arm. "And it came to pass, that when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him." And Cain the selfish, Cain the wrathful, Cain the jealous, Cain the hater, became Cain the murderer. But when sin has thus reached a terrible climax, when it has resulted in some definite and terrible act, it does not dissolve like expended force, and die away. It is equally true in the moral world as in the physical, that there is no real loss of force. The sinner cannot now shake himself loose from his sin because he has been able to give it full gratification. The sinful act is only another link in the great chain that he has been forging, a fresh seed, a new departure which in its turn must have its consequences. Cain may think for a moment that he has done with Abel, but Abel, as he lies there cold and motionless, is now more than ever a disturbing factor in his life. Behind the deed stands the dark outlines of that terrible Nemesis which none can escape. Abel may be gone, but Cain has now to reckon with himself, his fellow-men, and his God. The narrative therefore, instead of closing at this point, goes on widening out into those consequences which naturally flow from it.

First there comes the call to account. Scarcely has Abel's dying cry passed into silence ere it is taken up and echoed back with tenfold force by that "terrible voice of most just judgment." Secret and swift and silent as may have been the deed, there is an eye that sees, and an ear that hears; "and the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?" Falsehood, fear, selfishness, break forth in reply: "I know not: am I

my brother's keeper?" He has spoken the spirit of self in all ages, in opposition to that spirit of Christ which has said, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

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Next the whole of life is changed to Cain. The smile dies off land and sea and earth, and life bears a strange, sterner look as the curse which he has brought upon himself changes the aspect of everything to him, while there mingles a fear of man, a fear lest "every one that findeth me shall hurt, molest [not slay] me." Where guilty conscience makes coward of him, bids him fancy that all know his crime, and must bear to him the hatred he bore to his brother. So largely does our view of the world and mankind depend upon the state of our hearts and the quietness of our conscience!

Again, there is the sense of separation between God and himself (see verse 14): "Thou hast driven me out this day from Thy face." Not literally, of course. There is no escape from the presence of God (compare Ps. cxxxix. 7), but driven out from the place where he was accustomed, with the other members of his family, to worship God, or with the sense of God's presence lost to him by reason of sin. For if the pure in heart shall see God, then those in whom passion has dimmed their spiritual vision may well be described as being without God in the world.

But it would be unjust to Cain were we to omit the important consequence of his sin which is suggested by an altered translation of verse 13. According to this translation, the word "sin" is substituted for the word "punishment," and the verse reads thus, "And Cain said, My sin is greater than I can bear." If this be so, it brings out the character of Cain at this point in the narrative in

a better light. The man who feels the burden of sin is a far better man than he who only dreads its punishment. Probably Cain knew little about death when he struck his brother; and when he realised what he had done, there fell on him an overwhelming sense of the mischief he had wrought. Here, then, towards the close of the narrative, just when everything seems darkest, comes a little faint ray of light falling into the gloomy picture-a ray of light feeble, no doubt, but still a ray, breaking up from the chaotic depths of the passionate, jealous, cruel heart of Cain.

And with that little glimmer of light comes one to answer it from the great mercy seat. For God is ever ready to answer repentance by mercy, and extend His fatherly arms to every returning prodigal. In verse 15 we read, "The Lord set a mark upon Cain." This ought rather to be, "The Lord gave a sign or token to Cain that every one should not molest him," where God's protecting and assuring mercy is made to hover over the head of the sorrow-stricken Cain as he goes forth to bear the consequence of his sin.

The light, too, seems to continue to broaden, if we may venture to draw any conclusion from the after history of Cain. Two features suggest the thought of continued repentance. The one is the name Enoch (Grace), which he gives to his son (verse 17), and the other is the presence of the word "Jael," i.e., God, in the names of some of his descendants. If so, then this narrative which began in the bright light of hope and expectation, passed down into the depths of darkness and horror and despair-closes, still girt about, it is true, with gloom and sorrow, yet with the soft light of mingled repentance and forgiveness falling gently upon it.

# ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORK.

PASTOR HARMS OF HERMANSBURG.



ERMANSBURG is a large parish, situate in an extensive range of country, not a long distance from Hanover, known as the Luneburger Heath. It is thinly peopled, chiefly by small farmers and peasantry. Pastor Harms is one of themselves,

a Luneburger by birth, and the son of a former pastor at Hermansburg. Before his father's death he became his assistant, and, in 1848, his suc-

A Lutheran, as well as a Luneburger, heart and soul, he was scholarly and refined; also simple in his habits and manners. His chief qualification, however, was his strong faith in God,

and his habit of believing prayer and daily communion with his Saviour.

The dead and dry orthodoxy which prevailed in Hanover was little better than the rationalism which surrounded it. Hermansburg was no exception. But by earnest preaching, by fervent prayer, by diligent work in visiting, and by an example of godliness, he sought to move the people; and his faith in God was great that his labour would not be in vain. In a dozen years Hermansburg became a parish the like of which could not be found in England. There was not a house in which family worship was not regularly conducted morning and evening; no one was absent from the church on Sunday, unless by illness;

with few exceptions, every adult was a communicant, and the week services were as well attended as those on Sunday; instead of the old country ballads, Christian hymns resounded in the fields; the labourers met together beneath the trees for prayer; drunkenness and poverty were unknown; the houses were cleaner and neater, and there were very few disputes or quarrels.

It was the genuine work of the Holy Spirit, and there arose a strong desire for missionary effort. Strong faith and self-sacrifice were not wanting, and twelve persons offered themselves as mis-

sionaries.

A house was set apart as a training college, with a brother of Pastor Harms as its president. Besides Theology and Homiletics, they were taught Church history, the history of doctrines and of missions.

Without any means at his disposal, and himself only a poor man, he had accepted the entire burden of training, sending, and supporting these men. But how were they to be sent and sustained in their labours? Before they were ready to go, some young sailors sought to join the band, and proposed that they should found a colony. The Young Men's Society of Bremen had sent them to Harms. The idea of Christian colonisation took possession of his mind. When the scheme became known, sixty persons offered themselves, out of whom eight were accepted. But how were all these people to be sent out? where was the money to come from? The account can best be given in the words of Harms himself. He says:—

"Then I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer; and since the praying man dare not sit with his hands in his lap, I sought among the shipping agents, but came no speed; and I turned to Bishop Gobat, in Jerusalem, but had no answer; and then I wrote to the missionary Krapt in Mombar, but the letter was lost. Then one of the sailors who remained (for five had become impatient and left), said, "Why not build a ship, and you can send out as many and as often as you will? The proposal was good; but, the money! That was a time of great conflict, and I wrestled with God. I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice which almost startled me in the quiet room, Forward now, in God's name! From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind."

A brig was soon built, but it cost 15,000 crowns, and 4,000 more to fit it out, and the money was given, sent in answer to prayer. The ship was named the *Candace*, because she was to convey the missionaries and colonists to the Ethiopians.

On the day of parting, the whole parish was assembled, with many from the neighbourhood, within and around the church. The pastor's brother preached a farewell sermon, and the mis-

sionaries and colonists stood up together and sang as their parting song Luther's grand hymn—

> "A sure stronghold our God is He, A trusty shield and weapon; Our help He'll be, and set us free, Whatever ill may happen," etc.

The Candace floated down to Hamburg, where the final parting took place. It was a sight indeed to see the long line of wagons, filled with gifts, slowly winding through the streets of Hermansburg, attended by the villagers, singing their hymns. The people of Hamburg opened their eyes, too, when they saw the line of country folk, with their pastor at their head, file through the streets to the harbour, where the sailors and loungers looked on with astonishment. On the quarter-deck was held a plain service, with a sermon by Pastor Harms. There was a word for all. "I beg of you with my whole heart," said the preacher, "that you will pray morning and evening. Begin all your work with prayer; and when the stormwind rises, pray; and when the billows rave round the ship, pray; and when sin comes, pray; and when the devil tempts you, pray. So long as you pray it will go well with you, body and

The ship sped on her way, through storm and danger, but the difficulties of the people were only begun when they reached the African coast. At length they bought land at Natal, and commenced their settlement and their mission there. But there was the same need for prayer, both in the old Hermansburg of the Fatherland, and in the new Hermansburg among the Zulus and Boers.

Within seven years, settlements were effected at eight stations on the east coast, where a hundred settlers were established, with houses and workshops, and about 40,000 acres of land. The Gospel won its way also. Fifty heathen were converted, and an influence for good was brought to bear on the people.

Pastor Harms received, in six years, near £30,000. How? it may be asked. In answer to

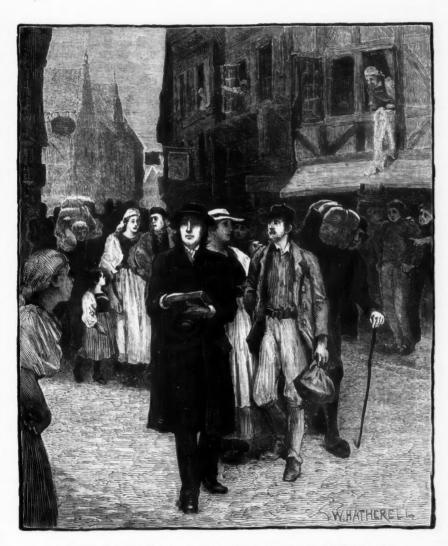
prayer—the prayer of faith.

Before his own paper was commenced, Harms put a brief report of his work in two country newspapers. In a short space contributions came from New Orleans, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Odessa, and Narva. God put it into men's hearts to give. "It is wonderful," says he, "when one has nothing, and 10,000 crowns are laid in his hand by the dear Lord. I know from Whom it all comes." Again he writes—

"A short time ago, I had to pay a merchant, on behalf of the mission, 550 crowns, and when the day was near, I had only 400. Then I prayed to the Lord Jesus that He would provide me with the deficiency. On the day before, three letters were brought, one from Schwerin with

were anonymous. On the evening of the same supply it. Before I had finished, and when I

twenty, one from Bücksburg with twenty-five, chest was urgently wanted for the mission. I and one from Berlin with 100 crowns. The donors reckoned up to see if there was enough left to



"The line of country folk : . . file through the streets to the harbour."-p. 732.

day, a labourer brought me ten crowns, so that I had not only enough, but five over." In another place he says :-

"I must tell you what brought the tears into my eyes, and confirmed me anew in that word, 'Before they call, I will answer.' A medicine

had not yet well begun to commend this matter to the Lord, a letter was brought, in which the anonymous writer stated that, for some time, he had been collecting for the mission, and had determined to purchase a medicine chest." The chest accompanied the letter.

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d a He had begun to pray about the Refuge, but had not told any one what was in his heart. One day a godly farmer met him, and asked in

what way he could assist his work,

"I told him what was in my mind. He sent me by his wife 500 crowns. Immediately after a merchant sent ten, a pastor 100, and there came anonymously 100 crowns." In 1858, he writes:—

"Last year I needed 15,000 crowns, and the Lord gave me that and sixty over. This year I needed double, and the Lord has given me

double and 160 over."

The missionaries are of like spirit to their leader. While the Candace was on her first voyage, she lay becalmed the whole of Saturday and Sunday, in the Bay of Biscay. The missionaries were sitting with the mate on the roof of the cabin. "If we had but the bellows," said the sailor, "we would make the wind." One of the brethren, deeply grieved, said, "Dear friend, that would not help us much. Rather let us say it to the Lord Jesus, and you will see if we have not wind before this day is over." As soon as he had spoken, the weight of his words made him un-

easy. He went down, and bent his knees before the Lord. "Dear Saviour," said he, "I have spoken in faith on Thee; I humbly beg of Thee, let me not be put to shame. See, I have sought only Thy glory. When Thy day is over, give, I beseech Thee, favourable wind, that these may know Thou art a living Saviour." The next morning the wind was blowing freely.

A second time they lay becalmed for several days. A prayer-meeting was held on the quarter-deck, when they confessed their sins, and gave themselves anew unto the Lord, begging for grace and forgiveness. With joy and boldness they prayed for wind. A few hours only had passed when the wind rose, and they sped on

their way ten knots an hour.

Of the other voyages of the Candace, of the many other things which crowd the history of the mission of Pastor Harms and the Luneburgers, space allows not to speak. We would only pray that every reader may have "like precious faith;" and that He Who is Head of all influence, power, and grace, may fill us all with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God.

# Have Mercy, Ford, on Me.



# THE TRUE SYMPATHISERS.

BY THE REV. E. ROBINSON.

ROM the very start of conscious responsibility, we learn the necessity and blessedness of looking out for help. At our earliest age, when the future is only one bright and glowing picture, when no shadow of foreboding, and no abling fear of evil have as yet darkened.

trembling fear of evil have as yet darkened or disturbed the imagination and the soul, even here we find, without ever knowing it, the inexorable call of human duty which asserts the doctrine of human brotherhood and the law of human influence, sympathy, and love. And then, passing on to larger and more actual experience, as step by step we climb the slope of life, only the closer and more imperative become the necessity and advantage for us to grasp the outstretched steadying arm, and catch and cherish the tones of cheer, which, in the merciful order of Providence, are never far to seek.

How oft in after life, when perhaps bruised and well-nigh broken by the fierce storms and anxieties of battles from without, and still more from those within, are we painfully made to feel, that all those wounds might have been, if not wholly avoided, yet very materially lessened, had we but been wise enough always to claim and make use of this outside help and sympathy.

The very steadiness of a self-dependent spirit has only served to develope the innate weakness and insufficiency of human nature—the very promptings of the man's own trusted strength have been alone the hand to cast him down; and he now learns, when perhaps too late to benefit by it, the wisdom and mercifulness of the lesson of his Maker:—"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

The truth is, that we are so linked, interlaced, and interwoven one with another, that not to lay hold of the thread of sympathy which, as an electric wire, runs through and influences the human race, is just, in its measure, to rob of its appointed strength and happiness alike the general body and the individual member of the body.

This, then, being admitted, what, we may ask, is offered to fulfil this duty and satisfy the demands of this universal law? Is there anything that will answer the purpose? When man feels and proves how helpless he is to fight alone the battle of life, and hears from within him the stern and steady voice of nature cast about for the needed help, where, in obedience to this voice, shall he place his trembling hand for steadiness and help? Is it at hand? Yes; the very demand itself points out one effectual remedy, and it is this:—In thy weakness there is one as weak, in thy loneliness there is one as lonely, in thy sadness there is one as sad. This one is thy neighbour, and

thy brother: go to him, and try to heal thy sadness. Throw thy weakness upon his, and see what comes of it. He needs thee as thou needest In the tones of this man's sadness, blend thine own, and blend them fully, and then listen whether from this minor key there break not forth some note of harmony to cheer and strengthen thy otherwise lonely soul. Ask not how it was. Pry not down beyond the facts. Thou art helped, and thou most likely hast helped thy brother. Perhaps this was because in this thou hast just fulfilled the duty or instinct of thy moral being. Perhaps it was because thou hast believed, that this mitigation and this solace have reached thee, and also thy brother. Unknown to thee, in the foothold of thy nature, in that deep unfathomed place where thy God dwells and plants and writes His unalterable laws for human guidance, perhaps thence evolved this thy cry for human help and sympathy, and this direction that thou shouldest step outside thyself for aid, and find it. Ask not, mind not; cherish what thou hast, and let it be thy teacher. Go again and again to this fount of human sympathy. It will not run dry. It is God's appointment, and so perennial. Grasp thy brother's hand still more closely, and thou shalt have a still richer feast. He has yet much more to give, and thou to receive.

This appeal to reliance on human sympathy for aid and consolation in the struggles and depressions of life was, it would seem, clearly manifested and enunciated even in Eden itself. If it was but an imagination on the part of our great and incomparable epic poet, it was yet one based upon solid reason and the veriest likelihood, where it is stated that, after our first parents, through infirm yielding, had forfeited their rest and hope, their God and all, in the depth of their dejection, and amid the flashings of the avenging sword, they yet hand in hand pursued their solitary way, passing out of Eden only to toil, weep, and die themselves, and also drift down to endless ages the curse and blight of their one sad and needless sin.

So it was too even with the second Adam, the Man from heaven, Who came to re-open the sinclosed path, and re-admit man penitent to even higher joys than Adam lost. Enwrapped as He ever was with the circle of Divinity, and moving among men bearing the clear credentials of heaven, He was known, notwithstanding, to yield, in His perfect manhood, to this pressure and succour of humanity, and so for ever to stamp its necessity and its value. Else why those visits to the family at Bethany, where, amid the strife, prejudice, and hate He was ever encountering, He

found a moment's shelter of sanctuary and home? Else why that piteous plea to His chosen few, when His words of truth and deeds of greatness, miracles of mercy, were driving from His side many who had hitherto walked with Him-" Will ye also go away?" Else why the solace He would get, when He heard these words of faith and love, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" Yes, as He came from heaven to link Himself with fallen humanity, and save it, and in order to effect this had to reach the trough of a world's guilt, so while, by the virtue of the atonement, He thus reached and grasped for redemption the race, it also behoved Him as our Captain to be on a perfect level with the sinner, to feel his weakness, measure his sorrows, and understand and appreciate his needs. And as we should expect, so we find Jesus leaned on human sympathy, the perfect Man yet leaned on sinful men.

But further, if we feel to need the staff of human sympathy in the dark seasons of sorrow, and find how precious and efficacious it is then to bear us up, how sweetly often does it lend its aid and infuse its blessedness to intensify and swell our joy! We never fully enjoy alone. As the commingling of tears strangely but surely, in a way we know not, soothes and pacifies the stricken soul, so is the tide of our joy never full

unless we let in the tributary streams of others' joy; the song never attains its perfect melody of sweetness until we blend therewith the harmonies of other voices.

It is just here, indeed, and here only, that we adequately comprehend and fully realise the principled activities of human brotherhood. Man was made for happiness, and happiness alone. To bow down his head like a bulrush, or hang his harp upon the willow of some dismal stream, is but to belie the dictum of his whole being, intellectual and moral, and ignore, and, as far as possible, obliterate and forfeit the sealed promise of his destiny.

God made all things for Himself, for His praise and glory. If so, it can be then the joyous soul alone which truly manifests its Maker, and elects to live its appointed life. Let, then, the misanthrope nurse in his sullen unloving breast his hatred and mistrust of his fellow, and let the cynic pursue his lanternsearch for honesty and truth; be it ours to tread a better because brighter way, one of expectation, hope, and trust; seeking only what is good in man; picking out the wheat amid the heap of chaff; believing in the truth as we ourselves are true; imparting and receiving help as we pass on to our goal; strong in the strength of human sympathy; and so, in our measure, in helping on the race to a sympathy still wider, sweeter, richer, and more blessed yet to come.

# WHITHER DRIFTING?

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "IN VANITY AND VEXATION," ETC.



CHAPTER XVI.—CAUGHT BY THE TIDE. I must have been one of the bitterest moments Thurstan Macey had ever known when he looked into the eyes of his betrothed, and read there the horror and anguish his avowal was costing her. As soon as she entered the house she had heard his voice, and her cousin's responding; and her jealousy of Hillian tempted her to listen at the door—an act of

meanness for which her punishment was as speedy as it was terrible. From his own lips she learned that the lover whom she had endowed with every heroic virtue was no hero after all. The very name by which she had so often fondly called him was an assumed one. She had never really had his confidence, and it was not for the reasons her humility had assigned for his reserve, but because he dare not be more candid. She understood at last how the cloud that had risen between them since Hillian came to Highbury was not the waning of his love, but the shadow of the evil deed of which he must have been constantly reminded by Hillian's presence.

Thurstan, divining all she must feel and think, looked wildly round as if seeking some way of escape

without approaching her; but there was none. The half-fainting Eunice still clung to the door-post, and Hillian was too much startled and confused to go to her assistance,

"Stand aside!" he said, at last, in desperation; "stand aside, and let me rid you of the scoundrel you have heard me acknowledge myself. Miss Hughson will tell you all, if you are not satisfied with knowing that I never have been worthy your affection. I would have avoided you as soon as I heard that you had connections at Cherbury if—if I had not loved you too well to leave you."

"It is not true! Let me hear you say that this dreadful story is not true!" she entreated.

But he did not speak; and, with a moan, Eunice tottered forward, and threw herself into the arms of her pitying cousin, hysterical sobs relieving the oppression that had threatened to deprive her of her senses.

Thurstan took a step nearer, as if longing to be the one to soothe her; but he drew back again, conscious that he had put it out of his power to do so. He was beginning to comprehend how the mischief wrought by an evil deed spreads like a ripple on the waters, and cannot be stayed. One long sorrowful gaze was the only farewell he dared permit himself; and he was rushing away, when Hillian, perceiving his intention, disengaged herself from Eunice to spring between him and the door, putting up a prayer in her heart the while, that she might be able to save him from himself.

"You must not leave us yet!" she said. "I have something for you—a tiny packet, left in my care

by your mother."

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"Spare me!" he exclaimed, with a shudder. "I could not look at it now! Burn it! I am not the injured and innocent lad for whom she intended it."

But Hillian would not be answered thus. It was a solemn moment; he stood betwixt good and evil;

the remorse that might lead to repentance, and the despair that might make him reckless. Even her weak hand might shield him from the one and turn him to the other, and so she persisted.

"Mrs. Macey gave it to me for the son whom she loved, and hoped to meet in heaven. Dare you refuse it?"

"Some other time—some other time," he answered, confusedly. "If ever these hands are clean enough to touch her parting gift, I will come or send to you for it."

Then Eunice came, with faltering step and streaming eyes, to stand beside her cousin as she demanded where Thurstan was going.

"I don't know—anywhere; I care not, so that it is out of Eng-

land," he answered with a ghastly attempt at indifference.

"And afterwards—what do you propose doing afterwards?"

He laughed harshly.

" Does it signify in what way a man goes to the dogs ?"  $\,$ 

"Why should you do that?" Hillian gravely asked, disregarding his sign to her to let him pass.

"Because," he replied, in a burst of self-condemnation, "because the taint of a crime is upon me. If I were to put thousands of miles betwixt myself and Cherbury, I should still be certain to come upon some one, sooner or later, who would point at me, and say, 'Don't trust him; he began his career by robbing his employers.' Have you never guessed what kept me away from the death-bed of my mother? You have just told me that she retained

her faith in my innocence to the last. I knew she would, and I dared not go to her."

"Then you have never ceased to regret your fault. Ah, why did you not confess it long since? The long, long days given up to remorse might have been spent in atoning for it."

"Why did I not acknowledge what I had done?" he exclaimed, seized with a longing to justify himself, yet neither addressing nor looking towards Eunice. "Partly because I resented the harshness of my accuser, and partly because I considered myself a victim, not a culprit. Had your mother been there, Miss Hughson—"

"Are you defending yourself at the expense of my

brother?" cried Hillian, reproachfully; and his head drooped.

"I beg your pardon. I have no right to do so, Mr. John Hughson acted as I should have done in his place; but let me tell you all, so that if there be any excuse for me, you will think as mercifully as you can. I had not meditated a theft. I did not consider that I had committed one. I was as vain and credulous as boys generally are, and when a specious artful fellow, who was in the habit of making small purchases at the shop, sought me out at the reading - room where I spent my evenings, I was flattered, and attributed his civilities to my being superior to most lads of my age."

"Was it he who

tempted you to rob my mother?" asked Hillian, anxiously. "Perhaps he took advantage of your inexperience. I knew you could not have sinned deliberately."

"He came into the shop one morning," Thurstan went on, refusing to hear this; "he came when I was alone, and asked me to change a cheque for him, and to do it quickly, as he was in haste to catch a London train. I knew where to lay my hand on a ten-pound note Mr. John had put aside for a special purpose, so long since that I thought he must have forgotten it; and I gave it to him. I contrived to learn in the course of the day what I had had every reason to fear at the time: he had no effects at the bank on which the cheque was drawn, and it was as worthless as he was."

"If you had gone to John or Oswald, and told them what you had done——"



(p. 736.)

"Ay!" Thurstan responded, bitterly; "if I had remembered the teaching of my mother I should have spared myself the pang of knowing that I filled the last years of her life with sorrowful yearnings for the son whose guilt drove him from her. But I thought only of myself, and how to avoid the blame that I should have to endure. I destroyed the cheque, and hoped John Hughson would continue to forget the note; or that if the circumstance recurred to his mind he would not suspect it was I who had taken it."

"But you would not have kept silence if you had heard an innocent person accused!" said Hillian, generously. "I am sure you would not."

He turned from her with a groan, and then demanded fiercely why she persisted in thinking too well of him.

"Is it," he asked, "to make me look into my heart and shudder at the evil and cowardly thoughts that lurked in it? What have I been but a liar and a hypocrite ever since that time? If you had told me that my mother saw me as I was, I could have borne it better than to know that she blessed me with her dying breath; blessed the miserable wretch who swore to her falsely that he was innocent!"

"But, Thurstan," Hillian pleaded, "it is never too late to retrieve the past, and you have not—forgive me—you have not sunk lower. Instead of finding you the deprayed miserable creature I was led to

expect-"

"You find me with my sins hidden under a good suit of clothes and a well-to-do air," he responded, bitterly. "I have been energetic and industrious since I came to London, and have earned my daily bread without asking help from any one since Mrs. Cottrell's brutal husband thrust me into the street; but it has been amongst racing and betting men, whom I loathed even while I lived with them."

"Was there no help for this?" asked Hillian, sadly.

"Yes," he replied, determined not to spare himself.
"I might have broken away long since if I had not known that I was not fit to associate with those who had nothing in their lives to hide. I did shake myself free when first I knew Eunice and her brother; I wished them to think me an honourable man, and I had begun to dream of a happy home of my own making, and a wife to share it with me, when you came, Miss Hughson, to remind me I was wooing Eunice under false colours, and to torture me with recollections of Cherbury and my mother."

"I am glad," said Hillian, impetuously, "glad that my coming has brought back those thoughts. Why have you tried to ignore them? Would you have gone on living under false colours always?"

He averted his face with a gesture of impatience.

"Have you no pity? My first effort to be honest has lost me Eunice."

"Was she, could she be wholly yours while you were deceiving her? Would you have kept up that deception till you led her to the altar?"

"Certainly not! Am I wholly a villain?" he asked, with flashing eyes. "Yet I deserve it. Let me go, Miss Hughson; my punishment is greater than I can bear."

Eunice would have put out her hands to him, but Hillian prevented it. She felt that this was the turning-point in the young man's life, and her voice was quivering with emotion as she asked—

"Where do you propose to go? Back to your bad associates?"

"Never!" he answered, emphatically.

"Away from England? With what purpose?"
Thurstan Macey's chest heaved, but he did not answer.

Hillian drew from her bosom the little silk bag in which she carried Mrs. Macey's packet, and held it before him,

"Take this, Thurstan, and my question is answered. Take it, and I shall know that you will go away to devote yourself, humbly and earnestly, to the work God sets before all of us; that you will tread the path your mother trod before you; and whenever you grow weary of well-doing, you will read this letter, and grow strong again."

"But the old sin will still weigh me down," he

nurmured

"I hope so; till it has brought you to your knees."

There was a long and trying pause, and then Thurstan extended his hand, saying, firmly—

"Give me my mother's legacy, and, God helping me, I will be His servant from henceforward. For the sorrow I have cost you"—and now he looked at Eunice, his eyes growing moist, his features convulsed with agitation—"forgive me, if you can. I shall never cease to regret that I let you think better of me than I deserved."

She would no longer be restrained. She held out her arms, crying passionately that he should not leave her.

"Did I give myself to you to take back the gift as soon as trouble fell upon you? I am but a weak ignorant girl, full of faults that will often vex you, but I will go hand in hand with you in the new life you propose, and who knows but that we may strengthen each other by our mutual love and trust!"

Thurstan Macey caught her hands in his, then put her from him, afraid, in his self-abasement, to accept the happiness her devotion proffered. But she would not be thrust away, and was murmuring the words of Ruth, when Hillian quietly left them together.

# CHAPTER XVII.-LEIGH.

MR. STAPLETON and Fanny had long since gone to bed, and even Len, with whom Miss Letts was supposed to be sitting up, had ceased his delirious mutterings, and fallen into as profound a sleep as his nurse was enjoying, when Eunice bade her lover good-bye at the door and came into the kitchen, there to lay her head on Hillian's shoulder and cry softly all the tears she had restrained as long as they could pain him.

She bade adieu that night to the wilful jealous Eunice of old; never again would she be as gay and thoughtless as she had been; for the shadow of Thurstan Maccy's sin had fallen upon his betrothed, and with it the responsibility of sustaining and cheering him in the uphill course on which he had determined.

Unless he saw reason to alter the plans to which she had given her approval, he would throw up the situation he was now holding, and sail for Australia. Folded within his mother's letter there were banknotes for seventy pounds, saved, she told him, by dint of rigid economy, to be used by her boy in the hour of need. There was no taint on this money, and Thurstan determined that it should be the nucleus of the competency to which he hoped to attain.

For two years he was to work alone, and then if his efforts were crowned with the very moderate success that would content Eunice, she would join him. It seemed a long probation, she said, with a sigh, and by assenting to it she feared lest he should fancy that she doubted his stability, but on the other hand it would not be right to leave her home under present circumstances.

"Not that I have been much use here," she confessed. "The very thought of going away has awakened me to such a sense of neglected duties, that I am ready to hate myself. I might have done so much for Lil, for the little ones, for the boys; but I have wilfully shut my eyes to all these things, and almost disliked you, darling Hillian, for being so helpful and considerate, while I wrapped myself in my selfishness, and did nothing."

"You love them dearly; you did not think—that was all," said Hillian, consolingly.

"Want of thought is—you know the rest. I must endeavour to do better. Perhaps papa would have been more—more interested in us if I had made the house home-like, and, in a word, been different myself."

"It is an experiment worth trying," was the reply, spoken in dubious tones,

"Ah!" said Eunice, drawing a long breath, "I have so many bad habits to conquer, so many things to learn and unlearn, that to think of them frightens me. Shall I ever be as gentle and womanly, yet firm in well-doing, as I want to be? Hillian, we have promised each other that our first act each morning shall be to ask on our knees that help without which you say we can do nothing. Do you think it will be given to us?

Eunice elected to sleep with her cousin that night, and when they lay down together, she spoke again very remorsefully of her past neglect of her home duties.

"I shall always feel that I have been in a great measure the cause of poor Lil's breaking down and Len's falling so easily into temptation. We should not have held together as well as we have done if it had not been for Leigh, dear Leigh! Oh, Hillian, where can he be? how unkindly I have forgotten him for these last few hours!"

Hillian was silent; she felt his unaccountable absence too keenly to dilate upon it, and had conjectured every possible and impossible cause for it till she had bewildered herself.

"You saw Melissa when you called?" she asked, remembering that Eunice had been to Mrs. Wylder's to learn how much truth there was in the report of the fire at Mr. Carroll's.

"No. Her mother told me that the tale was partly true; but she would not let me go up to see 'Lissa, for she was still so unnerved by the terror she had undergone that it would not be prudent to run the risk of admitting me; but I have agreed to call tomorrow, when, if the poor girl is calmer, I am to be admitted."

"Was anything said about Leigh?"

"Only that Melissa's feelings must have been cruelly wounded by his behaviour to her, for she had not mentioned his name. Mrs. Wylder is as selfish as her daughter," added Eunice, indignantly, "for when I told her we had not seen him since that night, she merely said, 'Oh, indeed,' and began to dilate on what she had suffered when Melissa was brought home to her half dead with fright, her hair scorched, and her dress partially burned.

The cousins, too excited to sleep, continued to talk, sometimes of Leigh and Melissa, sometimes of the good resolutions Eunice had formed, and the best way of carrying them out.

Neither of them regretted it when morning broke, and Eunice, putting her resolves to the test of practice, rose to assist Hillian, and relieve Miss Letts of her charge. Fanny sneered at such unusual industry, and wondered how long it would last, but was as troubled as the rest when the first post came in and brought no tidings of their absent brother.

Hillian waylaid her uncle to ask in tremulous tones if he did not think something must have happened to Leigh, but he answered crossly that the idea was absurd. "An athletic young fellow like his son was quite capable of taking care of himself, and could not disappear without some one knowing it. Leigh was a love-sick idiot; and he was most unfortunate in his shildren; not one of them was any comfort to him," and he positively refused to sanction Hillian's sending for a doctor to prescribe for Len, who, though no longer light-headed, remained so weak and ill that even Miss Letts felt uneasy.

Len's employer proved less implacable than he had appeared to be, for towards noon he sent his own medical man to ascertain the real condition of the lad, and the report he received brought him to Highbury a few hours later.

"No," he said, in reply to the eager look of inquiry he saw in Hillian's eyes. "I have not come to tell you I am willing to take Leonard Stapleton back; I never alter my rules; but I have been mentioning the affair to a brother-in-law of mine, who, having a smaller staff of employés, is better able to keep an eye on them; and as I can give the boy a character for punctuality and smartness, he is willing to take him into his house, and give him an opportunity of proving his repentance."

Without stopping to be thanked, he thrust a card of address into Hillian's hand, gruffly told her not to coddle Len at home a day longer than she could help, and went back to the carriage that was waiting

for him.

This was the first gleam of light since Leigh's disappearance, and Eunice and Hillian rejoiced together over it, when the twilight brought the former home dispirited at the non-success of the inquiries respecting his friend that Thurstan Macey had devoted the day to making in the neighbourhood. Hillian forebore to damp her pleasure by telling how Len had received the announcement of a new opening for him, and was shrinking with morbid dread from every one who might have heard the story of his misdeed.

Hillian wisely left him to himself, and when later in the day he began relating what he had heard respecting Mr. John's brother-in-law, and to speculate upon the nature of the employment that would be allotted to him, his cousin knew that he was partially reconciled already to the thought of returning

to the city.

It was not till Rosie and Posie were in bed, Tom preparing to follow them, and Fred willing to carry on his boat-building up-stairs for the amusement of the invalid, that the cousins were free to pay their intended visit to Mrs. Wylder.

They found her, as usual, harassed, untidy, and overworked, complaining bitterly of Melissa's impatience and fretfulness, yet making excuses for it as soon as she heard the expressions of concern uttered

by her young hearers.

"She has suffered so much, poor dear! both in mind and body, that, after all, it's no wonder if she's been a little irritable at times."

"But Melissa was not really hurt?" queried Eunice.

"Oh, Miss Stapleton, think of the agonies of terror she suffered! She was like a wild creature for hours after she was brought home! She very nearly lost her life; for it appears from what Mr. George Carroll tells me—and he's been most attentive, calling twice a day to know how she was getting on, while Mr. Leigh has not been over the threshold of my door once!"

"I thought I told you yesterday, Mrs. Wylder, that Leigh is not at home, and does not know of this

accident," exclaimed Eunice.

To keep the peace Hillian reminded her that she had not given them the particulars she had gleaned from Mr. Carroll.

"Oh, no. I was going to tell you that my poor dear child's head ached so violently that evening, as who can wonder after being almost heartbroken by Mr. Leigh's unkindness? it ached so that she was obliged to leave the dancers and lie down in Mrs.

Carroll's dressing-room, with her hair unbound and plenty of cau de Cologne on her temples. And in their hurry and alarm every one had forgotten her till she was seen at the window screaming to be saved. But that 's her bell; you had better go to her directly, Miss Stapleton; she cannot bear to be kept waiting."

Accordingly, Eunice went to Melissa's chamber, whither Hillian was also speedily summoned; Miss Wylder, for reasons of her own, not being inclined

for a tête-a-tête with Leigh's sister.

"Don't look at me," she cried with a whimper, as she huddled the bed-clothes over her head; "pray don't, Miss Hughson, for I am a perfect fright! it will be weeks and weeks before I can be seen without my hat; and in the meanwhile I must make a fright of myself in an old woman's cap! It seems so hard that every one should escape the slightest injury but me!"

"You forget the poor fireman," Hillian reminded her.

"Was there one hurt?" asked Melissa, carelessly.

"Ma did not tell me so. Men should not take to such a horridly dangerous kind of life."

"You should be the last to say that," retorted Eunice; "you, who owe your escape to the poor

fellow's bravery."

"I don't know what you mean," replied her friend.
"It was Leigh who carried me out of the burning house."

"Leigh!" exclaimed Eunice and Hillian, simultaneously, and with such wild surprise that Melissa raised herself on her elbow to stare at them.

"Why! how—how odd you both look! Didn't he tell you that he wrapped his coat round me and brought me down the stairs in his arms? I suppose," and she tittered, "I suppose he did not choose to confess that in spite of his ill humour he could not resist hanging about Mr. Carroll's to get a peep at me in my pretty dress. But that was quite spoiled, scorched and crushed, and——"

"Where did Leigh go after he had saved you?"

Eunice broke in, impatiently.

"Home, I suppose. How should I know? I lost my senses when I saw the flames rushing up to meet us, and knew no more till I found myself at home, and mother crying over me."

The cousins turned from the self-absorbed speaker to exchange glances of terror. Both were beginning to entertain the same suspicion; but it was no use

to speak of it here.

"Come!" said Eunice, imperatively; and, to the astonishment of Melissa, they left her without a word of farewell, hurrying down-stairs to interrogate Mrs. Wylder, whom their rapid questioning bewildered.

"She knew nothing of Mr. Leigh," she protested.
"It was George Carroll who brought dear 'Lissa home in a cab. She recollected hearing him say that one of the firemen—yes, she was almost positive he said a fireman—had rushed into the house, and brought 'Lissa out of it, wrapped in the coat he had



"Hillian and Leigh lingered on the pier."-p. 744,

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snatched off to shield her uncovered arms and neck from injury, and----"

"What became of the coat? where is it?" broke in the agitated Eunice.

Out of some corner Sarah Jane brought forward the singed blackened remnants of grey tweed, and from Hillian's pale lips there broke a sob terrible to hear. It was Leigh's coat; it was he who had saved Melissa's life at the risk of his own.

Then the cousins clung to each other, tearless and helpless, in their grief and horror; but not for long. They must ascertain whither he had been taken, and—if he still lived.

"We must not hope for that," said Eunice, with the calmness of despair. "His first thought would have been of us and our anxiety; but, living or dead, he must be found. Let us go to Mrs. Carroll's; she may be able to tell us where he was taken."

Hillian trembled and hesitated. More imaginative than Eunice, who thought only of finding her brother, she was picturing the condition he might be in, and shrinking from the sight of his sufferings.

Her impatient cousin was vexed to see her turn so faint that she could neither speak nor move till she had contrived to swallow the water Mrs. Wylder brought her; yet, that natural dread once conquered, it was Hillian whose self-possession helped them through all the difficulties of the painful quest.

It was no use going home to invoke the aid of Mr. Stapleton. Neither Leigh's unaccountable absence nor Len's illness would bring him back from his club five minutes earlier than usual. What they did must be done alone; and, their funds too low to admit of driving thither, they walked to the furnished villa at Crouch End, to which the Carrolls had retreated.

Mrs. Carroll came out of her drawing-room, where she was sitting in solitary state, to be startled and confused by Eunice's excited manner, and Hillian's ghostly looks. Unfortunately she had little to tell, and that little had to be extracted from a tissue of complaints of the damage done to her beautiful furniture. Both her husband and son were absent. She believed they had made inquiries about the man who was hurt, and she thought she heard one of them say that he was carried to the St. Elmo's Infirmary; but if the young ladies would sit down and rest, she would send one of the servants to the engine-house to question the men stationed there.

Sit down and rest while Leigh might be dying! Her mention of the house where the fire-engine was kept had given them the clue they wanted, and, thankfully accepting the guide she offered, they hurried thither.

"No, it was not one of his mates, but a stranger, who was hurt that night," the civil fireman informed them. "A brave fellow he was, and had brought the young woman out, shielding her with his own body. Yes, he must have been burnt terrible, for he dropped as soon as he got outside the door, and had to be taken away on a stretcher."

It was verging upon midnight when Eunice rang

the bell at the infirmary, but as soon as Hillian had made their errand known the house-surgeon was sent for.

Their brother—if it was their brother—was sadly hurt," he told them, "but there were hopes now, for he was regaining consciousness, and the exhaustion was not so great as it had been."

"Why had not his relations been made acquainted with his condition?" demanded Eunice, wringing her hands

"Simply because we had no means of learning where to find them. Our patient had neither coat nor hat when brought here, and he has not spoken yet; but if you can identify him as the Leigh Stapleton you are in search for, I shall be glad for his sake as well as yours."

But could they do so? When Eunice bent over the bed, and saw the bandaged head and shoulders, and corpse-like face that lay there, she shrank away, crying that this was not Leigh; this was not her brother! Hillian's perceptions, however, were keener, and she knelt patiently beside him, her tears falling softly in the wasted hand she was clasping, till he stirred uneasily, and asked who was there. It was Leigh's voice that spoke, and between her joy and distress, Eunice became so hysterical that one of the nurses led her away.

But ere Hillian followed her down-stairs she had the gratification of knowing that she was recognised, and her promise to be there again in a few hours responded to by a faint pressure of her hand.

"Will he be dreadfully disfigured?" sobbed Eunice, to the kindly house-surgeon.

"I do not think so; the shock to his system has been really greater than his external injuries, although those are bad enough. You must not expect him to get well in a hurry."

A warning scarcely listened to at the time, but which proved prophetic. Leigh had a splendid constitution, his doctors averred, and his temperate habits were much in his favour; but week followed week, Melissa's hair had grown long enough to allow of the cap being discarded, and still Leigh lay in the infirmary, hollow-eyed and helpless.

But he was no longer unknown, for the tale of his rescue of Melissa had exalted him into a hero. His fellow-clerks came to see him, pleased to be able to say that he was one of them; his father was highly gratified that he was able to talk of "that brave young Stapleton" as "his son;" and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll got up a testimonial, couched in very flowery language, and signed by every person who had been their guest that night; Melissa—with a great deal of assistance from her mother—embroidering the elegant silken case in which it was forwarded to Leigh, by whom it was thrust out of sight as quickly as possible.

Melissa's nerves would not allow her to see her betrothed, whose recovery was a sadly protracted one. However, his fortitude did much to lighten it, and daily Eunice or Hillian contrived to visit him. Thurstan Macey, too, spent every hour he could spare from his preparations for his voyage by the side of his friend, from whom he withheld nothing. Those long earnest talks may have made them graver men, and were sometimes almost more than Leigh could bear; but the words spoken then sank deep into both their hearts, to be often recalled in the years to come.

Mrs. Hughson began to pine for her child, especially after she heard that Hillian was looking wan and overwrought; and Lilias was now feeling so well that she was anxious to go back to Highbury and relieve her cousin; but still the latter pleaded for leave to stay a little longer—only till Leigh was sufficiently convalescent to come home. How could she go away till then?

Christmas had come and gone. Spring was at hand. Crocuses were beginning to peep out of the garden beds, and Thurstan Macey had bidden Eunice farewell, and crossed the sea, when Lilias returned to Highbury to make one of the group that gathered at the windows to watch for the coming of Leigh, mereifully restored to them after all these long weeks of suffering.

He would carry the traces of the flames to the grave, and the eyes that watched him so fondly often filled with tears as they saw how weak and changed he was; but Leigh bore himself cheerfully, noticing and praising the flowers with which the room was adorned, and the gaily-covered cushions arranged for his comfort. He testified all the old brotherly interest in Tom's lessons and Len's progress in his new situation; and he patted with his thin fingers the now rosy cheek of Lil, and settled down, as Eunice declared with a smile and a sob, into all his old ways just as if the sorrow and suffering of the last few weeks had been nothing but a hideous dream. If, as Hillian fancied, a look of pain sometimes crossed his face, it was so quickly banished that no one but herself suspected that he was struggling with some feeling to which as yet she had no clue.

Leigh was not as strong either bodily or mentally as he strove to appear. He was obliged to confess that he was fatigued, and go to his room at an early hour. Hillian said her good-bye ere he went, for she was to return to Cherbury under the escort of an old friend of her mother's, whom she was to meet in the city at an earlier hour than the invalid would be visible.

Then it was that Leigh's composure forsook him, and his breath came in great gasps as he took her hand.

"Heaven bless you, little cousin! I owe you more than I can find words to thank you for. Do me one favour before you leave us. Break the tidings you'll find in this letter to Fanny; her pride will be wounded more than her heart; and—and remember me—remember all of us, in your prayers!"

Together Eunice and Hillian read the letter. It was from Melissa Wylder, lamenting her inability to fulfil her engagement to Leigh. She respected him

immensely, she added, and should always remember with gratitude that he had saved her life, but it would be years before Leigh would be in a position to give her the luxuries without which she could not be happy, and it was therefore better that they should part. Neither must he nor Fanny feel hurt if they heard that she would shortly be united to Mr. George Carroll.

"Poor Leigh!" sighed Hillian, piteously.

"Fortunate Leigh!" responded Eunice, as she flung the letter from her. "He has escaped marriage with a frivolous girl incapable of valuing his affection. And so ends another of my mistakes! It was I who brought them together, never asking myself whether Melissa was fit to be Leigh's wife."

"You will do your best to console him," murmured Hillian, "and Fanny too."

Eunice laughed rather bitterly.

"Fanny will console herself; she has been wavering for some time past between the old love and a new one, and, as the latter is in a better position than the former, you may be sure that she will soon forgive Melissa. As for Leigh—oh, Hillian, you need have no fears for him, nor for me. Hard as some of the lessons seem that we have to learn—trial, separation, and anxiety for the welfare of those we love, you have taught us by your example in what spirit they are to be learned, and indeed, dear, we will not forget your teachings."

#### CHAPTER XVIII .-- IN CALM WATERS.

IT was nearly three years before Hillian Hughson revisited Highbury, and then it was on the occasion of the marriage of Eunice. Thurstan Macey's efforts had not prospered for some time after his arrival in Queensland, and their union was deferred in consequence; but brighter times had shone upon him, and he had returned to England to transact some business for a fellow colonist, and carry back with him his bride.

Mrs. Hughson not only consented to let Hillian act as bridesmaid to her cousin, but resolved to go to London with her. She did not forget that Eunice was motherless, and she contrived to find employment for two or three days in selecting additions to her niece's trousseau, and such stores for her house-keeping as would be invaluable in a new country.

While Mrs. Hughson was thus employed, spending her evenings with the friends of her son John's young wife, Hillian was at her uncle's, trying to reconcile herself to the changes she found there.

Mr. Stapleton had married again; his second wife was a middle-aged woman with a comfortable income; and, having no "encumbrances" of her own, thought herself justified in getting rid of her husband's as quickly as was compatible with decency.

Leigh, still keeping his young brothers under his care, had gone into lodgings not far away. Fanny

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had married secretly to avoid the opposition she anticipated, and her relatives never saw her except when she wanted patient auditors to her complaints of the tyranny of her husband; while Miss Letts' endeavours to secure nominations to orphan schools for Rosie and Posie had been cut short by Mrs. Stapleton, who protested that she could never submit to the shame of knowing that her husband's children were supported by charity. It was therefore decreed that a very cheap school should be found for the little ones; and here Mrs. Hughson ventured to interpose, and recommend their being placed under the care of a gentle motherly woman, a very dear friend of her own, in the vicinity of Cherbury. As she offered to pay a share of the expenses, her proposal was agreed to, and Lilias spared the pain of the separation she dreaded, by being placed by her aunt in the same school as pupil teacher.

While these arrangements were being discussed, and Eunice was engaged with her lover, Hillian found time to visit the infirmary, and renew her acquaintance with the nurses, and she also spent an hour or two at Agar Town with Thurstan Macey's relation, Mrs. Cottrell.

The poor mother's voice still faltered when she spoke of her baby: and hidden away in a drawer she kept the frock she had braided for him, but she could say reverently that it was well with the child and with herself.

The death of the little one, and the grief of the bereaved mother, had touched the heart of the hitherto selfish intemperate husband, and from that time had he been a changed man. The house was no longer pitiful to see in its attempts at the shabby genteel; it was the picture of what a working man's home should be; and when Hillian consented to stay and have some tea, and be introduced to Mr. Cottrell, the pride and delight of her hostess as she produced her best china and damask table-cloth in honour of such a guest, were very pleasant to see.

A few hours after the marriage ceremony, Eunice and Thurstan bade adieu to England. There were no tears in the eyes of the bride as she stepped on board the ship at Gravesend and looked back at the little cluster of friends she was leaving. Her hand was in her husband's, and the faithful love that had strengthened him in his resolution to redeem the past, gave her courage to face the future bravely. Impetuous and faulty she was still, but the knowledge of his own shortcomings would make Thurstan patient with her, and they would bear one another's burdens till the end.

Hillian and Leigh lingered on the pier long after the vessel had become a mere speck, and Mrs. Hughson had gone with Mr. Stapleton to rest at the hotel. Both found their thoughts insensibly straying from the newly wedded pair to themselves. It was the first time they had been absolutely alone during Hillian's visit, and there had been no allusion to the past, but the questions she had longed yet feared to ask, were answered by the tranquillity that sat on Leigh's scarred brow; it was well with him too.

His face flushed slightly when his eyes met hers, though he told his thoughts promptly.

"I was thinking of you, Hillian, and of how much more deeply Eunice is indebted to you than she imagines. You have been so quiet, so self-denying, that she has not considered what it must have cost you to put yourself quite on one side that she might be happy."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Hillian; but scarcely were the words spoken when her own colour began to deepen, and she knew all his speech was intended to convey. Long since, in the days when Eunice had been mad with jealousy, she had told Leigh that Hillian loved the man to whom she was betrothed, and was trying to win him away from her.

"How could you think this of me?" she asked, reproachfully. "Eunice misjudged me, but it was only for a little while; while you, whose good opinion I felt so sure I had, have been cherishing a doubt of my good faith all these years."

"Yes, yes," she persisted; "you thought me capable of acting dishonourably by your sister."

"Indeed I did not. Have I not just been praising your generosity to Eunice?"

"There was none in the case, and it pains me very much to hear you say such things,"

"But you are not angry with me, Hillian? If I have been in error, I have suffered for it sufficiently to atone for the offence; for have I not loved you myself more dearly than I can express, ever since I learned to distinguish between the true and the false? But you turn away; you despise such tardily offered love as mine; you think that, so weak as I have shown myself, so easily led into the temptation that nearly wrecked poor Len, you could never trust me. Nor is this all; I shall be a needy man for years. I must watch over and help my young brothers till they can stand alone, and—there are other responsibilities I have taken upon myself and cannot shirk."

"And you doubt me still?" asked Hillian, turning upon him a face all smiles and tears. "You think I would not go hand in hand with you in your loving care of the boys, and your Bible-class, and your other good works, of which Eunice has told me. Ah! Leigh, if you will promise not to think me bold, I will say—"

"What, my dearest ?"

"Try me !"

And when the young couple joined Mrs. Hughson at the hotel, she smothered the sigh that rose to her lips, and gave her assent to Leigh's wooing unhesitatingly. She had heard the story of his life during these last three years, and she could thank her God that, come weal or woe, her daughter had chosen wisely.

THE END.

### THE GENTLENESS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM, NORFOLK.

ODERATION in the use of power is a sign of true greatness of soul. There is a calm reservation of strength about genuine excellence, which makes its possessor patient towards the weakest, and ready to encourage the good that is in the

worst. Never is a man so God-like as when he thus acts. Very wonderful it is to find gentleness ascribed by the Psalmist to the Almighty. This is an aspect of the Divine character we are slow to appreciate; and yet we see it in Nature, Providence, and Grace. So far as we succeed in grasping the thought, we feel a mighty spell controlling our wills, fascinating our inmost being, and drawing us upwards by bands of love, with the cords of a man.

How exquisitely is it seen in the material world! When the furious hurricane sweeps all before it in its irresistible course, or when the lurid lightnings flash and the deep thunders roll, or if the ground heave beneath us with the convulsive throes of an earthquake, or the pestilence stalks abroad, slaying thousands with its malarious breath, the most sceptical feel themselves in the presence of a Power greater than their own, and the stoutest hearts quail before the display of forces in nature, which nature's Lord alone can control.

Still, sights and sounds like those often leave us no better than they found us. It is Nature in her wilder forms that wooes and charms and elevates the spirit. The sun shining in his noontide splendour is a grand and majestic object; but when we see his dazzling rays dispersed through the prismatic rain-drops on the dark storm-cloud, we have a far more impressive proof of creative skill, as well as a pledge of unchangeable mercy. The view of the ocean rolling in its pride and bursting impotently upon the iron-bound coast, thrills the most thoughtless with awe and wonder; but when we find its mighty energies regulated by the gentle moon's attraction, and held in check by the law of gravity, we form a far nobler conception of the wisdom and power of Him who has fixed the bounds of the sea by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass.

So, too, when we observe the gentle dew stealing down from the cloudless sky, in obedience to the principle of refraction, upon the parched and thirsty soil, or soft showers in season given reviving the face of nature, and quickening the long buried seed, who is not ready to sing with the three children, "O ye showers and dew, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever "?

In these, and countless other instances, does the Creator's gentleness make creation great.

Is it so in the world of matter? Analogy would lead us to expect to find the same spirit much more emphatically expressed in the actings of the same God in the Kingdom of His Grace. Such is certainly the case. The more deeply we examine the mystery of Redemption, the more brightly does this grand truth shine throughout it. No sooner had man's doom been pronounced, than the promise of a Deliverer was given. The bow of the covenant is painted on the black storm-cloud of wrath. In due time the promise was fulfilled. The Saviour came. His gentle though transcendently pure character, His loving words, His deeds of mercy, above all His willing self-sacrifice, all declare God's thoughts to be thoughts of love.

The Cross has, indeed, its dark and awful It tells of the terrible necessity for such an atonement, and reveals in the darkest hues the holiness and righteousness of Him Who ordained it. But it also lays open the heart of God, overflowing with pity towards even the guiltiest sinner; for thereon He appears taking away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. His unutterable love has made it the most mighty magnet the world has ever seen and felt. fact, attraction is the master-principle by which He regulates the moral as well as the material universe.

Let us, with an American writer, imagine the earth by some means to have broken away from the solar system. In that case the sun could not leave its central position to recover it, nor could any other planet be used to attract it back, for the earth would thenceforward revolve round it as centre, and the harmony of the whole planetary order would be for ever disarranged. No other course would be possible, but that an augmented force of attraction should be thrown from the sun itself upon the earth sufficient to reinstate it in its appointed orbit.

Just such is the extraordinary attractive momentum supplied in the Cross, to overcome the reluctance of our rebellious hearts. No compromise is involved in it. No created being has interposed, for if any could have effected our restoration, he must have supplanted God Himself in our affections. But we see incarnate Deity satisfying the penalties of His own broken law. We feel the gentleness of a Divine Saviour drawing us towards Himself as the true centre of our being, and making us great indeed, when He calls us to sit with Him on His Throne, and

to share His Kingdom.

This truth comes home to us in a yet more affecting degree, in His manner of dealing with individual souls. Coercion has never changed man's heart, and never can. Severity may rouse the slumbering conscience, or deter from crime; but kindness alone can win to virtue. David was a very fond, and even a too-indulgent parent; and yet when his rebellious son had returned from exile, he was not suffered to see his father's face for two whole years. As a needful discipline for Absalom himself, and a wholesome warning to his subjects, the king excluded him from his presence until he had thus tested the sincerity

of his repentance.

Not thus does our gracious Father deal with He has found a way for His banished ones to return to Him at once. No sooner does the prodigal arise, and in earnest seek his Father, than the Father runs to meet him, gives him the kiss of peace, invests him in the best robe, and bids him welcome to His house and table. Some there are that realise this at once in their happy experience. So did Cæsar Malan, the eminent Swiss Evangelist, who was wont to say, that there was nothing to which he could so truly compare his own conversion as the bliss of an infant awakened from sleep by its mother's kiss. Like Lydia's, his heart was lovingly opened to receive the glad tidings, and from that hour his peace flowed like a river. Many others, like St. Paul, or the Philippian jailor, through more or less protracted alarms of conscience and distress of mind, are led to the Cross, and find acceptance. But they readily acknowledge afterwards that their own unbelief, and no reluctance on the Father's part, kept them back from His favour. Invisible bands of love were all the time drawing them to Him, and His gentleness sooner or later made them great.

Nor is this so only at the beginning of a Christian course. There is a wonderful tenderness, mingled with severity, in the Lord's discipline towards all His children. His rebukes are few compared with His encouragements. element of happiness largely prevails over the measure of suffering in the lot of most. There is a marvellous compensation in Providence, by which the proportions of joy and sorrow are wisely blended. By an all-surrounding lovingkindness does God nurture and develop all that is best in us, fostering our noblest feelings and most generous sympathies. The cloak of selfishness, worldliness, or sin, which the bitter blast of reproach would make us wrap more tightly round us, loosens and falls off under the warm sunshine of His love. Even the heaviest trials are so mitigated by special supplies of grace, or unexpected alleviations, that the sufferer can

> Before Him, lying still E'en in affliction, peace.

When tribulation has done its appointed work, sanctified afflictions become spiritual promotions; and at length every one of the blood-washed multitude before the Throne will humbly and gratefully acknowledge that God's gentleness has made Him great,

#### A JUVENILE CITY DINNER.



IAT visions the words conjure up, of Aladdin-like halls and unfairy-like guests, of groaning tables and of gorgeous plate, of aldermanic appetite and of eloquence as comprehensive, and of sweetness and light unlimited, if these good things, taken usually in conjunction, may be considered for

the occasion as separate items. Can a City dinner which lacks each and every one of these associations, be possibly worth the chronicling—a City dinner, moreover, eaten in the daylight, or what had to serve for such at noontide on a murky March morning? Our readers must be the judges; but, from our own remembered impressions, we incline to think it may.

The look of the large plain building in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, with an unpretending iron railing in front, where we stopped, warned us at once that the City dinner at which

we were to assist was to be eaten in no gorgeous hall, and our first look at the expectant banqueters give an equal bouleversement to all preconceived and conventional notions on such subjects. Rows upon rows, rooms upon rooms full of small boys and girls, some more or less distinctively defined by help of knickerbocker or necklace, but some round mites, which might have been either. Blue-eyed, black-eyed, brown-eyed, and of varying shades of complexion, were these tiny guests, but their curly heads and their clean pinafores, and a general look of happy expectancy, gave a sort of family likeness to all the bright little faces. We were half an hour too early for dinner, it was explained to us, and so this usually trying interval became the opportunity for "making friends" with our 650 little fellow guests and with our hostess, the delightful superintendent of these infant schools. By her aid, we were soon on pleasant terms of intimacy with the little ones, and moved from room to

room with the ease and interest of old acquaintance.

One large class—large in number we mean, for the largest in size may have measured something slightly over two feet from its rather shabby toes to the top of its curly fringe—was engaged in the art of unravelling the mysteries of multiplication with the help of gaily coloured balls, and another in most primitive attempts at writing. But the room in which we entered first and lingered longest was the baby department, where tiny bright-eyed toddling things were gravely hugging fluffy lambs and squeaking soldiers in the pauses of a rhythmic exercise, when the toys were solemnly laid down and the eyes grew round and grave, and the little hands and feet and voices all took their share in what was evidently regarded

as a very serious undertaking.

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We luckily found quite a store of pennies in our reticule, and with their aid we speedily established confidential relations with some of the babies. A somewhat puzzling communication, however, was one of the first results, for venturing to offer one of these pennies to a small maiden with a big bead jet necklace, and earrings and eyes to match, she, to our utter bewilderment, gravely inquired, "Isdisfor dem? We b'ought t'ree littler ones; 'e," pointing with a chubby forefinger to a bigger mite close to her, "'e on'y b'ought two." What could the small sphinx mean? We turned helplessly to our guide, and with a merry look the dark saying was expounded very much to our satisfaction. It seems that when the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the unhappy Russian Jews was started, Miss H---, the superintendent of these schools, had explained in simple fashion to "her children," as she calls them, the sad straits of these far-away brethren of theirs, and had suggested that they should bring to her all the farthings they could save or spare to send to the fund. And the little scholars had brought their one or two, or, as in our consequential little maiden's case, their "t'ree" farthings to swell the goodly heap of their kind mistress, with such unanimity, that, by the date of our visit, it was just about to be transmuted into three golden sove-

Before we had finished with the babies, we were taken by a trim sweet-spoken young woman to see the sewing. Her pleasant voice impressed us the more perhaps as being a trifle in contrast to the quick (not quite cultivated) tones of some of the other teachers. She, it seemed, had herself begun her studies in the "baby room" some twenty years before, and had completed them and worked for her certificate in one

of the kindred institutions.

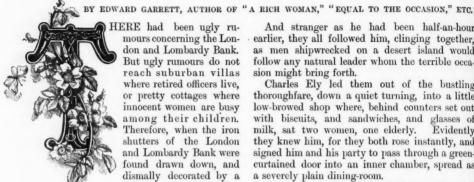
We were still looking at the work and listening to our guide, when a message announced that "dinner was served." A primitive serving it was, on an improvised sideboard of desks, and the grace before meat given out by the tiniest of be-pinafored little chaplains conceivable. "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, Who with goodness feedest all," we found to be the translation of this untribal invocation.

We were not permitted to be onlookers only at the banquet; a savoury plateful was put before us, and a very appetising compound of rice and meat and delicious brown potatoes it proved. A wonderful pennyworth, in truth, and supplied even without the penny, we were told, to the quite penniless little ones, which pleasant news, however, was rather sadly qualified by another teacher adding, "as far as it will go." Our share, at any rate, gave us renewed strength to receive smilingly the details and statistics which seem the inevitable accompaniment of such entertainments, and the hardly less tiresome, if more necessary, equivalent for the speeches which follow on more pretentious ban-Like the millionaire who has developed from the proverbial germ of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., and who forms not only a figure of speech, but a figure for speeches on such occasions, the school, with its big class-room, and its "branch" in Tenter Street, and their united daily muster of nearly 900 pupils, had also its modest beginning some forty years back, of some dozen little folks taught in one small room. With the Patriarch at the ford, the head mistress might exclaim, "With my staff I crossed this Jordan, and now have I become two bands." For the work was begun by a near relative of this lady, and she herself has taught long enough in the schools to see a second generation arise to call her blessed, and to receive grateful letters from many a prosperous sober head of a family, whom, in the long ago, she had "taught and tumbled, with all its curls, about her knees." The children, when they can, pay a penny a week, but much of course is required, and much, we were glad to hear, is given to supplement these fees, which nevertheless, in root and "branch" together, reached last year the goodly sum of over £150.

The dinners, at which we assisted, are of course an extra, and are provided from a special fund, to which it seems contributions do not flow quite so readily. The great ambition of the teachers is to be able to provide a daily banquet during the winter months which should include even the farthingless little ones. An ambition which hitherto has been but very partially satisfied, but surely one which we may hope will be realised next season, for this we can assure our readers, that a wholesomer City dinner have we never eaten, and with as appreciative guests have we rarely sat down.

K. M.

## "SUSPENDED!"



HERE had been ugly rumours concerning the London and Lombardy Bank. But ugly rumours do not reach suburban villas where retired officers live, or pretty cottages where innocent women are busy among their children, Therefore, when the iron shutters of the London and Lombardy Bank were found drawn down, and dismally decorated by a poster, announcing that

all business was suspended, there were some to whom the appearance of things was evidently

sadly startling.

Presently they clustered about one, who was evidently one of themselves in his keen interest in the disaster. He was a man with a fresh face, and dashes of silver subduing the warm chestnut of his hair. And he had the unconventional air of one who has lived near to God and nature.

"We are kindred in misfortune," he said, "but we must not forget that the world is still going on, and that we must go with it."

"I only ask to go out of it," bitterly groaned an elderly man, his face convulsed with grief.

"Oh, and I too!" wailed a widow. "I don't see what more I can do for the children now."

"The villains!" hissed a tall gentleman. "And their last balance-sheet was so fair, and the interest they proffered higher than ever. It was that which tempted me! They are thieves of the worst dye; think of all which will lie at their door. Thieves! they are murderers!

"And my poor husband thought their high interest such a blessing," sobbed the widow. "On his dying bed, he blessed God for the prosperity

of the London and Lombardy."

"All the savings of years of hard labour swept away at once!" groaned the old man.

He who stood in the midst of the group looked around him. Charles Ely was a man who had spent years on a lonely sheep-run in the back country of New Zealand, where scarcely half-adozen incidents had broken the monotony of a year. And the still life had done this for him: events had not crowded too thick upon each other to hide God's hand beneath them, and he had learned how to take himself apart with all that his hand and heart could hold, and to live out his own share in life's drama, and not be, as so many are, only a part of its scenery.

"Let us go somewhere to be quiet," he said. "I know of a suitable place not far from this."

And stranger as he had been half-an-hour earlier, they all followed him, clinging together. as men shipwrecked on a desert island would follow any natural leader whom the terrible occasion might bring forth.

Charles Ely led them out of the bustling thoroughfare, down a quiet turning, into a little low-browed shop where, behind counters set out with biscuits, and sandwiches, and glasses of milk, sat two women, one elderly. Evidently they knew him, for they both rose instantly, and signed him and his party to pass through a greencurtained door into an inner chamber, spread as a severely plain dining-room,

"Sit down, my friends," said Charles Ely, with hearty simplicity; "our hostess will send us in some food. We are through the storm: the ques-

tion now is, what salvage is there?"

The widow, and a young lady with the military-looking gentleman, had both begun to weep, The military gentleman himself was muttering fiercely.

But before anybody could answer Mr. Elv's question, the pent-up wrath of the old man broke forth. Bringing his stick violently down, he

cried-

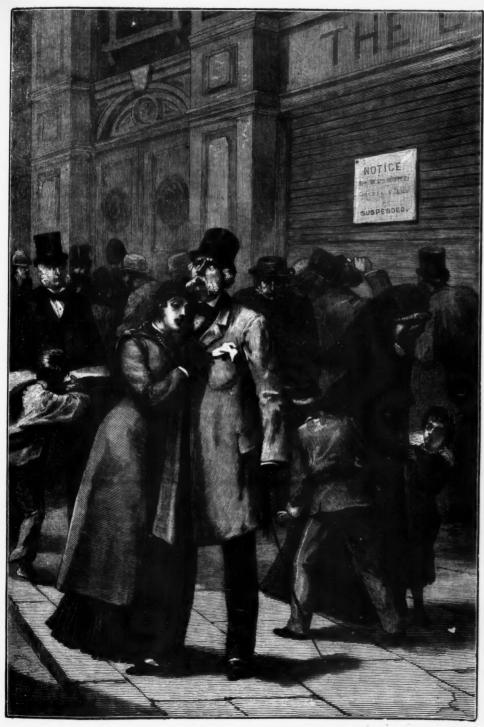
"I have seen them—these bank directors—in their pride and glory; I have seen their grand houses, and their horses, and their pictures, and I did not grudge those things, for I thought that their prosperity was the best security for our safety; and all the while they were wallowing on our hard-gotten gains. But the curse against them is written, 'Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! Woe to them that devise iniquity, and work evil upon their beds, and covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away. Woe, woe-

"And defraud the fatherless!" sobbed the widow. "May their own wives and their own

children know what it is to-

"Hush, hush, my friends!" said Charles Ely. "It is an age of fraud!" cried the military "One knows not in whom to put trust! There is scarcely a day when one can open a newspaper without seeing the report of some gigantic swindle. Our country is going down!"

"My friends," said Charles Ely, "I am of you. I have suffered sore loss this day. Years ago, when I was out of England, I bought shares in the London and Lombardy, on the advice of a friend. I was told it was secure. I have never drawn any of the interest, I have scarcely known what it was; I left it all to accumulate, with more, which, from time to time, I could put to it, to accomplish one of the objects of my life, to fulfil my promise to my dying father, and pay



"SUSPENDED!"-p. 748.

the debts which his misfortunes and early death forced him to leave behind him. I have lived a lonely man that I might accomplish that object. That object was just accomplished. I had come home from a remote colony to make final arrangements; and now my work is all to be done over again. I have told you this that perhaps you may feel I have some right to speak, and may kindly have patience to hear me!"

"Speak on, sir," said the officer.

Charles Ely went on. "When we feel as if all external circumstances are against us, without any fault or weakness of our own to respond to them, it makes us feel as if God Himself was against us, and that is the greatest misfortune of all.

"For to be wroth with one we love, Doth work like madness in the brain.

"And love and trust in God are deep necessities of human nature. Let us calmly try to discover what has brought this blow upon us."

"A selfish love of luxury," said the officer.

"It is eating into the very heart of society."

"An evil haste to be rich," sighed the widow.
"Forgetfulness of old-fashioned justice and

honesty," groaned the old man.

"Every one is right," said Charles Ely. "And perhaps I may add, 'negligence of the duty of allowing no gain to accrue to our stores without our knowing exactly whence it comes, and how it is made." That is what I did myself. Therefore, whatever wrong other people have committed against me, I have only myself to blame."

"One cannot understand all the ins and outs of financing," observed the officer, rather testily.

"Perhaps not," admitted Charles Ely; "but ought we to seek gain by what we cannot understand? for you see that means that we may be helping forward some great evil without knowing it. And the less we understand, the more doubtful we ought to be if the advantages held out seem specially magnificent. I ought to have ascertained that the London and Lombardy was paying such a high interest, and have asked myself how it could possibly do so, consistently with the interests of everybody, everywhere. I was wrong. May God forgive me!"

The officer gave a short laugh. "It was the high interest which attracted me," he said. "I commuted my half-pay that I might provide for this daughter. She has not been accustomed to work or privation, and even the commutation money would have made but a poor provision, unless in a very advantageous investment, as

this promised to be."

"That's like my poor husband," observed the widow. "An old friend of his was urgent that he should invest his savings in a business which I could manage, or in a house which I could let. But he wanted to make me quite secure in a small way, without any effort of my own."

"I wanted to secure myself," said the old man, with fierce frankness. "With all his worth and work, my father was able to save nothing, and I kept him in his old age, and that is how I have saved so little for myself, and I did not want to cripple my children in turn."

"My friends," said Charles Ely, very gently, "I think, however others may have been to blame, we have helped them to give us this blow by thinking more of our wishes than of God's

will.

"It is God's will that every soul on this earth should win a place there by the sweat of the brow, eating not the bread of idleness. He gave us work as our safety and consolation in this world of sin and sorrow. He did not bid us to rear our children, to sit idle, and then expect Him to guarantee their provision. His word is, 'Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"The investment we could ask Him to bless is in our children rather than for them, in all that can give them health, and wisdom, and swift feet

and skilled hands and right habits.

"We have to trust Him for each other too, He bids us 'let our widows trust in Him.' We all need to realise for each other what each does realise for himself, sooner or later, that nothing external can fill the wants of a life, and that the emptied heart only craves for more duty. St. Paul mapped out the ideal widow's life, and she was not to dream of aught but self-support, till she was threescore years old, nor would one be likely to do so, who fulfilled his picture, worthy to stand beside Solomon's wise woman, 'well reported of for good works; who has brought up children, has lodged strangers, has washed the saints' feet, has relieved the afflicted.' My friend," added Charles Ely, very softly, "your husband's love sought only to secure your welfare. The easy, leisurely woman, who spends her life in calls and parties, with intervals of carking discontent, is not God's servant, but man's pensioner, and instead of a just and kind master, she has a patron, always fallible and often deceitful. Far more dignified is the lot of her, who, in the lines St. Paul points out, or Solomon's wise woman practised, seeks to deserve a place in the world. My friend, where your husband is now, he knows more clearly that you have but to do right, to strive to live a life worth living, and then the treasuries of God are answerable for your wage and your fortune.

"And you," he went on, turning to the old man, "why should you have grudged your children that which is good and acceptable before God, even the requital of their parent? If it is no ideal life where the children rush to sever themselves from parental restraint, is it a more ideal life where the parents chafe against receiving the dutiful service of their children?"

"I did not want to burden their youth: I

thought every life ought to be able to provide for its own old age," murmured the patriarch.

"Good!" said Charles Ely; "but is a sacred duty a burden? Is it not rather that knot on the thread of life which often keeps it from flying aimlessly along, leaving no work behind it? A life of hard honest labour is almost sure to have produced some tangible result, and such result should aim at helpfulness rather than at 'independence,' should not seek to have its own narrow grate to cower over, but should build the wider hearth, and let the children bring in the fuel! The old man's wants are not costly, and if the hand of love does not sweeten his food, the parish bread might do as well as any other. True provision for old age, like true provision of every sort, must lay up within, rather than without. One of the wisest men of this age says that in a rightly constituted state of society, the old people are the best treasures of the household. That is because the old man should have laid up riches of memory, of experience, and of wisdom, which should make him the most interesting companion, and the most judicious adviser. If he has done all this, though he may depend on the young people for food and shelter, he is never in their debt, but they are for ever in his, and he has only afforded them a gracious opportunity of acknowledging it! And how the sight of his happy old age cheers their own lives. For whatever makes old age a dreary thing darkens all the life that is hastening towards it. We can bear any storm with the assurance that at eventide it shall be light; but who can enjoy sunshine when a thunder-cloud lowers in the sky?

"Yes, friends!" cried Charles Ely, "if it be true that gigantic frauds are on the increase, that faith and honour in business are not what they used to be, let us first look at home, and see whether some culpable negligence like mine or some false ideas of duty, some false notions of happiness, some base dread of that strenuous labour which God has appointed as the true lot of man, does not lay us open to the wiles of the unscrupulous, or may not even create them? May we not be answerable even to these very bank directors, against whom the curses of the afflicted are now being registered in heaven, for having by our own greed, or vanity, or ignorance, prepared the soil in which their fraud and treachery grew rank to poison the world? If everybody thought less of putting money in his purse, and more of how that money is made, and of what he is making his own life in God's service, there would be not only fewer ruined homes and broken hearts, but fewer frauds and fewer swindlers. My friends, when great crimes shock the community, let us remember that the crimes of the few grow from the sins of the many, and that the deed of the criminal, branded by all his fellows, may be but the natural outcome of some habit of thought or life in ourselves—at our end, a quiet greed to get what we can; at his end, an active determination to take what he can get.

"When things at home, or in the world, seem going the wrong way, let us first inquire which

way we ourselves are pushing.

"We can look for no prosperity without sorrow with it, unless we can ask the blessing of God on all our measures for obtaining it. It is only as an effect of righteousness that there cap be quietness and assurance for ever, and that the people can dwell in peaceable habitations, in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.

"And now," said Charles Ely, in another voice, "since we are shipwrecked together, we must be saved together. It is not for nothing that we have found ourselves on the same raft. We have got to take counsel together, and see what stores there are, and what we can each do."

The end of it was, that when Charles Ely went back to New Zealand, the retired military officer and his daughter went too, and there she is now, the wife of a thriving settler, a woman famous for butter and cream, "rising also while it is yet night, to give meat to her household." She used to be a plain girl, but she is a comely matron. "Her health is wonderfully improved," says her father. Whereat she laughs significantly. As for the widow, she actually became a working partner in that wholesome little hostelry, which had received the ruined party. The old gentleman went to his children, who had never honoured their father so much, as on the day when he told them, with wet eyes, that one was never too old to make mistakes, that he had made one, and had been cruelly deceived, and they must have patience with him, as he hoped he had had with them, and they must forgive him if ever he had been impatient. And when, a few years after, one of his sons died, and his widow, acting under the directions of her father-in-law seated by her hearth, was able to carry on his business and provide for herself and her children, the old gentleman's spirits entirely

Charles Ely did a good deal to help forward all these matters, and his own life-work was duly done over again in time. He is not dead yet, nor has he made his fortune. For he gives away a great deal, saying he would rather give it with his love, in life, than leave it in his will. He says, it is best to do oneself what one wishes to be done. Out on the lonely hill-top he has fashioned his own tomb-stone, a huge granite slab, bearing his name and these lines, which he had seen in early youth on some ancient grave in the old country—

What I spent, I had, What I saved, I lost, What I gave, I have.

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# SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

Palestine. No. 1. Chapters to be read—Various.



NTRODUCTION. Have been taking the history of the Jews, from Abraham to Nehemiah. These four lessons will treat of Geography of places mentioned.

I. Position, (Read Ps. xlviii, 2.) Show by map where Palestine situated—in south-west corner of Asia—joining Asia and

Africa along east side of Mediterranean. Is high ground or table-land between large plateau of Asia Minor on north, and Arabia on south. Was formerly thought to be centre of the world, (See Ps, lxxiv, 12; Ezek, v. 5.) Yet was shut off from surrounding countries by peculiar character of position and boundaries, Exit was cut off from Mesopotamia on east by Arabian desert; from lands on west by the Great Sea or Mediterranean; from the north by the great mountains of Lebanon, and from Egypt on south by terrible wilderness. (Deut. i. 19.) Thus inhabitants were kept a "peculiar people" (Deut, vii, 6)-a nation to show forth God's glory. Also land so fertile, flowing with milk and honey (Deut. viii. 7-9), no need for people to trade with other lands, mingle with others or learn their works. Yet when time come for Gospel to be preached to all nations, position for this most suitable. Sea became highway. (Acts xviii. 21.) Large harbour at Cæsarea-easy intercourse between Antioch, Corinth, Rome, Damascus, etc. Hence on Day of Pentecost Jews from all nations were at Jerusalem, from Mesopotamia on east, to Rome and Crete on west. (Acts ii. 5-11.)

II. BOUNDARIES. (Read Gen. xv. 18—21.) Remind how God promised the land to Abraham's seed because of his great faith. How was this shown? In leaving his country at God's bidding. In patiently waiting for a son till 100 years old. In offering up Isaac as a sacrifice. The four boundaries very distinct by Red Sea, Mediterranean, the desert on east, and river Euphrates. (See Exod. xxiii. 31.) But these limits not reached till time of King David, who left full extent to Solomon. (See 1 Kings iv. 21—24.)

III. NAMES. This small fertile country called the Lord's Land (Hos. ix. 3, Ps. lxxxv. 1), the Holy Land (Zech. ii. 12), the Land of Israel (1 Sam. xiii. 19), Land of Canaan (Gen. xi. 31). Holy, because scene of Christ's life on earth. Promised, to Abraham and his seed for ever.

Lessons. (1) Warning. This land given to Israelites—trodden by Jesus Christ—once flourishing, happy, well peopled, now deserted, barren, neglected, because of sin of inhabitants. Take heed, lest we fall as Israelites did. They cast out of their land. We may lose heaven, of which Canaan a type. (Heb. iv, 1.)

(2) Encouragement. Israelites received this land by God's favour, for no merits of their own. So God has promised to those who serve Him blessings here, heaven hereafter. (Deut. iv. 37.)

#### No. 2. MOUNTAINS.

Introduction. Mountains most important feature in any country—barriers against invasion of enemies, sources of rivers, shelter from winds, etc. Important events in history of Israelites happened on mountains

I. LEBANON. (Read 1 Kings v. 14—18.) Word means "White Mountain" given either because of snow-clad summit, or from white appearance of lime-stone on mountains. Western slopes, about 5,000 feet high, covered with villages, cultivated extensively, produce figs, grapes, oak-trees, silk, etc. From these mountains came stone and timber used in making Solomon's Temple. HERMON the highest peak (whence its name), visible from any part of Holy Land—snow-capped summit—one of laudmarks of Israelites. Source of river Jordan; snows melting caused overflow of Jordan at time of Passover in Spring. (Josh. iii, 15.)

II. NAPHTALL. (Josh. xi. 1—13.) These mountains the strongholds of powerful tribes of Amorites, Hittites, Hivites, etc., defeated at waters of Merom. Include four tribes, Zebulon, Naphtali, Issachar, and Manasseh, afterwards called Galilee of Gentiles. (Is. ix. 1; Matt. iv. 15.) One little hill near Sea of Galilee, where Christ taught Sermon on Mount, called Mount of Beatitudes.

III. MOUNT TABOR. (Judges iv. 6, 14.) A single summit near Jordan at north-east end of plain of Esdraelon. Sides covered with grass, flowers, shrubs, and oak-trees. Connected with history of Deborah, and Barak, and slaughter of Gideon's brethren. (Judges viii. 18.) Thought also to be scene of Transfiguration. (Matt. xvii. 1.)

IV. MOUNT EPHRAIM. Interesting because of important ceremony described in Josh. viii. 30—35, soon after Israelites entered Canaan. Six tribes stood on Gerizim, and answered to blessings, and six on Ebal and answered to curses pronounced by Levites who stood with ark in valley between. From Gerizim afterwards Jothan spake his parable to men of Shechem. (Judges ix. 7.) After return from captivity, Samaritans built a temple, to rival Temple of Jerusalem. (John iv. 20.)

V. CARMEL. (1 Kings xviii. 19.) Name of northwestern end of ridge, extends from Mount Ephraim to sea, forms only promontory in Palestine, eighteen miles long. Sides covered with great variety of shrubs and flowers. (Is. xxxv. 2.)

Best known from sacrifice of Elijah on its summit when prophets of Baal slain, also Elijah remaining here, slew two captains and bands of fifty men sent to take him. (2 Kings i. 9-15.)

Lessons. Mountains all tell of God's greatness and power. (Ps. cxiv. 4—7.) Some many thousands of feet high, covered with snow, sources of rivers, all doing some work, as God designed they should. Can we say the same? Do we show forth God's praise and do God's work?

# No. 3. RIVERS.

#### Chapters to be read-Various.

INTRODUCTION. What more interesting than rivers of a country; rising in distant hills, swollen by countless streams, watering valleys as they go, making them fertile, towns built on banks? Almost all rivers have a history; those of Palestine peculiarly so,

I. JORDAN. (Read Josh. ii. 7; iii. 15—16.) This the only really important river. Trace on map. Rises in Mount Hermon in Lebanon—formed by union of several streams—flows down whole land from north to south—passes through waters of Merom and Sea of Galilee—finally lost in large lake of Dead Sea. Word Jordan means "descender." River is one continuous rapid—makes dangerous passage. Very winding river, makes more than 200 miles from Galilee to Dead Sea, actual distance only 60 miles.

Three great Scripture events connected:—(1) Passage of Israelites. Account may be read in Josh. iii., if time allow. Picture the priests bearing the ark going first, marching on till feet actually touch the water—then the waters standing up in a heap—the people marching over in order—the stones fetched from the river as a memorial—the waters suddenly returning. Thus the Lord helped His own people.

(2) Crossing by Elijah and Elisha. (Read 2 Kings ii. 8—14.) The old prophet just going to heaven by this miracle encourages young prophet just beginning his work—then Elisha, having received double portion of God's Spirit, does the same.

(3) Baptism of Christ. (Read Matt. iii. 13—17.) Picture the crowds baptised by St. John—confessing sins—professing true repentance. Christ asks to be baptised—is not questioned as to His repentance—St. John's reluctance—our Lord pressing His request for sake of example. The wonderful sight of Holy Spirit in visible form—the wonderful sound of God's voice in human language.

II. OTHER STREAMS. Mention may be made of Jabbok, close to which Jacob wrestled with angel. Arnon, where Israelites defeated Sihor, King of Amorites. (Num. xxi. 24.) Kishon, where, when swollen, Sisera's hosts were swept away (Judges v. 21), and Elijah killed priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii. 40).

Lessons. Rivers always thought to be type of life. Beginning small in far-distant channel, and swelling larger—at times, bright and useful, then dark and gloomy with over-hanging rocks, like cares; then passing on into the unknown and boundless ocean. Never stops in course—nor can we. Always passing on. How do we use our time? (Ps. xc. 1.)

# No. 4. JERUSALEM.

INTRODUCTION. It will be absolutely necessary for teacher to show a good plan of Jerusalem.

I. Hills. (Read Ps. xlviii. 1, 2, 11—14.) City built on four hills in tribe of Benjamin. At first, capital of Jebusites—old inhabitants—they driven out by David—became royal city—where Temple was built by Solomon; and capital of Kingdom of Judah. Two of these hills, Zion and Moriah, each about 2,500 feet high. Melchizdek, King of Zion (or Salem), in time of Abraham. (See Gen. xiv. 18; and Ps. lxvi. 2.) Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac (Gen. xxii. 9), David offered sacrifice when plague was stayed, and Solomon built the Temple.

Another hill close by was Mount of Olives. On east of Jerusalem, half a mile, with Valley of Cedron between. (John xviii. 1.) Here David, when fleeing from Absalom, "went up by the ascent," 500 feet high (2 Sam. xv. 30); and Christ used to retire from public life to its shades. Here He gave parables, in Matt. xxv., about Judgment Day, and from its summit He wept over the city full in view, and prophesied its destruction. (Luke xix. 37—44.)

At foot of Olives, towards Jerusalem, was Garden of Gethsemane—scene of our Lord's bitter agony and betrayal. (Matt. xxvi. 36.) From here, also, gave last charge to Apostles to preach Gospel in whole world.

II. VALLEYS. (a) Jehoshaphat, on east side of Jerusalem, between the city and Mount of Olives. At its bottom is Brook Cedron, as above-only a winter torrent. (Joel iii. 12.) Here, in old days, was the great burying-place. (Jer. xxxi. 40.) Graves in abundance still to be seen. Hinnom begins half a mile on west of city. Runs towards it, and then joins Valley of Jehoshaphat. Is deep dell, with steep sides. At head of valley is "Upper Pool" (2 Kings xviii. 17), a large reservoir. Lower down is large Lower Pool. (Isa. xxii. 9.) Here dreadful rites were practised under the Kings, children being burnt alive to Moloch (Jer. vii. 31), at eastern end, called Tophet. Josiah defiled it, and it became the cess-pool of the city. Valley became typical of place of future punishment.

III. GENERAL. City very central—good roads leading to it—one from Jordan Valley, by Mount Olivet; others from sea plain of Joppa. Was strongly fortified with towers, ramparts, etc. (See 1 Kings iii. 1; 2 Chron. xxvi. 9—15.) Besieged three times by Nebuchadnezzar—rebuilt under Cyrus, king of Persia, by Ezra and Nehemiah; finally destroyed by Romans, A.D. 70, after Christ's death.

Lessons. Great and flourishing city—centre of trade and wealth—now a heap of ruins—inhabited by people of strange religion. Why? Because inhabitants rejected Christ, Drove Him through streets as common malefactor—crucified on mound called Mount Calvary—persecuted His followers. Let fate of city be warning to us. How many, in Christian England, reject Christ by their lives! Jerusalem had day of grace. So have we. Do we use it?

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#### THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

#### BY GEORGE WEATHERLY,

I.

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

As an oak whose leaf fadeth."-ISAIAH i. 30.

HE Autumn woods are glowing In robes of gold and red, The summer green is going, The leaves will soon be dead ; And soon the winds will mutter

Their sorrowful refrain, And down the leaves will flutter, Like showers of golden rain.

Just like the leaves that perish, Are earthly hope and fear ; The wishes that we cherish But come to disappear : 'Twixt life and death they 're ranging, Yet one sure hope is given, Eternal, never-changing, The precious hope of heaven!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."-ST. MATTHEW vi. 10.

> WHEN clouds of sorrow dull the day, Can we all trusting turn away, And look to God and humbly say : "Thy will be done?"

Oh, well for us if it be so! If we can bend when tempests blow, And cry to God amid our woe: "Thy will be done!"

It may be-this we cannot guess-Each year will bring its bitterness! This cry will make our trouble less: "Thy will be done!"

And let us not have doubts and fears! Our loving Father sees our tears, The sobbing cry of faith He hears !-"Thy will be done !"

FAITHFUL IN TROUBLE.

"Luke, the beloved physician."—Colossians iv. 14. "Only Luke is with me."—2 Timothy iv. 11.

THE Apostle to the Gentiles. The great Apostle Paul, Was left among the Romans, Deserted there by all,

Save one brave true disciple: All vanished like the mist, Except the loved physician-Luke the Evangelist.

Oh, that we all were faithful Whatever might betide, As this true-hearted servant By his dear master's side ! Oh, that in time of sorrow. In tribulation sore, We copied his example And loved our Master more!

IV.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

"Walk as children of light,"-EPHESIANS v. 8,

CHILDREN of Light! How sweet the sound Of these glad words we read! Oh, may we evermore be found Children of Light indeed!

Children of Light, to love the name, That Christ has left behind! Children of Light, to welcome shame, A heavenly home to find!

Children of Light, to follow on, Where Christ the Lord has trod; To strive to go where He has gone, To live for aye with God!

V.

THE WORD OF GOD.

"Search the Scriptures."-St. John v. 39.

SEARCH the Scriptures, night and morn, Year by year and day by day! Let no mocker's foolish scorn Ever turn your thoughts away! Search the Scriptures! Let them be Your companion ere you sleep; Read them humbly, prayerfully, When you wake from slumber deep.

Search the Scriptures! Full of light Is God's Holy Book to show, How you best may walk aright, What 't is needful you should know. Search the Scriptures! Full of grace, Is God's word to make you wise, Till at last you see His Face, In His Home beyond the skies.

### CARRIE'S LITTLE FISH.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.-PART II.



ME passed on. Autumn had given place to winter, but the cripple-girl no longer spent the dark evening hours alone. It was a great pleasure to her to watch Tossie as he worked at the various pretty toys, which he contrived to make out of very inexpensive materials, and sometimes to help him a little at the easier parts. During the day he used to carry these about the streets in a small basket, hoping to earn a few pence by their sale. Success was, however,

very uncertain, and often the poor boy had to go without dinner, for unless there was something to bring home, he made it a rule not to return to Mrs.

Hunter's till evening.

It was on one of these too frequent occasions, as Tossie lingered near the window of a toy shop, planning how he might imitate one or two of the pretty things there-he was attracted by hearing a child's voice say, "Mamma, look at those nice little cats in that boy's basket. I do believe they are made of snailshells. How curious! I should like to buy one so much." Hope revived in poor Tossie's heart. "Only one penny each, ma'am," he said, holding up the basket. But to his great disappointment the lady replied, "My dear, don't be so hasty about spending your money; there are much prettier things to be had in the shop." And poor hungry Tossie saw them enter, and after a short time come out laden with parcels. "Ah, it was cruel," thought he. "Why would she not let the little girl buy even one pennyworth from me? then I could have had a piece of bread to bring home for my supper. I was so sure God had sent her just at the right moment, but I'm afraid He has quite forgotten me to-day. I'd better go back to Carrie, for it's getting dark, and I've no chance of selling anything now. I won't tell her I've had nothing to eat, or she'd want to divide her bread with me, and she has little enough for herself."

As Tossic arrived at this conclusion, he observed an old man with grey hair and a pleasant face looking out of the shop door. "Come here, boy," he said, "and tell me if it is you who have set up a rival trade outside my very window?"

"I don't understand, sir," replied Tossie. "I didn't mean any harm, and I haven't sold anything."

"You would if you could, though. Now, let me have a sight of these wonderful shell cats the child talked of. She said they were much nicer than my toys—just think of that! there's no knowing what young ones will fancy."

Tossic approached doubtfully, but felt reassured as

he glanced at the kind face of the old man. First the cats were displayed, then one by one all the contents of the basket. Little chests of drawers made of empty match-boxes, candle-sticks formed of flat shells and spools Mrs. Hunter had thrown away, besides many other curious devices.

"Where did you get these?"

"Please, sir, I made them all myself."

"Oh! you did; then you are a handy little fellow, and industrious too. Is it to help your mother you make them?"

"No, sir; I have neither father nor mother. It is only to support myself."

"Do you sell much?"

"No, indeed; very few; not one to-day."

"Well, now, suppose I bought some from you, and tried to dispose of them in my shop, wouldn't that be a good plan?"

"Ah! will you really, sir?" and Tossie's face

brightened.

"Yes; leave me the whole lot, and I'll see what my young customers say to them. Here's a shilling on account, just to encourage your industry, and if you call back in a week, I'll give you your own price for everything I've sold. You'll know your way back, I'm pretty sure. My name's Childers; you'll see it over the door."

Little Thomas followed the old man into the shop, deposited the contents of his basket on the counter, and having received the shilling, ran joyfully home to tell his good fortune. What a pleasant evening that was! They all had supper together. Mrs. Hunter came in earlier than usual, and Tossie had not forgotten to bring something nice for Carrie.

During the next week he was very busy trying to get up a new stock of goods, and endeavouring to dispose of them in the old way. But the great anxiety was about his visit to the toy-shop, and many were the hopes and fears confided to Carrie as they worked together in the evenings.

"Tossie," she said, "we should ask God to make it all come right. You thought He had forgotten you that day when you were so disappointed the little girl didn't buy the cat, and you see it turned out a great deal better in the end; and now, perhaps, Mr. Childers will buy more from you."

"Not unless he can sell what he has."

"Well, God can regulate that. He made the little girl fancy the cat, and he can make other children do the same."

And Carrie did ask God that night, and so did Tossie in his little dark closet before he got into be l.

At length the week passed, and Tossie stood timidly at the door of the toy-shop.

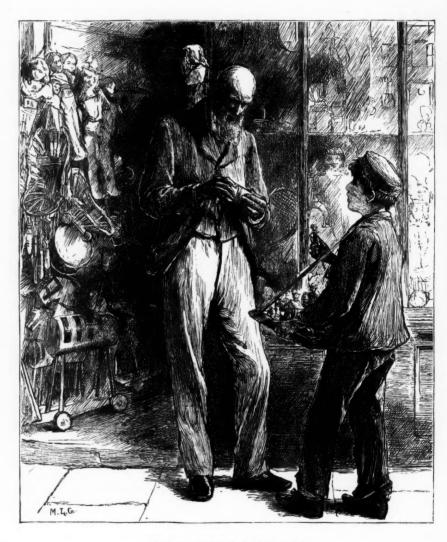
Several customers were within, and the boy waited

patiently as he could till the last had gone out, then ventured to enter and look round for the kind old man, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"You can't stand there, boy," called out a tall lad

At this moment a door opened behind the shop. To his great joy, Tossie beheld his old friend, and ran towards him.

"Oh! my young toy-maker, is that you? Don't



"Tossie approached doubtfully."-p. 755.

from behind the counter. "We've nothing for you,"

Tossie's cheeks flushed, and his heart beat violently.

" I'm not a beggar, sir. Mr. Childers told me to call; please can I see him?"

turn him out, John; he's a clever little fellow. It's quite true what he says; I told him to call to-day. Well, I've sold every one of your queer manufactures. That's luck for you, isn't it?"

Tossie's eyes glistened as he replied, "No, sir, not luck."

"Not luck! what is it, then?"

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The boy hesitated, then said boldly-

"Please, sir, it was God made the children buy them. I asked Him, and so did Carrie."

"Well, I'm glad you did; now go home and thank Him. Here's your half-crown, and you may bring a few more next week."

From this time Tossie found ready sale for his goods, and Mrs. Hunter no longer feared his being a burden to her. Many were the little treats brought to Carrie. But there was one thing above all others for which he longed. Near the window of the toyshop stood a glass globe containing several gold fish, and his great desire was to obtain one of these for the poor cripple girl. This, however, seemed so hopeless that he did not mention it to any one, only built up fancies in his own mind of what might be done if he ever grew rich.

Meantime Tossie was getting on well. Mr. Childers continued to buy from him, occasionally employed him as messenger, and finding him honest and punctual as well as handy in the construction of toys, often supplied him with materials of a better kind.

All this prosperity, however, did not make Tossie forget Sunday-school; and Carrie looked forward to those quiet evenings as her happiest time, when he would repeat to her what he had learned, and they used to sing their favourite hymns together, while Mrs. Hunter listened, and wondered at the new love and the new hopes which were beginning to dawn in her heart as that simple and beautiful chorus rose from the two youthful voices in the little upper room and blended with the music of heaven—

"Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue Sweetest carol ever sung— Jesus, blessed Jesus."

Time passed on, but not without bringing many changes to the little household. Spring came round again. Carrie had been suffering much during the past winter, and now seemed to droop more and more each day in the cold east winds which prevailed during this season.

The home, too, was changed. It was no longer the dull close garret with the dark closet into which Tossie had been first received, but a good-sized pleasant room in a more airy part of the street.

It was evening, and Tossie had just returned from his day's work.

"Carrie, I have very good news to tell you. I should have been home sooner, but Mr. Childers was out, and I had charge of the shop. Only think! he has made me assistant now. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, I'm very glad indeed, and I do hope you'll get on well. But, Tossie, my mind has been going over old times all day. Do you remember the evening you brought me the little fish? You don't know how much it did for me,"

"It amused you when you were alone."

"More than that. It taught me that God cared for me. I used to think there never was any one so unhappy, and I was always complaining and fretting. But hope came with the little fish. I took it as a love-gift from God; then, when He let it die, He sent you instead, and that was much better. Mother was afraid at first to say you might stay with us, but I told her God would provide, and so He did. Now Jesus is going to take me to Himself, and you will be like a son to mother when I am not here, and you'll look after her in her old age, which I never could have done. How well God has made it all fit in."

"Oh! Carrie you're not going to leave us yet. I have such nice plans for you."

"Oh! no, Tossie, you needn't plan for me. I want to tell you of a pleasant dream I had last night. I had been thinking a great deal of the little fish, and when I fell asleep, I fancied—but it all seemed very real—that I was walking beside a beautiful river, like the one you read me of out of the Bible. I was not a cripple at all, you know, but dressed in shining white, as the hymn says—

"'Robed in whiteness, Clad in brightness.'

There were trees growing on both sides of the bank, covered with leaves and fruit, and the water was so clear, I could see a great number of fish swimming about, such beauties as they were, gold and silver and every kind, all so bright and happy. I knew it must be heaven, because the lame will walk there."

"It was a nice dream, Carrie. I'll tell you what it means. I'm going to bring you a real gold fish for a pet. I have been gathering money this long while, and now I have enough to buy one,"

"Oh! don't, Tossie; thank you for thinking of it, but I would not like another fish. Besides, the sight of it would make mother sorry after I'm gone. I'll have all the beautiful fish in that river to look at, and though I shall be so happy with Jesus, I'm sure I'll remember you and my old pet that God first sent to teach me His love."

A few weeks passed, and Carrie's words were verified; she had gone to be with her Saviour. There, clad in the robe of His righteousness, the cripple girl walks by the River of Life.

Years have gone by since then. Mrs. Hunter is unable to work now. She lives in a small but pleasant cottage near town. Tossie is like a son to her in her old age, and often, very often, when he returns in the evening from his day's work, they talk together of Carrie and her little fish, S. T. A. R.

# HALF-HOURS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY THE REY, GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

I.-HOBAB.

T is a good thing to be connected with the people of God. They are journeying through a wilderness, it is true, and will have to encounter hardships and perils; but in the end they will come to a land of rest—a land of prosperity and abundance; and you will partake of their happiness if you consent to accompany them.

Now it was this good thing which Moses offered to Hobab. Hobab was his brother-in-law, and probably a man in the prime of life; certainly he was the prince of a powerful Arab tribe; and Moses asked him to join himself to the Hebrews for two reasons. The first he urges first:—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." The future greatness of Israel was, in Moses' eyes, a matter of absolute certainty. Israel had been taken into covenant with God, and therefore all the promises that had been made concerning this were sure to be accomplished. Moses was naturally anxious that his relative Hobab should share in the blessings of the people of God.

But Hobab would not be persuaded. It was a serious thing, he felt, to leave his native land, and to separate himself from his kindred, for the purpose of casting in his lot with strangers, and he could not make up his mind to make the sacrifice. Moses, however, persevered. Having failed on one point, he tried another. He knew his brother-in-law to be a generous and a kindly man, so he appealed to his generosity. Would not Hobab join them for the purpose of helping them? He was well acquainted with the wilderness through which they were passing. Of course, they had the pillar of fire and of cloud to lead them, but the guidance which it gave was general. It pointed out the direction in which they were to move; but details as to the spots in which water, fuel, and pasture were to be found, these it was left to their own human sagacity and patience to discover. And then they might have expeditions to make, for one purpose or another. Would not Hobab then consider how useful he might be to the chosen people, and cast in his lot with them?

What was the result of this second appeal we are not informed; but we may hope that Hobab was persuaded to do as his brother-in-law desired, and to join the people of Israel, journeying with them even to the end.

The subject suggests to me the great importance of a right choice of companions. There are two classes of people in the world in which we move—those who love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and those who love and serve Him not; and these two classes are opposed to each other as light is opposed to darkness. Well, now, which of the two shall we

join? "Oh," you say, "the former, of course. We belong to Christ, and wish to belong to Him." That is a very good answer; and yet it may be well to consider what is implied in being the people of God. In the first place, we shall have to separate ourselves from all godless or worldly companions, and to take a course which will make us a little singular. Are we prepared for this? Of course, I do not mean to say that we are to be uncourteous or rude-far from it; nor do I mean that it is possible to avoid coming into contact, in the ordinary business of life, with those who have no love for Jesus Christ. I only mean that we must hold no voluntary association with worldly people; that we must not make companions of them-friends of them, however pleasant and attractive they may be.

Then there is the journey through the wilderness, with all its hardships and privations. Many pleasures we might like to retain have to be surrendered. We must live a careful, earnest, diligent, God-fearing, self-restraining life—not a hard life, for it is the only happy life—but still a life which is not a life of self-indulgence. Are you prepared for this? "Yes," you say. "Yes; God helping us, we are." I am glad to hear it. For it is good now, and good at the last, to join the people of God.

#### II.-FAULTS AND VIRTUES.

Moses was a grand man, a noble man—there is no one equal to him, I think, in the whole of Jewish story—yet he did not always act rightly; sometimes he was overtaken in a fault. He was so on the occasion which I am going to describe to you; and yet immediately after, the beauty of his character shone forth in a remarkable way.

The people, we are told, were tired of the manna. They thought it insipid. They craved for variety. And then they recollected all the allowance of food which they enjoyed in Egypt. In that country-although they were oppressed and ill-used-they seem to have had plenty to eat-fish, and vegetables of all kinds, cucumbers and melons and onions and leeks-and now they have only this everlasting "No doubt," they said, "it is very good and very wonderful. No doubt it is kind and gracious of the Lord to provide for us in this way; but we want a change." And one spoke to another about the hardships they were enduring, and they humoured themselves, and pitied themselves, until, like a set of great babies-you will hardly believe it-they burst out into loud lamentations, and sat crying at the doors of their tents.

Moses did not know what to do with such a troublesome and unreasonable people. The burden was too heavy for him. How was he to provide food—such food as they required—for such an enormous multitude? And his faith and patience gave way, and he sank into despair. In the depths of his distress he used language which I am sure he was very sorry for afterwards. He asked God to take away his trouble and his life together.

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Now, that Moses in this acted wrongly, I need not tell you. God never puts upon His servants burdens which they are unable to bear; and Moses had always help, and sufficient help, from God when he chose to ask for it. But for once, the patience of the grand old law-giver gave way, and he sinned against God. Now notice what God did. He directed Moses to select seventy elders of the people, and to bring them to the Tabernacle of the congregation. Upon these seventy men God sent down His Holy Spirit, or, rather, gave them a share of the spirit that was upon Moses, and so qualified them for the work or ruling and controlling the people. This was a great relief to Moses. He was still, of course, the head of the nation, but these men were his assistants.

But it so happened that two men out of the seventy (Eldad and Medad) were prevented, by some great crime or other, from going into the Tabernacle, and remained in the camp. When the Spirit came down upon their companions, who were with Moses, He came down also upon Eldad and Medad, and they prophesied—that is to say, they spoke, under inspiration, the praises of God, and repeated to those who heard some of the Divine purposes. News of what had taken place was carried to Moses, out at the Tabernacle. "Eldad and Medad," it was said, "do prophesy in the camp." Upon this, Joshua, Moses' servant, begged Moses to stop their doing so. He was jealous for their Master's credit. "My Lord," he said, "forbid them!" But Moses showed his noble and unselfish character in his reply. He did not envy Eldad and Medad their distinction; he was not jealous of the favour which God had shown them. Nay, he would have been thankful if all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord had put His spirit upon them.

#### III.-MIRIAM.

Miriam, Moses' sister, was perhaps ten or twelve years older than Moses. You will remember that when her brother was exposed on the river Nile she watched on the bank, and by her cleverness brought it about that the little baby was handed over to the care of his own mother. Well, Miriam grew up to be a good woman, as well as a clever one. She was called Miriam the prophetess, and she is spoken of in Scripture as having been united with her two brothers in the great work of bringing Israel out of Egypt.

There can be no doubt then that she loved and respected her brother Moses, but on one occasion she acted very wrongly towards him. The circumstances were these.

Moses, it appears (his first wife Zipporah being dead), had married again, and married an Ethiopian woman. At this Miriam was much displeased. I think then in her heart she was a little jealous of the superiority of Moses. Conscious of the possession of

great gifts herself, she did not like to be thrown so much into the background as she was, and she worked herself up to the fancy that she was slighted, and that the people generally did not pay her proper respect. When Moses' first wife died, she thought that she should occupy a more important position than before, but the second marriage deeply disappointed and disgusted her; she felt that this foreign woman would take precedence of her, and she was exceedingly angry.

Now Aaron her brother was an easy tempered man, and she somehow persuaded him that he too was aggrieved by the conduct of Moses, and the two together began to raise a party against the great leader. "What right," they said, "had Moses to claim such a position of superiority to them? Was he Divinely inspired? So were they. They were the means by which Divine messages were conveyed to the nation; and surely if so, it was not right that their younger brother should put himself in the front as he did, and keep them in a subordinate position; and because they each of them had followers and friends, their representations did no little harm by undermining the authority and influence of Moses among the people.

It became necessary then for God to interfere. Accordingly, calling the two out to the Tabernacle of the Congregation, he rebuked Aaron and Miriam for their rebellious conduct, and inflicted on the latter—for she was the real instigator of the mischief—the severe punishment of leprosy. "And the cloud departed from off the Tabernacle, and behold Miriam became leprons, white as snow." And not until Moses had interceded for her was the dreadful disease removed.

The subject enables us to understand the position of Moses as a servant of God. Aaron and Miriam had Divine communications; the word of God was sent to them in a dream, or in a vision, or in some other indirect way, and they made known the Divine will to the people of Israel. But with Moses God dealt differently. He condescended to speak with him face to face, as a man speaks with his friend; and in this way Moses received the communications which God saw fit to give him. And it was this close and intimate communication with God, so unlike what was vouchsafed to any other man, that made Moses, as a prophet, the type of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus was the prophet. Being "with God" from the beginning, He knew all about the Divine will and purposes. Nothing was hid from Him. And it was part of His work, when He came to earth, to communicate to us as much of this knowledge as God intended us to receive. And Moses, from his intimacy with God, resembled Jesus Christ.

# IV.—THE LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY.

When Satan tempted Our Lord in the wilderness, he endeavoured amongst other things to induce Him to take a *short cut* to His Kingdom. The Saviour, however, would not be persuaded. He knew that

he was to be King, and He decided to enter upon His Kingdom in order that He might restore everything to order, and scatter peace and happiness round Him. But, at the same time, He knew that there was only one way to the throne, and that was the painful one of humility and suffering and death. The cross, He knew, must be taken up before the crown could be worn, and knowing this He rejected the Tempter's suggestions, and then went His way.

Now the Jews, unlike Christ, wished to enter the promised land without undergoing any trouble. They had come near the borders of Canaan, and, by the Divine direction, have sent out twelve spies, a man from each of the tribes, to examine the land. The men go, and search the land for forty days. At the end of that time they return, and make their report. "It is a beautiful city," they say; "beautiful and fertile beyond what we had conceived possible. See! here we have, in this enormous bunch of grapes, in these lovely pomegranates, a specimen of what the soil can produce. It is, indeed, a land that floweth with milk and honey. But-it will cost us a hard struggle and many lives to get possession of it. The people are strong and warlike. The cities are strongly fortified. And we saw those gigantic people, the sons of Anak, there. It is almost hopeless to think that we can overcome them. They are much stronger than we.'

I should tell you, however, that though ten out of the twelve spies held this language, and discouraged the hearts of the people by their representations, Caleb and Joshua took a very different tone. They reminded the people that they had God on their side, and that with His help they would be easily able to overcome the most wearisome and powerful adversaries. But all would not do. The people were thoroughly scared. They had thought, I suppose, that they were to become possessed of that good land without contending for it, and when they found that they would have to fight with formidable foes, too, they proposed to make them a leader and return to Egypt, and were very near stoning Caleb and Joshua because they opposed their wicked determinations.

God was very angry with them. "How long," He said, "will this people provoke Me? And how long will it be ere they believe Me, for all the signs which I have showed among them?" And He would have destroyed them utterly had not Moses interceded for them. On the intercession, He spared them; but He said that not one of the cowardly and rebellious persecutors should be allowed to enter into the borders of the Promised Land. Only Caleb and Joshua, who had remained faithful, should enter, All the others should die, and be buried in the wilderness.

Now, my dear children, if Canaan represents heaven, and indeed it does, we learn from our subject that there are difficulties to encounter, enemies to be overcome, before we can hope to get there, Following the Lord Jesus is not play, but work. I do not mean that it is hard and disagreeable work; that it is not : but it is work which ealls for diligence, and activity, and earnestness, and vigilance, and for fighting against enemies both within and "What enemies?" you ask. Well, there is an enemy within our own evil heart of unbelief, from which spring evil thoughts, and bad tempers, and selfish desires, and everything, in fact, which is displeasing to God. And there is an enemy without, in that dark and dreadful evil spirit of whom I have just spoken, who does his best to lure us to our destruction, and to make us as wicked and as miserable as himself. So we have to fight, like the Jews, before we can get possession of our Canaan. Do you wonder at that, when we are called by St. Paul "coheirs of Jesus Christ?'

But how are we to win the battle? As the Jews did, by the help of God. They had no military engines to break down stone walls with; they were little men compared with the gigantic men of Anak; they had few swords and spears among them. But God gave them the victory, as Joshua and Caleb had said He would. When, therefore, you have any enemy to fight, when temptation assails you, do not expect to overcome in your own strength. Say, "Lord Jesus, fight for me, and then I shall overcome."

# SHORT ARROWS.

FLOWERS FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

HOSE who do not interest themselves in the distribution of flowers to the sick or bed-ridden can have little idea of the blessings which the sweet blossoms bring.

When these flowers are associated with Bible texts and kindly words from human lips, the cup of sympathy is filled for the poor sufferers. A tale is told of a poor woman in one of our great hospitals, who was getting ready for an operation on the morrow. "I am going under an operation," she said to a lady,

"and I do so dread it. Please give me a text with some promise that will help me." The lady visitor drew out the first bouquet that came to hand, trusting that it would be acceptable, and upon the card attached was written, "I, the Lord, will be with thee." The relief experienced by the patient was great indeed. Her face brightened immediately. A look of trust and faith came into her saddened eyes. Her quivering lips murmured, "Yes, He will!" On the following week, when the visitor came again to see the patient, she inquired whether the promise of

the text had been fulfilled. "Indeed it was," the poor woman answered; "God was with me through it all!" Her faith had sustained her, and the operation was successful. She was cured of her infirmity by clinging to Christ, even as the woman who touched the hem of His garment when He was on earth.

This is but one of many illustrations that could be drawn to show the benefits and blessings which come to helpless children and invalids by Nature's texts as well as Bible extracts. In this autumn season, when all the gardens are still gay with flowers, cannot we spare some for the hospitals and missions? Any child can write a few texts, and fasten them to little bouquets, or pack them in hampers, and send to the hospital. Railways should carry such parcels free of charge, we think; and perhaps this boon will be conceded if these lines meet the eyes of some well-disposed directors. It will not be a great sacrifice to make, and will materially assist the cause.

#### LADIES' MISSIONS.

Fifteen years ago in New York was organised a small and devoted band of workers, the mainspring from which rose the flow of charity and good work now performed by the Ladies' Board of Missions, including both home and foreign work. The Foreign Missions report tells us of the good seed sown in India, China, Persia, Africa, and many other places, We learn that the Board has under its care more than thirty lady missionaries, and supports a great many excellent schools. The Board has it now in contemplation to send out several other devoted ladies, and to extend the schools; for the success of the efforts already made constantly demands new and willing hands, and the results are most encouraging. Turning to the home department, we find Mexico and Colorado, the distant tribes of Alaska, and the number of poor white people in Florida and Carolina cared for. The institution of the schools appears to pave the way for more ambitious efforts, and a church frequently arises where a small school first appeared, Thus native preachers are trained. Lately in Alaska a mission has been doing good work, and the Indians are setting about the erection of a school-house.

# THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN SPAIN.

The spread of the Gospel tidings in the Spanish Peninsula is very satisfactory, and even so notwithstanding the efforts at times made to ridicule the meetings. The work done has benefited greatly by the translation of the Spanish Liturgy, with an introduction by the Most Reverend Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, who has moreover penned the following touching hymn, which is intended principally for the Meetings for the Spanish, Portuguese, and Mexican Church Aid Society. We need scarcely add that it may be sung at any Mission service; the words

are adaptable to the tune of "Happy Land." We are glad to have the opportunity to reproduce this hymn.

### A PLEA FOR SPAIN.

[By LORD PLUNKET, Bishop of Meath.]
"Come over and help us."—Acrs xvi. 9.

Safe have we reach'd the shore—
Praise God on high!
But through the tempest-roar,
Hark to that cry!
'T is from companions brave,
Battling still against the wave,
Hear how for life they crave—
"Help—or we die!"

Shall these our brethren sink—
And we so near!
Dare we from danger shrink—
And they so dear!
Ah! ye who still delay,
What if, in the last Great Day,
Ye should for mercy pray,
And none should hear!

Christ! let it not be thus—
Be Thou at hand!
Dear Lord, Who died for us,
Now by us stand!
Teach us the lost to seek,
Help the strong to help the weak,
Safe through the waters bleak,
Bring all to land!

Then will fresh anthems rise—
All dangers past!
And no despairing cries
Will pierce the blast,
As we, through endless days,
With our dear companions raise
To Thee triumphant praise—
In Heav'n at last!

#### ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN INDIA.

Example is better than precept; and we have the authority of the Earl of Shaftesbury for stating that English Gospel work in India, and generally the behaviour of the English inhabitants in the Peninsula, had a great and salutary effect upon the native population. We have only to turn to the reports of the steady progress made by the various societies for benefiting the Indian women to satisfy ourselves of the great influence we, as a nation, are permitted to exercise upon the three hundred millions of natives in India. What a small fraction the English must be, in comparison with these millions! but as our influence is great, so is our responsibility. The Medical Missions, the Zenana Mission, and many others, such as the Indian Female and Normal

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School Society, are all doing much good in their several ways; and when we consider the lamentable position of the Indian women, so different from those in other and Western countries, outside the house, we should endeavour to better their condition. If we educate the women, one great stumbling-block—polygamy—will disappear. We can now, by precept as well as example, endeavour to improve the social and moral condition of the Indian women, and we are in duty bound to see that the various societies lack nothing for the full accomplishment of their beneficent aims.

#### BUSINESS GIRLS IN LONDON.

There is such a large field for doing good in this direction that we may be excused for again reminding our readers of the Young Women's Christian Association, which has gained so much ground during the last year. There is much to be thankful for in the interest we see on every side taken in the welfare of the girls employed in London. There might be, as Lord Shaftesbury has said, some regulation for the working hours of the hundreds of women who daily serve in shops and other places. Employers would find it to their interest, we are convinced, if they would permit more bodily rest. Weary and worn, what opportunities do they seek for Sunday observance? Even those who can obtain a Sunday "off" from "bars" and railway serving, go and spend it in the country, and not always in the best manner. We appeal to employers of female labour once again-as they will surely be held responsible-to do their utmost to make the path smooth for their employées generally, and then the benefits of the "Homes" and boarding-houses will become more apparent. To many this great city is an unknown world, and they need guidance. It will be to our shame if they are led into wrong paths for want of a word of warning to those who employ them.

#### BERLIN MISSIONS.

We are not apt to associate much religious feeling with our thoughts of Continental cities. There is a good deal said about the Continental Sunday, which is so different from our own day of rest. But we are glad to chronicle a decided improvement in Berlin. Not very long ago a new enterprise was started there, which was connected with the existent City Mission. The Reverend Dr. Stocker, we learn, issues a number of leaves every Saturday evening, containing a text and a hymn, with some good essay or sermon, with a prayer. These leaves are handed to many who may, by custom or business, be prevented from going to worship. It is most gratifying to record that hundreds of applicants assemble in order to obtain these leaflets. droshka drivers, to guards and footmen, in inns and taverns, self-forgetting helpers go round voluntarily, and distribute the leaves, which are received with grateful thanks. In addition to the above, the

circulation of religious periodicals is increasing, and they are joyfully received, and turned to good account. Could not such a system be initiated in London? We are apt to marvel at the want of rest in Continental cities on Sunday. Do we really rest here in England? Are there no people employed here who would be glad to receive papers such as are distributed in Berlin? We think there is a field here waiting to be tilled.

#### SOCIETIES FOR SAILORS.

The magnitude of the operations undertaken under the auspices of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society is astounding to those who do not peruse the reports or glance at the work done. The labour is not confined to England alone. New York and many of the large continental ports in Europe, such as Marseilles, Naples, and Genoa, are all objects of the Society's ministration. For sixty-four years the missionaries have been labouring amongst the sailors, and last year the receipts amounted to upwards of £10,000. New docks are being continually opened. and the increase in the number of vessels built will keep pace with the development of trade. In the Clyde alone two hundred and sixty ships were launched last year, and it is to the men on these and thousands of other ships, to the labourers and fitters that the Society holds forth a helping hand and directs them into the true way. We may glance at the machinery which keeps the many different shafts in motion and scatters abroad so much good seed.

#### THE SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.

There are more than thirty agents and servants who are entirely kept by and devoted to the Seamen's Society; and in the thirty-three principal ports there are forty-seven agents, who occasionally may be sent to other places to supply a need. The services held, either affoat or ashore, during the past year make a total of over 5,000, and the congregations numbered 232,909. No less than 46,000 visits had been paid to the various ships in port, and 308,251 religious tracts had been put in circulation. The number of Bibles and Testaments distributed amounted last year to 17,189, and more than 2,000 copies of the sailors' hymn-book were sold during the same period. When we add to this the supervision of the "floating Bethels "-which are so well attended, and so great a boon to our large seafaring population-we may congratulate the Sailors' Society upon its exertions and on its results, which we trust will continue, and be supported by the public as heretofore.

#### IN LATYMER ROAD.

We are informed that the Mission and Crèche in this district of Westbournia is in need of assistance, and that, notwithstanding all exertions, the receipts have not been sufficient to meet the expenses necessarily incurred. There is a Crèche attached to the Mission which has taken care of 114 children, a great responsibility, and it is hoped and intended that, if funds permit, a seaside home for delicate children, in connection with the Mission, will be opened near Already the little ones under the care Worthing. of the kind friends in Latymer Read are thriving. The night schools, we are glad to see, are well attended, and many pledges to abstain from intoxicating liquors have been taken. The mission is bravely grappling with the foe, and it behoves us to come to its assistance, and put down the many evils it desires to check. We shall deal with this important district in a future paper, in which will be recorded the results of a visit by our Special Commissioner.

#### THE NORTH-WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.

Here is an institution—the only one in the district in which it is situated-to which we wish to direct the particular attention of the readers of THE QUIVER. We understand, from the note addressed to us by the chairman of the committee of management, that there is a fear that one of the children's wards must be closed for want of funds to sustain it. Situated in a poor and populous neighbourhood, it cannot be locally supported, and it therefore behoves us who are not in the immediate neighbourhood to inquire whether we cannot spare something for our poorer brethren in the north-west. Out-patients of both sexes are admitted, and from all parts of the kingdom. We mention this fact because the attention of those in the country will be directed to it, we hope, in these columns, and they will, we trust, see the necessity for helping an institution which has held out a helping hand to them.

# WHAT THE HOSPITAL DOES.

After its opening, in 1878, the attention of the Committee was directed to the formation of a ward for sick children, and the demands for admission increased so much in consequence that new wards had to be opened. There are now eighteen children's cots, and eight beds for women; and last year 218 in-patients were admitted, and nearly 1,000 per month received surgical or medical treatment. Unfortunately there is no endowment, and free offerings, with the small contributions required from the patients, are the only sources of income. It is for the children we appeal more particularly; the poor little sufferers have no near place whither they can be sent, and there is great need for the hospital, which fills a want, and provides for the nursing of many who would otherwise be lost or crippled for life. The appeal we are sure will not be made in vain.

# HOME FOR MISSIONARIES' DAUGHTERS.

Some time ago we mentioned the progress that was being made with the new Home at Sevenoaks for the children of those who go forth so manfully to fight against sin, the world, and the powers of evil in distant lands. We are glad now to chronicle the completion of this eminently deserving work, which has started free of debt or encumbrance. This establishment, for the reception and education of missionaries' daughters, is a proved necessity. It would be impossible to properly educate and bring up young girls, born of Christian parents, amid the scenes which are too often witnessed among the heathen and in distant lands. The school is not entirely self-supporting, and though parents pay as much as possible towards the expenses, the whole cost cannot be defrayed by the mission-We are always ready to contribute to the support of the children of soldiers and sailors, who fight their and our country's battles; how much more should we try to assist those noble selfsacrificing soldiers of the Church and the Christian faith who go forward in the strength of the Word to do battle with man's deadliest enemies! There is no distinction of denomination; all are received, as representatives of all who have gone forth, handin-hand, as ministers of the Word and servants of the same King, no matter what their titles, to the battle.

## JAMAICA PENNY BANKS.

The Island of Jamaica has succeeded in establishing a system of Penny Savings Banks, which has been attended with great success. A total of fifty-three of the Savings Banks have already been opened, and nearly five thousand depositors have placed their names upon the books. The encouragement to thrift and saving by these means is great, and it is satisfactory to find that so much money finds its way to the hands of the Government in trust for the people, instead of its being spent and squandered on possibly unworthy objects.

# SAVING HANDS. A SONNET.

When men need help, can we pass coldly by?

When, with despairing hearts, the mourners ween.

Dare we, unmoved, sink tranquilly to sleep? Have we no ears to hear the widow's sigh— The wife's lament—the hopeless bitter cry

That reaches us across the troubled deep, When the fierce waves their awful harvest reap, And one by one brave hearts sink down and die? Has Pity lost her old-time loving touch?

Does Charity but seek herself to please?

Nay, God be praised, kind hearts will ever be
To whom Christ's words are spoken: "Inasmuch

As ye have done it unto one of these, Ye have most truly done it unto Me."

G. W.

#### WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Church of England Society proposes to found "Homes for the Reclamation of Waifs and Strays,"

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and, from a perusal of the published objects of the Society, we are enabled to advocate the suggestions put forth. The scheme, it appears, originated with Mr. Rendolph, a member of the Civil Service; and he proposed that the clergymen and laymen in towns should unite in a scheme for the rescue and disposal of the numbers of destitute children of both sexes which undoubtedly are brought to their notice during every year in large numbers. The Committee, which includes the Archbishop of Canterbury and many bishops, have now determined to establish a series of Homes in every diocese throughout the country, and to recognise the work of reclamation by means of Homes, the work being recognised by ministers as part of their duties and proper work. such institutions are greatly needed no one can have any doubt; and the gentle teaching and loving leading of the Gospel is far more likely to develop the good qualities of the poor waifs and strays than the necessarily perfunctory discipline of the Prison Reformatory.

### THE MACHINERY OF RESCUE.

The principle which has been proposed with regard to these Homes is that which has already attained success in convalescent establishments, namely, the family rather than the institutional arrangement. The formalities and the hard and fast rules will be relaxed, and a real home life will be commenced and carried on, with religious education. A central Home will be established in London, and there will be branch Homes in all places where fitting accommodation may be provided. Places where no homes exist will send the children to the central institution in London. The rules for admittance are few and

simple. Destitution will here be the recognised claim for admission, and not opulence or wealthy patronage. There will be no voting in these cases—the qualification is poverty. Each Home is estimated to cost £500, and two have already been provided and opened. Orphan and neglected boys and girls will be admitted to these Homes, and we are certain much good will accrue to the population if this excellent scheme be supported and carried out as it deserves.

#### GARFIELD HOUSE.

The Society for establishing Homes for the Working Girls of London may be congratulated upon adding another stone to the Christian edifice they are constantly building up. We are glad to learn that Garfield House, at Brixton, promises to be as successful as its predecessors. The name has been bestowed upon it out of respect to the memory of the late President of the United States, and the opening ceremony was presided over by the Minister from Washington. It is to a lady in the neighbourhood of the Institution that the girls are indebted for this addition to the Homes prepared for them-Homes wherein they may find much happiness of the truest kind, as well as rest and sympathy. The Garfield Home will accommodate thirty-eight inmates, and will speedily find occupants. The Home is estimated to cost £1,000 for fitting up and furnishing. We understand that at this present time of writing some £250 has still to be made good, and we have little doubt that sum will soon be forthcoming from amongst those who desire to see our young English girls pure and good women.

# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

122. Jer. xvii. 7-8.

123. It was the name given to a portion of the valley of the sons of Hinnom, on the south-east of Jerusalem, and was noted for the idolatrous altars raised there to the worship of the god Moloch. (2 Kings xxiii. 10.)

124. The kingdom of Zimri, a kingdom whose destruction he foretells under the expression "all the

kings of Zimri." (Jer. xxv. 25.)

125. He says it was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt, which Zoan was the ancient capital of Egypt. (Numbers xiii. 22.)

126. Jer. xx. 9; 1 Cor. ix. 16.

127. Jeremiah wrote an epistle at Jerusalem, and

sent it by the hands of Elasah and Gemariah unto those who were taken away captive to Babylon. (Jer. xxix. 1—3.)

128. A calf was slain, and cut in two halves, and all the parties to the treaty passed between them, (Gen. xv. 10—17; Jer. xxxiv. 18, 19.)

129. One member of the family is mentioned as taking part in the re-building of Jerusalem after the captivity. (Neh. iii. 14.)

130. Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian slave, who rescued Jeremiah from the dungeon into which he had been cast. (Jer. xxxviii. 7—13; xxxix. 16—18.)

131. Jer. ii. 28.

132. From Hobab, the brother-in-law of Moses. (1 Chron, ii, 55.)

<sup>&</sup>quot;THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT FUND.—Owing to the exceptional pressure on our space, we are compelled to postpone the publication of the Second List of acknowledgments until next month.—Ed. "QUIVER."

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